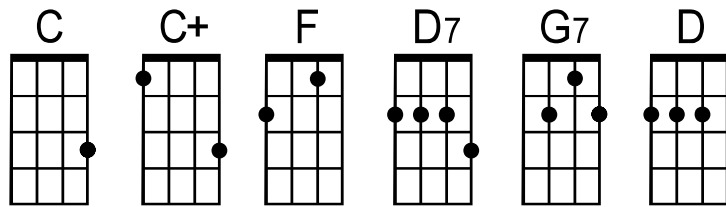


# My Wild Irish Rose

by Chauncey Olcott (1899)



$\frac{3}{4}$  time (waltz)

**Intro:** C . . | C+ . . | F . . | C . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | C . . | G7\

(sing g)

--- --- | C . . | C+ . . | F . . | C . .

If you list-en, I'll sing you a sweet lit---tle song,

. | . . . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .

Of a flower that's now droop-ing its head-----

. | C . . | C+ . . | F . . | C . .

Yet dear-er to me, yes, than all of its mates,

. | . . . . | G7 . . | C . . | . .

So there's none so that all here are dead-----

. | G7 . . | . . . . | C . . | . .

'Twas giv-en to me by a girl that I know,

. | D7 . . | . . . . | G7 . . | . .

Since we've met, faith, I'll know no re--pose-----

. . | C . . | C+ . . | F . . | C . .

She is dear-er by far than the world's bright-est star,

. | . . . . | G7 . . | C . . | C\ ---

And I call her my wild I--rish rose-----

--- | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . . . | F . . | G7 . . | C . . | . .

**Chorus:** My wild---- I-----rish rose---- the sweet-est flow-er that grows-----

. . | G7 . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . .

You may search ever-y--where, but none can com-pare

. . | D . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | G7\ ---

with my wild--- I-----rish rose----

--- | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . . . | F . . | G7 . . | C . . | . .

My wild---- I-----rish rose---- the sweet-est flow-er that grows-----

. . | G7 . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . .

And some day for my sake, she may let me take,

. | D7 . . | G7 . . | C . . | C\

the bloom from my wild I---rish rose.

--- --- |C . . |C+ . . |F . . |C . .  
 They may sing of their ros--es which by oth-er names,  
 . | . . . |D7 . . |G7 . . | . .  
 Would smell just as sweet-ly, they say-----  
 . |C . . |C+ . . |F . . |C . .  
 But I know that my Rose would nev-er con-sent,  
 . | . . . |G7 . . |C . . | . .  
 To have that sweet name tak-en a--way.

. |G7 . . | . . . |C . . | . .  
 Her glanc-es are shy, when-e'er I pass by  
 . |D7 . . | . . . |G7 . . | . .  
 The bower where my true love--- grows-----  
 . |C . . |C+ . . |F . . |C . .  
 And my one wish has been, that some day I may win,  
 . | . . . |G7 . . |C . . |C\  
 The heart of my wild I--rish rose----

--- |C . . |G7 . . |C . . | . . . |F . . |G7 . . |C . . | . .  
**Chorus:** My wild---- I-----rish rose---- the sweet-est flow-er that grows-----  
 . . |G7 . . |C . . |G7 . . |C  
 You may search ever-y--where, but none can com-pare  
 . . |D . . |D7 . . |G7 . . |G7\  
 with my wild--- I-----rish rose----  
 --- |C . . |G7 . . |C . . | . . . |F . . |G7 . . |C . . | . .  
 My wild---- I-----rish rose---- the sweet-est flow-er that grows-----  
 . . |G7 . . |C . . |G7 . . |C . .  
 And some day for my sake, she may let me take,  
 . |D7 . . |G7 . . |C . . |C\  
 the bloom from my wild I---rish rose.

**San Jose Ukulele Club**  
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