**My Wild Irish Rose (Chauncey Olcott, 1899) Key C**

**Version 1**

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| **C F C**  If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song  **D7 G**  Of a flower that's now drooped and dead,  **C F C**  Yet dearer to me, yes than all of its mates,  **G C**  Though each holds a-loft its proud head.  **F C**  T’was given to me by a girl that I know,    Since we've met,  **D7 G**  Faith I've known no re-pose.  **C**  She is dearer by far  **F C**  Than the world's brightest star,  **G C**  And I call her my wild Irish Rose.  **Chorus**  **C G C**  My wild Irish Rose,  **F G C**  The sweetest flower that grows.  **F C**  You may search every-where,  **F C**  But none can com-pare  **D D7 G**  With my wild Irish Rose.  **C G C**  My wild Irish Rose,  **F G C**  The dearest flower that grows,  **F C**  And some day for my sake,  **F C**  She may let me take  **D7 G C**  The bloom from my wild Irish Rose. | **C**  They may sing of their roses,  **F C**  Which by other names,  **D7 G**  Would smell just as sweetly, they say.  **C**  But I know that my Rose  **F C**  Would never con-sent  **G C**  To have that sweet name taken a-way.  **F C**  Her glances are shy when e'er I pass by  **D7 G**  The bower where my true love grows,  **C**  And my one wish has been  **F C**  That some-day I may win  **G C**  The heart of my wild Irish Rose. **Chorus** | | | | |
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**My Wild Irish Rose (Chauncey Olcott, 1899) Key G**

**Version 1**

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| **G C G**  If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song  **A7 D**  Of a flower that's now drooped and dead,  **G C G**  Yet dearer to me, yes than all of its mates,  **D G**  Though each holds a-loft its proud head.  **C G**  T'was given to me by a girl that I know,    Since we've met,  **A7 D**  Faith, I've known no re-pose.  **G**  She is dearer by far  **C G**  Than the world's brightest star,  **D G**  And I call her my wild Irish Rose.  **Chorus**  **G D G**  My wild Irish Rose,  **C D G**  The sweetest flower that grows.  **C G**  You may search every-where,  **C G**  But none can com-pare  **A A7 D**  With my wild Irish Rose.  **G D G**  My wild Irish Rose,  **C D G**  The dearest flower that grows,  **C G**  And some day for my sake,  **C G**  She may let me take  **A7 D G**  The bloom from my wild Irish Rose. | **G**  They may sing of their roses,  **C G**  Which by other names,  **A7 D**  Would smell just as sweetly, they say.  **G**  But I know that my Rose  **C G**  Would never con-sent  **D G**  To have that sweet name taken a-way.  **C G**  Her glances are shy when e'er I pass by  **A7 D**  The bower where my true love grows,  **G**  And my one wish has been  **C G**  That some-day I may win  **D G**  The heart of my wild Irish Rose. **Chorus** | | | | |
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