

My Wild Irish Rose

Verse

C **C+** **F** **C**

If you lis - ten I'll sing you a sweet lit - tle song, Of a

D7 **G7**

flow - er that's now droped and dead. Yet

C **C+** **F** **C**

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

Fm **G7** **C**

each holds a - loft its proud head. 'Twas

G7 **C** **E7**

giv - en to me by a girl that I know, Since we've

Am **D7** **G7**

met, faith I've known no re - pose. She is

C **C+** **F** **C**

dear - er by far than the world's bright - est star, And I

Fm **G7** **C** **G7**

call her my wild I - rish Rose. My

Chorus

C **E7** **Am** **C7**
 wild I - rish Rose, The

F **C** **C#dim**
 sweet - est flow'r that grows. You may

G7 **C** **C#dim** **G7** **C**
 search ev - 'ry where, but none can com - pare, With my

D7 **Cdim** **G7**
 wild I - rish Rose. My

C **E7** **Am** **C7**
 wild I - rish Rose, The

F **C** **C#dim**
 dear - est flow'r that grows, And some

G7 **C** **C#dim** **G7** **C**
 day for my sake, she may let me take, The

F **D7** **G7** 1. **C** **G7** 2. **C**
 bloom from my wild I - rish Rose. My Rose.