

My Wild Irish Rose

Chauncey Olcott

5 If you lis-ten, I'll sing you a sweet lit-tle song Of a flow-er that's
They may sing of their ros-es which, by oth-er names, Would smell just as
now dropped and dead. Yet dear-er to me, yes, than all of its
sweet-ly they say. But I know that my Rose would nev-er con-
11 mates, Though each holds - a - loft its proud head. 'Twas giv-en to
sent. To have the sweet name tak-en a - way. Her glanc-es are
17 me by a girl that I know, Since met, faith, I've known no re - pose. She is
shy when - e'er I pass by, The bow-er where my true love grows; And my
24 dear-er by far than the world's bright-est star. And I call her my Wild I - rish
one wish has been that some - day I may win The heart of my Wild I - rish
30 Rose. My Wild I - rish Rose, The sweet-est
37 flow'r that grows. You may search ev-'ry - where but none can com- pare with my
44 Wild I - rish Rose. My Wild I - rish Rose,
51 The dear-est flow'r that grows. And some day for my sake, she
58 may let me take The bloom from my Wild I - rish Rose.