

# My Wild Irish Rose

www.franzdorfer.com

Db Gb Db Db Eb7

If you lis-ten I'll sing you a sweet lit-tle song Of a flow-er that's now droped and

8 Ab7 Db Gb Db Db

dead, Yet dea-rer to me, yes than all of its mates, Though each holds a -

15 Eb Ab7 Db Ab Db F7

loft its\_proud head. Twas gi-ven to me by a girl that I know, Since we've

22 Bbm Eb7 Ab7 Db Gb

met, faith I've known no re - pose. She is dea-rer by far than the world's bright-est

29 Db Ab7 Db Db Bbm Db

star, And I call her my wild I-rish Rose. My wild I - rish Rose, the

38 Gb Ab7 Db Ab7 Db Ab7

sweet-est flow'r that grows. You may search ev'-ry-where, but none can com-

45 Db Eb7 Ab Db Bbm Db

pare with my wild I - rish Rose. My wild I - rish Rose, the

54 Gb Ab7 Db Ab7 Db

dear - est flow'r that grows, And some day for my sake, she

60 Ab7 Ab Gb Ab7 Db

may let me take the bloom from my wild I - rish Rose.