

# My Wild Irish Rose

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D G D D E7

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

8 A7 D G D D

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

15 E A7 D A D F#7

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

22 Bm E7 A7 D G

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

29 D A7 D D Bm D

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

38 G A7 D A7 D A7

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

45 D E7 A D Bm D

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

54 G A7 D A7 D

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

60 A7 A G A7 D

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