

My Wild Irish Rose

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1 Eb Ab Eb Eb F7

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

8 Bb7 Eb Ab Eb Eb

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

15 F Bb7 Eb Bb Eb G7

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

22 Cm F7 Bb7 Eb Ab

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

29 Eb Bb7 Eb Eb Cm Eb

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

38 Ab Bb7 Eb Bb7 Eb Bb7

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

45 Eb F7 Bb Eb Cm Eb

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

54 Ab Bb7 Eb Bb7 Eb

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

60 Bb7 Bb Ab Bb7 Eb

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