My Wild Irish Rose

Chauncey Olcott

If you listen, I'll sing you a sweet little song Of a
sing of their roses which by other names, Would

flow-er the's now drooped and dead, Yet dearer to
smell just as sweet-ly, they say, But I know that my

me, yes than all of its mates, Tho each holds a loft its proud
Rose would nev-er con-sent To have that sweet name tak-en a-

head 'Twas giv-en to me by a girl that I know; Since we've way.
Her glances are shy when e'er she pass-es by The

met, faith, I've known no re-pose. She is dear-er by
bow-er where my true love grows. And my one wish has

far than the world's bright-est star, And I call her my wild I-rish rose,
been that some day I may win The heart of my wild I-rish rose.
My wild Irish rose, the sweet-est flow’r that grows. You may search ev’ry where, but none can compare with my wild Irish rose.

My wild Irish rose, the dear-est flow’r that grows, And some day for my sake, she may let me take the bloom from my wild Irish rose. They may rose.