

My Wild Irish Rose

If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song
Of a flower that's now dropped and dead
Yet dearer to me, yes, than all of it's mates
Though each holds aloft it's proud head.
'Twas given to me by a girl that I know,
Since we met, faith, I've known no repose;
She is dearer by far than the world's brightest star
And I call her my Wild Irish Rose.

My Wild Irish Rose—, the sweetest flow'r that grows,
You may search ev'ry where but none can compare
With my Wild Irish Rose —
My Wild Irish Rose—, the dearest flow'r that grows
And some day for my sake, she may let me take
The bloom from my Wild Irish Rose.

They may sing of their roses which by other names
Would smell just as sweetly they say,
But I know that my Ro—se would neer consent
To have that sweet name taken away.
Her glances are shy— whene'er I pass by
The bower where my true love grows;
And my one wish has been that some day I may win
the heart of my Wild Irish Rose.