

Frank McCaffrey

"My Wild Irish Rose"

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If you listen, I'll sing you a sweet little song
Of a flower that's now drooped and dead,
Yet dearer to me, yes, than all of its mates
Tho' each holds aloft its proud head.
T'was given to me by a girl that I know,
Since we've 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.

[Chorus]

My wild Irish Rose,
The sweetest flower that grows,
You may search everywhere
But none can compare
With my wild Irish Rose.
My wild Irish Rose,
The dearest flower 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 Rose would never consent
To have that sweet name taken away.
Her glances are shy whenever 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.

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