

Olcott Chauncey

"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.

Refrain:

My wild Irish Rose,
The sweetest flow'r that grows,
You may search ev'rywhere
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 Rose would never 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

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