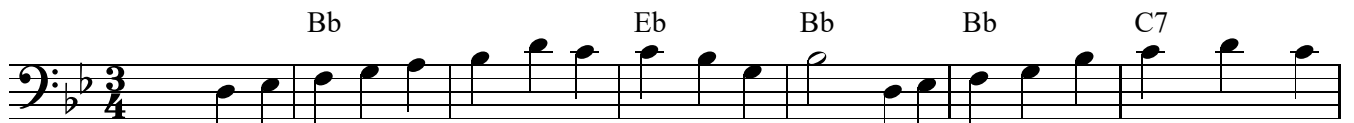


# My Wild Irish Rose

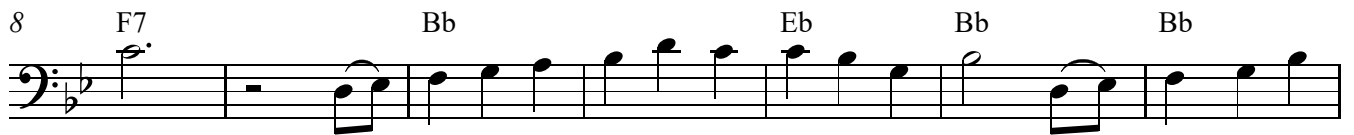
www.franzdorfer.com

Bb Eb Bb Bb C7



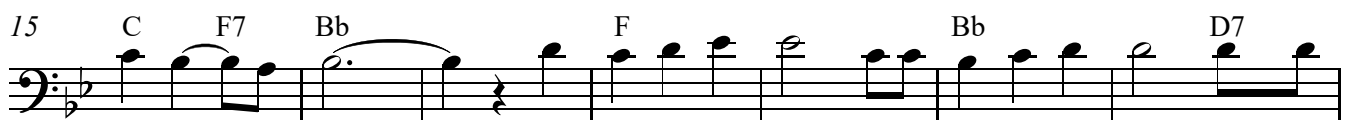
If you lis-ten I'll sing you a sweet lit-tle song Of a flow-er that's now droped and

8 F7 Bb Eb Bb Bb



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

15 C F7 Bb F Bb D7



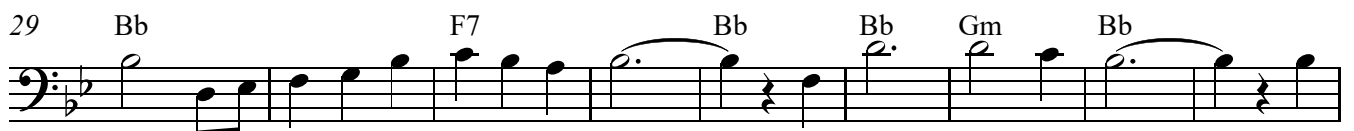
loft its\_ proud head.\_\_\_\_ Twas gi-ven to me by a girl that I know, Since we've

22 Gm C7 F7 Bb Eb



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

29 Bb F7 Bb Bb Gm Bb



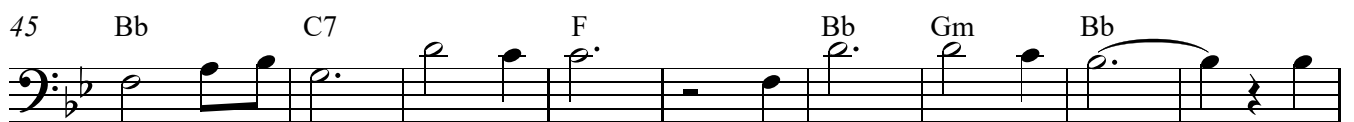
star, And I call her my wild I-rish Rose.\_\_\_\_ My wild I - rish Rose,\_\_\_\_ the

38 Eb F7 Bb F7 Bb F7



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

45 Bb C7 F Bb Gm Bb



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

54 Eb F7 Bb F7 Bb



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

60 F7 F Eb F7 Bb



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