My Wild Irish Rose

TBB a cappella

Lyric and Music

By CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

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, The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

(my wild Irish Rose.

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