MY WILD IRISH ROSE (BAR)

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, someday for my sake, she may let me take

The bloom from my wild Irish rose.

(Ritard)
MY WILD IRISH ROSE

3/4  123  12

G  Cm6  G  G7  C  C#dim  G
My wild  Irish  rose,  the sweetest flower that grows,

D7  G  D7  G
You may search everywhere, but none can compare

A7  D7  D7#5
With my wild Irish rose.

G  Cm6  G  G7  C  C#dim  G
My wild  Irish  rose,  the dearest flower that grows,

D7  G  D7  G
And, someday for my sake, she may let me take

A7  D7  G  Cm6  G
The bloom from my wild Irish rose.