

## My Wild Irish Rose

Slim Whitman

If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song  
Of a flower that's now droped and dead,  
Yet dearer to me, yes than all of its mates,  
Though each holds aloft its proud head.  
Twas 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.

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 when e'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.

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