

My Wild Irish Rose

Arranged for Maine Fiddle Camp by D. Protsik

My wild I- rish rose the
sweet- est flower that grows you may search ev- ry
where, but none can com- pare to my wild I- rich
rose. my wild I- rich rose.
the dear- est flower that grows and some
day for my sake she may let me take, the bloom from my
wild I- rish rose.

C *G7* *C* *C7*
F *G7* *C* *F*
C *F* *C7* *C* *D7*
G7 *C* *G7* *C*
C7 *F* *G7* *C*
F *C* *F* *C* *D7*
G7 *C*