

My Wild Irish Rose

Hank Locklin

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
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

Songwriters

OLCOTT, CHAUNCEY

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