

THERE WERE ROSES

MY SONG FOR YOU THIS EVENING, IT'S NOT TO MAKE YOU SAD
ACCORDING TO THE SORROWS IN OUR TROUBLED NORTHERN LAND
LATELY I'VE BEEN THINKING AND IT JUST WON'T LEAVE MY MIND
TELL YOU OF TWO FRIENDS SOME TIME; THEY'RE BOTH GOOD FRIENDS OF MINE
ISAAC SCOTT FROM BAYNEHEE LIVED JUST ACROSS THE FIELD
GREAT MAN FOR THE MUSIC AND THE DANCING AND THE REELS
MCDONALD CAME FROM SOUTH ARMAT TO PORTLAND AGNES FAIR
AND WE'D OFTEN MEET ON THE RYAN ROAD AND LAUGHTER FILLED THE AIR

THERE WERE ROSES, ROSES, THERE WERE ROSES

AND THE TEARS OF THE PEOPLE RAN TOGETHER

NOW ISAAC HE WAS PROTESTANT AND SEAN WAS CATHOLIC BORN
BUT IT NEVER MADE A DIFFERENCE, FOR THE FRIENDSHIP IT WAS STRONG
SOMETIMES IN THE EVENING WHEN WE HEARD THE SOUND OF DRUMS
WE SAID IT WON'T DIVIDE US; WE ALWAYS WILL BE ONE
FOR THE GROUND OUR FATHERS PLOWED IN, THE SOIL IT IS THE SAME
AND THE PLACES WHERE WE SAY OUR PRAYERS HAVE JUST GOT DIFFERENT NAMES
WE TALKED ABOUT THE FRIENDS WHO DIED WE HOPE THERE'LL BE NO MORE
'T WAS LITTLE THEN WE REALIZED THE TRAGEDY IN STORE

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AND THE TEARS OF THE PEOPLE RAN TOGETHER

IT WAS ON A SUNDAY MORNING WHEN THE AWFUL NEWS CAME 'ROUND
ANOTHER KILLING HAD BEEN DONE ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE TOWN
WE KNEW THAT ISAAC DANCED UP THERE, WE KNEW HE LIKED THE BAND
WHEN WE HEARD THAT HE WAS DEAD WE COULD NOT UNDERSTAND
WE GATHERED AT THE GRAVESIDE ON A COLD AND RAINY DAY
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THE MINISTER IGNORES DESIRES OF NORTHERN MEN TO PRAY
AND ALL OF US WHO KNEW HIM FROM ALONG THE RYAN ROAD
BOWED OUR HEADS AND SAID A PRAYER FOR THE RESTING OF HIS SOUL

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NOW FEAR HAD FILLED THE COUNTRYSIDE, THERE WAS FEAR IN EVERY HOME
LATE AT NIGHT A CAR CAME FROM AROUND OLD RYAN ROAD

A CATHOLIC WOULD BE KILLED TONIGHT TO EVEN UP THE SCORE

OH CHRIST! IT'S YOUNG MCDONALD WHO THEY'VE TAKEN FROM THE DOOR

"ISAAC WAS MY FRIEND," HE CRIED. HE BEGGED THEM WITH HIS TEARS

CENTURIES OF HATRED AND THE EARS THAT CANNOT HEAR

AN EYE FOR AN EYE, IT WAS ALL THAT FILLED THEIR MINDS

AND ANOTHER EYE FOR ANOTHER EYE UNTIL EVERYONE IS BLIND

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ACCORDING TO THE SORROWS IN OUR TROUBLED NORTHERN LAND

LATELY I'VE BEEN THINKING AND IT JUST WON'T LEAVE MY MIND

TELL YOU OF TWO FRIENDS SOME TIME; THEY'RE BOTH GOOD FRIENDS OF MINE

NOW I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE MODEL IS OR WHERE THE SONG SHOULD END

BUT I WONDER JUST HOW MANY WARS WERE FOUGHT BETWEEN GOOD FRIENDS

AND THOSE WHO GIVE THE ORDERS, THEY ARE NOT THE ONES TO DIE

IT'S SCOTT, AND MCDONALD AND THE LIKES OF YOU AND I

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