

Green Fiddler's, Blarney Roses

Can anybody tell me where the Blarney Roses grow
It might be down in Limerick town, it might be in Mayo
It's somewhere in the Emerald Isle and this I want to know
Can anybody tell me where the Blarney Roses grow

T' was over in old Ireland, near the town of Cushendall
One morn' I met a damsel there, the fairest of them all
T' was with my young affections and my money she did go
She told me she belonged to where the Blarney Roses grow

Her cheeks were like red roses and her hair a raven hue
Before that she had done with me, she had me raving too
She sorely left me stranded, not a coin she left, you know
Did the damsel that belonged to where the Blarney Roses grow

There's roses in Killarney and there's some in County Clare
But upon my word, the roses, lads, I can't find anywhere
She blarneyed me for by the power, she left me broke, you know
Did the damsel that belonged to where the Blarney Roses grow

A-chusla gra mo chroi young man, she murmured soft to me
If you belong to Ireland, it's yourself belongs to me
Her Donegal come-all-ye-brogue, it captured me you know
Bad luck to her and bugger the place where the Blarney Roses grow