

Black Rose

Thin Lizzy

Tell me the legends of long ago
When the kings and queens would dance in the realm of the Black Rose
Play me the melodies I want to know
So I can teach my children, oh Pray tell me the story of young Cuchulainn
How his eyes were dark his expression sullen
And how he'd fight and always won
And how they cried when he was fallen Oh tell me the story of the Queen of this land
And how her sons died at her own hand
And how fools obey commands
Oh tell me the legends of long ago Where the mountains of Mourne come down to the sea
Will she no come back to me
Will she no come back to me
Oh Shenandoah I hear you calling Far away you rolling river
Roll down the mountain side
On down on down go lassie go
Oh Tell me the legends of long ago When the kings and queens would dance in the realms of the Black Rose
Play me the melodies so I might know
So I can tell my children, oh
My Roisin Dubh is my one and only true love It was a joy that Joyce brought to me
While William Butler waits
And Oscar, he's going Wilde
Ah sure, Brendan where have you Behan? Looking for a girl with green eyes
My dark Rosaleen is my only colleen
That Georgie knows Best
But Van is the man Starvation once again
Drinking whiskey in the jar-o
Synge's Playboy of the Western World
As Shaw, Sean I was born and reared there Where the Mountains of Mourne come down to the sea
Is such a long, long way from Tipperary

Songwriters

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