

Rosie (feat. Maeve Murrihy)

P.J. Murrihy

It only seems like yesterday,
I watched the school-kids play.
The big clock on the smoke-stained walls
Said tomorrow's another day.
The roll book claimed another name;
She was only new in town,
But she felt the pain of a traveler's name
And they tried to bring her down.

Her dress was worn and faded,
As the shoes upon her feet,
And the yellow colored ribbon
Tied her rain-washed hair up neat.
She said her name was Rosie;
She was only new in town,
But she felt the pain of a traveler's name
And they tried to bring her down.

Chorus:

Rosie, oh, Rosie please don't cry.
Things will be much different, bye and bye.
And when you make the grade someday they'll say:
Do you remember Rosie, yesterday?

Her books were bought or borrowed
From the banker's only son
And her study was as usual
Whenever school was done.
The school-kids laughed and they jeered at her,
She was everybody's clown,
But she felt the pain of a traveler's name
And they tried to bring her down.

When the church-bell rang on Sunday,
Saying it's time for morning Mass,
The kids would have the front seat,
Like they did in Rosie's class.
But it didn't seem to matter
What they thought or what they found
She felt the pain of a Traveler's name

And they tried to bring her down.

Chorus:

Rosie, oh, Rosie please don't cry.

Things will be much different, bye and bye.

And when you make the grade someday they'll say:

Do you remember Rosie, yesterday?

But time was pushing onwards,

And it almost seemed to say,

"It won't be long now, Rosie,

'Till you'll soon be on your way.

Taught a lesson to society,

You were never on the ground,

Though you felt the pain of a traveler's name

And they tried to bring you down."

'Cause today in this old schoolhouse,

There's a teacher just next door,

And they call her Sister Rosie,

And they love her, that's for sure.

And she smiles when she remembers

How it hurt at what they found

When she felt the pain of a traveler's name

And they tried to bring her down.

Chorus:

Rosie, oh, Rosie please don't cry.

Things will be much different, bye and bye.

And when you make the grade someday they'll say:

Do you remember Rosie, yesterday?

Rosie, oh, Rosie please don't cry.

Things will be much different, bye and bye.

And when you make the grade someday they'll say:

Do you remember Rosie, yesterday?

Do you remember Rosie, yesterday?

Lyrics Submitted by Silas Hayek

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