

# Róisín Dubh (Black Rose): A Rock Legend

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