

Black 47

"Izzy s Irish Rose"

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Izzy was a tailor down the lower east side
The very man to top you off with dignity and pride
His mother wanted him to marry a Katz from Houston
Street
A great big strapping lump of a girl with two big
awkward feet

But Izzy was a cantor in the Synagogue
He kept the laws of Israel with the greatest of resolve
He didn't fancy Esther Katz, her pastrami left him cold
He wanted a taste of Irish love before he grew too old

He was looking for Rosemary, Eileen, Statia, Ann
McKnowles
Ever after to be known as Izzy's Irish Rose
Forever and ever and ever young Rosie Ann McKnowles
Will be the queen of Orchard Street, Izzy's Irish rose

So, he went to Rabbi Hershowitz and he said "oh me oh
my
I want a wife back home in bed who'll keep me
satisfied"
The Rabbi nodded wisely, "I understand my son
I have an auld one home in the bed
She's a menace to God and man

For she never shuts up talking, morning noon til night
I have to go to the Irish pub to get some peace and
quiet
So they sped off to the shebeen down Delancy Street
The Lord works in mysterious ways but he's usually
discreet

For there they met Rosemary, Eileen, Statia, Ann
McKnowles
Ever after to be known as Izzy's Irish Rose
Forever and ever and ever young Rosie Ann McKnowles
Will be the queen of Orchard street, Izzy's Irish rose

Now Rosie was the finest girl out of Sligo town
She had a head of red hair that stretched all of the way
down

Past her lovely derriere to her gorgeous thighs
But her crownin' jewels were her smoldering
opalescent eyes

Which she cast up at our hero sippin' his watery wine
Sent the power of Abraham coursin' down his spine
The Rabbi nodded, "Oh I understand my son
The Lord provideth many paths and yours has just
begun"

So he ordered up two pints of Ireland's finest beer
With a couple of shots to wash 'em down and he said "I
do declare
I hear the bells of heaven aringin' in me head
That goy would be a joy in any son of Israel's bed"

Izzy's sacred mother was beside herself with grief
'Til the Rabbi took her to the pub down on Delancey
Street
Her eyes lit up when she heard the till go clangalang
"Oy veh, that Irish shiksa could use an honest man"

So if you're down on Orchard Street
And see some red haired men
They're all the seed of Izzy
Sons of Israel to the end

But each and everyone of them'll drink you
Out of house and home for they're sprung
From the womb of Rosie, Eileen, Statia, Ann McKnowles

Oh, you're lookin' at Rosemary, Eileen, Statia, Ann
McKnowles
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Forever and ever and ever young Rosie Ann McKnowles
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