

## **Fiddler's Green** **"Blarney Roses"**

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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 bad 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

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