

Mattea Kathy "There Were Roses"

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A song for you this evening, and it's not to make you
sad,
Or for adding to the sorrow of a troubled Northern
land.
But lately I've been thinking, and it just won't leave my
mind.
I'll tell you now of two good friends. They were both
good friends of
Mine.
Isaac Scott from Derry, he lived just across the fields.
A great man for the music and the dancing and the
reels.
MacDonald came from South Armagh to court young
Agnes fair.
It was then we'd meet on Ryan Road, and laughter
filled the air.
Now, Isaac, he was Protestant and Sean was Catholic
born.
But it never made a difference, for their friendship it
was strong.
And sometimes in the evening when we heard the
sound of drums,
We said "War won't divide us, we will always be as one.
For the land our fathers plow in, the soil it is the same.
And the places where we say our prayers have just got
different
Names."
We talked about our friends who'd died, we hoped
there'd be no more.
It was little then we realized the tragedy in store.
There were roses, roses, there were roses.
And the tears of the people ran together.
It was on a Sunday morning when the awful news came
around.
There'd been another killing outside of Caplan town.
We knew that Isaac danced up there, we knew he liked
the band.
We heard that he was dead, and we just could not
understand.
We gathered at his graveside on a cold and rainy day.
The minister just closed his eyes, and for no revenge
he prayed.

And those of us who knew him from along the Ryan
Road,
Just bowed our heads and said a prayer for the resting
of his soul.
There were roses, roses, there were roses.
And the tears of the people ran together.
Now fear it filled the countryside, and fear filled every
home.
And late one night, a car came prowling round the Ryan
Road.
A Catholic would be killed tonight to even up the score.
Oh Christ, it's young MacDonald that they've taken from
the door.
"Isaac was my friend!" he cried, he begged them with
his fear.
But centuries of hatred have ears that cannot hear.
"An eye for an eye" was all that filled their minds.
And another eye for another eye, til everyone is blind.
There were roses, roses, there were roses.
And the tears of the people ran together.
Now I don't know where the moral is, or how this song
should end.
But I wonder just how many wars are fought between
good friends.
And the men who give the orders, well, they're not the
ones who die.
It's Scott and MacDonald and the likes of you and I.
There were roses, roses, there were roses.
And the tears of the people ran together.

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