Ringsend Rose

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In Dublin Town, there lives a girl
Fairer than the flower, I'm wearing
Rose Donohue, All fresh and new
And I love her past all caring

There she goes, My Ringsend Rose,
In God's garden there's none rarer
And there she goes, My Ringsend Rose
Dublin Town has seen none fairer

Sweet seventeen, my seamstress queen
She's no bigger than a thimble
Soft satin skin, street Arab's grin
Sure she makes the work look simple

Three yards of lace, to walk with grace
And the golden ring she's askin
The savings slow, Ah but still I know
That our love is everlasting

(recorded by the Dubliners)

MB
Oct00