Rose of Castlerea

Rose of Castlerea
(J. Duggan)

Oh, the lambs were playing in the field
and the tulips were in flower,
when I left the home I love so well
I can never forget the hour.
Before me were (Atlantic's?) waves
to a home in Tennessee.
Sure I left behind me the girl I loved,
the rose of Castelrea.

Chorus 1: She may not have been a beauty queen,
she might never be a rose,
but to me she is the fairest flower
that in the garden grows.
Although I'm in Americay
far across the Atlantic Sea,
sure I always love my Roscommon girl,
she's the rose of Castelrea

It's many the night that I lie in bed
me thoughts upon th go
to the lovely days when I walk me love
on the road out by (Knockroe?).
Her smiling face, her shining hair
was a joy for all to see,
sure I left behind me the girl I loved,
the rose of Castelrea.

Chorus 2: She may not have been a beauty queen,
she might never be a rose,
but to me she is the fairest flower
that in the garden grows.
Although I'm in Americay
far across the Atlantic Sea,
I will always love my Roscommon girl,
she's the rose of Castelrea

I opened up the Roscommon (Herald?)
I just received today
for to read about my native town,
my friends so far away,
when the tears began to blind me

as I glanced across page three,
on a photo of her wedding day
[in the singing, 'on' and 'of' are reversed; I think it should be as I post it]
was the rose of Castlerea.

Chorus 2

Farewell to you, Roscommon,
from (Cajer??) to the Shannon shore,
farewell to Boyle and Frenchpark
I'll never see you no more.
For the cotton's field near Memphis
must remain home to me
sure I'll always love my Roscommon girl,
she's the rose of Castelrea.

Chorus 2 (rep. last two lines)

WH
oct99

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