

Red Roses for Me

The Dubliners

A sober black shawl hides her body entirely
Touched by the sun and the salt spray of the sea
But down in the darkness a slim hand so lovely
Carries a rich bunch of red roses for me

Her petticoat simple and her feet are but bare
And all that she has is but neat and scanty
But stars in the deep of her eyes are exclaiming
I carry a rich bunch of red roses for thee

No arrogant gem sits enthroned on her forehead
Or swings from a white ear for all men to see
But jewelled desire in a bosom so pearly
Carries a rich bunch of red roses for me