

Northern Ireland

Worksheet 2

My song for you this evening
Is not to make you sad
Nor for adding to the sorrows
Of this troubled northern land

But lately, I've been thinking
And it just won't leave my mind
I'll tell you about two friends one time
Who were both good friends of mine

Isaac, he was Protestant
And Sean was Catholic born
But it never made a difference
For the friendship, it was strong

And sometimes in the evening
When they heard the sound of drums
They said, they won't divide us
We will always be as one

There were roses, roses
There were roses
And the tears of a people ran together
It was on a Sunday morning

When the awful news came 'round
Another killing had been done
Just outside Newry town
We knew that Isaac danced up there

We knew he liked the band
But when we heard that he was dead
We just could not understand
Now fear, it filled the countryside

There was fear in every home
When late at 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
They have taken from the door
There were roses, roses

There were roses
And the tears of a people ran together
Isaac was my friend, he cried
He begged them with his tears

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But centuries of hatred
Have ears that do not hear
An eye for an eye
That was all that filled their minds

And another eye for another eye
Till everyone was blind
Now I don't know where the moral is
Or where the song should end

But I wonder just how many wars
Are fought between good friends
And those who give the orders
Are not the ones to die

It's Scott and young Macdonald
And the likes of you and I
There were roses, roses
There were roses
And the tears of a people ran toget