

The Ballad of Lady Rose

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Inspired & some phrases borrowed from "Rose for Rose" a poem by James A. Kisner

Oh, roses were her favorite, her name was Lady Rose.
Her lord always sent them tied round with green silken bows.
Every year he gave roses, t'would kneel, and softly say,
"In my heart you bloom more lovely, than last year on this day.
My love it grows eternal, stronger each year passed.
I'm proud to be your lord, my lovely little lass."

Roses o'er the bower, roses down the hall,
Roses in the kitchen, roses through the stalls...
Their fragrance fills the air, like their love that did consume.
There's roses in their hearts, and roses on their tomb.

One year he died behind his king in some great, holy war,
Yet the roses still did appear beside her oaken door.
Again a note - "You bloom more lovely than the last year."
She knew this was the last time those roses would appear.
He must have ordered roses before his armored ride.
The loving lord wouldn't guess that this war he'd die.
She trimmed the stems, arranging them in a special vase,
And set them on a mantel 'neath a portrait of his face.
In the keep, she'd sit for hours in her husband's favorite chair,
And sing to his portrait and the roses sitting there.
The year it went, 'twas hard to live without her lord husband,
But she celebrate their love by hanging rose garlands.

Roses o'er the bower, roses down the hall,
Roses in the kitchen, roses through the stalls...
Their fragrance fills the air, like their love that did consume.
There's roses in their hearts, and roses on their tomb.

Then the very hour as if by some cruel fate,
A noise was heard, and again, there were roses at the gate.
She stared at them and in great rage cause her skirts to twirl.
She rode to town to seek and find the lil' flower girl.
Confronted on the corner, she bade her to explain,
Why she would do this and cause her heart such pain.
"Lady Rose, I'm sorry. I mean no grievance,
But your lord husband paid for these years in advance.
He knew you loved these flowers, and he held you so dear,
He begged that you receive them each and every year.
He wrote a special letter, in case he wound up dead,
And when I knew, that's the note he said should be read."
She rode back to the castle, and reached for the bouquet.
While crying on the parchment, read what he did say,
"Hello, my Rose, 'tis a year since my life is done.
I pray 'tis not too hard for you to overcome.
Our love it made everything beautiful in life.
I love thee more than words can say. You are the perfect wife.
I pray, be thou happy, even while you shed tears,
'Tis why roses will be bestowed upon thee for years.
When you receive them, think of our happiness,
All we had together, and how we were blessed.
I have always loved thee, know ye, I always will,
But my love you still are blooming, you have some living still."

Roses o'er the bower, roses down the hall,
Roses in the kitchen, roses through the stalls...
Their fragrance fills the air, like their love that did consume.
There's roses in their hearts, and roses on their tomb.

Lady Rose she went on living, weaving in her boweries,
And for the poor brides of the town, provided dowries.
Each year she found her roses and parade them through the town,
Talked of her loving husband, in a rose embroidered gown.
Despite her age she seemed a bride to all from head to toe,
And all would swear despite his death, their love did grow.
Then, one cold year, the roses came, but now met their fate.
There was no welcomed answer at Lady Rose's gate.
The frail flower girl she came and went at least five times that day,
But knew to heed the last love words the lord did say:
"Call once, then call again, in case she has gone out,
But after your last visit, you'll know without a doubt.
Take my roses to this place, whether rain, sun, or flurries,
And place the roses where we are now together buried.
think not to be mournful, or in saddened pain,
My lady and I are together and where roses bloom again."
And so she went unto the grave, between them cleared room,
Placing there the roses in between the lover's tombs.

Roses o'er the bower, roses down the hall,
Roses in the kitchen, roses through the stalls...
Their fragrance fills the air, like their love that did consume.
There's roses in their hearts, and roses on their tomb.

And there they lie together, and some do suppose,
Even beyond death, their love grows and grows.
Tis proven true! For between their graves, cold, hard, and hushed,
There grows a winding rose bush, green and full and lush.
From around the land come couples, their blessing to ensure,
Of Lord and Lady Rose, the love that did endure.
Of Lord and Lady Rose, the love that did endure.