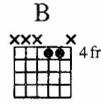
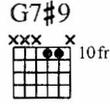
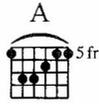
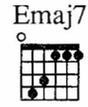
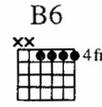
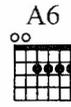
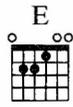
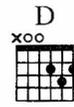
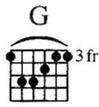


BLACK ROSE



Free
bent up
1/2 step

bent up
whole
tone

Words and Music by
LARRY KIRWAN

Moderate Ska



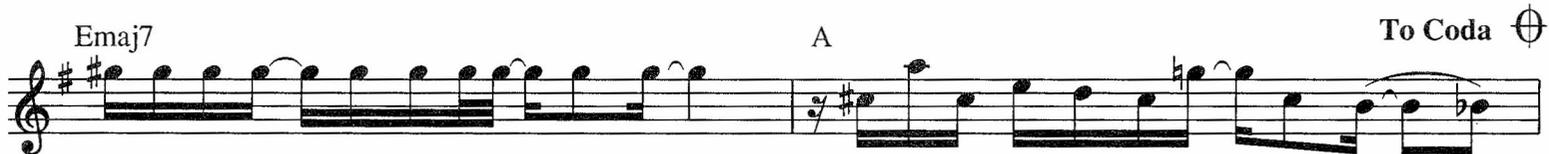
1. Mis-ter Frank-ie Dia-mond was my_ best friend. We were part-ners in a busi-ness down on C and Sev-enth
2.,3. See additional lyrics



Noth-in' ev-er got this good broth-er down. He was a re-al live wi-re in an e-lec-tric town. now



Frank-ie start-ed hang-in' with an up-town girl_ Har-lem la - dy in the soc - ial whirl_



Sat-ur-day night he'd put on his_ best clothes_ And go out step-pin' with his_ Black Rose_

G7#9 B G

Now Frank-ie went up - state for a cou-ple of years _ A

guest of the na - tion and he _ was in tears He called me up, he said, "Hey friend of mine I got one

F# G F#

fa-vor to ask _ you while I'm do-ing my time (Oh) She's the Queen of New_ York Cit - y

G F# G F#

She be-witch all _ men soul She the blood that flow _ right through. me

G F# G

(Oh) don't be mess-in'with my _ Black Rose_ (Oh) keep your hands off of my black my Black

1. D G D

Ro - sie, he don't _ own _ ya 2. While

2. D G D G

_ own _ ya So stay _ _ _ with me _ to-night _ _ _

C D G D D.S. al Coda

3. At

You won't be mak - in' love to my black my Black Ro - sie, he don't own ya So

stay with me to - night for the rest of your life

Ro - shín dhubh me no can get o - ver you A time is in me mind no mat - ter what I do A

Ro-shín dhubh me no can get o-ver you Now Frank-ie com-in' back and I know that I am through Mis-ter

Frank - ie Dia-mond tell me do the right thing Watch his girl while he a-way at Sing Sing

But me and Ro-sie, we have a lit-tle fling Now Frank-ie com-in' home, wick-ed trou-ble it will bring

wick-ed trou-ble it will bring Ro - shín dhubh me no can get o - ver you A

time's in me mind no mat - ter what I do A Ro-shín dhubh me no can get o - ver you Now

Frank-ie com-in' back and I know I am through Lord have mer - cy! —

Additional lyrics

2. While Frankie was upstate, his Harlem girl
Continued to spiral in her social whirl
So I paged her from my gig on East 7th
I said, "Hey, babe, you doin' anythin' round about 11?"
She said "Uh-uh" in her uptown voice
So we met at Beiruit for cocktails and ice
When she crossed that room in her tight red dress
I wasn't thinkin' of Frankie, I have to confess

She said, "Hey, best friend, let's go back to my place
I need to fix my mascara and remodel my face"
But it rained on the way back to her house
And when she closed the door she took off her blouse
She's the Queen of New York City
She bewitch all men soul
Next thing I know I'm whisperin' sweet nothin's
Lyn' in bed with my Black Rose
(Ah) Makin' love to my Black ...
My Black Rosie, he don't own ya
So stay with me tonight ...

3. At nights I'd lie there and listen to her breathe
With the sweat on my brow, how could she sleep
So deep, so sweet as calm as a rock
While I pushed back the seconds oozing from the clock
Now the letters I wrote Frankie returned unread
The word leaked out I'd be better off dead
But in the crimson dawn, Black Rose would unfold
And drain all the poison from my soul