

St. Therese

Taylor Posey

The Stillwater Hobos

C G

Dar - lin' mo - ther would you guide my hand? My
She boarded that ship and she sent it well

D Em C

love, she's in A-mer - i - ca with a te-rry band. Her dark flowin' hair rolls
Fast and lone - some as a kind fare - well I asked her grace for

G D Em

all down her breast, it's as soft as the night that she went and left.
twelve lit - tle towns, with a mar - ket in all and o - pen fields a-round.

C G D

San - dy was the ri-ver that she walked. It was out the door and it was
She took the East, and she took the West E - lizabeth's the girl that

Em C G

off the dock. The thun - der a-head and the steam - boat's dreams of
I love the best My house was robbed when I shut the door and

D Em

li - ly white smoke and fine raft - ing things.
load - ed it up with a rust - ed oar. An

C G D C G

oar _____ Bring me a rose Saint The - rese Saint The-rese would you

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bring me a rose, Saint The - rese, Saint The - rese. All the lit - tle flow - ers are



cov - ered and blest would you bring me a rose, Saint The - rese

*I saw her at the market yesterday
 I said hello, but she looked the other way
 She wore a coat of black and two old shoes
 and my eyes were light with the devil's dues.
 I gave her a whistle and three hundred cries
 And there I found a rose as white as lye.
 You can wash with water every day
 but that dirt will stain your hide in that same old way
 That way...*

*Now two devils danced on a barrel of lime
 You know they're devils, Mama, but you took a bad time
 It was a slipped up jig with iron feet
 That fled like a coward when lovers meet
 But there in the garden I can see you fine
 Your hand full of roses smell better than wine
 To scatter your flowers for the one you love
 As tender as the lightning in the sky above
 Above... above...*