

The Roseneath Carousel

It was in pretty good shape when we brought it here,
Some say Roseneath was as well,
Just a pile of smashed up wood and gears,
A rusty old carousel.

Money was scarce and spirits were low,
The depression had dealt us quite a blow,
Some of the farmers from around here
Thought we needed a bit of good cheer.

Built by C. W. Parker down in Abilene,
Best merry-go-round they made,
With the best band organ that ever was seen,
Though it had seen better days.

But with a little paint and a lot of grease,
We soon had that thing in one piece
A little rural ingenuity and a lot of love
We fired her up and we gave a little shove.

And that Wurlitzer blared out nice and loud,
It played the Wasbash Moon and we all felt proud,
Forty fine horses going up and down
And though they just went round and round
We felt like we were getting somewhere
On the carousel at the Roseneath Fair.

Years went by and that carousel
Was just like life it had its ups and downs,
By Nine-teen eighty-six it fell
Into disrepair on the old fairgrounds.

So with a lot more paint and a lot more grease
By '93 we had it back in one piece.
With a lot more money and a lot more love,
We fired her up and we gave a little shove.

Now that Wurlitzer's blaring nice and loud
It plays the Wasbash Moon and we all feel proud
Forty fine horses going up and down
And though they just go round and round
We feel like we are getting somewhere
On the carousel at the Roseneath Fair.

by James Gordon 2002