

Broad Majestic Shannon

D **G** **D**
The last time I saw you was down at the Greeks
G **D**
There was whiskey on Sunday and tears on our cheeks

G
You sang me a song as pure as the breeze
D **G** **A**
On the road to Glenaveigh
D **G** **D**
I sat for a while at the cross at Finnoe
G **D**
Where young lovers would meet when the flowers were in bloom
G
Heard the men coming home from the fair at Shinrone
D **G** **A** **D**
Their hearts in Tipperary wherever they go

D **G** **A**
Take my hand, and dry your tears babe
D **G** **A**
Take my hand, forget your fears babe
D **G** **A**
There's no pain, there's no more sorrow
D **G** **A**
They're all gone, gone in the years babe

I sat for a while by the gap in the wall
Found a rusty tin can and an old hurley ball
Heard the cards being dealt, and the rosary called
And a fiddle playing Sean Dun na nGall
And the next time I see you we'll be down at the Greeks

There'll be whiskey on Sunday and tears on our cheeks
For it's stupid to laugh and it's useless to bawl
About a rusty tin can and an old hurley ball
So I walked as day was dawning
Where small birds sang and leaves were falling

Where we once watched the row boats
landing By the broad majestic Shannon