

The Broad Majestic Shannon

D G
The last time I saw you was down at the Greeks

D G
There was whiskey on Sunday and tears on our cheeks

D G
You sang me a song as pure as the breeze

D A
on a road leading up Glenaveagh

D G
I sat for a while at the cross at Finnoe

D G
Where young lovers would meet when the flowers were in bloom

D 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

DDD DDD GGG A D-->
They're all gone, gone in the years babe

Instr.

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

Instr. ||: G D G D G D D A :||
Instr.

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

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

Instr. 2x