

# 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 Glenaveigh  
 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

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

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