

## The Broad Majestic Shannon

C G C Am C F G C

<sup>C</sup>  
The last time I saw you was down at the <sup>F</sup>Greeks  
<sup>C</sup>  
There was whiskey on Sunday and tears on our cheeks <sup>Am</sup>  
<sup>C</sup>  
You sang me a song as pure as the breeze <sup>F</sup>  
<sup>C</sup>  
on a road leading up <sup>G</sup>Glenaveigh  
<sup>C</sup>  
I sat for a while at the cross at <sup>F</sup>Finroe  
<sup>C</sup>  
Where young lovers would meet when the flowers were in bloom <sup>Am</sup>  
<sup>C</sup>  
Heard the men coming home from the fair at <sup>F</sup>Shinrone  
<sup>C</sup>  
Their hearts in Tipperary wherever they go <sup>F</sup>  
<sup>C</sup>  
<sup>G</sup>  
<sup>C</sup>  
<sup>F</sup>  
<sup>G</sup>  
<sup>C</sup>

<sup>C</sup>  
Take my hand, and dry your tears babe <sup>F</sup>  
<sup>C</sup>  
Take my hand, forget your fears babe <sup>F</sup>  
<sup>C</sup>  
There's no pain, there's no more sorrow <sup>F</sup>  
<sup>CCC CCC FFF FFF GGG GGG C--></sup>  
They're all gone, gone in the years babe

C G C Am C F G C

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

C G C Am C F G C ||: F C F C F C C G :|| C G C Am C F G C

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

C G C Am C F G C 2x