

**Town Of Athlone**  
**Karan Casey**

[Intro]

**Am C Em Am C Em**

[Verse]

**Am C Em**  
In the town of Athlone there s a young woman walking  
**Am C Em**  
And wrapped around her baby, a shawl, and she speaks  
**Am C Em**  
Of the passing of rings to the uniformed soldiers  
**Am Em Am**  
The price of a ribbon, their fortune to speak

[Verse]

**C Em**  
Well, their fortune she speaks and she speaks of a river  
**Am C Em**  
Whose silvery barrows and moorlands beneath  
**Am C Em**  
Where a gun battle raged and the hero for Ireland  
**Am D7 Em Am**  
Would soon lie down dead, dead at her feet

[Verse]

**C Em**  
At the feet of the virgin in the grotto of Annah  
**Am C Em**  
She sings to her baby in the old styles bequeathed  
**Am C Em**  
And she lilts and laments and enchants all in hearing  
**Am D7 Em Am**  
With songs of her people and melodies sweet

[Chorus]

**Em C G Am**  
Sweet silvery Nore River is rolling  
**D Em**  
Over an Irish soldier s grave  
**C G Am**  
And the vestry bells are tolling  
**C Em Am**  
Over the ashes of his grave

[Instrumental]

**Am Em Dm Am**

[Verse]

CEm  
 In the freeborn land of the travelling people  
AmCEm  
 Lies Nioclas Mullins, the pride of Cullbawn  
AmCEm  
 Yet unmarked beside him, the bride of his union  
AmD7EmAm  
 Who carried our music in a black gypsy shawl

[Chorus]

EmCGAm  
 Sweet silvery Nore River is rolling  
DEm  
 Over an Irish soldier s grave  
CGAm  
 And the vestry bells are tolling  
CEmAm  
 Over the ashes of his grave

[Chorus]

EmCGAm  
 Sweet silvery Nore River is rolling  
DEm  
 Over an Irish soldier s grave  
CGAm  
 And the vestry bells are tolling  
CEmAm  
 Over the ashes of his grave  
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