

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 lilt 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]

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

[Chorus]

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

[Chorus]

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Over an Irish soldier s grave
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