

**A Walk In The Irish Rain**  
**The Irish Descendants**

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=====

- Irish Descendants

Intro: | **Bb** | **Cm** | **Bb** | **F** | **Bb** | **Cm** | **Bb** | **Eb** | **Bb F** | **Bb** |

**Bb** **Eb** **Bb** **Cm** **F**  
When the sun goes down o'er Dublin town, the colors last for hours, oh  
**Bb** **Eb** **Bb** **F** **Bb**  
The lights come on, the night's a song and the streets all turn to gold.  
**Bb** **Eb** **Bb** **Cm** **F**  
A gentle mist all heaven kissed, like teardrops off an angel's wing  
**Bb** **Eb** **Bb** **F** **Bb**  
Don't you know you'll cleanse your soul with a walk in the Irish rain.

**Bb** **Cm** **Bb** **F**  
Oh, Katherine, take my hand, I've got three pounds and change  
**Bb** **Cm** **Bb** **Eb**  
And I'll sing you songs of love again and when I get too drunk to sing  
**Bb** **F** **Bb**  
We'll walk in the Irish rain.  
| **Bb** | **Cm** | **Bb** | **F** | **Bb** | **Cm** | **Bb** | **Eb** | **Bb F** | **Bb** |

Forever more I've stepped ashore, my sailing days are over, oh  
Through time and tide and by your side together we'll grow old.  
I threw my sea bag in the bin and brought these pretty flowers home  
Kiss me Kate, we'll celebrate before the bloom is gone.

**Bb** **Cm** **Bb** **F**  
Oh, Katherine, take my hand, I've got three pounds and change  
**Bb** **Cm** **Bb** **Eb**  
And I'll sing you songs of love again and when I get too drunk to sing  
**Bb** **F** **Bb**  
We'll walk in the Irish rain.  
| **C** | **Dm** | **C** | **G** | **C** | **Dm** | **C** | **F** | **C G** | **C** | - (twice)

(**G** capella)  
A tinker and a tailor and a drunken old sailor  
They all get together and they start to play  
Time stands still while they sing their fill  
They'll shout 'til the break of day.

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\* Tabbed by \*  
\* Chris Williscroft \*  
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**C** **Dm** **C** **G**

Oh, Katherine, take my hand, I ve got three pounds and change

And I ll sing you songs of love again dnd when I get too drunk to sing

We ll walk in the Irish rain.

|C |Dm |C |G |C |Dm |C |F |C G |C |

A sweet little lady with a glass of stout

Sippin it down til the foam runs out

She ll help her old man home again with a walk in the Irish rain.

Oh, Katherine, take my hand, I ve got three pounds and change

And I ll sing you songs of love again and when I get too drunk to sing

We ll walk in the Irish rain.