

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

A Walk In The Irish Rain - Irish Descendants  
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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 dnd 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 dnd 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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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.