

September 1913
The Waterboys

G#dim : 4564xx

[Intro]

D Bm

D Bm

[Verse 1]

D Bm
What need you being come to sense
D Bm
But fumble in a greasy till
D Bm
And add the halfpence to the pence
D Bm
And prayer to shivering prayer until

[Chorus 1]

G#dim G
You ve dried the marrow from the bone
D Bm
For men were born to pray and save, pray and save
G#dim G
Romantic Ireland s dead and gone
D Bm
It s with O Leary in the grave, in the grave

[Verse 2]

D Bm
Yet they were of a different kind
D Bm
Those names that stilled your childish play
D Bm
They have gone about the world like wind
D Bm
But little time had they to pray

[Chorus 2]

G#dim G
For whom the hangman s rope was spun
D Bm
And what, God help us, could they save, could they save?
G#dim G
Romantic Ireland s dead and gone
D Bm
It s with O Leary in the grave, in the grave

[Verse 3]

D **Bm**
Was it for this the wild geese spread?
D **Bm**
The grey wing upon every tide
D **Bm**
For this that all that blood was shed
D **Bm**
For this Fitzgerald died

[Chorus 3]

G#dim **G**
And Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone
D **Bm**
All that delirium of the brave of the brave
G#dim **G**
Romantic Ireland s dead and gone
D **Bm**
It s with O Leary in the grave, in the grave

[Verse 4]

D **Bm**
Yet could we turn the years again
D **Bm**
And we call those exiles as they were
D **Bm**
In all their loneliness and pain
D **Bm**
You d cry: