

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: