

Bells of Sligo

Tad Tuleja

May-June 22nd, 2010

When this cruel war is over
Comrades carried home
And the men in ermine robes have had
Their say
Put a candle in the window
A log upon the fire
And meet me on the road to
Sligo Bay

/ G C / G /
/Em D / G /
/Am / Em G /D/
/ D C /
/G C / G /
/Em D / G /
/G C / G D /
/G / G /

When the last hard word is spoken
In the Land of Heart's Desire
And the dreams of fools and children
Ring true
With all the bugles broken
And banners in the fire
It's then that I'll be coming home
To you

We will hear the honeyed chimes of peace
In the streets of Sligo town
The ploughman with his daily bread
The prince without his crown
When the sword has lost its magic
And the deepest cut its sting
We will raise a cup of fellowship
As the bells of Sligo ring

/D / D /
/C / G /
/C / G /
/Em G/ D /
/D / Am /
/Em G / C /
/ G / Am C /
/ G D / G /

In the field below Ben Bulbin
We'll walk hand in hand
And watch the wild swans
Take wing
In the shade of Drumcliff churchyard
We will speak of Crazy Jane
And smile to hear the bells of
Sligo ring