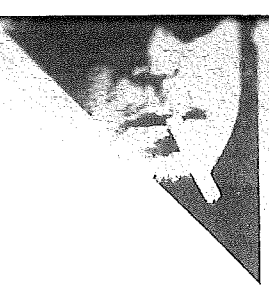


THE LUCK OF THE IRISH

WORDS & MUSIC BY JOHN LEMMON AND KEATINGE



MS

3/4

3/4

Moderately

G C G

1. If you had the luck of the Irish, you'd be
years of tor-ture and hun-ger drove the

Bm D7 G

sor-ry and wish you were dead. You should have the
peo-ple a - way from their land. A land full of

C G Bm D7

luck of the Irish and you'd wish you was Eng-lish in-
beau-ty and won-der was raped by the Brit-ish brig-ands,

G 2 G C G C G

stead. 2. A thou-sand God - damn! God - damn! If

G C G C

you could keep voices like flow morn - ing ers, dew, there'd be sham - rock all
we could make chains with the the world would be

D G C

o - ver the world. Bay. If you could drink dreams - like like
Gal - way rain - bows like

G C D7

I - rish streams, then the world would be high as the moun - tains of
lep - re - chauns, the world would be one - the big Blar - ney

G G


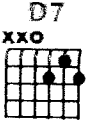
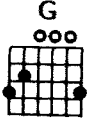

morn. stone.

C G Bm

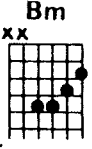
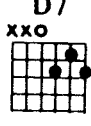
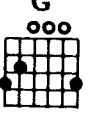
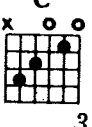
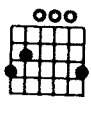
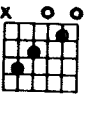
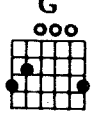
3. In the 'Pool hell are the 4. Why the hell are the
told us a sto - ry Eng - lish there an - y - way, how the Eng - lish di - vid - ed the land
as they kill with God on their side?

D7 G C G

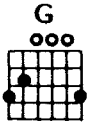
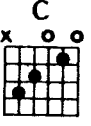
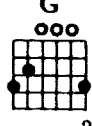

of the pain and the death - and the glo - ry
Blame it all on the kids - and the I. R. A.

To Coda    D.S.^{al} Coda 


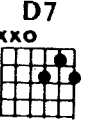
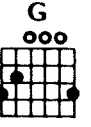
and the po-ets of auld Ei - re land. If
as the

A       

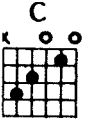
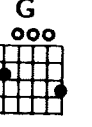
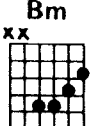
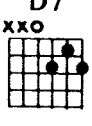
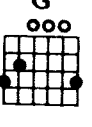
bas - tards com - mit gen - o - cide. Aye, aye! Gen - o - cide!

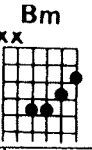
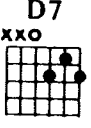
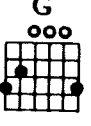
If you had the luck of the I - rish, you'd be

sor - ry and wish you were dead. You should have the

luck of the I - rish and you'd wish you was Eng - lish in - stead!

Yes, you'd wish you was Eng - lish in - stead.