

SAINT RAYMOND'S

THERE [D] IS A PLACE THAT [A] I KNOW WELL
A [F#M] CITY [C#] IN A [F#M] CITY
WHERE [D] SLEEP SO MANY [A] PEOPLE
WITH [E] NAMES THAT FEW RE- [A] CALL
AND [D] IN THIS PLACE SO [A] VAST AND SAD
THREE [F#M] STONES YOU [C#] WOULD NOT [F#M] NOTICE
NO [D] DIFFERENT FROM THE [A] OTHERS
NOT [E] GRAND OR PROUD OR [A] TALL

BUT THEY [E] MARK THE FINAL RESTING PLACE
AND THE [D] FINAL BARS OF [A] MUSIC
FROM [E] FIDDLES THAT WERE MAGIC
AND [D] HANDS THAT HELD THE [A] KEYS
AND [E] AS YOU STAND AND LISTEN THERE
YOU [D] THINK YOU HEAR THEM [A] PLAYING
AS YOU [D] SHIVER [A] IN THE [E] RESTLESS [F#M] WIND
THAT [D] STIRS THE [E] BRITTLE [A] TREES

*SO [D] SOFTLY [A] FALLS THE [E] MIDNIGHT [A] SNOW
TO [E] CHILL THE SILENT [A] ANGELS
TO [D] KISS THE [A] GRASS BE- [E] FORE IT [F#M] MELTS
(AFTER V.1) ON [D] JOHNNY [E] CRONIN'S [A] GRAVE
(AFTER V.2) ON JAMESY MORRISON'S GRAVE
(AFTER V.3) ON MICHAEL COLEMAN'S GRAVE / ON ANDY'S LONELY GRAVE*

WHERE ARE THE HALLS WHOSE NOISY CROWDS
FELL SILENT AS THEY LISTENED
TO MORRISON'S GIFTED FINGERS
LIFT DIAMONDS OUT OF STEEL?
WHO LAUGHED AT CRONIN'S COMEDY
UP IN THE OLD BUNRATTY?
FIVE-THIRTY IN THE MORNING -
STILL TIME FOR ONE MORE REEL!

YOU COULD NOT FIND THOSE PLACES NOW
OR FRIENDS LONG SINCE DEPARTED
BUT FEW HERE WOULD REMEMBER,
AND FEWER STILL BE SAD -
WHERE NAMES ARE ONLY CHISEL MARKS
AND HEARTS ARE ONLY ASHES
AND PASSION A FORGOTTEN THING
THAT'S NEITHER GOOD NOR BAD

**SO IRON GATES WILL TURN TO RUST
AND MARBLE ANGELS CRUMBLE:
AND GRANITE MELT TO FLOWERS
WHEN MEMORIES ARE NO MORE
BUT MUSIC FILLS ETERNITY
AND FIDDLES SOUND IN HEAVEN
AND COLEMAN PLAYS A HORNPIPE
CRONIN'S NEVER HEARD BEFORE**

**THEN STAND AWHILE AND AND HEAR, AND HEAR,
THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BRANCHES
AND LISTEN NOW MORE CLOSELY
FOR THE TUNE THAT HAS NO NAME
AND SAY A PRAYER FOR ALL THEIR SOULS,
THE GREAT AND THE FORGOTTEN
WHO BRIGHTENED ALL AROUND THEM
WITH MUSIC'S GENTLE FLAME!**