

Irish Town

Words by Jon Corelis

Music by Jon Corelis

Allegro

Voice 
I will go down to I - rish Town, where the old grey tow'r still holds a bar - ren

11 
watch for the shroud-ed ships in the sea wind's show'-ry folds. The flor-id men of the mar-bled

21 
heights throw pen-nies at your pain: in I-rish town they'll give you wine as sweet as sum-mer

32 
rain. The haugh-ty dames of Par-son's Hill have learned their love at school; they feed their

43 
gal-lants per-fumed cakes and break hearts by the rule, but the wo-men down in I - rish

53 
town were born with hearts that know too des-p'rate - ly what want-ing means to think that

63 
love's a show. So I will go down to I - rish town where the riv-er meets the sea, and

74 
look for a lit - tle last - ing love in the grim grey tow - er's lee.