

Traditional Irish Music

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Michael

^G On a far off August day, ^C cold young men in ambush lay, ^G
^D On a roadside on a hill where flowers grow,
^G So much hate for one so young, ^C who was right and who was wrong, ^G
^D ^G Though a thousand years may pass we'll never know.

(Chorus)

^G Candles drippig blood, they placed beside your shoulders, ^C
^D ^C ^G Rosary beads like teardrops on your fingers,
^C ^G Friends and comrades standin by, in their grief they wonder why,
^D ^G Michael in their hour of need you had to go.

And when evening twilight came, gentle fell the August rain,
Oh but you lay still and silent on the ground,
As we hung our heads in prayer, in our sorrow and dispare,
We wondered was it friend or foe who shot you down,

(Chorus)

Now the flame that you held high, when you called out to the sky,
To end this senseless killing and this shame,
Has now passed to other hands and is carried through the land
By some not fit to even speak your name