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Brendan Behan

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Dublin was	his City, he	was Dubl	in born ar	nd bred	
			F	Dm	
That's where they Christened him Brendan					
	G7	C			
Behan, with a green flag 'ore his head					
		F	G7	C	
When Ireland counts her hero's and her men of letters too,					
An	1	C	G7		
Sure I'm su	re that he w	ill ever be.	amongst	the chosenC	few.

Chorus

C F G7 C
For Dublin was his City he was Dublin born and bred,
F Dm
That's where they Christened him Brendan Behan,
G7 C
with a green flag 'ore his head

The cold heart of the City, soon became his own
In his second trade his income was made, but he paid the pride alone
So here's a round to Brendan, a russler man and boy
And his will to think in iron ink, and Dublin sham distroy.

The harbour lights is lonely, Henry's Street's gone sour In in McDaid's his memory fades, but they keep his holy hour In the Dublin of the living, his name will never die 'Twas the fickle jar eclipsed his star and fools will ask you why