

Traditional Irish Music

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The Legend

C **Em** **F** **G** **C**
I went to see a legend just the other night
Am **Em** **F** **G**
At the Yankee Stadium, underneath the light.
Am **Em** **F** **G** **C**
I heard a man speaking after years and years in jail.
Em **F** **G** **C**
His name it was Mandela and he came to tell his tale.

C **Em** **F** **G** **C**
The crowd they cheered him loudly, ah, but then the silence fell
Am **Em** **F** **G**
As he spoke about the hard years in a South African cell.
Am **Em** **F** **G** **C**
And though he was free, his heart was feelin' the pain,
Em **F** **G** **C**
For his country and his people were still a part of that shame.

C **Em** **F** **G** **C**
He said he hoped that we would join him and walk down freedom's path,
Am **Em** **F** **G**
And these roads would be the hardest, oh, but they would be the last.
Am **Em** **F** **G** **C**
And to join our hands together so that we might be as one,
Em **F** **G** **C**
And to bring ourselves to the cause so his battle could be won.

C **Em** **F** **G** **C**
I went home to bed that evening, went to sleep and I had a dream.
Am **Em** **F** **G**
I was standing in the pouring rain, in an Irish field of green.
Am **Em** **F** **G** **C**
And all around the headstones were the martyrs of the past.
Em **F** **G** **C**
I stood there in silence, and they spoke to me at last.

C **Em** **F** **G** **C**
"Kevin Barry is my name, and I died in a cell.
Am **Em** **F** **G**
They wanted the names of my comrades, oh, but this I would not tell."
Am **Em** **F** **G** **C**
"And I am Roger Casement. I was shot in London town
Em **F** **G** **C**
For bringing German rifles to the lonely Banna Strand."

C **Em** **F** **G** **C**
"James Connolly is my name. The working people are my life.
Am **Em** **F** **G**
When they shot me down in Kilmainham Jail with strife."
Am **Em** **F** **G** **C**
"And I am Padraic Pearse. I was shot down by the foe.
Em **F** **G** **C**
I read the proclamation at the steps of the GPO."

C **Em** **F** **G** **C**
And the last voice that I heard says, "My name is Bobby Sands,
Am **Em** **F** **G**
And it's good to hear Mandela's words a-ringin' through the land.

Am Em F G C
"I want to hear them in Belfast, in Derry and Tyrone.
Em F G C
Maybe then those English soldiers will know it's time to go home."

C Em F G C
I woke up in the morning. I remembered them all.
Am Em F G
And who would believe that they'd knocked down the Berlin Wall?
Am Em F G C
And I said "Mandela, could this really be?
Em F G C
Maybe now we will see Ireland reunited and free.
Em F G C
Maybe now we will see Ireland reunited and free."