

**A WALK IN THE IRISH RAIN**

(S. Spurgin)

WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN O'ER DUBLIN TOWN THE COLORS LAST FOR HOURS, OH  
THE LIGHTS COME ON, THE NIGHT'S A SONG AND THE STREETS ALL TURN TO  
GOLD.

A GENTLE MIST ALL HEAVEN KISSED LIKE TEARDROPS OFF AN ANGEL'S WING  
DON'T YOU KNOW YOU'LL CLEANSE YOUR SOUL WITH A WALK IN THE IRISH RAIN.

CHO: OH, KATHERINE, TAKE MY HAND I'VE GOT THREE POUNDS AND CHANGE  
AND I'LL SING YOU SONGS OF LOVE AGAIN  
AND WHEN I GET TOO DRUNK TO SING WE'LL WALK IN THE IRISH RAIN.

FOREVER MORE I'VE STEPPED ASHORE MY SAILING DAYS ARE OVER, OH  
THROUGH TIME AND TIDE AND BY YOUR SIDE TOGETHER WE'LL GROW OLD.

I THREW MY SEA BAG IN THE BIN AND BROUGHT THESE PRETTY FLOWERS HOME  
KISS ME KATE, WE'LL CELEBRATE BEFORE THE BLOOM IS GONE.

A TINKER AND A TAILOR AND A DRUNKEN OLD SAILOR  
THEY ALL GET TOGETHER AND THEY START TO PLAY  
TIME STANDS STILL WHILE THEY SING THEIR FILL  
THEY'LL SHOUT 'TIL THE BREAK OF DAY.

A SWEET LITTLE LADY WITH A GLASS OF STOUT  
SIPPIN' IT DOWN 'TIL THE FOAM RUNS OUT  
SHE'LL HELP HER OLD MAN HOME AGAIN  
WITH A WALK IN THE IRISH RAIN.