

## Christy Moore

### "Sweet Music Roll On"

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Down by O'Connell street one summers evening  
I meet a young woman, it was our first meeting  
Crossed over the bridge and down by the river  
By the strawberry beds I found that I knew her  
She called me her darling man  
We spend a few hours and we drank a few glasses  
We danced at the bar ignoring their glances  
Ev'ryone knew her name and they knew by my face  
With a beer in my hand and her arm round my waist  
Calling me her darling man

The river runs deep, sweet music roll on  
So the times are long gone, sweet music roll on  
Then came the morning and my boat was leaving  
She smiled as she said to me: "No point in grieving"  
Ev'ryonce in a while when I hear music playing  
I remember her smile and I hear her voice saying:  
Calling me her darling man  
The river runs deep, sweet music roll on  
So the times are long gone, sweet music roll on

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