John Riley

[Dm] John Riley came from [F] Galway Town in the [Dm] years of the Irish [G] hunger
And he [Dm] sailed away to [F] Amerikay when the [C] country was much younger [Dm] . . .
Now the place was strange and [F] work was scarce, and [Dm] all he knew was farming [G]
So he [Dm] followed his other [F] Irish friends to a [C] job in the U S [Dm] Army

CHORUS:
[F] Adventure calls and [Dm] some men run
And [F] this is their sad [G] story
[Dm] Some get drunk on [F] demon rum And [C] some get drunk on [Dm] glory

Now they marched down [F] Texas way to the [Dm] banks of the Rio [G] Grande
And they [Dm] built a fort on the [F] banks above to [C] taunt old Santa [Dm] Annay
They were [Dm] treated bad and [F] paid worse, and [Dm] then the fighting [G] started
And the [Dm] more they fought the [F] less they thought of the [C] damn old U S [Dm] Army

CHORUS

Now when the church bells ring on a [F] Sunday morn it [Dm] set his soul to [G] shiver
He saw the [Dm] senoritas [F] washing their hair on the [C] far side of the [Dm] river
Then John Riley and 200 [F] more [Dm] Irish mercen[G]aries
They [Dm] cast their lot, [F] right or not, [C] south of the Rio [Dm] Granday

CHORUS

Now they fought bravely [F] under the flag of the [Dm] San Patricios [G]
Till the [Dm] Yankee soldiers [F] beat them down at the [C] battle of Churu[Dm]busco
Then 15 men were [F] whipped like mules, on their [Dm] cheeks had a hot iron [G] branded
They had to [Dm] dig the graves of [F] 50 more who were [C] hanging fate-in-[Dm]handed

CHORUS then full INSTR verse

Now John Riley stands and [F] drinks alone at a [Dm] bar in Vera [G] Cruz,
And he [Dm] wonders if it [F] matters much if you [C] win or if-a you [Dm] lose
"I'm a man who [F] can't go home, I'm a [Dm] vagabond," says [G] he,
"I'm a [Dm] victim of some [F] wanderlust and [C] divided loyal[Dm]ty."