

RIDE ON

Jimmy MacCarthy/ Christy Moore
Ballad in cm (hm Capo 1)

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hm	G	A	

| True you ride the finest horse | I've ever seen
| Standing sixteen, | one or two, with eyes wild and green.
| You ride the horse so well | hands light to the touch,
| I could never go with you no matter how I wanted to.

| Ride on | see you |
| I could never go with you no matter how I wanted to. |
| Ride on | see you |
| I could never go with you no matter how I wanted to. |

| When you ride in to the night with out a trace behind,
| Run your claw a long my gut | one last time.
I | turn to face an empty space | where you used to lie |
And | look for the spark that lights the night, through a teardrop in my eye.