

IRELAND

B. Black

Moderato (90)

There are pla - ces I have seen Al - most as green As

Ire - land But their fields can't be the same If they've no sun or rain Like

Ire - land Miles of bog all green and brown Are white with the mist when the

sun goes down Then the moon pours her light on a sleep - ing town In Ire - land

Stor - my wes - tern sea And the wind sings in the

ru - in White crash - ing waves Call the fish - er - man to his

doom There are pla - ces on the cliffs Where a man can feel like a

gi - ant In the cen - ter of a world Made of sea, made of

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32 *slower (=80)*
B^b Dm C F C
rock, made of sky And when the eve - ning

36 Dm B^b 3 F C F C
falls On a thousand stone walls In Ire - land And the stars are like jewels in the

40 Dm B^b 3 F C Dm Gm
trees As they dance in the breeze Of Ire - land Then the day's work is done

44 B^b A Dm A Dm B^b
And there's peace in the land There are tunes by the fire

48 B^o E7 A Dm A⁺ A
And the mu - sic is grand the songs of Ire - land

52 B^{bo} Dm F F7 B^{bm} C *tempo 1 (90)*
Voice of its peo - ple In a ci - ty far a -

56 F B^{bm} 3 F B^b C F C *rit.*
way As my wea - ry thoughts stray I think of Ire - land And her call is loud and

60 Dm G^o 3 D^b B^b F B^b F
clear: It will take me from here To Ire - land! To Ire - land!