

# IRELAND

B. Black

Moderato (90)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

36 Dm B<sup>b</sup> 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<sup>b</sup> 3 F C Dm Gm  
trees As they dance in the breeze Of Ire - land Then the day's work is done

44 B<sup>b</sup> A Dm A Dm B<sup>b</sup>  
And there's peace in the land There are tunes by the fire

48 B<sup>o</sup> E7 A Dm A<sup>+</sup> A  
And the mu - sic is grand the songs of Ire - land

52 B<sup>bo</sup> Dm F F7 B<sup>bm</sup> C *tempo 1 (90)*  
Voice of its peo - ple In a ci - ty far a -

56 F B<sup>bm</sup> 3 F B<sup>b</sup> 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<sup>o</sup> 3 D<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F  
clear: It will take me from here To Ire - land! To Ire - land!