

The Lambs on the Green Hills

D **Bm**

Th- ah lambs on th' green hills they sport and they

G **D** **Em** **Bm** **G**

5 play and man- y straw- ber- ries grow round the salt sea H- ow

D **Bm** **F#m** **G**

10 sad is my heart when my own love's a- way H- ow

D **G** **D**

14 man- y's th' ship sails th' O- ce- an

The bride and bride's party to church they did go
 The bride she rode foremost she bears the best show
 But I followed after with my heart full of woe
 To see my love wed to another

The first place I saw her was in the church stand
 Gold rings on her finger and her love by the hand
 Says I 'My wee lassie, I will be the man
 Although you are wed to another.'

The next place I saw her was on the way home
 I ran on before her, not knowing where to roam

Says I 'My wee lassie, I'll be by our side
 Although you are wed to another.'

'Stop, stop' says the groomsman 'Till I speak a word,
 Will you venture your life on the point of my sword?
 For courting so slowly you've lost this fair maid
 So begone, for you'll never enjoy her.'

Oh make now my grave both large, wide and deep
 And sprinkle it over with flowers so sweet
 And lay me down in it to take my last sleep
 For that's the best way to forget her