

# Slievenamon

♩ = 180

2 D 4 6 D7 8 G

A - lone all a lone by the wave washed strand,

Em 10 A 12 14 D 16

all a lone in a crow- ded hall. The hall

18 20 D7 22 G 24 Em A 26

it is gay and the waves they are grand, - but my heart is not

28 D 30 G D 32 A 34

here at all, It flies far a way by

36 D 38 40 E 42 44 A

night and by day, to the times and the joys that are gone, -

46 48 D 50 52 D7

- , For I ne- ver will for - get the sweet mai den that I

54 G Em 56 A 58 60 D 62

met in the val - ley near Sliev - na - mon.

It was not the grace of her queenly air,  
 Nor her checks of the rose's glow,  
 Nor her soft black eyes, nor her flowing hair  
 Nor was it her lily-white brow.  
 'T was the soul of truth and of melting ruth,  
 And her smile like the summer's dawn,  
 That stole my heart away on that fine summer's day,  
 In the valley near Slievenamon.