

3 mins
25 secs

The Kerry Dance

James
L53

(1)

Oh! the days of the Ker-ry dance-ing Oh! the ring of the
How-ing out of the
pip-er's tune. Oh! for me of those hours of glad-ness, gone, a-las, like our
past once more, and the sound of the clear old mer-sie, soft and sweet as in
youth, too soon. When the boys be-gan to gath-er in the glen of a
day of yore.
sum-mer night, And the Ker-ry pip-er's trust-ing
made us long-with wild de-light. Oh! to think of it! Oh! to dream of it
fills my heart with tears. Oh! the days of the Ker-ry dance-ing,

(B)

Oh! the ring of the pop-er's time Oh for one of those hours of glad-ness
gone, a-las! like our youth to — Soon Time goes on and the
hap-py years are dead — and one by one the mer-ry hours have
fled — Si-lent now is the wild and lone-ly
glen, — where the Bright glad laugh, will e-cho ne'er a-gain.
on-ly dream-ing of days gone by, in my heart I hear

FIN (4)

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