

Green, Green Grass Of Home, The

F

Keyboard

(Sax)



The



old home town looks the same as I step down from the train, and there to



meet me is my mom-ma and my pa-pa. Down the



road I look and there runs Ma-ry, hair of gold and lips like cher-ries. It's



good to touch the green, green grass of home. The



old house is still stand-ing though the paint is cracked and dry, and there's that



old oak tree that I used to play on. Yeah, down the

31 $E\flat$ $A\flat$

lane I walk with dear sis-ter Ma-ry, — hair of gold and lips like cher-ries. It's

35 $E\flat$ $B\flat$ $B\flat 7$ $E\flat$

good to touch the green, green grass of home. — Yes. they'll

39 $E\flat$ $A\flat$

all come to meet me arms a - reach-in', — smil-ing sweet-ly. — Oh, It's

43 $E\flat$ $B\flat$ $B\flat 7$ $E\flat$ (Sax)

good to touch the green, green grass of home. —

47 $E\flat$ $A\flat$

51 $E\flat$ $B\flat$ $B\flat 7$ $E\flat$ (Spoken)

Then,

55 Eb Ab Eb (Sing)

 I a-wake and look a-round me, four grey walls sur-round me, and I

59 Ab Bb Bb7

 real - lize I was on - ly dream-in'. There's a

63 Eb Ab

 guard and there's a sad old Pad-re, arm in arm, we'll walk at day-break. A

67 Eb Bb Bb7 Eb

 gain, I'll touch the green, green grass of home. Yes, they'll

71 Eb Ab

 all come to see me in the shade of an old tree. as

75 Eb Bb Bb7 Eb

 lay me neath the green, green grass of home, neath the

79 Fm7 Eb/G Bb7 Eb Ab Eb

 green, green grass of home.