

# 33- The Lambs on the Green Hill

G<sup>6</sup> G<sup>4</sup> G<sup>6</sup> C<sup>6</sup>

Melody

The lambs on the green hills, they sport and they play And  
 The bride and bride's par - ty, to church they did go The  
 The first place I saw her, 'twas in the church stand Gold  
 The next place I saw her, 'twas on the way home I

Counter

Bass

G<sup>6</sup> am<sup>6</sup> em C<sup>6</sup>

M

ma - ny straw - ber - ries grow round the salt sea And  
 bride she rode fore - most, she bears the best show But  
 ring's on her fin - ger, and her love by the hand Says  
 ran on be - fore her not knowing where to roam Says

C

B

# The Lambs on the Green Hill

2 G· e<sub>m</sub> G<sup>6</sup> C·

10

M

ma - ny straw - ber - ries grow round the salt sea And  
 I fol - lowed af - ter with^my heart full of woe To  
 I my wee las - sie, I will be the man Al -  
 I my wee las - sie, I'll be by your side Al -

10

C

10

B

G<sup>6</sup> D· C· G·

14

M

ma - ny's the ship sails the o - cean  
 see my love wed to an - o - ther  
 though you are wed to an o - ther  
 though you are wed to an - ot - her

14

C

14

B

Stop, stop, says the groomsman, til I speak a word  
 Will 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

O make now my grave, both large, wide and deep  
 And sprinkle that 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