

# Slievenamon

Wolfe tones-Irish folk

Violine

A- lone, all a- lone, by the wave wash'd strand, all a- lone in a  
 7 A7 D D7 G  
 crowd- ed hall The hall it is gay and the waves they are grand, But my  
 14 A7 D A D  
 heart is not here at all It flies far a- way by night and by  
 21 hm E7 A7 D  
 day, To the time and the joys that are gone; and I never can for-  
 28 D7 G A7 D  
 get The sweet mai- den I met In the val- ley near Slieve- na- mon

- 2) Oh it was not the grace of her queenly air  
 Nor her cheeks of roses glow  
 Nor her soft black eyes nor her flowing hair  
 Nor was it her lily white brow  
 'Twas the soul of truth and of melting ruth  
 And the smile like a summer's dawn  
 that stole my heart away one soft summer's day  
 In the valley near Slievenamon.
  
- 3) In the festive hall by the star watched shore  
 Oh ever my restless spirit cries  
 My love oh my love will I ne'er see you more  
 And my land will you never arise  
 By night and by day I ever ever pray  
 While lonely my life flows on  
 To see our flag unrolled  
 And my true love to enfold  
 In the valley near Slievenamon.