

The flight of the earls

anon. (ireland)

F C7 F B \flat F B \flat C7
 Be - side the camp fire's fit - ful blaze, a - mid the for - est dread.

5 F C7 F B \flat F G7 C7
 pic - ture in the dy - ing rays the home to me so dear. The

9 B \flat F B \flat Gm7 C7
 low - ly cot, the leap - ing stream, the spire up - on the hill, I

13 F C7 F B \flat F C7 F
 see them as I lie and dream, my heart is with them all.

Beside the camp fire's fitful blaze,
 amid the forest dread.
 I picture in the dying rays
 the home to me so dear.
 The lowly cot, the leaping stream,
 the spire upon the hill,
 I see them as I lie and dream,
 my heart is with them all.

To my green isle my thoughts return,
 Sweet Erin ever blest,
 For thy deep valleys oft I yearn,
 Wherein my kindred rest,
 The shamrock springs within my heart
 When Patrick's day is nigh.
 For thought from home and friends apart
 To them fond mem'ries fly.