

The Hills of Tandragee

Collected by James Carmichael of Ballymena, Ulster; printed in Sam Henry's Songs of the People in 1937.

C Dm G/B C Am Dm F C

When my love wakes in the mor - ning, She oils and combs her hair, And

5 F Dm F G C

dres - ses in her su - per-fine all for to meet her dear; Her name I will not

10 F Dm F G C Em ³ Am G /F C Am

men - tion, lest she should of-fen - ded be, For she is the fair - est crea - ture that

15 Dm F C

dwells in Tan - dra - gee

The time is drawing nigh, brave lads, when I must leave you here
And part with all my comrades, likewise my sweetheart dear;
For her beauty I admire above all that I can see,
And her killing glances bring the blush on the hills of Tandragee.

Farewell unto my native rocks, likewise you grand old shore,
Where with my daily comrades, I've trod the sands all o'er,
And when I'm on the ocean wide, no house nor home can see,
I'll be thinking on you, Rosie dear, that dwells in Tandragee.

When my love wakes in the morning, she walks down to the sea,
To watch for the ship returning that bore her love away;
She'll watch the foaming billows as they roll in from the sea,
Saying "Oh, poor Johnny Hartin, you're far from Tandragee."