

## **Pat Murphy's Meadow**

**G**  
The autumm winds arehere again  
**C** **G**  
And the night winds chilly grow  
**D7** **Em**  
The wood land turns to golden hue  
**G** **D7**  
And the harvest moon's aglow  
**G** **D7** **Em**  
To hear again of days long past  
**G** **D7**  
To come no more I know  
**G** **C** **G**  
When I mowed Pat Murphy's meadow  
**C** **G**  
In the sunny long ago

I see again the ocean and the distant sails afar  
As the maiden in the meadow stricks up "Dark Lough Na Gar"  
There was music soft and tender in the winds that whisper low  
When I mowed Pat Murphy's meadow in the sunny long ago

Where are the happy boys and girls that danced the gay quadrille  
Or the singerwho wardled sweetly "The Burning Granite Mill"  
To hear again at sunset "Where Sweet Afton Flow"  
When I mowed Pat Murphy's meadow in the sunny long ago

Those days arebut a memory like the snow of yesteryear  
And evening shades are falling all alone I shed a tear  
On my cheek I feel the soft touch of the winds that whisper low  
When I mowed Pat Murphy's meadow in the sunny long ago