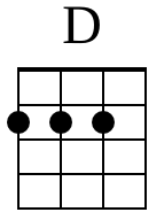
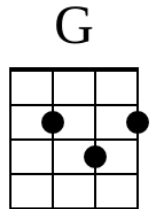


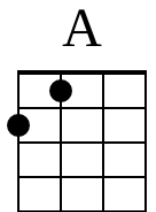
[D] The old home town looks the same
 As I **[G]** step down from the **[D]** train
 And there to meet me is my mama and **[A]** papa
 Down the **[D]** road I look and **[D7]** there runs Mary
[G] Hair of gold and lips like cherries
 It's **[D]** good to touch the **[A]** green, green grass of **[D]** home. **[A]**



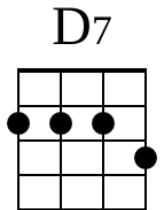
*Yes they'll **[D]** all come to **[D7]** meet me,
 Arms **[G]** reaching, smiling sweetly
 It's **[D]** good to touch the **[A]** green, green grass of **[D]** home. **[A]***



The **[D]** old house is still standing,
 Though the **[G]** paint is cracked and **[D]** dry
 And there's that old oak tree that I used to **[A]** play on
 Down the **[D]** lane I'd walk with **[D7]** my sweet Mary
[G] Hair of gold and lips like cherries
 It's **[D]** good to touch the **[A]** green, green grass of **[D]** home. **[A]**



*Yes they'll **[D]** all come to meet **[D7]** me,
 Arms **[G]** reaching, smiling sweetly
 It's **[D]** good to touch, the **[A]** green, green grass of **[D]** home. **[A]***



[D] Then I wake and look around me
 At **[G]** four grey walls that surr **[D]** ound me
 Then I realise, I was only **[A]** dreaming
 For there's a **[D]** guard and there's a **[D7]** sad old padre
[G] Arm in arm, we'll walk at daybreak
 A **[D]** gain I'll touch, the **[A]** green, green grass of **[D]** home. **[A]**

*Yes they'll **[D]** all come to **[D7]** see me
 In the **[G]** shade of that old oak tree
 As they **[D]** lay me, 'neath the **[A]** green, green grass of **[G]** home///// **[D]***