



# Green Grows the Laurel

$\text{♩} = 120$  *G* *Am*




When first in this coun-try, a strang-er, I came In fair Dub-lin  
- Green grows the laur-el and sweet falls the dew, - Sor-ry I

*D7* *G* *C* *G*



ci-ty, that place of great fame, It was my mis-for-tune a fair one to  
was when I part-ed from you, But by our next meet-ing I hope you'll prove

*Am* *C* *D7* *G* *D7*



see, It was the be-ginn-ing of my mi-ser-y.  
true, And we'll love one a-no-ther, as lov-er should do.

*G* *Am* *D7* *G* *D7* *G*

