

# The Lament Of The Irish Emigrant

Alfred M. Durham, 1872-1957

arr. Laurel Hunt Pedersen

Lento e tenerezza

I'm sit - ting on the stile, Ma-ry, Where

5

we sat side by side, On a bright May morn - ing long a - go, When

9

first you were my bride. The corn was spring - ing fresh and green, And the

13

lark sang loud and high, And the red was on your lip Ma - ry, And the

17

love - light in your eyes. The place is lit - tle

22

chang'd Ma-ry, The day is as bright as then, The lark's loud song is

26

in my ear, And the corn is green a - gain. But I miss the soft clasp

30

of your hand, Your breath, warm on my cheek, And I still keep list - 'ning

34

for the words, You nev - er more will speak.

38

'Tis but a step down yon - der lane, And the lit - tle church stands

42

near. The church where we were wed Ma-ry, I see the spire from

46

here. But the grave - yard lies be - tween Ma-ry, And my step might break your

50

rest, But I've laid you down to rest Ma-ry, With your ba - by on your

54

breast. I'm ve - ry lone - ly

58

now Ma-ry, For the poor make no new friends, But Oh, they love the

62

bet - ter still, The few our Fa - ther sends. And you were all I

66

had Ma - ry, My bless - ing and my pride, There's noth - ing left to

70

care for now, Since my poor Ma - ry died. And you were all I

74

had Ma - ry, My bless - ing and my pride, There's noth - ing left to

78

care for now, Since my poor Ma - ry died.