

# The Old Churchyard

D A D

Traditional English

Bm A D A D G Bm

Come come with me to the old church yard I so well know those paths 'neath the soft green sward

2	0	0	1	0	2	3	2
1	1	0	0	0	3	1	1
0		0	0 1 2	1	0	1	0

Bm A D A D G Bm

Friends slumber there that we want to re-gard We will trace out their names in the old church yard

2	0	0	1	0	2	3	2
1	1	0	0	0	3	1	1
0	0	0	0 1 2	1	0	1	0

D Bm G D A

Mourn not for them, their tri - als are o'er why weep for those who will weep no more For

0	0	0	0	0	3	2	1
3	3	3	3	1	3	3	0
4	4	5	4	2	3	4	3

Bm A D A D G Bm

sweet is their sleep though cold and hard their pil - lows may be in the old church yard

2	0	0	1	0	2	3	2
1	1	0	0	0	3	1	1
0		0	0 1 2	1	0	1	0

I know that it's vain when our friends depart  
 To breathe kind words to a broken heart;  
 And I know that the joy of life is marred  
 When we follow lost friends to the old churchyard.

But were I at rest beneath yonder tree,  
 Oh, why would you weep, my friend, for me?  
 I'm so weary, so wayworn, why would you retard  
 That peace I seek in the old churchyard?

Why weep for me, for I'm anxious to go  
 To that haven of rest where no tears ever flow;  
 And I fear not to enter that dark lonely tomb  
 Where our saviour has lain and conquered the gloom.

I rest in the hope that one bright day  
 Sunshine will burst through this prison of clay,  
 And Gabriel's trumpet and the voice of the  
 Lord  
 Will wake up the dead in the old churchyard.