

C G C

1..It's fif - ty long spring - times since she was a bride, Bu - t still you may  
3...The fields they stand emp - ty, the hed - ges grow free, No young men to

7 F G C F C

see - her at each Whit - sun - tide, In a dress of white lin - en and ribb - ons of  
tend them or pas - tures to see, They have gone where the for - ests of oak trees be -

13 G C F G C

green As green as her mem - o - ries of lov - ing. 2..The  
fore have gone, to be wast - ed in batt - le. 4..Down

19 C G(B) C

feet that were nim - ble tread care - fu - lly now, As gen - tle a  
C G(B) G Am C  
from the green farm - lands, and from their loved ones, Marched hus - bands and

24 Dm Bm C G(B)

mea - sure as age do all - ow, Through groves of white blo - ssom by  
Dm Em<sup>6</sup> F<sup>9</sup> G Am<sup>6</sup>  
bro - thers and fa - thers and sons, There's a fine role of hon - our where the

29 F<sup>7</sup> G C Dm G C

fi - lds of young corn, Where once she was pled - ged to her true love.

F G F G Dm<sup>7</sup>

may - pole once stood, And the lad - ies go dan - cing at Whit - sun.