



The Curlew's Song

If you have ever stood in the middle of a bog and heard the curlew's cry, you've known the meaning of loneliness.

Words and Music by Tommy Makem

Gently *p* C Em Am

1. I heard a curlew crying long On a
 2. Cold winter came and the moorland froze; The

F6 G7 C Em Am

moor where wild winds blew, And the sound of his sad, lone - some
 winds howled loud and long. And of - ten ech - oed through the

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