

The Cliffs of Old Tynemouth - ALEC

Words by Dr Leitch - Air: "The Meeting of The Waters"

Intro / Break

C7 F B \flat C7 B \flat B \flat m F C7

Verse

F Gm C7 F B \flat F Dm G7 C7 C7 F

F C7 Am B \flat F B \flat m F7 B \flat C7B \flat B \flat m F C7

F D7 G C D7 C Cm G D7

Verse

G Am D7 G C G Em A7 D7 D7 G

G D7 Bm C G Cm G7 C D7 C Cm G

1 Oh, the cliffs of old Tynemouth they're wild and they're sweet,
And dear are the waters that roll at their feet,
And the old ruined abbey it ne'er shall depart.
'Tis the joy of my fancy, the home of my heart.
'Tis the joy of my fancy the home of my heart.

2 Oh, 'twas there that my childhood fled cheerful and gay,
There I loitered the morning of boyhood away,
And now as I wander the old beach alone,
The waves seem to whisper the names that are gone.
The waves seem to whisper the names that are gone.

3 'Twas there with my Alice I walked hand in hand,
While the wild waves in moonlight leapt o'er the bright sand,
And sweet were the echoes of the dark cliffs above.
But oh, sweeter her voice as she murmured her love.
But oh, sweeter her voice as she murmured her love.

[[Change key to G]]

4 Other lands may be fairer but naught can be seen
Like the shore where our first love and boyhood have been.
Oh, give me the cliffs and the wild roaring sea,
The cliffs of old Tynemouth for ever for me.
The cliffs of old Tynemouth for ever for me.