Isle Of Hope, Isle of Tears

Words & Music by
Brendan Graham

Dulcimer

On the first day of January, Eighteen ninety-two, and

Jan-uary, eight-teen nine-ty two, and

she carried all her past and his to-ry, they

D A

Eight past e-nine and two, they

Bm7

opened El-lis Island and they let the peo-ple through And the first to cross the thresh-old of the dreams for the future in the land of lib-er-ty. And the cou-rage is the pass-port when you're

A

Isle of hope and tears was An-nie Moore from Ire-land who was all of fif-teen old world dis-ap-pears. 'Cause there's no fu-ture in the past when you're fif-teen

G

years years

Isle of hope, isle of tears, isle of free-dom, isle of fears but it's

A

not the isle I left be-hind that isle of hun-gry, isle of pain, isle you'll

G

3 2 3 3 2 0 1 0 0 0 2 1 3 1 0 1 0 1
To Coda

To Coda

mind

mind

When they closed down El-lis Is-lan-d in nine-teen for-ty three;

seven mil-lion peo-ple had come there for sanc-tua-ry. And it's spring-time when I came here and I

stepped on-to its pier. I thought of how it must have been when you're only fif-teen

years. Is of isle of home is al-ways on your mind.

D.S. al Coda