Leaving Lismore
(Fagail Liosmore)

D Dulcimer

Tears fill my eyes as swift the boat flies. And speeds me away so far from the shore. As, qui et you sleep in dreams that are sweet, My, dear is land home Lis

Dawn ing will bring the lilt and the ring, laugh ter at

Gone are the days a mong the green braes. Gone the warm

milking mu sic ga lone. and, high on the wing the ma vis would sing

hearts be hind eve-ry door. Now, sad-ly I gaze but ev er I’ll praise

oh, joy be with you Lis mo re

The, isle of my home Lis mo re