

The Holy Ground

Fare[D] thee well, my [A7]lovely [D]Dinah, a thousand [A7]times a[D]dieu.
We are going away from the [G]Holy Ground and the [D]girls we all love [A7]true.
We'll[D] sail the[A7] salt seas[D] over and we'll return for[G] sure[A],
And [D]still I live in [G]hope to [D]see the Holy [A7]Ground once [D]more.
(Shouted) Fine girl you are!
(Sung)[D] You're the girl I do a[G]dore,,,[A]
And [D]still I live in [G]hope to [D]see the Holy [A7]Ground once [D]more.

Now when we're out a-sailing and you are far behind
Fine letters will I write to you with the secrets of my mind,
The secrets of my mind, my girl, you're the girl that I adore,
And still I live in hope to see the Holy Ground once more.

Oh now the storm is raging and we are far from shore;
The poor old ship she's sinking fast and the riggings they are tore.
The night is dark and dreary, we can scarcely see the moon,
But still I live in hope to see the Holy Ground once more.

It's now the storm is over and we are safe on shore
We'll drink a toast to the Holy Ground and the girls that we adore.
We'll drink strong ale and porter and we'll make the taproom roar,
And when our money is all spent we'll go to sea once more.