

The Soft Winds of Love

(A)

She walks with her darling--through the (D) meadow so green
Be (A) neath--a pale Irish (E) sky
He (A) brushed back her hair--and (D) kissed her sweet lips-----
And the (A) soft winds of (E) love came (A) by

Like many a good soldier--his (D) time now has come
To (A) serve-- in a faraway (E) war
Like (A) those gone before him--he (D) hoped to return-----
To the (A) arms of his (E) darling once (A) more

(E) Picking green apples---and (D) throwing them a (A) way
(D) Never to (A) return no (E) more
(A) Picking green apples---and (D) throwing them away-----
Far a (A) way from old (E) Irelands (A) shore

(Full Music Break)

In a far distant land--where the wars never end
A bullet--was taking his life
He took out her picture—and he kiss her sweet lips-----
And the soft winds of love came by

Now she walks through the meadow--her heart filled with woe
Beneath--a dark crimson sky
She remembers his kisses---and she touches her lips-----
And the soft winds of love come by

(CHORUS)

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