

The Soft Winds of Love

(A)

She was walking 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)

RAY PAGE Jr.