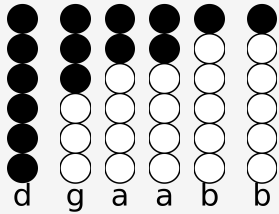


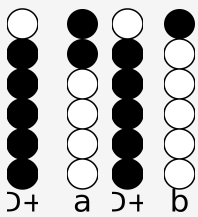
# Tin whistle tabs for: Laura Lee

Categories: Folk

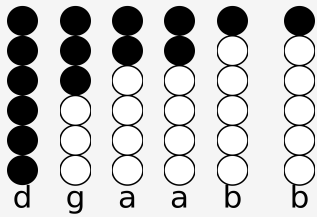
Author/Performer: Stephen Foster



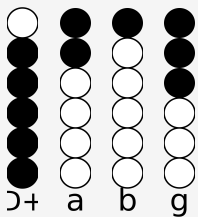
Why has thy merry face



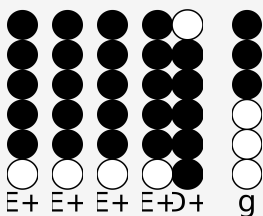
gone from my side,



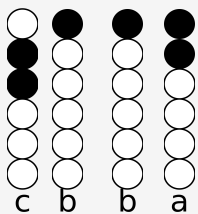
leaving each cherished place



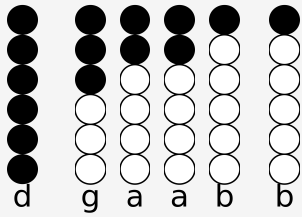
cheerless and void?



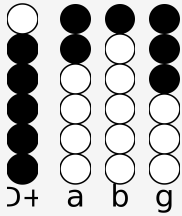
Why has the happy dream,



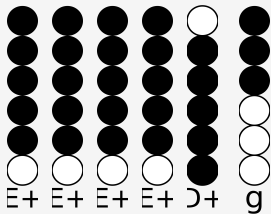
blended with thee,



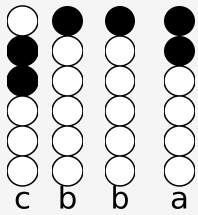
passed like a flitting beam,



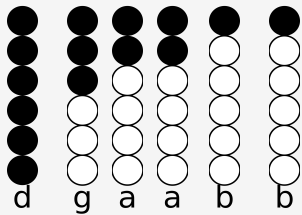
sweet Laura Lee?



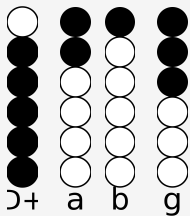
Why has the happy dream



blended with thee,



passed like a flitting beam,



sweet Laura Lee?

Far from all pleasure torn, sad and alone,  
 how doth my spirit mourn while thou art gone?  
 How like a desert isle earth seems to me,  
 robbed of thy sunny smile, sweet Laura Lee!  
 How like a desert isle earth seems to me,  
 robbed of thy sunny smile, sweet Laura Lee?

When will thy winning voice breathe on mine ear?  
When will my heart rejoice, finding thee near?  
When will we roam the plain, joyous and free,  
never to part again, sweet Laura Lee?  
When will we roam the plain, joyous and free,  
never to part again, sweet Laura Lee?

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Source: <https://simpletinwhistle.com>