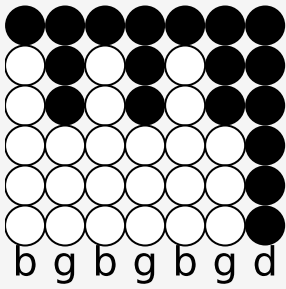
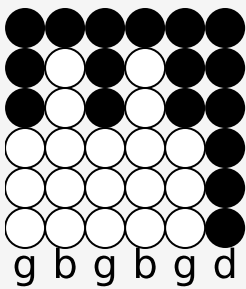


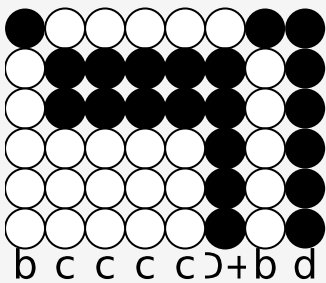
Tin whistle tabs for: I am So Lonesome I Could Cry



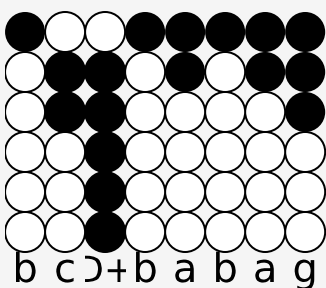
Hear that lone-some whip-poor-will,



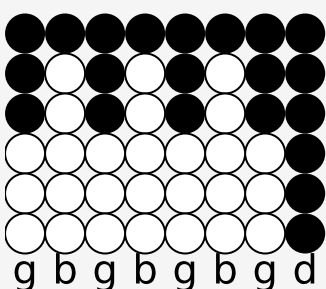
he sounds too blue to fly.



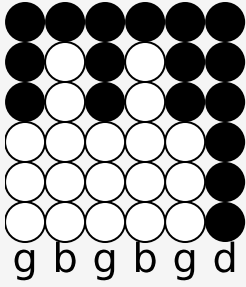
The mid-night train is whin-ing low,



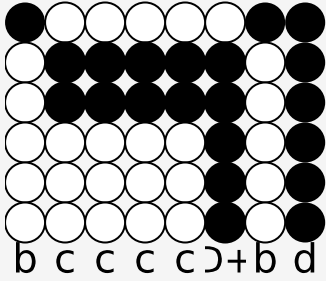
I'm so lone-some I cou-ld cry.



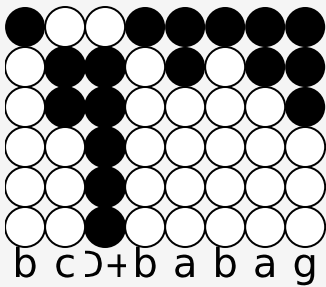
I've nev-er seen a night so long



when time goes crawl-ing by.



The moon just went be-hind a cloud



t-o hide its face an-d cry.