

## Forty Shades of Green

**C** **F**  
I close my eyes and picture the emerald of the sea,  
**C**  
From the fishing boats at Dingle,  
**D7** **G7**  
To the shores of Donagha -dea;  
**C**  
I miss the River Shannon,  
**F**  
And the folks at Skibbereen,  
**F** **C**  
The moorlands and the meadows  
**G7** **C**  
With their forty shades of green.

Chorus:

**F** **G7**  
But most of all I miss a girl in  
**C**  
Tipperary town.  
**F** **G7**  
And most of all I miss her lips,  
**C** **G**  
As soft as eider-down;  
**C**  
Again I want to see and do  
**F**  
The things we've done and seen,  
**C**  
With the breeze as sweet as Shalamar,  
**G7** **C**  
And there's forty shades of green.  
**C**  
With the breeze as sweet as Shalamar,  
**G7** **C**  
And there's forty shades of green.

**C**  
I wish that I could spend an hour  
**F**  
At Dublin's churning surf,  
**C**  
I'd love to watch the farmers drain  
**D7** **G**  
The bogs and spade the turf;  
**C**  
To see again the thatching  
**F**  
Of the straw the women glean;  
**F** **C**  
I'd walk from Cork to Larne to see  
**G7** **C**  
The forty shades of green.

Chorus:

**F** **G7**  
But most of all I miss a girl in  
**C**  
Tipperary town.  
**F** **G7**  
And most of all I miss her lips,  
**C** **G**  
As soft as eider-down;  
**C**  
Again I want to see and do  
**F**  
The things we've done and seen,  
**C**  
With the breeze as sweet as Shalamar,  
**G7** **C**  
And there's forty shades of green.

**C**  
With the breeze as sweet as Shalamar,  
**G7** **C**  
And there's forty shades of green.

