

The Sands Of Dee
Gordon Bok

[Intro]

E D E D E E7 A

[Verse]

D A
Oh Mary, go call the cattle home
F#m Bm E
Across the sands of Dee
A D E D
The western wind was wild with foam
A E A
And all alone went she

[Chorus]

E D E D
Ohh, ohh, ohh, ohh
C#m E7 A
Ohh, ohh, ohh

[Verse]

D A
The western tide crept up the sand
F#m Bm E
Far as the eye could see
A D E D
The rolling mist came down and hid the land
A E A
And never home came she

[Chorus]

E D E D
Ohh, ohh, ohh, ohh
C#m E7 A
Ohh, ohh, ohh

[Verse]

E A
Oh, is it a tress of golden hair
D A
Above the nets at sea?
D E D
But never a salmon yet shone so fair
A E A
Across the sands of Dee

[Chorus]

E D C#m E7 A

Ohh, ohh, ohh, ohh, ohh

[Verse]

E **A**
We rowed her in across the rolling foam
D **A**
To her grave beside the sea
D **E** **D**
But still the boatmen hear her call
A **E** **A**
Across the sands of Dee

[Chorus]

E **D** **E** **D**
Ohh, ohh, ohh, ohh
C#m **E7** **A**
Ohh, ohh, ohh