

Adieu to Derwent Village

TYG 106

Words by Jimmy Roebuck

Music by Ivy May



1. O Der - went, lone vill - age, set snug in a fold, 'Neath the



bleak, lone - ly moor - land, so rug - ged and bold, Thy_ riv - ers and stream - lets of



which thou art proud, Too soon will o'er - whelm thee and make thee a shroud.



2. Thy beau - ti - ful val - ley, mid vast rol - ling hills, My heart full of sad - ness thy



pass - ing now fills; Thy_ home - steads, thy man - sions, thy



church, e - ven so, Be - neath the bleak wa - ters must all of them go?





3. Thy mead - ows and past - ures where cat - tle did browse, Where the



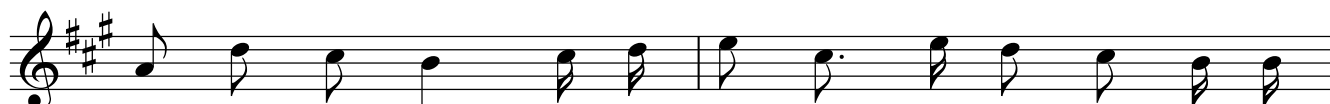
lark with his song in the morn - ing did rouse All his friends from their slum - ber to



greet the new day, Too_ soon now their haunts will be hid - den a - way.



4. Proud home of Fitz - a - lan, far - famed Der - went Hall, How state - ly thy ris - ing, how



ghast - ly thy fall; In thy hey - day a man - sion, in de -



cline a re - treat, Where the wear - y could rest tir - ed bones, ach - ing feet.



5. Oh, it is not the wealth - y thy loss will de - prive, But work - ers whose week - end es -



caped from the hive, It brought free - dom and leis - ure to



breathe the fresh air, And at sun - set sweet sol - ace, thy shel - ter to share.





6. By thy streams I have wand - ered in the shade of Back Tor, With



nev - er a thought for the time pas - sing o'er, My—



mind filled with dream - ing, my heart filled with peace, Be -



side the clear wat - ers whose songs nev - er cease.



7. Thy vale of sweet mem' - ries so soon to be filled, By the stream - lets that o'er thy



ram - parts are spilled; Through rav - ine, through crev - ice, through



pat - ches of moss, My heart is nigh break - ing to think of the loss.