

PETER GRAY

Am Am E7 Am
ONCE ON A TIME THERE LIVED A MAN, HIS NAME WAS PETER GRAY
Am Am E7 Am
HE LIVED 'WAY DOWN IN THAT THERE TOWN CALLED PENNSYLVANI-AY
Am Am C Am
BLOW, YE WINDS IN THE MORNING, BLOW YE WINDS HI HO
Am Am E7 Am
BLOW, YE WINDS, IN THE MORNING, AND BLOW, BLOW, BLOW

Am Am E7 Am
NOW, PETER FELL IN LOVE ALL WITH A NICE YOUNG GIRL
Am Am E7 Am
THE FIRST TWO LETTERS OF HER NAME WERE LUC-I-ANNA QUIRL
Am Am C Am
BLOW, YE WINDS IN THE MORNING, BLOW YE WINDS HI HO
Am Am E7 Am
BLOW, YE WINDS, IN THE MORNING, AND BLOW, BLOW, BLOW

Am Am E7 Am
JUST AS THEY WERE A-GOING TO WED HER FATHER DID SAY NO;
Am Am E7 Am
AND QUIN-CI-CONTLY SHE WAS SENT BEYOND THE O-HI-O.
Am Am C Am
BLOW, YE WINDS IN THE MORNING, BLOW YE WINDS HI HO
Am Am E7 Am
BLOW, YE WINDS, IN THE MORNING, AND BLOW, BLOW, BLOW

Am Am E7 Am
WHEN PETER HEARD HIS LOVE WAS LOST, HE KNEW NOT WHAT TO SAY
Am Am E7 Am
HE'D HALF A MIND TO JUMP INTO THE SUSQUEHAN-I-AY
Am Am C Am
BLOW, YE WINDS IN THE MORNING, BLOW YE WINDS HI HO
Am Am E7 Am
BLOW, YE WINDS, IN THE MORNING, AND BLOW, BLOW, BLOW

Am Am E7 Am
BUT HE WENT TRAVELING TO THE WEST FOR FURS AND OTHER SKINS
Am Am C Am
'TIL HE WAS CAUGHT AND SCAL-PI-ED BY BLOODY-I IN-JI-INS
Am Am C Am
BLOW, YE WINDS IN THE MORNING, BLOW YE WINDS HI HO
Am Am E7 Am
BLOW, YE WINDS, IN THE MORNING, AND BLOW, BLOW, BLOW

