

Tenor

# The Town I Loved So Well

Phil Coulter  
Arr. Paul O'Brien

Moderato  $\text{♩} = 95$

5

In my mem - or - y I shall al - ways see the

9

town that I loved so well where our school played ball by the

15

gas yard wall and wdaughed through the smoke and the smell. Go - ing

21

home in the rain runn - ing up the dark lane past the jail and down be - hind the

27

29

foun. tain. They were ha - ppy days in so man - y man - y

32

ways in the town I loved so well. In the

37

ear - ly morn the shirt fact' - ry horn called wom - en from Cregg - an the

43

moor and the bog, while men on the dole played a moth - ers role fed the child - ren and

50

53

walked the dog. But when times got tough there was just a - bout en -

V.S.

56  
8  
ough and they saw it through with-out com - plain - ing. For\_

61 **61**  
8  
deep in - side was a burn - ning pride in the town I\_ loved so\_ well.\_

68 **69**  
8  
\_ There was mu - sic there in the Derr - y\_ air, like a lang - uage

74  
8  
we all could un - der - stand I re - mem - ber the day I\_

79  
8  
earned my first pay when I played in a small pick-up band. Then I

85 **85**  
8  
spent my youth and to tell\_ you the truth I was sad to leave it all be - hind me.\_

92 **93**  
8  
\_ For I'd learned\_ ab-out life and I found my-self a wife in the


97  
8  
I\_ loved so\_ well.\_

101 **101** **3** **105**  
8  
When I'd re - turned oh my eyes have\_ burned to

109  
8  
see how a land could be brought to it's knees, by their ar - mored cars and their

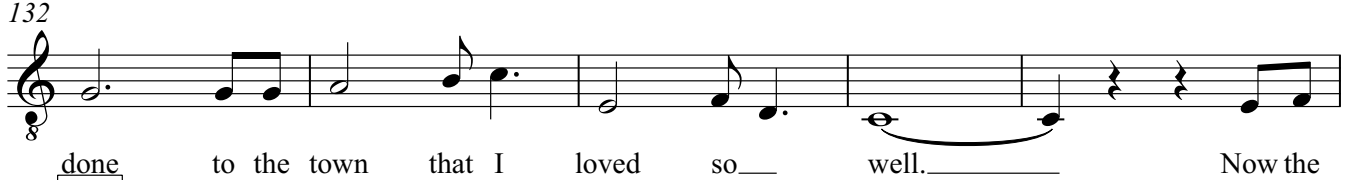
115  


 bombed out\_ bars and the gas that hangs on to ev-ery tree.\_\_\_\_\_ Now the


121 **121**  

 arm - y's in - stalled by the gas\_ yard\_ wall and the damned barbed wire gets higher and

127 **129**  

 high - er\_\_\_\_\_ with their tanks and their guns oh my God what have they


132  

 done to the town that I loved so\_ well.\_\_\_\_\_ Now the

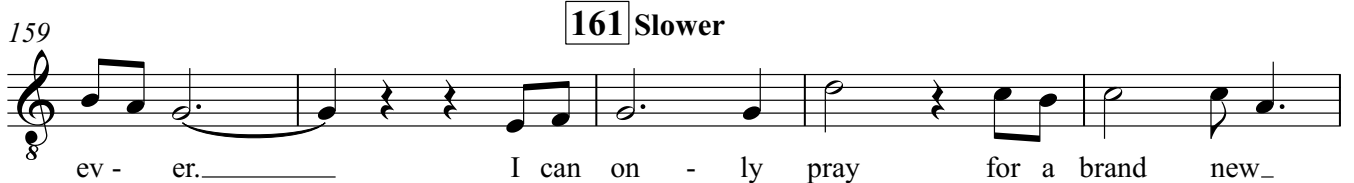
137 **137** *Meno Mosso*  

 mu - sic's gone but they still carr - y on their spir - it's\_ have been bruised nev - er

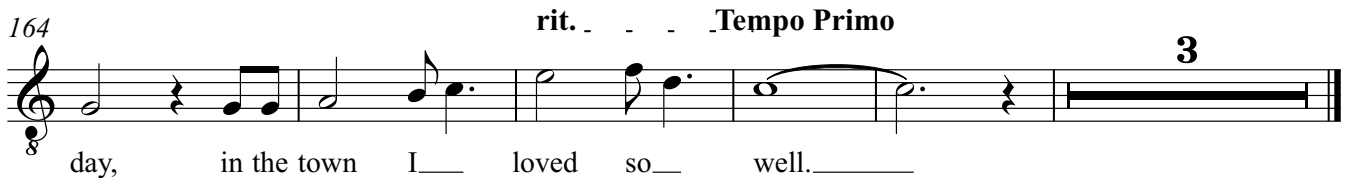
143 *A tempo*  

 bro - ken, they will not for - get but their hearts are all

148  

 set on to - morr - ow\_ and\_ peace once a - gain.\_\_\_\_\_ What's

153 **153**  

 done is done and what's won is\_ won, and what's lost is lost and gone for

159 **161** *Slower*  

 ev - er.\_\_\_\_\_ I can on - ly pray for a brand new\_

164 *rit. . . . Tempo Primo*  

 day, in the town I\_ loved so\_ well.\_\_\_\_\_ **3**