The Holy Ground

C     G7     C     G7     C
Fare thee well, my lovely Dinah, a thousand times adieu,
F     e     C
For we're goin' away from the Holy Ground and the girls we all love true.
C     G7     C     a     F     G7
We will sail the salt sea over and we'll return for sure,
C     G7     C
To see our girls, the girls we love, and the Holy Ground once more.
FINE GIRL YOU ARE!

a     F     G7
You're the girl I do a-do-re,
F     a     C
And still I live in hopes to see the Holy Ground once more.
FINE GIRL YOU ARE!

And when we're out to sea, my love, and you are far behind,
It's fine letters I will write to you with the secrets of my mind.
In the secrets of my mind, my love, you're the girl I do adore,
And still I live in hopes to see the Holy Ground once more.
FINE GIRL YOU ARE!

Chorus

And now the storm is raging, and we are far from shore,
And our good old ship is tossing about and her rigging is all torn;
We can scarcely see the moon, my love, and we've drunk our whiskey store;
But still I live in hopes to see the Holy Ground once more.
FINE GIRL YOU ARE!

Chorus

And now the storm is over, and we are safe and well.
We will go into a public house, and we'll sit and drink like hell;
We will drink strong ale and porter, and we'll make the rafters roar,
And when our money is all spent, we'll go to sea once more.
FINE GIRL YOU ARE!

Chorus