

GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME

Words and Music by CURLY PUTMAN

Moderately Slow *3 notes*

G *gur.*

D7 Am7 D7 C G/B Am7 G

It's good to touch the green, green grass of home. The

G7 C

old home town looks the same as I step down from the
 old house is still stand - ing tho' the paint is cracked and
 (Spoken:) Then I awake and look around me at four gray walls

G

train, and there to meet old me oak tree is my ma - ma and
 dry, and there's that old oak tree realize that I was only used to
 that surround me and I realize that I was only used to dreaming

D 07 G

pa - pa. runs
play on. Ma - ry,

Down the road I look and
Down the lane I walk with
For there's a guard and there's a

G7 C Cdim C Bm Am

there runs Ma - ry,
my sweet Ma - ry,
said old padre,

hair of gold and lips like cher - ries. It's
hair of gold and lips like cher - ries. It's
arm in arm we'll walk at day - break. A -

G D7 Am7 D7 G C

good to touch the green, green grass of home.
good to touch the green, green grass of home.
gain I'll touch the green, green grass of home.

G G7

Yes, they'll all come to meet me, arms—
Yes, they'll all come to meet me, arms—
Yes, they'll all come to see me in the

reach - ing, smil - ing sweet - ly; It's good to touch the
 reach - ing, smil - ing sweet - ly; It's good to touch the

green, green grass of home. *belong* 2. The
 green, green grass of home. 3. (to recit.)

3 shade of that old oak tree as they lay me 'neath the

green, green grass of home. *rall.* *ped.*