

21 Years

♩ = 138

Traditional

The Judge said: Stand up, lad, and dry up your tears. ——— You're sen-tenced to Dart -
moor for twen-ty one years. ——— So dry up your tears love, and kiss me good - bye, ———
— the best friends must part, love, so must you and I. ———

I Hear The Train Coming, 'Twill Be Here At Nine
To Take Me To Dartmoor To Serve Up My Time.
I Look Down The Railway And Plainly I See
You Standing There Waving Your Goodbyes To Me.

Six Months Have Gone By, Love I Wish I Were Dead
This Dark Dreary Dungeon And Stone For My Bed.
It's Hailing, It's Raining, The Moon Gives No Light,
Now Won't You Tell Me, Love, Why You Never Write.

I've Counted The Days, Love, I've Counted The Nights
I've Counted The Footsteps, I've Counted The Lights.
I've Counted The Raindrops, I've Counted The Stars,
I've Counted A Million Of These Prison Bars.

I've Waited, I've Trusted, I've Longed For The Day
A Lifetime, So Lonely, Now My Hair's Turning Grey.
My Thoughts Are For You, Love, Till I'm Out Of My Mind
For Twenty One Years Is A Mighty Long Time.