

# **This Story I Tell You Is True**

## **8 BAR INTRO**

Come stroll for a while through my memory and I'll tell you of times long ago  
When we walked to school Summer and Winter, barefoot through the fields we would go  
I remember our little thatched cottage and the half-door led into the hall  
The crane o'er the fire in the kitchen and the grandfather clock on the wall

## **CHORUS**

**The stout it was cured with a poker and poitin they said cured the flu  
The bacon it hung from the ceiling, sure this story I tell you is true**

We went to church every Sunday and Grandfather wore his best hat  
The preacher he spoke from the altar and all the women in different seats sat  
Matchmaking was part of tradition and the rambling house filled up at night  
When the tailor would tell the ghost stories, all the children would shiver with fright

## **CHORUS**

## **16 BAR SOLO – THEN NEW KEY!**

I remember the sound of the anvil and the burning horse-hoof we could smell  
When we passed the forge door in the evening with the water we fetched from the well  
We spancelled the cows before milking, tied the horse to the wall through the shoe  
His collar and hanes, the winkers and reins, and the harness we kept it like new

## **CHORUS**

For miles to the fair in the darkness with our animals we walked with delight  
When the wheeling and dealing was over, every one waited on for the fight  
Now I hope that in telling this story I haven't detained you too long  
For there is so much more I must tell you, - some day in some other song

## **CHORUS**

**Sure that story I've told you is true**