

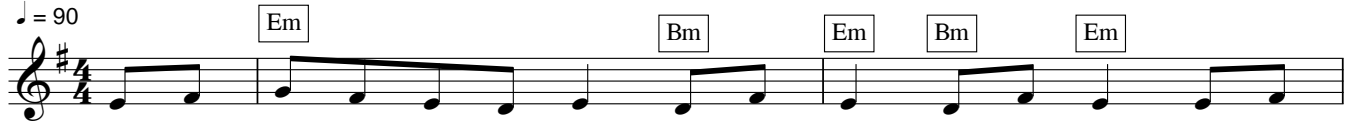
The Famine Song

(aka 'The Praties' or 'The Praties They Grow Small')

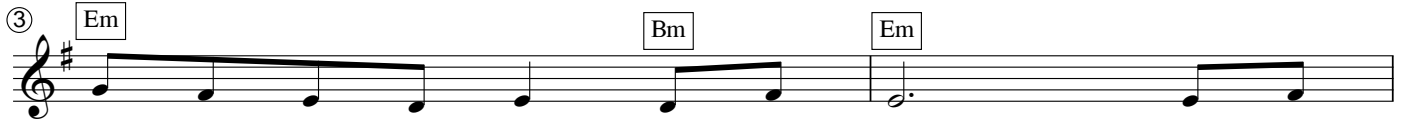
Irish Air

Alice Freeman's version

♩ = 90



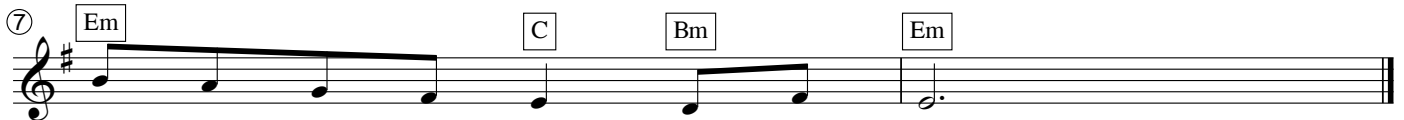
1. Oh, the pra - ties they grow small o - ver here, o - ver here, Oh, the
2. Oh I wish that we were geese, night and morn, night and morn, Oh I
3. Oh we're down in - to the dust o - ver here, o - ver here, oh w're



pra - ties they grow small o - ver here. Oh, the
wish that we were geese, night and morn. Oh I
down in - to the dust o - ver here. Oh we're



pra - ties they grow small and we dig them in the fall, And we
wish that we were geese and could live our lives in peace; Till the
down in - to the dust, but the Lord in whom we trust, Will re -



eat them coats and all, o - ver here.
hour of our re - lease, eat - ing corn.
pay us crumb for crust, o - ver here.