The Green Glens of Antrim
Irish Folk Song

Waltz tempo (\( \text{\textit{d}} = 160 \) )

Flute

Piano

Far across yonder blue lies a true
fairly land With the sea ripp ling over the
shingle and sand. Where the gay honeysuckle

le is lureng the bee. And the green glens of

Ant-rim are calling to me. If only you

knew how the lamp of the moon. Turns a blue
Irish bay to a silver lagoon.

You’d imagine the picture of heaven it would be

Where the green glens of Ant-rim are calling to me.