

Fill in the gaps

| When my love said to me | | | |
|--|--|--|--|
| meet me down by the gallow tree | | | |
| for it's sad news I bring | | | |
| about this old (1) and all that it's offering | | | |
| some say troubles abound | | | |
| some day soon they're gonna pull the old town down | | | |
| one day we'll return here, | | | |
| when the belfast child sings again | | | |
| Brothers sisters where are you now | | | |
| as I look for you right through the crowd | | | |
| all my life here I've spent | | | |
| with my faith in god the church and the government | | | |
| but there's sadness abound | | | |
| some day soon they're (2) pull the old | | | |
| (3) down | | | |
| One day we'll return here, | | | |
| when the belfast child sings again | | | |
| when the belfast child sings again | | | |
| Some come back billy, won't you come on home | | | |

| come back mary, you've been away so long | | | |
|--|-----|---------------|--|
| the streets are empty, and (4)_ | m | nother's gone | |
| the girls are crying, it's been oh so long | | | |
| and your father's calling, come on home | | | |
| won't you come on home, won't you come on home | | | |
| Ome back people, you've been gone a while | | | |
| and the war is raging, in the emerald isle | | | |
| that's flesh and blood man, that's flesh and blood | | | |
| all the girls are (5) but all's not lost | | | |
| The streets are empty, the (6)_ | | are cold | |
| won't you come on home, won't you come on home | | | |
| The streets are empty | | | |
| life goes on | | | |
| One day we'll return here | | | |
| when the belfast child (7) | aga | nin | |
| when the (8) | | | |



- 1. town
- 2. gonna
- 3. town
- 4. your
- 5. crying
- 6. streets
- 7. sings
- 8. belfast

Fill in the gaps