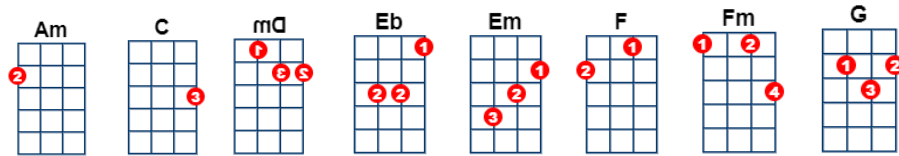


Last of the Summer Wine - The New World Orchestra



[C] [F] [G] [C] [F] [G] [C]

[C] The colour of [F] summer's gone [G] of golden days when [C] I was young
Of girls who came but [F] soon moved on is [G] in my summer [C] wine

[C] The perfumes of [F] earth and vine, [G] of meadows when the [C] rain has gone
Of women with their [F] finery on, is [G] in my summer [C] wine

The [Am] memories [Em] I can see [Dm] here in my [G] cup
Of [Fm] sweet short days [Eb] bitter days, [Dm] now all drunk [G] up

[C] The taste of the [F] life that slips [G] from day to day [C] through fingers blind
The honey from the [F] woman's lips is [G] in my summer [C] wine

Bill Owen's (Compo) lyrics

[C] The last of the [F] summer wine [G] the sweet bouquet [C] of memories
Of you and I [F] as time goes by I [G] still remem-[C]ber these

[C] The last of the [F] summer wine [G] when passing shadows [C] still recur
Of golden days so [F] young in love and [G] that's the way we [C] were

We [Am] had our [Em] dreams to [Dm] change the world [G] as people will
But [Fm] now we're known [Eb] as the folk [Dm] who live on the [G] hill

[C] The last of [F] the summer wine, [G] a vintage love a [C] vintage brew
And now my love [F] this toast I give - thank [G] you for [C] being you

Compo's funeral lyrics

[C] Now all of his [F] summer's gone, [G] those urgent days when [C] he was young
Those girls he loved [F] but soon moved on to [G] drink his summer [C] wine

[C] Now perfumes of [F] earth and vine, [G] of meadows when [C] the rain has gone
These friends with their [F] black armbands on, sa-[G]lute his summer [C] wine

[Am] The memories [Em] he left to me [Dm] here in my [G] cup
Of [Fm] sweet short days [Eb] bitter days, [Dm] now all [G] drunk up

[C] The fullness of the [F] life that slipped [G] the other day all [C] mortal pain
Free now to roam [F] fresh hills and lanes and [G] taste eternal [C] wine