

# Lisbon

Alto

trad. arr. R. Jeffrey

$\text{♩} = 60$



'Twas on one Whit-sun Wednes-day, the four-teenth day of May,



We un-tied our an-chor, and so we sailed a-way, Where the



sun do shine most glori-ous, to Lis-bon we were bound, Where the



hills and fields are dain-tied with pret-ty mai-dens round.