

E C# F#m B7 E tacet

And my heart grows fon - der When the sun is low.
Ca-mi-ni - to a mi - go yo tam bien me voy.....

allarg - an - do f a tempo

E B7 E

Now the road is long And the grass - es grow
Des-de que se fué nun-ca más vol - vió;

f

E Edim B7 E tacet

Where we used to wan - der In the long a - go. Lit-tle
Se-gui-ré sus pa - sos, Ca-mi-ni - to A dios! Ca-mi-

mf allargando Fine. a tempo

D.S. %

2. Little Lane by the hill,
 So déserted and still,
 With the weeds growing wild and tall,
 There's a hush as the shadows fall,
 There's a voice that's beyond recall;
 And I hear once again -
 So it seems Little Lane,
 All the woodland is asking why
 There's no light in the evening sky,
 There's no love like the years gone by.

CHOS. Tho' my sweetheart's gone, etc.

2. Caminito que todas las tardes
 feliz recorria cantando mi amor
 no le digas si vuelve a pasar
 que mi llanto tu suelo regó
 Caminito cubierto de cardos
 la mano del tiempo tu huella borró
 yo a tu lado quisiera caer
 yo que el tiempo nos mate a los dos.

REF. Desde que se fué etc.

70
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