

Dm



Dm/C



Bb



Bb/A



Gm



words

that they

had

sung

be - come

their last

com -

G7



F/C



C6



mu - nion

on the lone - ly bar - ri - cade

at

Am(add9)



Start

dawn.

Oh my friends, my friends, for - give me

*a tempo*

C



that I live and you are gone.

There's a grief that can't be

Dm



E



C#m



spo - ken.

There's a pain goes on and on.

*mf* *apassionato*

Phan - tom fa - ces at the win - dow,

phan - tom sha - dows on the

*più mosso*

E



F#m



floor.

Emp - ty chairs at emp - ty ta - bles

where my

G#



C#m



friends will meet no more.

Oh, my friends, my friends, don't

*accel.*

*tremolo*

end