The Emigrant's Farewell

Cara Dillon

Farewell to old Ireland, the land of my childhood
Which now and forever I am going to leave
Farewell to the shores where the shamrock is growing
It's the bright spot of beauty and the home of the braveI think on its valleys with fond admiration
Though never again its bright hills will I see
I'm bind for to cross the wide swelling ocean
In search of fame and fortune and of sweet libertyOur ship at the present lies in Derry harbor
To bear us away across the wide swelling sea
May heaven be her companion and grant her fair breezes
Till we reach the green fields of AmericaIt's hard to be forced from the land that we live in
Our houses and farms, all obliged for to sell
To wander along among Indians and strangers
To find some sweet spot where our children might dwellOur artists, our farmers, our tradesmen are leaving
To seek for employment far over the sea
Where they'll get their riches with care and with industry
There's nothing but hardship at home if you stayLet's cheer up your spirits, you lads and you lasses
There's gold for the digging and lots of it too
A health to the heart that has courage to ramble
Bad luck to the lad or the lass that would rueWe'll call for a bumper of ale, wine and brandy
We'll drink to the health of those far away
Our hearts will all warm at the thought of old Ireland
When we're in the green fields of America

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