

# New Moon over the Hudson

Judy Collins

There's a new moon over the Hudson  
and the stars are shining bright,  
and I think about my true love,  
in Ireland tonight  
He'll walk through purple heather,  
at the hills and on to home,  
and I wonder why I ever had to row. Central Park at midnight,  
in a carriage in the snow,  
I find I think of Innisfree  
where the emerald shamrocks grow.  
I'm leavin' in the morning  
I'll sing the old sweet songs,  
and I'll never leave till all is said and done. There are seas that lie between us,  
there are years that have been lost,  
but I never will forget the way he smiled.  
There are hearts that have been broken,  
and the dream was almost lost,  
but the sons of Ireland always drove me wild. My father's father's fathers,  
they sailed from Irish shores,  
they played the drums at Lexington,  
they fought the civil wars.  
They died to save the Union,  
they live to see me born  
and in their dreams they saw the Irish Morn. There were seas that rolled beneath them  
there were years that had been lost  
but they never did forget the Irish songs.  
There were vows that were broken  
and the promise almost lost  
but they never did forget where they belonged. It's a long long way to New York City  
from the shores of County Cork  
and the ships that brought us over here  
were made of tears and smoke I will return to Ireland  
I'll sing the old sweet songs  
and I'll walk in purple heather  
I'll sing in purple heather  
I'll dance in heather, till the Irish dawn.

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