

Farewell To Old Ireland

Farewell to old Ireland the land of my childhood,
that now and forever I'm bound for to leave,
farewell to the shores where the shamrock is growing,
it's the bright spot of beauty and the home of the brave.
I will think on her valleys with fond admiration,
though never again her green hills will I see.
I'm bound for to cross over the wild swelling ocean,
in search of fame fortune and sweet liberty.

It 's hard to be forced from the land that we live in,
our houses and farms we're obliged for to sell,
and to wander alone among Indians and strangers,
I seek some sweet spot our children may dwell.
I have a wee lassie I fain would have with me,
her dwelling at present lies in County Down.
It would break my poor heart for to leave her behind me,
we 'll both roam together this wide world around.

So it's come along Bessie my own blue eyed lassie,
bit farewell to your mother and then come with me,
and I'll make all endeavour my love to maintain you,
till we reach the green fields of Amerikay.
So it's lift up your glasses you lads and gay lassies,
there's gold for the winning and lots of it too.
Here's health to the heart that has courage to venture,
bad luck to the lad or the lass that would rue.

There's brandy in Quebec at ten cents a quart boys,
the ale in New Brunswick's a penny a glass,
there's wine in that sweet town they call Montreal boys,
and Inn after Inn we will drink as we pass,
and we'll call for a bumper of ale, wine, and brandy,
and we'll drink to the health of those far far away,
our hearts will all warm at the thoughts of old Ireland,
when we're in the green fields of Amerikay.

Traditional