

# Campbell's Farewell

## TO IRELAND.

Farewell to old Ireland the place of my nativity,  
For now I'm bound for Columbia's fair shore,  
Too long I have been in a state of captivity,  
Adieu to old Ireland I'll ne'er see you more.  
For since the trade has got a fall at home I can't stay at all.  
Rents tithes or taxes I'm not able for to pay,  
Now from this bondage I'll get free unto the land of Liberty,  
Adieu unto old Ireland for I must away.

Now brethren dear it grieves my heart to think from you I must  
part  
And leave this fertile island where first my breath I drew,  
For here at home I cannot stay, to spend my days in poverty,  
I'm going to America my fortune to pursue,  
I'm going to sail the ocean wide not knowing what shall me betide  
My precious life to venture as my brethren done before,  
Upwards of three and thirty years I spent in this vale of tears,  
Farewell to old Ireland I'll ne'er see you more.

Three hundred years the chosen band was slaves in the Egyptian  
land,  
By haughty king Pharoagh was sorely oppressed,  
They were employed I heard it said in making bricks both night  
and day,  
And from their task masters they ne'er could find no rest,  
But Moses being a holy man got orders from the great God,  
And from the house of bondage to set his children free,  
And lead them to fair Canaan's land where they cause to weep  
no more,  
Yet after all he brought them to the land of Liberty.

But Pharoagh would not let go, 'till Moses his great powers did  
show,  
And from the land of Egypt his chosen took a flight.  
A cloud to screen them on their way from the scorching sun by  
day,  
And a fire pillar to guide their march by night,  
Thro' the depth of the Red sea he made for them a reany way.  
When he saw destruction fall on their enemies,  
For forty years in bitterness they wandered thro' the wilderness  
Yet after all he brought them to the land of Liberty.

Sin was the cause of their distress which kept them in the  
wilderness,  
And sin occasion of our calamity,  
For pride has got into some folk, the poor may live under the  
yoke,  
I don't see any method by which we can get free.  
Vitualing is not so high, where is the money for to buy,  
The tradesmen has not got it nor neither has the poor,  
There is some of it to London gone and this you may depend-  
upon.  
Others turned bankrupts and closed up their doors.

Now brethren dear I must away time won't permit me here to  
stay,  
I fear again I ne'er will see the fertile Shamrock shore,  
Altho I leave you here behind I'll always bear you in my mind,  
I hope that trade will flourish in old Ireland once more,  
May freedom harmony and love with every blessing from above  
Attund this fertile island where pinks and violets grows,  
Like the Isralites now act sincers a little while with patience,  
Perhaps we'll meet in time again where milk and honey flows.

