



A NEW SONG CALL'D THE
**IRISHMANS
FAREWELL
TO HIS COUNTRY**

Farewell deare Erin's lovely Isle for here I cannot stay
I do intend to cross the sea bound for America
To leave the land that gave me birth it grieves my heart full sore
O farewell my loving friends around the Shamrock shore.

Our ship she lies at anchor just ready for to sail
The Lord protect each passenger with a sweet and pleasant gale
For when t'm on the raging seas it will run in my mind,
Fare you well old Ireland and the the friends I left behind,

Farewell you groves and silvery shades bedecked with beauteous
flowers,
Where often I did sport and play among your shady bowers
Those joys shall reign with in my breast and never shall decline,
Those happy scenes I'll never forget or the friends I left behind,

When parting from my native shore it grieves my tender heart,
And worse than all my dearest friends alas from them must part
But when I'm in a foreign land I'll bear you in my mind
So fare you well old Ireland and the friends I left behind,

The tears fell gently from his eyes his heart oppress'd with woe
To think that from old Erin's Isle he was compell'd to go
Dear friends be no more part with I do the best I can
He look'd around and gave a sigh saying adieu my native land

Now to conclude and finish I have nothing to say
I wish I was lan'ed safe here in America,
Like a warrior brave I cross the seas that for me may prove kind
My loss shall be when far a way to the friends I left behind.

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