

## The Girl I Left Behind Me

Now I am bound for a foreign land  
Against my inclination,  
Yes, I must leave my native home,  
Which fills me with vexation:  
As I am bound for Sydney's coast,  
Nature still does bind me,  
To think on her I do adore—  
The girl I left behind me—

My friends they sent me far away,  
For fear I'd wed my darling.  
The bonny lass I love so well,  
She is both mild and charming.  
When crossing the Atlantic wave,  
I thought my tears would blind me.  
And many a heavy sigh I gave  
For the girl I left behind me.

Unto the land of liberty  
Our vessel is fast sailing,  
Methinks I never can be free  
When parting from my Ellen.  
Although I'm going far away,  
Nature still does bind me,  
To think on her I do adore—  
The girl I left behind me.

Oh! cruel friends, you banished me  
And left her broken-hearted,  
Sweet Ellen, dear, tho' far from me,  
Our hearts shall not be parted,  
Although I'm in Van Dieman's land.  
Constant still you'll find me,  
Oh, no, I never will forget  
The girl I left behind me.

Were I possessed of all the gold  
That lies on the African shore,  
I'd give it for all to behold  
My own dear native home.  
Near Bantry town, at the sea-side,  
Once more my friends will find me,  
It's there my Ellen does reside—  
The girl I left behind me.

Had I the wealth of all that store,  
To me 'twould yield no pleasure,  
The bonny lass I do adore  
I prize beyond all treasure  
Farewell, you bonny lasses all,  
From her you shall not bind me,  
I'll go once more to my native home,  
To the girl I left behind me.



## I Think of Old Ireland, wherever I go,

I'm a wanderer, now, from the land of my birth,  
Far away from the scenes I hold dearest on earth,  
And I've seen both the beauties of the Nile and Arno,  
Still I think of old Ireland, wherever I go.

### CHORUS

I think of old Ireland, across the bine wave,  
I think of old Ireland, the land of the brave,  
'Tis the home of the brave, where the wild sham-  
rocks grows,  
Oh, I think of old Ireland wherever I go

And 'tis soon I'll be home, in the land I love best,  
In my own dearest Emerald Isle of the west,  
Though now I am chasing the wild buffalo,  
For I think of old Ireland wherever I go,

Yet though far away from that dear blessed sod,  
I still offer up prayers to my country, O God,  
To chase from her borders the tyrant and foe  
For I think of old Ireland wherever I go,

Dear land of the Shamrock, and smelling brier,  
Dear scenes of my childhood which never could tire  
When a boy I picked beechnuts in wild Glenaboe,  
Oh, I think of old Ireland wherever I go.

And how oft have I drank out of Barranane's well,  
In whose clear water there lurks a bright spell,  
The afflicted go there to find ease for their woe,  
For I think of old Ireland wherever I go.

And how oft have I swam in Blackwaters tide,  
And roamed the sweet wild woods around Castle Hyde  
For it's through its wild woodland the Blackwaters flow,  
Oh I think of old Ireland wherever I go.

And how oft have I sported through its pastures so green  
Where there wild fragrant daisy can always be seen  
For flowers in luxuriance there always do grow,  
Oh I think of old Ireland wherever I go.

But all my sad wanderings soon will be o'er,  
And that isle of my heart I will never leave more,  
Though deep is her sorrow and bitter her woe,  
Oh I think of old Ireland wherever I go.

