

An Cat Dubh

"Black 447"

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It was in 1847 when the famine came to reign,
And multitudes of Irishmen had to leave their land.
From Sligo down to Kerry, from Wexford to Donegal
People grabbed their few belongings to join the trek to
Dublin town.

Mighty vessels lay at anchor, ready for the dreadful
ride
Across the never ending ocean to a land that's far and
wild,
Eighty days in muck and fever, eighty days in hope and
pain,
On the coffin ships they suffered, but their efforts were
in vain.

On their long way to Australia, Canada or Yankeeeland,
Many died for their convictions, others for beloved
friends.
And the ocean wide and deadly, buried corpses of the
brave,
They will never see the shamrock, never see their
homes again.

When they reached the shores of Quebec, they
remembered Erin's Isle,
All the friends they had to leave there for a new life
worth to find
All the struggles and the sorrow, broken dreams, their
hopes and fear,
Thousands died on the Atlantic on their trip to destiny.

When in 1851 the scaring nightmare disappears,
Had the countenance of Ireland turned to mass graves
and despair.
By starvation died a million and a triple did emigrate
From their own beloved country to a world of lies and
hate.

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