

## Deante

### "Thousands Are Sailing"

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You brave Irish heroes where'er you may be  
I pray, stand a moment and listen to me  
Your sons and fair daughters are all going away  
And thousands are sailing to Americay

So good luck to those people and safe may they land  
They are leaving their country for a far distant strand  
They are leaving old Ireland, no longer can stay  
And thousands are sailing to Americay

Now the night before leaving they are bidding good-  
bye  
And it's early next morning their hearts give a sigh  
They turn, kiss their mothers and then they will say  
"Farewell, dear old father, we must now go away"

Oh I pity the mother who rears up the child  
And likewise the father who labors and toils  
To try to support them, he will work night and day  
And when they are reared up they will go away

So good luck to those people and safe may they land  
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And thousands are sailing to Americay

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