

Ion

"Goodbye Johnny Dear"

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Just twenty years ago today, I grasped my mother's hand,
She kissed and blessed her only son, going to a foreign land;
The neighbours took me from her breast and told her I must go,
But I could hear my mother's voice, though her words were sweet and low.
Goodbye, Johnny dear, when you're far away,
Don't forget your dear old mother far across the sea;
Write a letter now and then and send her all you can,
And don't forget where e'er you roam that you're an Irishman.

I sailed away from Queenstown, that is the cove of Cork,
A very pleasant voyage we had and soon we're in New York;
I'd plenty of friends to meet me there and work I got next day,
But with all the hospitality I could hear my mother say.

Goodbye, Johnny dear, when you're far away,
Don't forget your dear old mother far across the sea;
Write a letter now and then and send her all you can,
And don't forget where e'er you roam that you're an Irishman.

One day a letter came to me, it came from Ireland,
The postmark showed it came from home, it was not my mother's hand;
'Twas father who had wrote to say that she had passed away,
And just as if from Heaven above I could hear my mother say.

Goodbye, Johnny dear, when you're far away,
Don't forget your dear old mother far across the sea;
Write a letter now and then and send her all you can,
And don't forget where e'er you roam that you're an Irishman.

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