

## Irish Rovers

### "The Shores Of Amerikay"

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I'm bidding farewell to the land of my youth,  
And the home I love so well,  
And the mountains so grand 'round my own native  
land,  
I'm bidding them all farewell.  
With an aching heart I'll bid them adieu,  
For tomorrow I'll sail far away,  
O'er the raging foam for to seek a home,  
On the shores of Amerikay.

It's not for the want of employment I'm going,  
It's not for the love of fame,  
That fortune bright may shine over me,  
And give me a glorious name.  
It's not for the want of employment I'm going,  
O'er the weary and stormy sea,  
But to seek a home for my own true love,  
On the shores of Amerikay.

And when I am bidding my last farewell,  
The tears like rain will blind,  
To think of my friends in my own native land,  
And the home I'm leaving behind.  
But if I'm to die in a foreign land,  
And be buried so far far away,  
No fond mother's tears will be she'd o'er my grave,  
On the shores of Amerikay

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