

## Bardic

# "The Yearning Remains Candlewalk"

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It's far away were I was born  
A land of green, of grass and corn  
The towns so old, the people poor  
Afraid of what would come,  
Afraid of what would come

The hunger spread 'though corn was there  
They shipped it out and did not care  
We had no rights we could claim  
Despair was everywhere,  
Despair everywhere

A land of hope so far away  
We dreamt of freedom, better days  
The morning came when we did leave  
And left behind our families,  
And left behind our families

The new world gave us jobs and food  
But could not change our dismal mood  
We missed our people, Ireland's green  
The river and the valleys,  
The river and the valleys

One day my people will be free  
No poverty, no need to flee  
I'm longing for this day to come  
Surviving is the game,  
Surviving is the game

It's far away were I was born  
A land of green, of grass and corn  
The towns so old, the people free  
The flame is still burning,  
The flame is still burning

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