

Paul Kealy

"The Emigrants Story"

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Farewell my lovely Ireland
Farewell my love so fair
She is sweeter than the fiddler's strings
And the songs the blackbird sings
For I must leave my fair haired girl
How I'll miss her so
If I could find the work I'd stay
Across the ocean I must go

Farewell my lovely Ireland
Farewell my land so fair
To the valleys hills and soft rain
Shades of green and golden grain
Crashing waves on your brave shores
My heart is always yours
With dampening eyes I leave you now
Across the ocean I must go

Oh farewell, farewell, I must stray
We'll meet again, come what may
Oh farewell, farewell, I must stray
It's time to be on my way

Farewell my lovely Ireland
Farewell my nation fair
Unchanged by wars and present woes
That hope, that courage shows
Those men and women heroes bold
Singing songs of days of old
Here's to you and better days
Across the ocean I must go

Oh farewell, farewell, I must stray
We'll meet again, come what may
Oh farewell, farewell, I must stray
It's time to be on my way

Farewell my lovely Ireland
Farewell to a life so fair
Man's greed has stole my childhood land
Live's torn by the traitor's hand
We'll meet again like parted streams

On our isle, our isle of dreams
We'll dance again like days of ore
My story will be told
We'll dance again like days of ore
My story will be told

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