

Roger Whittaker

"The Giant Land"

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I was born Liam Rafferty O'Brien
In the year of 1833
The last of nine my mother gave her love to,
Especially me.

When I was twelve The Sickness came to Ireland,
And all the land, once green, turned dark and brown.
I lost my Ma and all my darling sisters,
Leaving me and Sean and Pa to run the farm.

So on and on The Sickness seemed to linger
Killing half the people in it's stride.
Then even Pa, who seemed to be immortal,
Took sick and died.

So I said: Sean, we'll have to leave these Islands,
And find a land that's young and strong and free.
I know of one where we could make our fortunes
Across the sea'.

So Sean and me, and several hundred others
Took ship from Cobh one cold November day,
Leaving all that we had ever cared for
Buried deep beneath the soil behind the bay.

We found that land where wonders never cease,
A giant land where decent men can live in peace.
We found the hope; we found the strength to carry on.
But God forgive ungrateful hearts,
For in my soul I'll always be
The son of an Irishman.

I was born John Kennedy O'Brien
In the year of 1963.
I left my home in Boston, Massachusetts
And crossed the sea.
To find the stones that marked the time in history
When all my kin took sick and passed away.
I came to find the place where Liam left them
Buried deep beneath the soil behind the bay.

They found that land where wonders never cease,

A giant land where decent men can live in peace.
They found the hope, they found the strength to carry
on.
But God forgive ungrateful hearts,
For in my soul I'll always be
The son of a son of a son of a son of an Irishman.
Forgive ungrateful hearts,
For in my soul I'll always be
The son of an Irishman.

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