

# Staten Island

## The Irish Rovers

We sailed our ship down the Hudson River  
To the wild Atlantic we said farewell  
On Staten Island when we landed  
There we had our tale to tell

We're the poor, the huddled masses  
We have crossed the lonely sea  
Left the Old World for the New World  
Left the old ways to be free

We left our homes in forty-seven  
Turned our backs against the wind  
From our ships of creakin' timber  
We bid farewell to a famished land

We're the poor, the huddled masses  
We have crossed the lonely sea  
Left the Old World for the New World  
Left the old ways to be free

With heavy hearts we left behind us  
Memories of better days  
Old men talkin', laughin'  
As we danced the night away

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Left the old ways to be free

Still we hear their voices calling  
On the wind we hear their sound  
Friends and loved ones, old and young ones  
Lie beneath the fallen mound

We're the poor, the huddled masses  
We have crossed the lonely sea  
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Now those years are far behind us  
Now our spirits have grown strong  
In this land that gave us freedom  
And the will to carry on

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