

My America

Bob Catley

Come, brothers, come, sisters, come, feeble, old and grey
For the famine, it has broken, so we're bound for america
For it is the land of plenty, where in gold the streets are paved
Till the hearth is green in Carrig down, I'll no return again

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Oh, my America
The land of dreams so far away
The emerald isles they shine so bright no more
I'll send a kiss across the ocean
And you're just a dream away
For dreams become reality in my America

Farewell the groves of Ireland, cross the ocean to my call
For the winter skies grow colder like the summer to my fall
So blow the winds of fortune, be still you raging waves
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