

# The Emigrant's Farewell

Cara Dillon

Farewell to old Ireland, the land of my childhood  
Which now and forever I am going to leave  
Farewell to the shores, where the shamrock is growing  
It's the bright spot of beauty and the home of the brave

I'll think on its valleys with fond admiration  
Though never again its bright hills will I see  
I'm bound for to cross the wide swelling ocean  
In search of fame and fortune and of sweet liberty

Our ship at the present lies in Derry harbour  
To bear us away across the wide swelling sea  
May heaven be her companion and grant her fair breezes  
Till we reach the green fields of America

It's hard to be forced from the land that we live in  
Our houses and farms all obliged for to sell  
To wander along among Indians and strangers  
To find some sweet spot where our children might dwell

Our artists, our farmers, our tradesmen are leaving  
To seek for employment far over the sea  
Where they'll get their riches with care and with industry  
There's nothing but hardship at home if you stay

So cheer up your spirits, you lads and you lasses  
There's gold for the digging and lots of it, too  
A health to the heart that has courage to ramble  
Bad luck to the lad or the lass that would rue

We'll call for a bumper of ale, wine and brandy  
We'll drink to the health of those far away  
Our hearts will all warm at the thought of old Ireland  
When we're on the green fields of Americay