

# The Dear Little Shamrock Shore

The Irish Rovers

Twas the landlords that drove us from Ireland  
The high rents were our prison walls  
Then the famine came 'round  
And blackened the ground  
And the auctioneer's hammer did fall

Farewell to the ones I adore  
And the land I will see nevermore  
For I'm saying goodbye  
With a tear in me eye  
To the dear little shamrock shore

A ship lies in Fairbury harbor  
Barely safe over the foam  
But to Halifax town  
I soon will be bound  
Far away from me native home

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Well they all came to wish me safe journey  
The parting still grieves on me mind  
Me parents so dear  
Me friends far and near  
And the girl I left behind

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With a tear in me eye  
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There's work to be had if you're able  
The new world has treated me fine  
With me shovel and spade  
I toil at me trade  
But riches will never be mine

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