

## The Leaving of Liverpool

Farewell to Prince's Landing Stage  
River Mersey, fare thee well  
I am bound for California,  
A place I know right well

Chorus:

So fare thee well, my own true love  
For when I return, united we will be  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me  
But my darling when I think of thee

I'm bound off for California  
By the way of stormy Cape Horn  
And I'm bound to write you a letter, love  
When I am homeward bound

(Chorus)

I have signed on a Yankee clipper ship  
Davy Crockett is her name  
And Burgess is the Captain of her  
And they that say she's a floating shame

(Chorus)

I have shipped with Burgess once before  
And I think I know him well  
If a man's a sailor, he can get along  
If not, then he's sure in Hell

(Chorus)

Oh the sun is on the harbour, love  
And I wish I could remain  
For I know it will be a long, long time  
Till I see you again

(Chorus)

## A Stór Mo Chroí

by Brian O'Higgins

A stór mo chroí, when you're far away from the home you'll soon be leaving  
And it's many a time by night and day your heart will be sorely grieving.  
Though the stranger's land might be rich and fair, and riches and treasure golden  
You'll pine, I know, for the long long ago and the love that's never olden.

A stór mo chroí, in the stranger's land there is plenty of wealth and wailing(wearing)  
Whilst gems adorn the rich and the grand there are faces with hunger paling.(tearing)  
Though the road is dreary and hard to tread, the lights of their city may blind you  
You'll turn, a stór, to Erin's shore and the ones you left behind you.

A stór mo chroí, when the evening sun over the mountain and meadow is falling  
Won't you turn away from the throng and listen and maybe you'll hear me calling.  
The voice that you'll hear will be surely mine of somebody's speedy returning  
A rún, a rún, will you come back soon to the one who will always love you.

*A Stór mo Chroí* (Treasure of my Heart) was written by Brian O'Higgins (1882 – 1963) at a time when emigration was very prevalent. He used the melody of an Irish air, *Bruach na Carriage Báine*.

## Bantry Girls Lament

(Trad)

Oh, who will plough the fields now  
And who will sow the corn  
And who will watch the sheep now  
And keep them from all harm  
And the stack that's in the haggard  
Unthreshed it may remain  
Since Johnny, lovely Johnny  
Went to fight the king of Spain

Oh, the girls of the Banóg  
In sorrow may retire  
And the piper and his bellows  
May go home and blow the fire  
Since Johnny, lovely Johnny  
Went sailing o'er the main  
Along with other patriots  
To fight the king of Spain

The boys will sorely miss him  
When Moneymore comes round  
And grieve that their bould captain  
Is nowhere to be found  
And the peelers must stand idle  
Against their will and grain  
Since the valiant boy who gave them work  
Now peels the king of Spain

At wakes and hurling matches  
Your likes we'll never see  
'Till you come back again to us  
Mo storeen óg mo chroi  
And won't you trounce the buckeens  
Who show us much disdain  
Because our eyes are not as bright  
As those you meet in Spain

Oh, if cruel fate should not permit  
Our Johnny to return  
His awful loss we Bantry girls  
Will never cease to mourn  
We'll resign ourselves to our sad lot  
And die in grief and pain  
Since Johnny died for Ireland's pride  
In the sunny land of Spain

## Dan O'Hara

Sure it's poor I am today for God gave and took away  
And he left without a home poor Dan O'Hara  
In the frost and snow I stand with these matches in my hand  
So it's here I am today your broken hearted

Chorus:

Acushla Gal? Ma Chroe won't you buy a box from me  
And you'll have the prayers of Dan from Connemara  
I'll sell them cheap and low buy a box before you go  
From the broken hearted farmer Dan O'Hara

In the year of sixty four I had acres by the score  
And the grandest land you ever ran a plough through  
But the landlord came you know and he laid our old home low  
So it's here I am today your broken-hearted

For twenty years or more did misfortune cross our door  
And my poor old wife and I were sadly parted  
We were scattered far and wide and our children starved and died  
So it's here I am today your broken-hearted

Tho' in frost and snow I stand sure the shadow of God's hand  
It lies warm about the brow of Dan O'Hara  
And soon with God above I will meet the ones I love  
And I'll find the joys I lost in Connemara

## DO ME JUSTICE

Oh, here I am from Donegal. I feel quite discontented  
To hear the way that we're run down, not fairly represented.  
For they say it is a general rule, to make poor Pat a knave or fool,  
But never mind, we'll play it cool and speak up for Old Ireland.

CHORUS: Do me justice, treat me fair and I won't be discontented.  
Nor I won't be laughed at anywhere, but fairly represented.

There's Mister Punch with his literature; he tries to hurt us sadly.  
Whene'er he draws our caricature, he depicts us rather badly.  
With crooked limbs and villainous face he represents the Irish race.  
I'm sure it is a great disgrace, we think so in old Ireland. CHORUS

When on the stage I do appear with a thundering great shillelagh,  
With tattered hat and ragged coat, you think I'd step out gaily,  
With not a word of common sense. They don't know when they give offence.  
But carry on at Pat's expense—just let them come to Ireland. CHORUS

They say we're lazy and dirty got, but what's the use to grumble?  
For when they enter our Irish cot, they're welcome, though it's humble.  
In public works the country around, or where hard work is to be found,  
In a railway tunnel underground, you'll find the boys from Ireland. CHORUS

It's very true I like a glass. It makes my heart feel frisky.  
And I'm very fond of an Irish lass and partial to the whiskey.  
I'm very quiet when left alone. I do what I like with what's my own,  
But woe betide the foes, Ochone, who dare run down old Ireland. CHORUS

Taken from a recording by Len Graham, who got it from Eddie Butcher. Nineteenth century,  
obviously - though the "play it cool" phrase looks like an anachronism!

## The Fields Of Athenry

by: Pete St. John

By a lonely prison wall,  
I heard a young girl calling  
Michael, they have taken you away,  
For you stole Trevelyan's corn,  
So the young might see the morn.  
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay.

Low lie the fields of Athenry  
Where once we watched the small free birds fly  
Our love was on the wing, we had dreams and songs to sing  
It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry.

By a lonely prison wall,  
I heard a young man calling  
Nothing matters, Mary, when you're free  
Against the famine and the Crown,  
I rebelled, they cut me down.  
Now you must raise our child with dignity.

Low lie the fields of Athenry  
Where once we watched the small free birds fly  
Our love was on the wing, we had dreams and songs to sing  
It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry.

By a lonely harbor wall,  
she watched the last star falling  
As that prison ship sailed out against the sky  
Sure she'll wait and hope and pray,  
for her love in Botany Bay  
It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry.

Low lie the fields of Athenry  
Where once we watched the small free birds fly  
Our love was on the wing, we had dreams and songs to sing  
It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry.

It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry.

## Kilkelly

©1983 Peter Jones

Kilkelly Ireland eighteen and sixty,  
My dear and loving son, John.  
Your good friend the schoolmaster, Pat MacNamara  
So good as to write these words down.  
Your brothers have all gone to find work in England.  
The house is so empty and sad.  
The crop of potatoes is sorely infected,  
A third to a half of them bad.  
And your sister Bridget and Patrick O'Donald  
Are going to be married in June.  
Your mother says not to work on the railroad,  
And be sure to come on home soon.

Kilkelly Ireland eighteen and seventy,  
My dear and loving son, John.  
Hello to your misses and to your four children.  
May they grow healthy and strong.  
Michael has got in a wee bit of trouble.  
I suppose that he never will learn.  
Because of the dampness there's no turf to speak of,  
And now we have nothing to burn.  
Bridget is happy you named a child for her,  
Although she's got six of her own.  
You say you found work but you don't say what kind,  
or when you'll be coming home.

Kilkelly Ireland eighteen and eighty,  
Dear Michael and John, my sons.  
I'm sorry to give you the very sad news  
That your dear old mother has gone.  
We buried her down at the church in Kilkelly.  
Your brothers and Bridget were there.  
You don't have to worry she died very quickly.  
Remember her in your prayers.  
And it's so good to hear that Michael's returning.  
With money he's sure to buy land.  
For the crop has been poor and the people are selling,

Any price that they can.

Kilkelly Ireland eighteen and ninety,  
My dear and loving son, John.  
I suppose that I must be close on eighty.  
It's thirty years since you've gone.  
Because of all of the money you sent me,  
I'm still living out of my home.  
Michael has built himself a fine house,  
And Bridget's daughters have grown.  
Thank you for sending your family picture.  
They're lovely young women and men.  
They say that you might even come for a visit.  
What joy to see you again.

Kilkelly Ireland eighteen and ninety-two,  
My dear brother, John.  
I'm sorry I didn't write sooner to tell you,  
But Father passed on.  
He was living with Bridget she said he was cheerful,  
And healthy right down to the end.  
Ah, you should have seen him playing with the grandchildren.  
With Pat MacNamara your friend.  
And we buried him along side of Mother.  
Down at the Kilkelly churchyard.  
He was a strong and a feisty old man  
Considering his life was so hard.

And it's funny the way he kept talking about you.  
He called for you at the end.  
Oh, why don't you think about coming to visit?  
We'd all love to see you again.

**Pat Murphy**  
(anonymous)

'Twas the night before battle and gathered in groups  
The soldiers lay close at their quarters  
A thinkin no doubt of their loved ones at home  
Of mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters  
With a pipe in his mouth stand a handsome young blade  
And a song he was singin' so gaily  
His name was Pat Murphy of Meagher's brigade  
And he sang of the land of sheleiliegh

Says Pat to his comrades, "It's a shame for to see  
Brothers fighting in such a quare manner  
But I'll fight 'till die if I shouldn't get killed  
For America's bright starry banner."  
Far away in the east there's a dashing young blade  
And a song he is singin' so gaily  
It is honest Pat Murphy of the Irish brigade  
And he sings of the splintered sheleileigh

Well the morning came soon and poor Paddy awoke  
On the rebels to have satisfaction  
The drummers were beating the devils tattoo  
A calling the boys into action  
And the Irish brigade in the battle was seen  
Their blood for the cause shedding freely  
With their bayonet charges they rushed in the foe  
With a shout for the land of sheleighliegh

The battle was over the dead lay in heaps  
Pat Murphy lay bleeding and gory  
A hole through his head from a rifleman's shot  
Had ended his passion for glory  
No more in the camp will his laughter be heard  
Or the songs he was singin' so gaily  
He died like a hero in the land of the free  
Far away from the land of sheleileigh

Now surely Columbia will never forget  
While valor and fame hold communion  
How nobly our brave Irish volunteers fought  
In defense of the flag of our union  
And if ever ol' Ireland for freedom should strike  
Will a helping hand offer quite freely  
That the Stars and the Stripes may be seen alongside  
Of the flag of the land of sheleiliegh.

## Spencil Hill

Last night as I lay dreamin' of pleasant days gone by  
Me mind been bent on ramblin' to Ireland I did fly  
I stepped on board a vision and I followed with a will  
when at last I came to anchor at the cross at Spencil Hill

It was on the twenty third of June the day before the fair  
where Ireland's sons and daughters and friends assembled there  
the young, the old, the brave and the bold came their duty to fulfill  
at the little church at Clooney a mile from Spencil Hill

I went to see my neighbors to see what they might say  
the old ones they were dead and gone the young ones turnin' grey  
I met with Tailor Quigley, he's as bold as ever still  
for he used to make me breeches when I lived in Spencil Hill

I paid a flying visit to my first and only love  
she's as white as any lilly and as gentle as a dove  
she threw her arms around me sayin', "Johnny, I love you still!"  
she's Nell the farmer's daughter and the pride of Spencil Hill

I dreamt I hugged and kissed her as in the days of yore  
she said, "Johnny, you're only jokin' as manys the times before!"  
the cock he crew in the mornin' he crewed so loud and shrill  
and I was back in California many miles from Spencil Hill

## **The Green Fields of Amerikay**

Sung by: KEVIN CONNEFF

Farewell to the groves of shillelagh and the shamrock  
Farewell to the girls of old Ireland all 'round  
And may their hearts be as merry as ever they could wish for  
As far away o'er the ocean I'm bound

My father is old and my mother's right feeble  
To leave their own country, it would grieve their heart sore  
Oh, the tears down their cheeks, in great floods they are rolling  
To think that I must die upon some far and foreign shore

But what matter to me, where my bones they may lie buried  
If in peace and contentment I can spend my life  
The green fields of Amerikay, they daily are calling  
It's there I'll find an end to my misery and strife

So pack up your sea stores now, consider it no longer  
Ten dollars a week isn't very bad pay  
With no taxes or tithe there to devour up your wages  
Across on the green fields of Amerikay

The lint dams are gone and the looms are lying idle  
Gone are the winders of baskets and creels  
And away o'er the ocean, go journeyman cowboys  
And fiddlers who play out the old mountain reels

Ah, but I mind the time when old Ireland was flourishing  
And most of her tradesmen did work for good pay  
Ah, but since our manufacturers have crossed the Atlantic  
Well, it's now that I must follow onto Amerikay

And now to conclude and to finish my ditty  
If e'er a friendless Irishman should happen my way  
With the best in the house, I will greet him and welcome him  
At home on the green fields of Amerikay

So pack up your sea stores now, consider it no longer  
Ten dollars a week isn't very bad pay  
With no taxes or tithe there to devour up your wages  
Across on the green fields of Amerikay

## **When The Children Are Away**

Poem by Percy French

Myself drawing water, my old man out at the plow  
No grown up son or daughter, that's the way we're farming now  
"No work and little pleasure," was the cry before they went  
Well they've plenty in full measure, so I ought to be content.  
Great wages men is given in that land beyond the sea  
But 'tis lonely, lonely livin' when the children are away.

To see a baby in the cradle with blue eyes and curly hair  
God knows I'd give a great deal to see little Peter there  
No doubt he'd find it funny, lyin' here upon my arm  
Him that's makin' the "big money" on a California farm  
Six pounds it was, or seven he sent last quarter day,  
But 'tis lonely, lonely livin' when the children are away.

God is good, none better, and the devil might be worse  
Each month there comes another letter, bringing something to the purse  
And me old man's heart rejoices when I read they're doin' fine  
But it's oh, to hear their voices, and to feel their hand in mine  
To see the cattle grazin', the young ones makin' hay,  
'Tis a lonely land to live in, when the children are away.

When the shadows do be fallin' on the old man there, and me  
"Tis hard to keep from callin', "come in children to your tea."  
I can almost hear them comin', Mary, Kate, and little Sean  
Ah, but I'm the foolish woman, sure they're all grown up and gone.  
That our sins may be forgiven, and not one go astray,  
Do you know? – I doubt I'd stay in heaven, if the children were away.

## Carrigfergus

I wish I was in Carrigfergus  
Only for nights in Ballygrant  
I would swim over the deepest ocean  
The deepest ocean my love to find  
But the sea is wide and I cannot swim over  
And neither have I the wings to fly  
I wish I could find a handsome boatman  
To ferry me over, to my love and die.

My childhood days bring back sad reflections  
Of happy times I spent so long ago  
My boyhood friends and my own relations  
Have all passed on now like melting snow.  
But I'll spend my days in endless roaming  
Soft is the grass, my bed is free.  
Ah, to be back now in Carrigfergus  
On that long road down to the sea.

But in Kilkenny, it is reported  
On marble stones there as black as ink  
With gold and silver I would support her  
But I'll sing no more 'till I get a drink.  
For I'm drunk today, and I'm seldom sober  
A handsome rover from town to town  
Ah, but I'm sick now, my days are numbered  
Come all you young men and lay me down.

## The Emigrant's Farewell

(Farewell My Love Remember Me)

Our Ship is ready to bear away  
Calm courage over the stormy sea  
Our snow-white sails, they are unfurled  
And soon we'll weave on a watery world

Chorus

Do not forget love, do not grieve  
For the heart is true and it can't deceive  
My heart and hand I will give to thee  
So farewell my love, and remember me

Farewell my love, as bright as pearl  
My lovely dark-haired, blue-eyed girl  
And when I'm sailing the stormy sea  
I hope in Ireland you'll think of me

Chorus

It's now I must bid a long adieu  
To Wicklow and it's beauties, too  
Avoca's vales, where lovers meet  
There to discourse in absence sweet.

Chorus

Farewell sweet Dublin's hills and braes  
To Killiney Mountain's silvery streams  
Where many's the fine long summer's day  
We loitered hours of joy away

Chorus

## Isle of Hope, Isle of Tears

By Brendan Graham

On the first day of January,  
Eighteen ninety-two,  
They opened Ellis Island and they let  
The people through.  
And first to cross the threshold  
Of that isle of hope and tears,  
Was Annie Moore from Ireland  
Who was all of fifteen years.

### Chorus

Isle of hope, isle of tears,  
Isle of freedom, isle of fears,  
But it's not the isle you left behind.  
That isle of hunger, isle of pain,  
Isle you'll never see again  
But the isle of home is always on your mind.

In a little bag she carried  
All her past and history,  
And her dreams for the future  
In the land of liberty.  
And courage is the passport  
When your old world disappears  
But there's no future in the past  
When you're fifteen years

Chorus

When they closed down Ellis Island  
In nineteen forty-three,  
Seventeen million people  
Had come there for sanctuary.  
And in springtime when I came here  
And I stepped onto its piers,  
I thought of how it must have been  
When you're fifteen years.

Chorus x2