

The Shores of Amerikay

I'm bidding farewell to the land of my youth
And the home that I love so well
And the mountains grand of my own native land
I'm bidding them all farewell
With an aching heart I'll bid them adieu
For tomorrow we sail far away
O'er the raging foam, to seek a home
On the shores of Amerikay

It's not for the want of employment I'm going
It's not for the want of fame
For fortune bright to shine over me
And give me a glorious name
It's not for the want of employment I'm going
O'er the dreary and stormy sea
But to seek a home for my own true love
On the shores of Amerikay

And when I am bidding my last farewell
The tears like rain will fall
To think of my friends in my own native land
And my home back in old Ireland so small
But if I'm to die on a far foreign shore
And be buried so far, far away
No fond mother's tears will be shed o'er my grave
On the shores of Amerikay