

Irish Song Lyrics

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SHORES OF AMERIKAY, THE

I'm bidding farewell to the land of my youth
and the home I love so well
And the mountains so grand round my own native land
I'm bidding them all farewell
With an aching heart I'll bid them adieu
for tomorrow I'll sail far away
O'er the raging foam for 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 love of fame
That fortune bright, may shine over me
and give me a glorious name
It's not for the want of employment I'm going
o'er the weary 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 blind
To think of my friends in my own native land
and the home I'm leaving behind
But if I'm to die in a foreign land
and be buried so far far away
No fond mother's tears will be shed o'er my grave
on the shores of Amerikay