

Song Of The Dying Emigrant - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Song of the Dying Emigrant.
Copyright, 1889, by Harding Brothers.
Words and Music by J. F. Mitchell.

The shadows of death hover'd over the bed
Where the young Irish emigrant lay;
The poor wasted hands on the coverlet spread
Were moved in a tremulous way.
His eyes sought the face of each person around,
Like a man who is dazed in a thought;
A hush came upon them, they heard but the sound
Of a pleading and piteous song.

Refrain.
My colleen is over the water,
My colleen is over the sea;
Oh, God, let an angel just lend her his wings,
That she may fly over to me.
Let me live, let me live till I see her again.
Let me see the blue heaven of her eyes,
For soon there will be but the mem'ry of me,
And the grave where the emigrant lies.

He smil'd as the dreams of his love and his youth
Came back to his mem'ry once more;
When together they plighted their troth and their truth
Out of love's inexhaustible store.
His eyes were alight with the fervor of love,
And he murmured her name as he smiled;
Then his song seemed re-echoed by angels above
As he passed to his rest like a child.-Refrain.

Ah, who was the colleen who won all the love
That lived in the moment of death?
And the name that was coupled with God's up above
As the emigrant yielded his breath?
It will never be known, she may think of him still,
She may weep for him all the night long;
But what angel will tell her he loved her until
He lay dead with that unfinished song?-Refrain.