

Welcome The Exile Home - song lyrics

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WELCOME THE EXILE HOME.

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Written and Composed by Chas. Osborne.

In a little log hut, in the wilds of New Zealand,
A miner lay stretched on the ground;
In solitude there he was peacefully sleeping,
Unconscious of ev'rything round.
he was dreaming of home and ould Erin,
The country he'd left far away;
When in accents so sweet And endearing,
A voice that he knew seemed to say:

Refrain.

Come back again, come back ashore,
Back to the mother who bore you, back to the shamrock shore;
All is forgotten, friends o'er the foam
Are waiting and longing to grasp your hand, and welcome the exile home.

He had left the dear country to better his fortune,
And lend the ould people a hand;
But luck was against him in spite of his striving,
Tho' others success could command.
Not for years had he written and told them,
At least they believed he was dead:
Yet in dreaming he seemed to behold them,
And fancied a loving voice said:- Refrain.

As he silently slumbered his thoughts seemed to wander
To a place that he'd of limes passed;
And, waking, he found in his "claim" over yonder,
That gold he had struck on at last!
Sure the next ship that sailed home to Ireland,
Soon landed him there once again;
Where oft, among friends in his sireland,
He tells of that dream and its strain.- Refrain.