

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Fare You Well Old Ireland

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Its fare you well old Ireland whom I will see no more,
My heart is almost breaking to leave my native shore,
The King he has commanded that we must sail away,
For to fight the Sons of Liberty in the North of Americay

It was early the next morning just by the break of day,
We hoisted British colours and landed in York's Bay,
The sails had been 'alassered' and spread abroad to dry,
As our Irish heroes landed but the Lord knows who will die.

Well the French the Dutch and Spaniards they did act most cruelly,
And did treat our Irish heroes with such harbarity,
They sent on us the grapeshot which cut our men away,
They showed to us no quarters in the North of Americay,

Through fields of blood we waded while the cannons loud did roar
And many a gallant soldier lay bleeding in his gore,
And many the brave commander upon the field there lay,
That was either killed or wounded in the North of Americay.

Your heart it would have melted for to see the soldiers' wives
Lamenting for dead husbands with melancholy cries,
The children crying, "Mother we must surely rue the day,
That we came to lose our fathers in the North of Americay.

Here's a finish to my story for my song it now must end,
And a health to General Washington and all of his bold men.
I hope God will protect him on land or on the sea,
For he fought with boys who feared no noise true Sons of Liberty.

FH

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