

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Shipyard Slips

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(David Wilde)

Cho: And I served me time with the iron men
And I've known good times and work a-plenty
But there's no work now in these troubled times
And the shipyard slips they're lying empty

From Belfast town I'm on me way
On a ship that was built for the cruellest(?) trade
I leave me friends and the land where I was born
And I won't come back till me fortune is made

Farewell me father, my mother fair
Old age has laid its hand all on you
You loved me well and you never fail
It's leaving your side my heart will rue

I promised to write when I settled down
To ease your mind, God I know ye'll worry
Think of the times when I return
But don't count the days and time it will hurry

I'll remember the mountains, the fresh north air
I'll remember the girls with their friendly stare
I will think of the city and the friends that I have there
And I hope me love she will send me a smile

I'm going away to look for work
But I live for the day of my returning
To a job at home and peace of mind
For the Belfast people I'll always be yearning

Recorded by the Fureys

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