

## **Shores Of Amerikay**

<sup>C</sup> I'm bidding farewell to the land of my youth and the home I love so well  
<sup>G</sup> And the mountains so grand round my own native land I'm bidding them all farewell  
<sup>F</sup> With an aching heart I'll bid them adieu for tomorrow I'll sail far away  
<sup>F</sup> 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