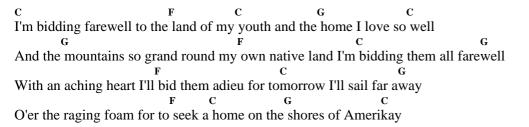
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Shores Of Amerikay



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