

Shores of My Native Land

Song



Shores of My Native Land

When I left Ireland long ago, my age it was scarce eighteen
And many's a time I often thought, that I'd go back again
But the years rolled on and I grew old, now feeble is my frame
And I'm dying in Amerikay, far, far from my native land.

When I told my parents I should go, 'twould break your heart to see
They looked at one another, and then they both looked at me
Saying 'son we've reared you from a child, and 'tis now you are a man
Don't leave us here in grief and woe, and sail from your native land'.

I think I see that little cot I was born in long ago
I see her standing on the spot, where she kissed me leaving the shore
I long for things I never had, like my mother's dying prayer
And I long to see her face once more, not the green grass o'er her grave.

My father died and mother too, when I was far from home
I often thought I heard them say, 'our boy we'll ne'er see more'
They both lie mouldering in the grave, and I know what they want
For there's room for me between them both, on the shores of my native land.