

I'M FAR AWAY

I'm far away from the County Clare
But each night a vision still returns me there.
To see my home on that awful day
When the landlord came to drive us all away.
Too poor to travel, too sick to roam
From the 'tumbled' ruin that was once our home.
We prayed to God in the freezing rain,
But the landlord's bailiff was the help that came.

REFRAIN.

You swim and swim 'till you touch the ground.
In the shallow water you'll surely drown.
Oh! What I'd give Lord if I could see
Just one brief glimpse of my country free.

My toil-worn parents and sisters three
Could no longer gaze upon such misery.
They closed their eyes and their only bed
Had a snow-white pillow for to lay their heads.
Some kindly neighbours with hungry eyes
Came to dig the grave and say their last goodbyes.
My family lay midst my frozen tears,
Their bodies wasted from the hungry years.

From a workhouse Chaplain I begged the fare.
And I said goodbye to the County Clare.
The sun was paling in a winter's sky
When my Mary stood and waved her last goodbye.
With fever raging and numbing cold,
And the haunted eyes of the young and old
A man was blind if he could not see
We were mostly sailing to eternity.

The rising sun now I have not seen,
While the ship's been waiting in quarantine.
And it won't be long now, I know for sure,
'Till the rising sun I will see no more.
So I'll say goodbye to my native land.
And I miss the touch of my Mary's hand.
May God in heaven look down on me
And grant my soul it's last liberty.

REFRAIN