

The Ships from Ireland

Verse 1

They came from famine's shadow, from the fields of grief and pain,
With the salt wind in their faces and the ghosts they could not name.
From Cork and Clare and Galway, from the Shannon's weary tide,
They sailed toward southern sunlight with their sorrow tucked inside.

Chorus

Oh, the harbour bells were ringing as the dawn broke soft and clear,
And the Irish hearts were trembling for the land that drew them here.
Sydney shone like promise, Melbourne whispered gold and grain,
But the tears of home still lingered in the hearts that crossed the main.

Verse 2

The voyage long and bitter left its mark on every soul,
With the prayers for calm and mercy when the tempests took their toll.
And the children dreamed of meadows where the hunger never came,
While the mothers stitched their memories in the candle's fragile flame.

Verse 3

When the ships dropped anchor gently by the shining southern shore,
They saw gum trees in the distance and the heat they'd never known before.
And the language of the magpies and the scent of dust and pine,
Felt strange upon their senses like foreign bread and wine.

Chorus

Oh, the harbour bells were ringing as the dawn broke soft and clear,
And the Irish hearts were trembling for the land that drew them here.
Sydney shone with promise, Melbourne whispered gold and grain,
But the tears of home still lingered in the hearts that crossed the main.

Verse 4

Some found work in building bridges, some turned to dig for gold,
Some stitched and taught and laboured their stories all untold.
Yet in every song they carried, in each prayer they softly said,
Was the echo of old Ireland and the lives they left for dead.

Verse 5

Now their names lie carved in stone, their laughter lost in time,
But the harbour still remembers every ship and every line.
And when the evening settles and the tide begins to fall,
You can hear their voices calling from the quay beside the wall.

Final Chorus

Oh, the harbour bells are ringing where the dawn breaks soft and clear,
And the Irish hearts still tremble for the land that drew them here.
Sydney shone of promises, Melbourne whispered gold and grain,
And the songs of home still wander through the hearts that crossed the main.