

# TO START A NEW LIFE

B. Black

Brightly (mm=150)

**f** My name is Dan Far - rell, from the coun - ty of  
I had saved all my mo - ney to cross the At -

4 **D** Gal - way **Bm** At the age of six - teen I de -  
**Em** lan - tic In a big hand - some air - plane all

8 **E7** ci - ded one day **A** **A7** To get on the first  
sil - ver and green I was bound for New

12 **Em** train that was head - ed for my Dub - lin And I  
**G** York and the first of my mil - lions Which I'd


16 **Bm** ne - ver looked back once it start age - ed a -  
**G** have in the bank by the age of nine

19 **D** way!  
**D** teen! **G** Now I thought that my

24 **D** home town was small and un - plea - sant  
**C** **D** **G** Its peo - ple too


## TO START A NEW LIFE p.2

29




nar - row and gi - ven to strife \_\_\_\_\_ You would

33



think that I'd said on the day I was christened: \_\_\_\_\_ "I

38



can't wait to leave here and start a new life!"

Once arrived in New York, I applied to the union / Now I had no green card, but that deed was soon done  
Then I worked pretty steady and made lots of money / But it seemed to dissolve like a mist in the sun

When I'd worked for a year and my back was near broken / How I laughed at myself and my dreams on the plane!  
I'd spend twelve hours working, and six hours drinking / Try to sleep for six more, then start over again

*Now the town that I come from is small and unpleasant  
Its people are narrow and given to strife  
In the pubs of the Bronx I'd convince all who listened:  
"I'm damned glad I left there to start a new life!"*

Then I met a fine girl from my own town and parish / She had found her own place and asked me to move in  
But with her working nights, and me gone in the morning / No priest could accuse us of living in sin!

But we parted at last and I've heard that she's married / To a bright young accountant half Irish half Greek  
He's been learning the fiddle, and she plays the whistle / I see them at sessions three or four times a week

*Now the town that I come from is small and unpleasant  
Its people are narrow and given to strife  
She was diff'rent at first, but then got too impatient  
With the time I was taking to start a new life!*

Now a few times a year I count all my money / To measure my progress towards riches and fame  
Sure I'll have to pay back all the money I've borrowed / So the debits and credits all come out the same!

In a month it's ten years since I came to this country / And my millionaire status is slightly delayed  
When my head is not painin' I can't help but wonder / Was I right to leave Ireland or should I have stayed?

*Now the town that I came from seems not quite as awful  
Its people no worse than the people out here  
If I stop hanging out, and I save all my money  
I can start a new life back in Ireland next year!*