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*TOM DUNNE*  
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[1]

My name is Tom Dunne from the banks of the Shannon  
Where a farmer I was like my people before  
We never were rich, but Lord knows we were happy  
Till the blight came one day: we were happy no more  
Now the life here's too hard and it's not worth the staying  
All the land has gone dead: there's no work for the plough  
So it's off to the ship, then the long voyage westwards  
It's not easy to leave, but we can't stay here now!

[2]

Now you know I've an uncle who lives out in Chicago  
He says he can get me on a job with good pay  
I'll be out laying track for the B and O railroad  
And it's good steady work for six dollars a day  
So I'll save all my money and send for you, Mary  
And then you and the children can follow me there  
We'll leave poor old Ireland, saying farewell forever  
To the land of our birth, to her sorrow and care!

[3]

There is pain in my heart when I think of the city  
But cities have work, and so there I must go  
To the smell and the noise and the crowding together  
So goodbye to my homeland I'll miss you I know  
I'll think of your lakes and your white sandy shoreline  
The bite of the wind and the salt of the sea  
But I'll think too of fields where no crops will be growing  
Of tithes and evictions, no right to be free

[4]

And I'll dream of the day when we have enough money  
To build our own house and to have our own farm  
We'll work for ourselves, not for some greedy landlord  
And no bloody bailiffs to do any harm  
And now as I face the long voyage before me  
I curse all the miles that will keep us apart  
But I know the good Lord and His sweet Holy Mother  
Will soon reunite us, oh love of my heart  
Oh love of my heart!