Must We Leave Our Old Home - song lyrics

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Must We Leave Our Old Home.
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Words and Music by Wm. J. Alexander.

On the quay at Queenstown harbor, not many years ago,
Stood an old man bent with age and visage tanned,
Close beside him sat his wife, with her head bow'd down with grief,
For they were about to leave dear Ireland.
he was gazing on a Yankee ship that anchored close to land,
The stars and stripes flew from her peak so gay.
he was thinking of the past and his tears fell thick and fast;
I remember well the words I heard him say:

Chorus.
"Must we leave our old home on Erin's green shore,
And be driven from our dear native land?
Must we die in exile in some foreign clime.
When there's room here for all in old Irelands"

"We have lived nigh three-score years upon our little farm,
And strove hard to keep starvation from our door.
We worked hard both night and day, just to earn a bite And sup,
And to our flag been loyal to the core.
Sure we sold our cow and little pig to try and pay the rent.
We murmured not, but still Were quite content,
'Till the fever took our dear little ones-'twas God's will and had to be-
And they drove us from our cabin by the sea."-Chorus.

Now that day is past and gone, and they've both been laid at rest;
And, in spirit, they are roaming with the blest.
Still the Irish, year by year. flock in thousands to our shore
To escape cruel England's laws forevermore.
They are lighting for their rights, dear friends, did we not do the same t
'Twas Faddy, then, that helped us win our fame.
So don't look down on the Irish, but lend them a helping band,
And pray to (,od that dear old land to free.

CHORUS.
They must leave their old homes on Erin's green shore,
And be driven from their dear native land.
They must die in exile in some foreign clime,
When there's room there for all in dear Ireland.