The Land of Libertie

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My mind it being much inclined to cross the raging main,
I left my tender parents in sorrow, grief and pain.
On board the "Fame" we then became all passengers to be,
To sail with Captain Thompson to the Land of Libertie.

As we were safely sailing to a place called Newfoundland,
The wind arose ahead of us and our ship was at a stand:
"All hands on deck" bold Thompson cried "Or we'll be cast away,
All firmly stand or you'll never land in North Amerikay".

A mount of ice came moving down anear our gallant main,
But the Lord of Mercy he was kind our lives for to maintain.
Our gallant sailors hauled about and so our ship did save,
Or we were doomed to be entombed all in a watery grave.

When we were safely landed our faint hearts we did renew,
But how could I sleep easy, Erin dear, so far from you.
I hope the time will come agi when our comrades all we'll see,
And once more we'll live together in love and unitie.

From Songs of the Irish in America, Meek