

## My America

Bob Catley

Come, brothers, come, sisters, come, feeble, old and grey  
For the famine, it has broken, so we're bound for america  
For it is the land of plenty, where in gold the streets are paved

Till the hearth is green in Carrig down, I'll no return again

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Oh, my America

The land of dreams so far away  
The emerald isles they shine so bright no more  
I'll send a kiss across the ocean  
And you're just a dream away  
For dreams become reality in my America

Farewell the groves of Ireland, cross the ocean to my call  
For the winter skies grow colder like the summer to my fall  
So blow the winds of fortune, be still you raging waves  
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