

Thousands Are Sailing

Planxty

You brave Irish heroes where'er you may be
I pray, stand a moment and listen to me
Your sons and fair daughters are all going away
And thousands are sailing to Americay

So good luck to those people and safe may they land
They are leaving their country for a far distant strand
They are leaving old Ireland, no longer can stay
And thousands are sailing to Americay

Now the night before leaving they are bidding good-bye
And it's early next morning their hearts give a sigh
They turn, kiss their mothers and then they will say

"Farewell, dear old father, we must now go away"

Oh I pity the mother who rears up the child
And likewise the father who labors and toils
To try to support them, he will work night and day
And when they are reared up they will go away

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