

The FATAL SHORE (Erin Far Away)

THE SUN WAS FAST DECLINING
ON INDIA'S FATAL SHORE
THERE LAID THE DEAD & DYING
AT THE CLOSE OF THAT SAD WAR
BUT THE SADDEST SIGHT THAT I DID SEE
UPON THAT FIELD OF GORE
WAS A YOUNG & HANDSOME IRISHMAN
WHO HAD SAILED FROM ERIN'S SHORE

HIS FACE WAS LIKE THE LILY FAIR
HIS HAIR LIKE THREADS OF GOLD
THEY LAID HIM DOWN TO SLUMBER
WHERE INDIA'S WATERS ROLL
HE CRIED "OH GIVE ME WATER
AND LIST TO WHAT I SAY:
BY TOMORROW YOU'LL BE MARCHING BACK
TO OLD ERIN FAR AWAY!"

"TELL MY PARENTS THAT I NOBLY FELL,
THAT MY FACE WAS TOWARDS THE FOE
I NEVER THOUGHT OF TURNING
WHEN AGAINST THEM WE DID GO
BUT REBEL SOLDIERS CUT ME DOWN
AND LAID ME THERE IN GORE
STILL I LONG TO SEE OLD IRELAND
WITH ITS GREEN AND HOLY SHORE!

"THERE'S ONE THING YET, DEAR BROTHER -
TELL MY LOVE ACROSS THE WAVE
TO BRING WITH HER A SHAMROCK
TO PLANT UPON MY GRAVE
TELL HER 'T WAS MY LAST REQUEST
AS I LAY DOWN TO DIE
AND KISS ME NOW, DEAR BROTHER -
ONCE MORE AND THEN GOOD-BYE!"

HIS BROTHER HELD HIM IN HIS ARMS
THEN LAID HIM DOWN TO REST
BENEATH THE GLOW OF THE EVENING SUN
THAT SHONE UPON HIS BREAST
HE THOUGHT OF HIS HOME IN DAYS GONE BY
AND WHY THEY HAD TO FIGHT
AN INDIAN IN HIS NATIVE LAND -
IT SURELY WAS NOT RIGHT!