

**The Irish Stranger**

**Andy M Stewart**

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#  
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I ve worked out these chords, according to the version sung  
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Poor Irish Stranger  
Circa 1850s Broadside

**G C G Em**  
Pity the fate of a poor Irish stranger,  
**G D C G**  
That wanders so far from his home,  
**G D G C**  
That sighs for protection from want, woe, and danger,  
**G D C G**  
That knows not from which way for to roam.

**F C G**  
Yet I ll never return to Hibernia s green bowers,  
**F C G**  
For tyranny tramples the sweetest of flowers,  
**F C G Em**  
That once gave me comfort in loneliest hoursâ€”  
**G D C G**  
Now they are gone I shall ne er see them more.

With wonder I gazed on yon lofty building,  
As in grandeur I rose from its lord,  
But soon I beheld my fair garden yielding  
The choicest of fruit for his foe.  
But, where is my father s lone cottage of clay,  
Wherein I ve spent many a long day,  
Alas ! has his lordship conniv d it away ?  
Yes, it is gone, I shall never see it more.

When nature was seen in the sloe bush and bramble,  
All smiling in beautiful bloom,  
Over the fields without danger, I often  
Did ramble amidst their perfume ;  
I have wranged through the woods where the gay feather d  
throng

Joyfully sung their loud echoing songâ€”  
These days then of summer passed sweetly along,  
Now they re goneâ€”I shall ne er see them more !

When the sloe and the berries hung ripe on the bushes  
I have gathered them off without harmâ€”  
I have gone to the field and shorn the green rushes,  
Preparing for winter s cold storm !  
Along with my friends telling tales of delight,  
Beguiling the hours of the long winter s night,  
Those days gave me pleasureâ€”I could them invite ;  
Now they re gone, I shall ne er see them more.

Oh, Erin ! oh, Erin ! it grieves me to ponder  
The wrongs of thy injurned isle !  
Of thy sons may a thousand from home do wander  
On shores far away an exile !  
But give me the power to cross the main,  
Calumbia might yield me some shelter from pain,  
I am only lamenting whilst here I remain,  
For the boys I shall ne er see again.