

Erins Lovely Home
Karan Casey

[Intro]

G

[Verse]

C G C D G
Come, all ye sons of Paddy's land and listen unto me
D C G D
Til I relate of the hardships great, a-crossing o'er the sea
G C G Em
For the want of bread, ten thousands fled, so far across the foam
G C G Am D G
And left the land where they were born, called Erin's lovely home

[Verse]

C G C D G
Black forty-seven I'll never forget, when the fever it stalked the land
D C G D
And the famine without mercy, it stretched forth its dreadful hand
G C G Em
There's many's the child in cold death lay, their parents they did mourn
G C G Am D G
While landlord's agents pulled down our roofs, in Erin's lovely home

[Verse]

C G C D G
My father was a farming man, reared to industry
D C G D
He had two sons, they were men strong, and lovely daughters three
G C G Em
Our farm was too small to feed us all, so some of us had to roam
G C G Am D G
With sisters two, I bid adieu, to Erin's lovely home

[Verse]

C G C D G
My father sold the second cow, he borrowed twenty pounds
D C G D
And in the merry month of May, we sailed from Sligo town
G C G Em
There were thousands more left upon the shore, all anxious for to roam
G C G Am D C
And leave the land where they were born, called Erin's lovely home

[Instrumental]

Em G Em G Am G D G C

[Verse]

G **C** **G** **C** **D** **G**
 We were scarcely seven days at sea, when the fever it plagued our crew
D **C** **G** **D**
 They were falling like the autumn leaves, bidding friends and life adieu
G **C** **G** **Em**
 Now the raging waves sweep o'er their graves amidst the ocean foam
G **C** **G** **Am** **D** **G**
 Their friends may mourn, but they'll never return, to Erin's lovely home

[Verse]

C **G** **C** **D** **G**
 My loving sisters, they both took ill, their lives they were taken away
D **C** **G** **D**
 And oh, it grieves my heart full sore, to cast them in the sea
G **C** **G** **Em**
 Down in the deep now they do sleep, they never more will roam
G **C** **G** **Am** **D** **G**
 In heaven I'll meet with my sisters sweet, from Erin's lovely home

[Verse]

C **G** **C** **D** **G**
 I'm in the land of liberty, where plenty it does abound
D **C** **G** **D**
 Where the labouring man gets full reward, for the tilling of his ground
G **C** **G** **Em**
 There's naught I can see that can comfort me, as an exile I must roam
G **C** **G** **Am** **D** **G**
 And end my days far, far away, from Erin's lovely home