

Right Far From Ireland

Ethan McBride

C G D Em



I'll tell you men my tale of woe so you won't do the same.
The keepers and the law, good men, they found me right to blame.

G C G D



In Ire - land I al - so dwelt, the land my own to tame. Til
To impose on me a pu - nish - ment and send me off in shame. And

C G D Em




hun - ger came u - pon the house, en - ough to bring you lame. And a
should I flee for fear of shame, lest shame be all I see, Far

G C G D Em



poa - ching man I found my - self on my way to Van Die - man's Land.
worse will be the charg - es, sure, and soon they'll find me a - gain.

G D G Am C



Van Die - man's Land. Van Die - man's Land. My lov - ing home a -
My sweet - heart love a -

D G C G

waits me back home in Ire - land.
waits me back home in Ire - land.

*And when the wind is good, you men
And the tide calls out for a ship,
A chain and a plow call out to me
And off I'll be on the trip
Remember me not, young sirs,
But hear my warning then.
Heed me not and you'll find yourselves
Sent away slaved men.*

*Chorus *fourteen years await me right far from Ireland*

*Chorus *my loving home awaits me back home in Ireland*