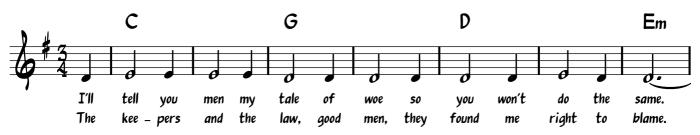
Right Far From Ireland

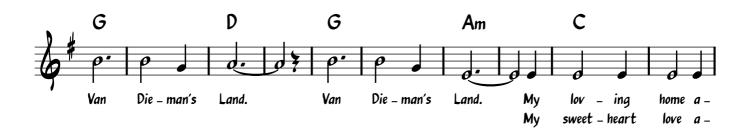
Ethan McBride

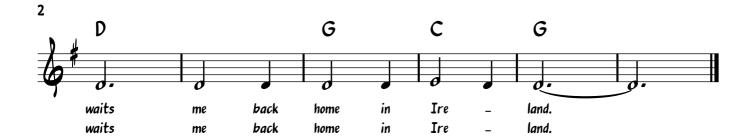












And when the wind is good, you men
And the tide calls out for a ship,
A chain and a plow call out to me
And off I'll be on the trip
Remember me not, young sirs,
But hear my warning then.
Heed me not and you'll find yourselves
Sent away slaved men.

Chorus *fourteen years await me right far from Ireland

Chorus *my loving home awaits me back home in Ireland