

Staten Island

The Irish Rovers

We sailed our ship down the Hudson River
To the wild Atlantic we said farewell
On Staten Island when we landed
There we had our tale to tell

We're the poor, the huddled masses
We have crossed the lonely sea
Left the Old World for the New World
Left the old ways to be free

We left our homes in forty-seven
Turned our backs against the wind
From our ships of creakin' timber
We bid farewell to a famished land

We're the poor, the huddled masses
We have crossed the lonely sea
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With heavy hearts we left behind us
Memories of better days
Old men talkin', laughin'
As we danced the night away

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Still we hear their voices calling
On the wind we hear their sound
Friends and loved ones, old and young ones
Lie beneath the fallen mound

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Now those years are far behind us
Now our spirits have grown strong
In this land that gave us freedom
And the will to carry on

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