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way yore Lone - ly o'er life's stormy sea;
I, a - las shall never see!

Who will shed one gen - tle tear For a wand'ring refu-
I'll be roaming far a - way A lonely wand'ring refu-

gee : Who will shed one gen - tle tear For a wand'ring re - fu - gee.
gee : I'll be roam-ing far a - way A lonely wand'ring re - fu - gee.

CHORUS.

Mother; oh! fare - well! I must go, I'll think of thee, Oh!..... *Ritard.*

Ritard.
Mother I must leave thee now, I'm a wand'ring re - fu - gee,