

## BACK TO IRELAND.

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OH tell me, will I ever win to Ireland again,

*Astoria* ! from the far North-West ?

Have we given all the rainbows, an' green woods an'  
rain,

For the suns an' the snows o' the West ?

"Them that goes to Ireland must thravel night an' day,  
An' them that goes to Ireland must sail across the say,  
For the len'th of here to Ireland is half the world  
away—

An' you'll lave your heart behind you in the West.

Set your face for Ireland,

Kiss your friends in Ireland,

But lave your heart behind you in the West."