

Will my Soul pass thro' Ireland*



Soggarth Aroon, sure I know life is fleeting
Soon, soon in this strange earth my poor bones will lie;
I have said my last prayer and received my last blessing,
And if the Lord's willing I'm ready to die.
But Soggarth Aroon! can I never again see
The valleys and hills of my own native land,
When my soul takes its flight from this dark world of sorrow.
Will it pass through Old Ireland to join the blest band.

O, Soggarth Aroon! sure I know that in heaven
The loved ones are waiting and watching for me;
And the Lord knows how anxious I am to be with them,
In those realms of joy mid souls pure and free.
Yet, Soggarth I pray ere you leave me forever,
Relieve the last doubt of a poor dying soul,
Whose hope next to God is to know that when leaving
'Twill pass through old Ireland on the way to the Goal.

O, Soggarth Aroon! I have kept thro' all changes
The thrice blessed shamrock to lay o'er my clay
And, oh, it has minded me often and often
Of that bright smiling valley so far, far away;
Then tell me I pray you, will I ever again see
The place where it grew on my own native sod,
When my body is cold in the land of the stranger
Will my soul pass thro' Erin on its way to our God.

Oh bless you my child, sure I thought it was heaven,
You wanted to go to the moment you died;
And such is the place on the ticket I'm giving
But a coupon for Ireland I'll stick to the side.
Your soul shall be free as the wind o'er the prairies,
And I'll land you at Cork on the banks of the Lee
And two little angels I'll give you like fairies,
To guide you all right over mountain and sea.