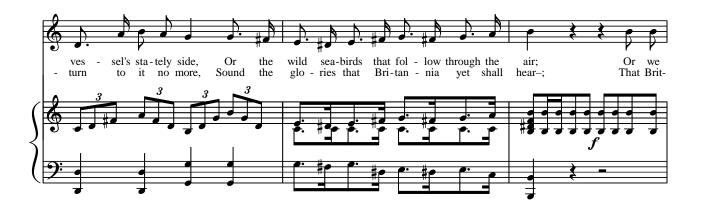
Far, far upon the sea

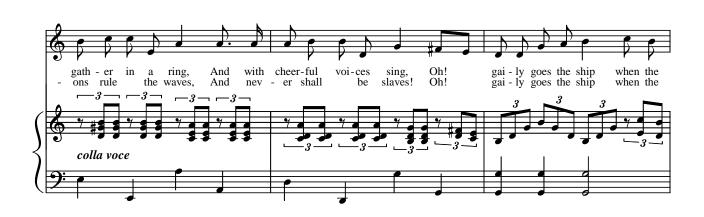
Words by Charles Mackay (1814 - 1889)

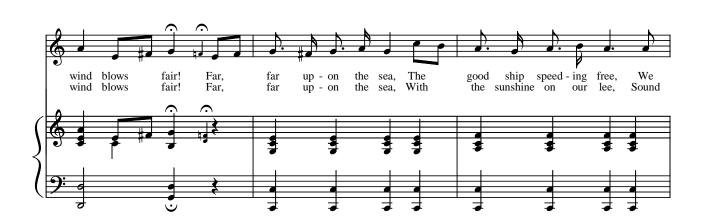
Henry Russell (1812 - 1900)

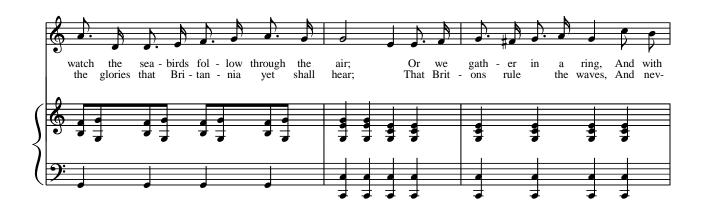


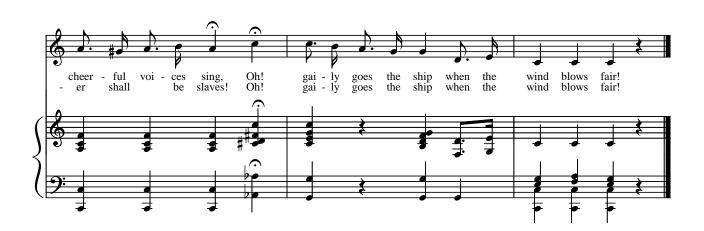
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3. Far, far upon the sea,
Whate'er our country be,
The thought of it shall cheer us as we go;
And Scotland's maidens join
In the song of "Auld Lang Syne,"
With voice by memory softened, clear and low.
And the girls of Erin's Isle,
Battling sorrow with a smile,
Shall sing "St. Patrick's Morning," void of care,

And thus we pass the day
As we journey on the way!
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair!
Far, far upon the sea,
Whate'er our country be,
We'll sing our native music void of care;
And thus we pass the day
As we journey on the way!
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair!