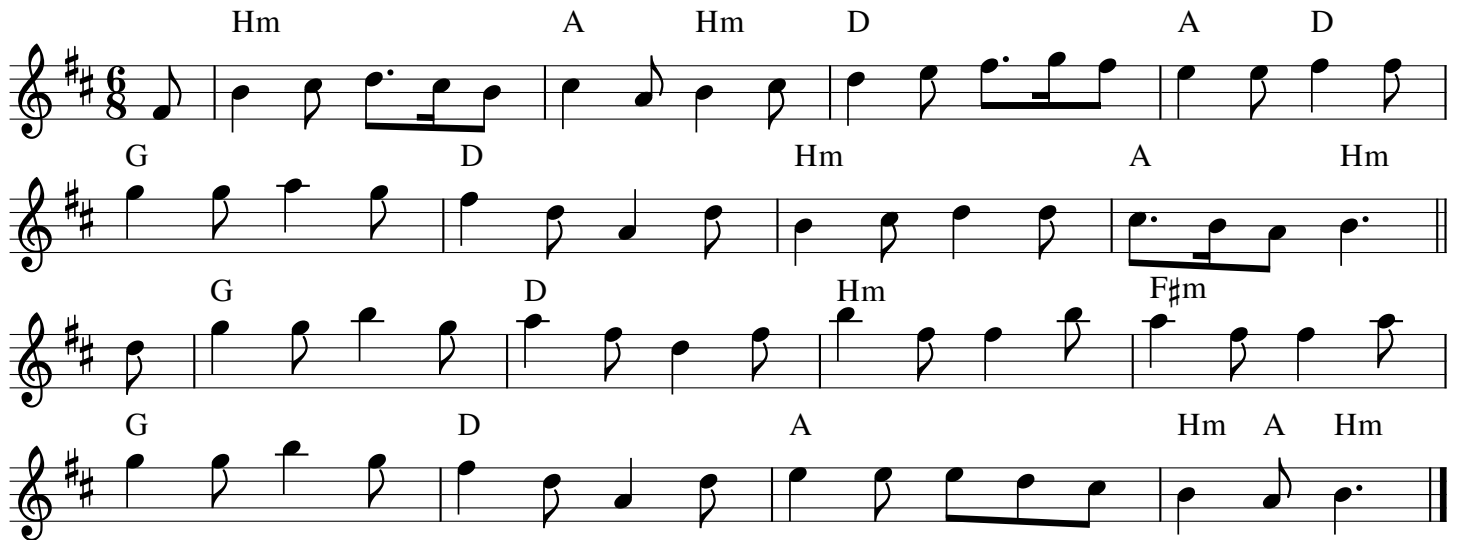


Irish Souls



The fields were barren, the crops did fail,
The hunger came, a mournful tale.
To distant shores, they sailed away,
In search of hope, they could not stay.

Chorus:

With tears in eyes and hearts so torn,
They left behind the land they'd worn.
From famine's grip to dreams unknown,
The Irish souls were forced to roam.

The fields lay empty, the earth turned dry,
As cries of hunger filled the sky.
The ships were waiting, the sails were set,
For a land unknown, their hearts were wet.

With broken dreams and weary eyes,
They left their home, beneath dark skies.
To cross the sea, to seek a chance,
But still they mourned their homeland's dance.

Chorus

The potato blight and famine's breath,
Brought hunger, sorrow, pain, and death.
With empty hands and hearts so torn,
They sailed away, forsaking home.

Through stormy seas and lands unknown,
They left behind the seeds they'd sown.
To find a life, a chance to stand,
Far from the soil of their lost land.

Chorus 2x