AN EMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER

A Song of Irish Emigration

Tune: The Grenadier and the Lady
Lyrics by Barry Taylor

Arrangment for voice and piano
by Denis Khvatov

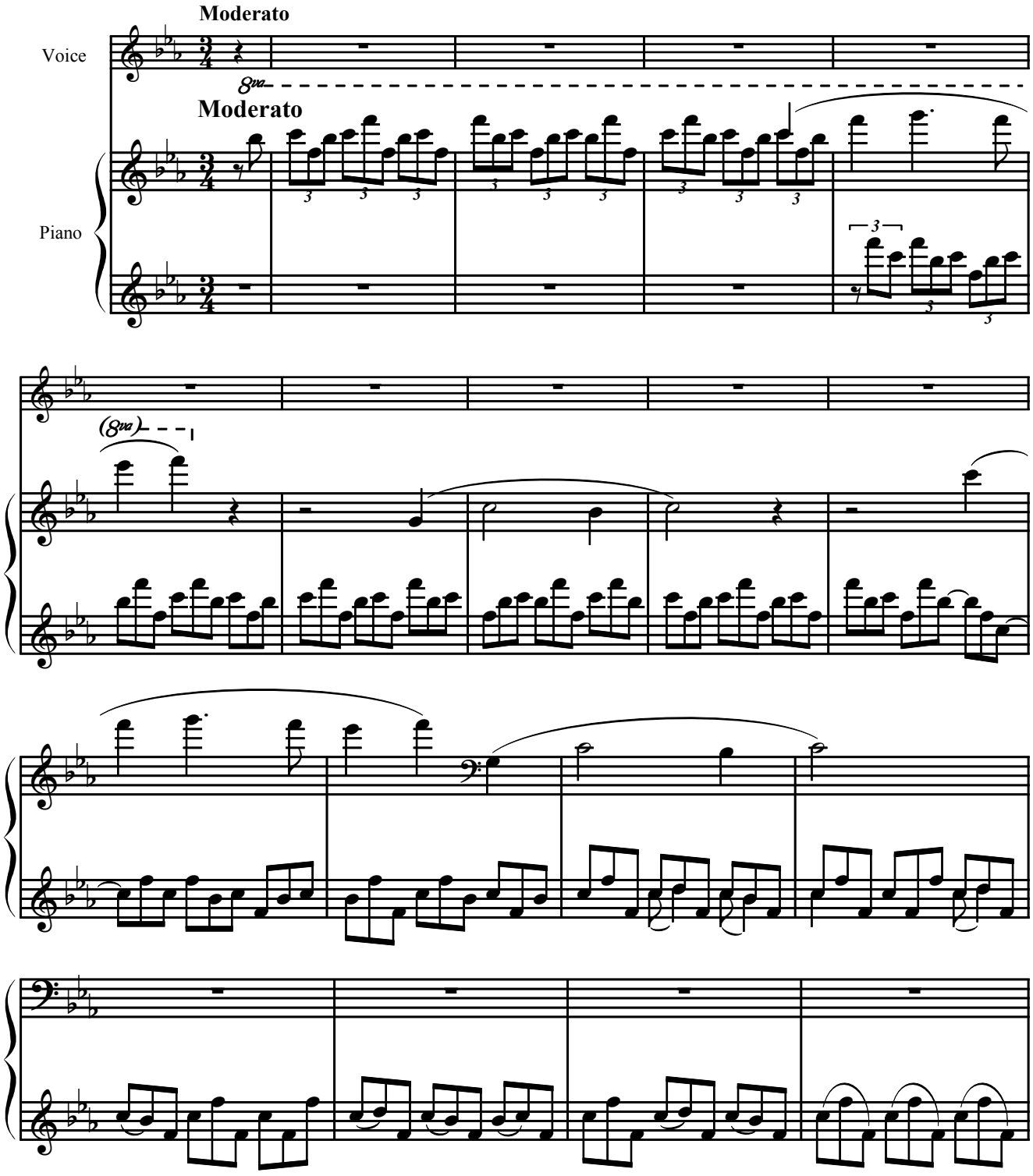
An Emigrant's Daughter

A SONG OF IRISH EMIGRATION

Tune: The Grenadier and the Lady (Trad.)

Lyrics by Barry Taylor, 1998

Arranged by Denis Khvatov, 2006



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Barry Taylor, Victoria, British Columbia, Canada.

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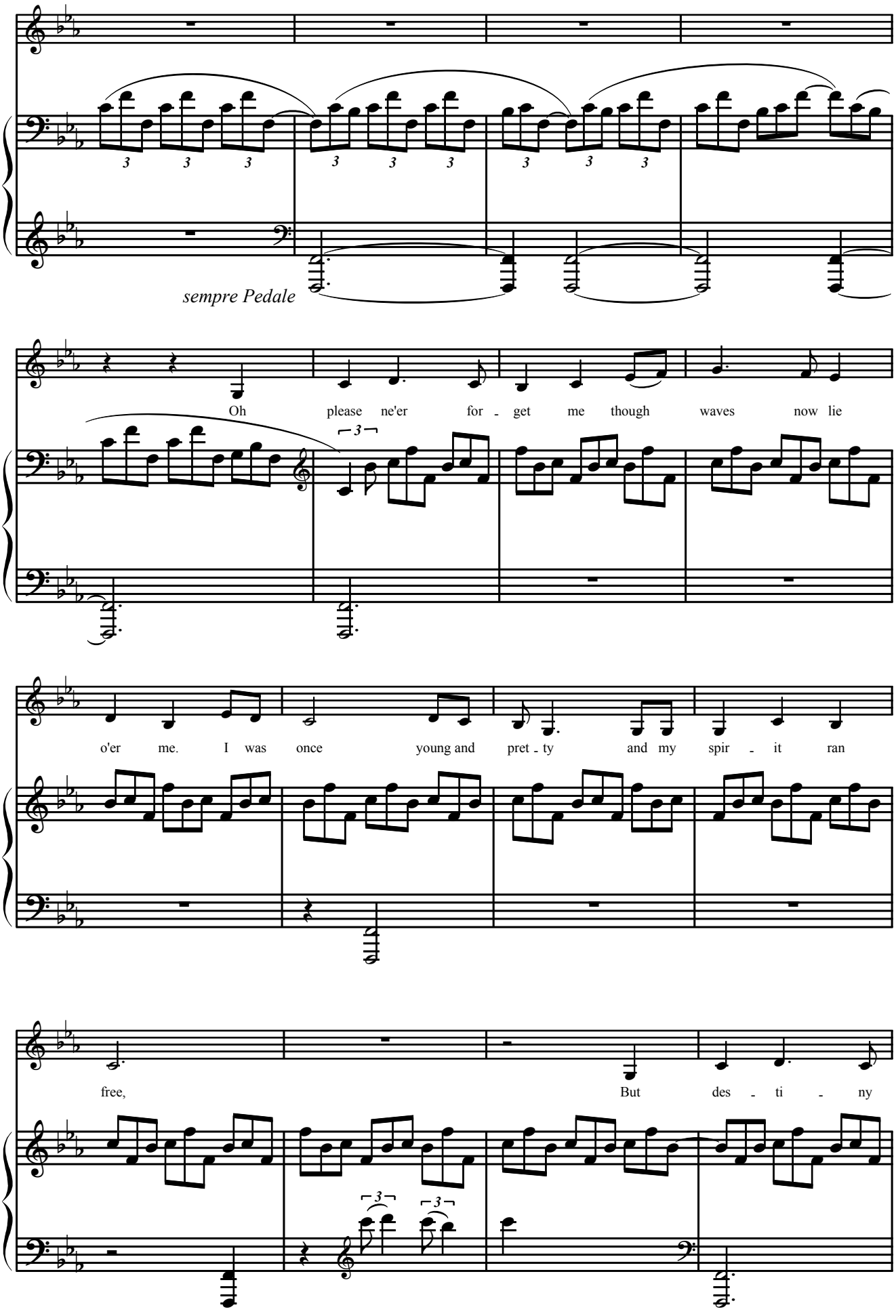
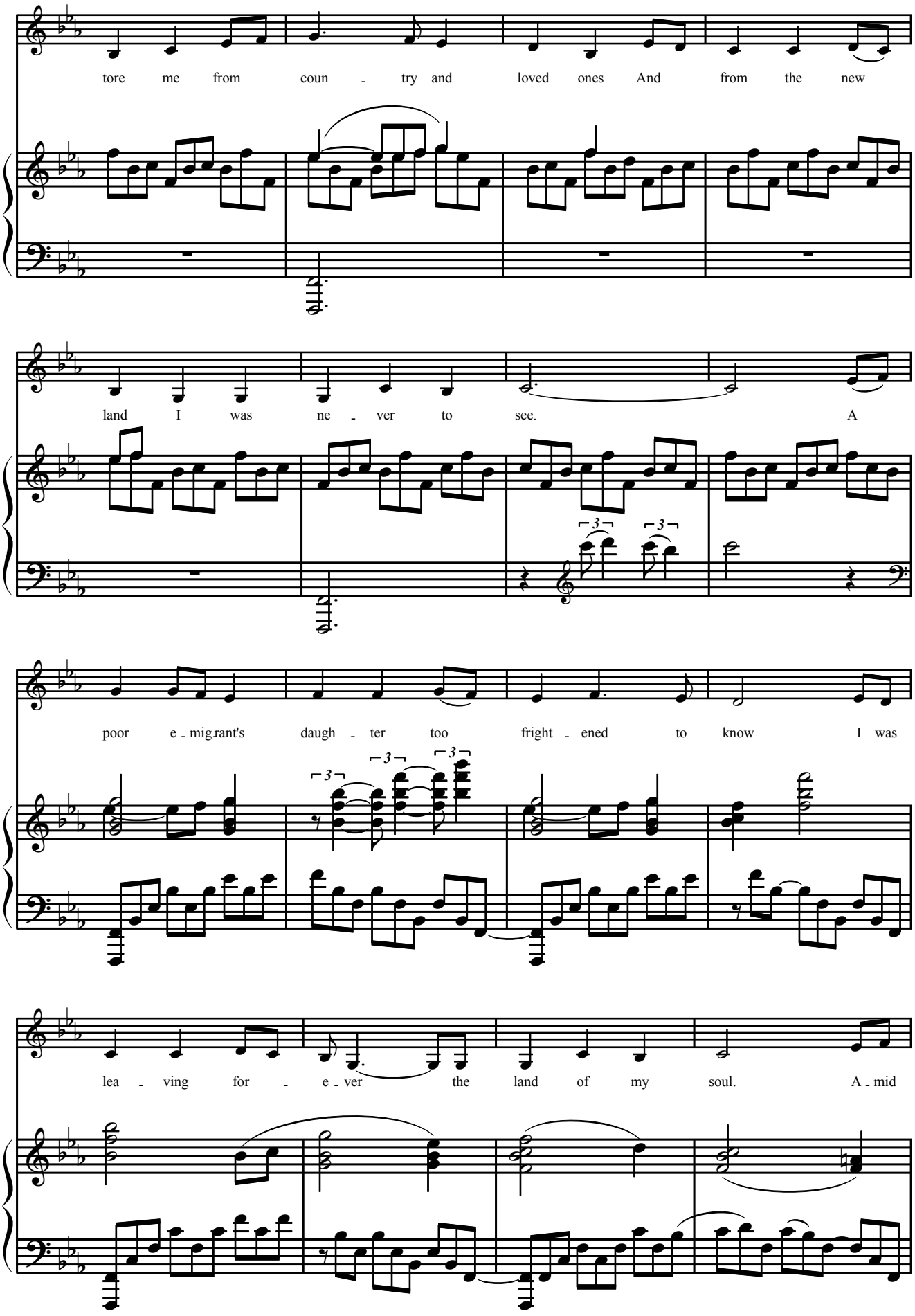
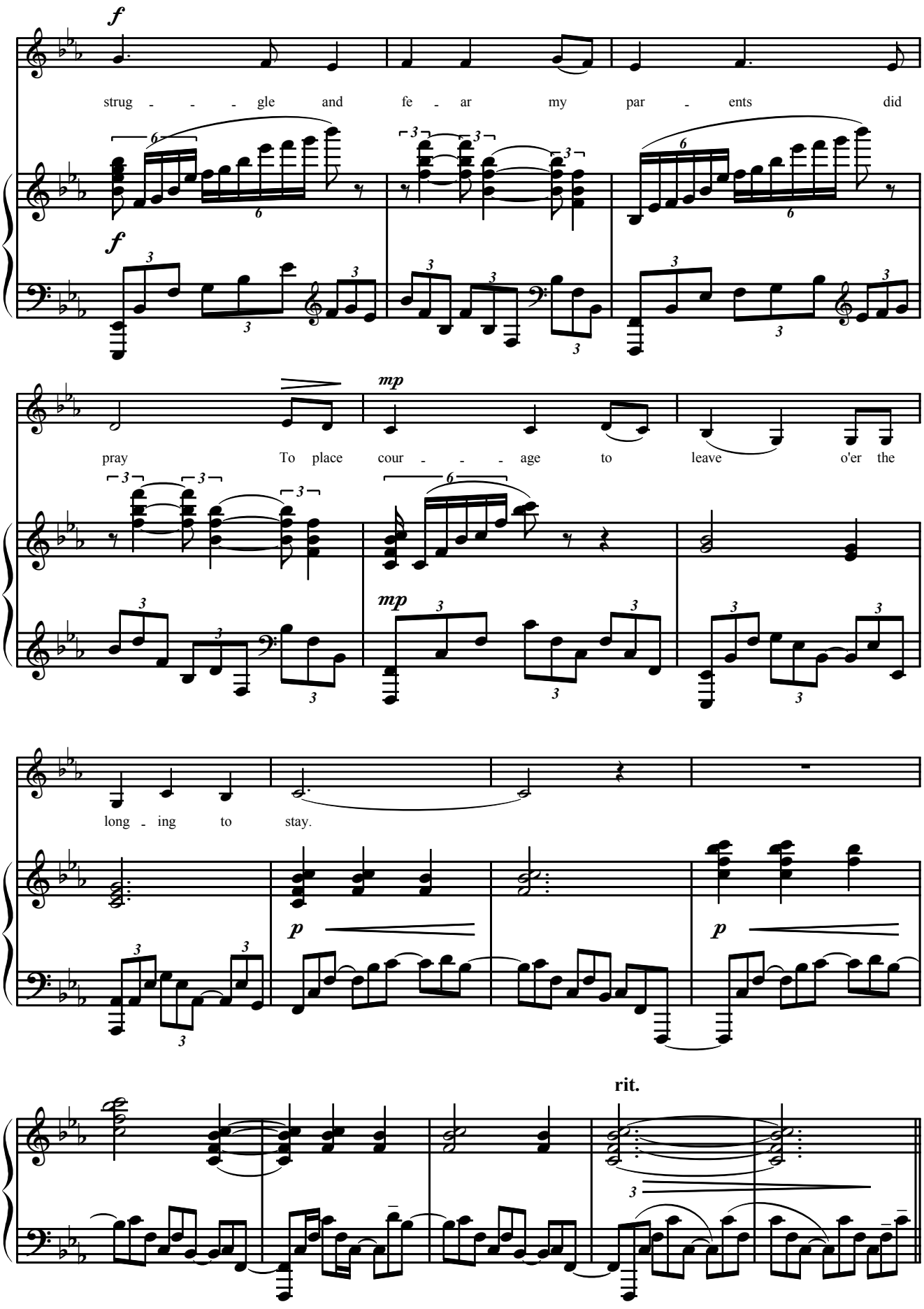
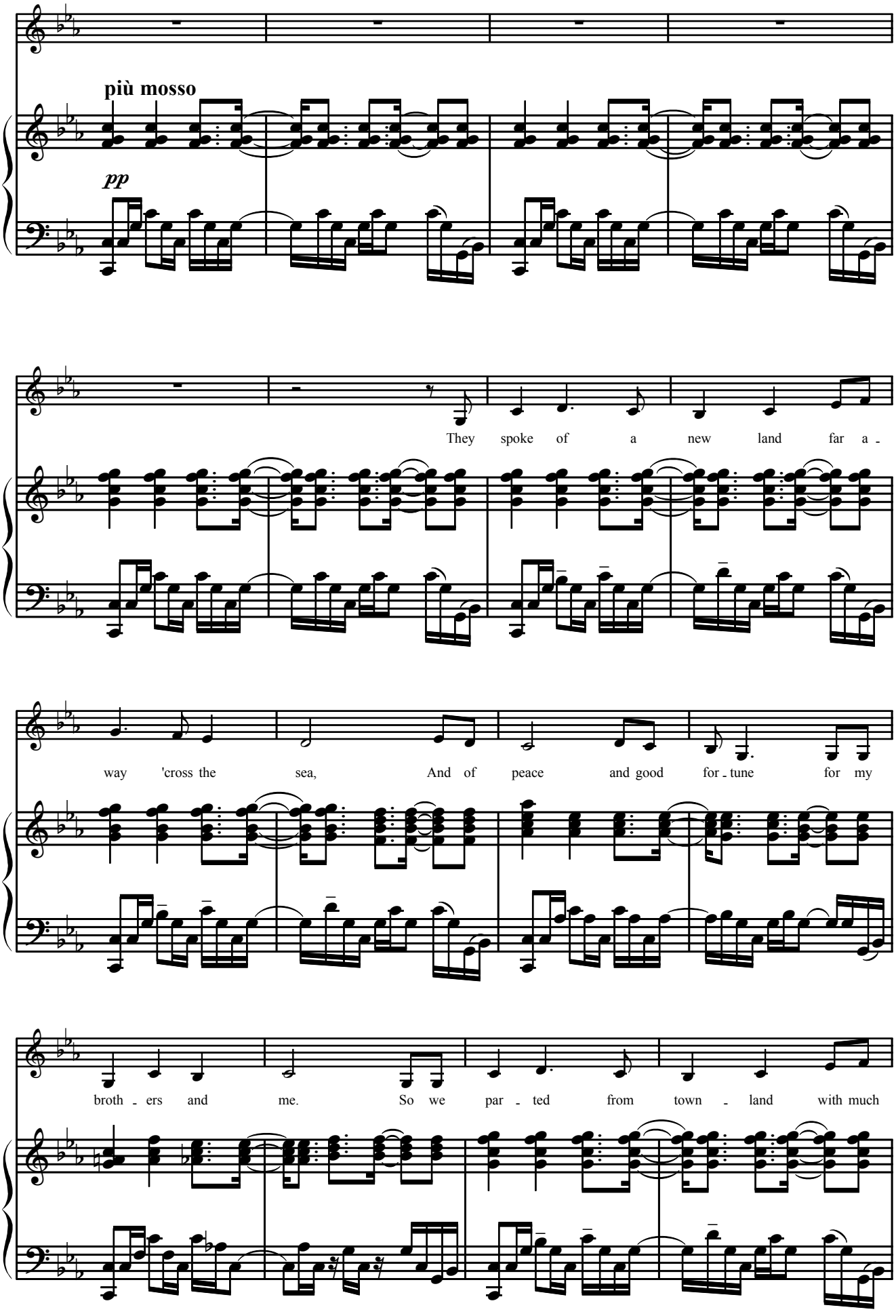
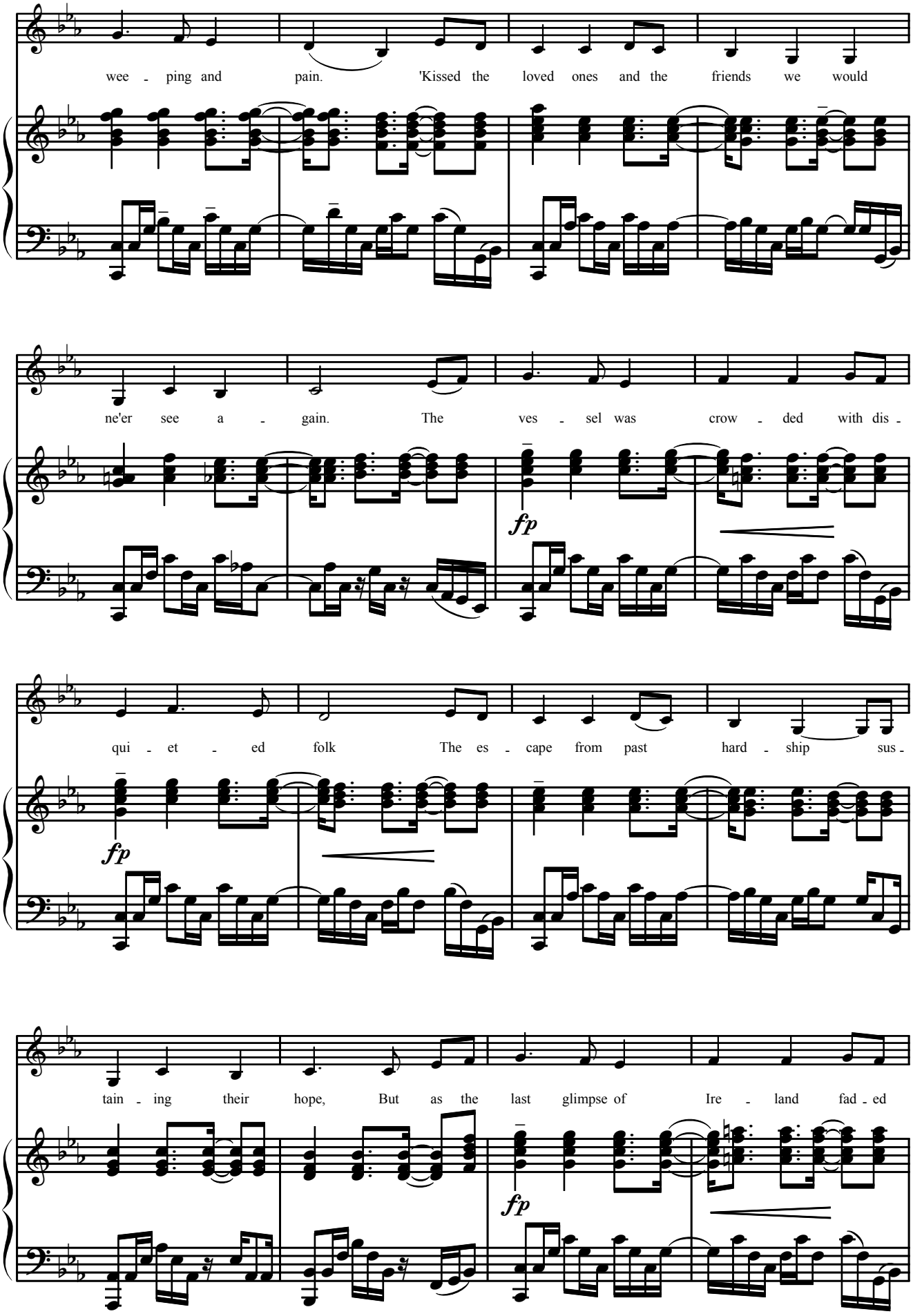
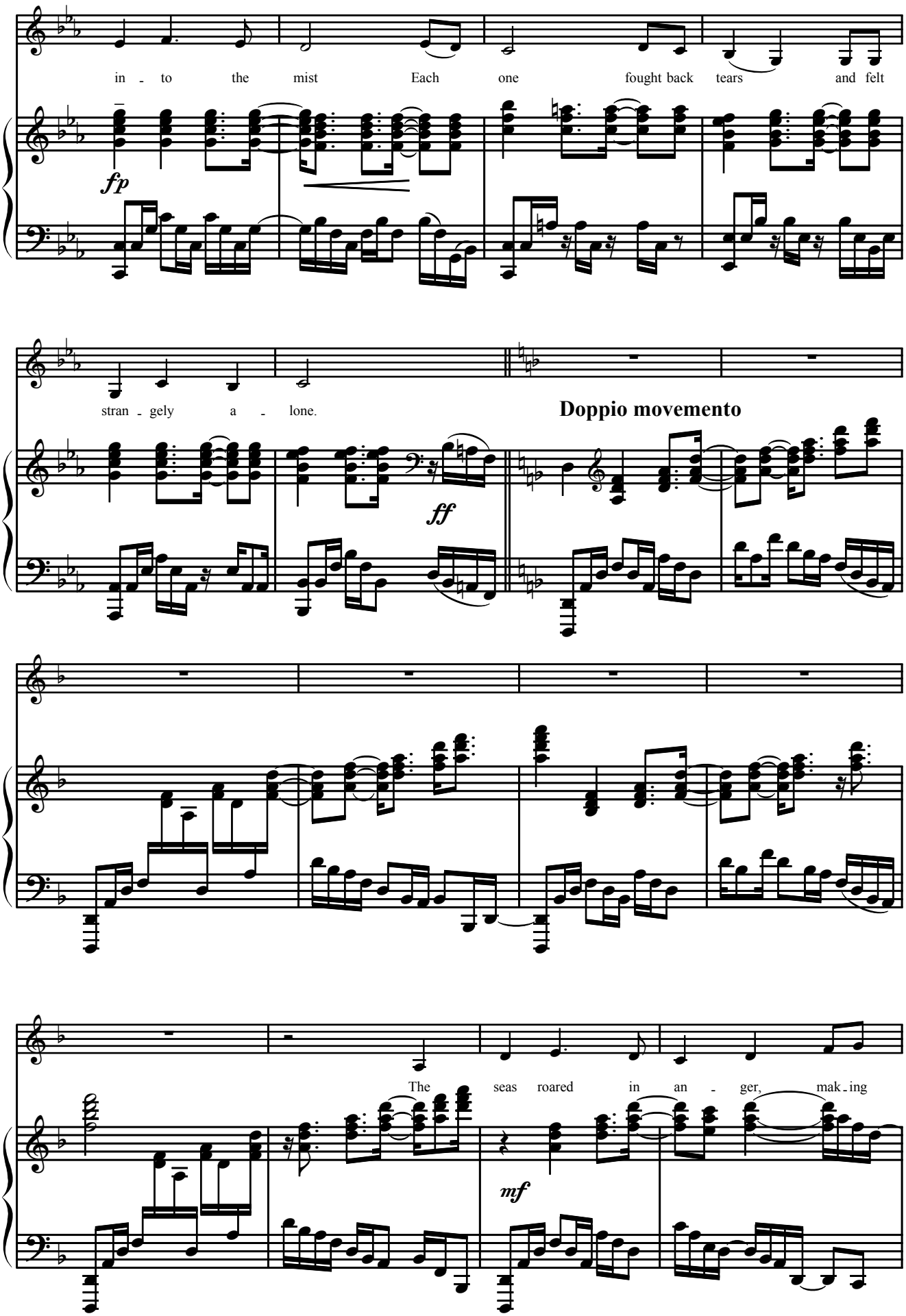

sempre Pedale
Oh please ne'er for - get me though waves now lie
o'er me. I was once young and pret - ty and my spir - it ran
free, But des - ti - ny

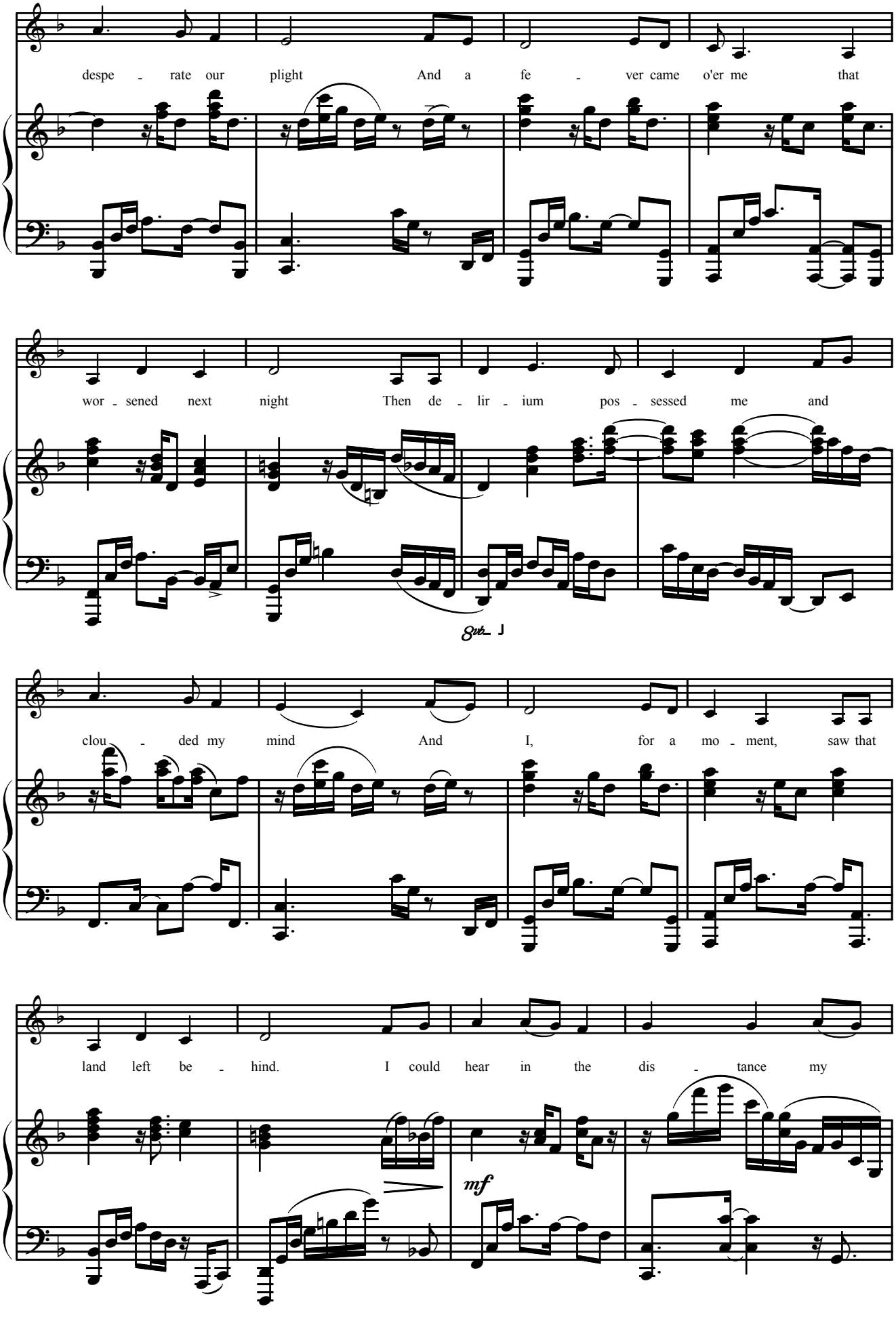

tore me from coun - try and loved ones And from the new
land I was ne - ver to see. A
poor e - mig rant's daugh - ter too fright - ened to know I was
lea - ving for - e - ver the land of my soul. A - mid

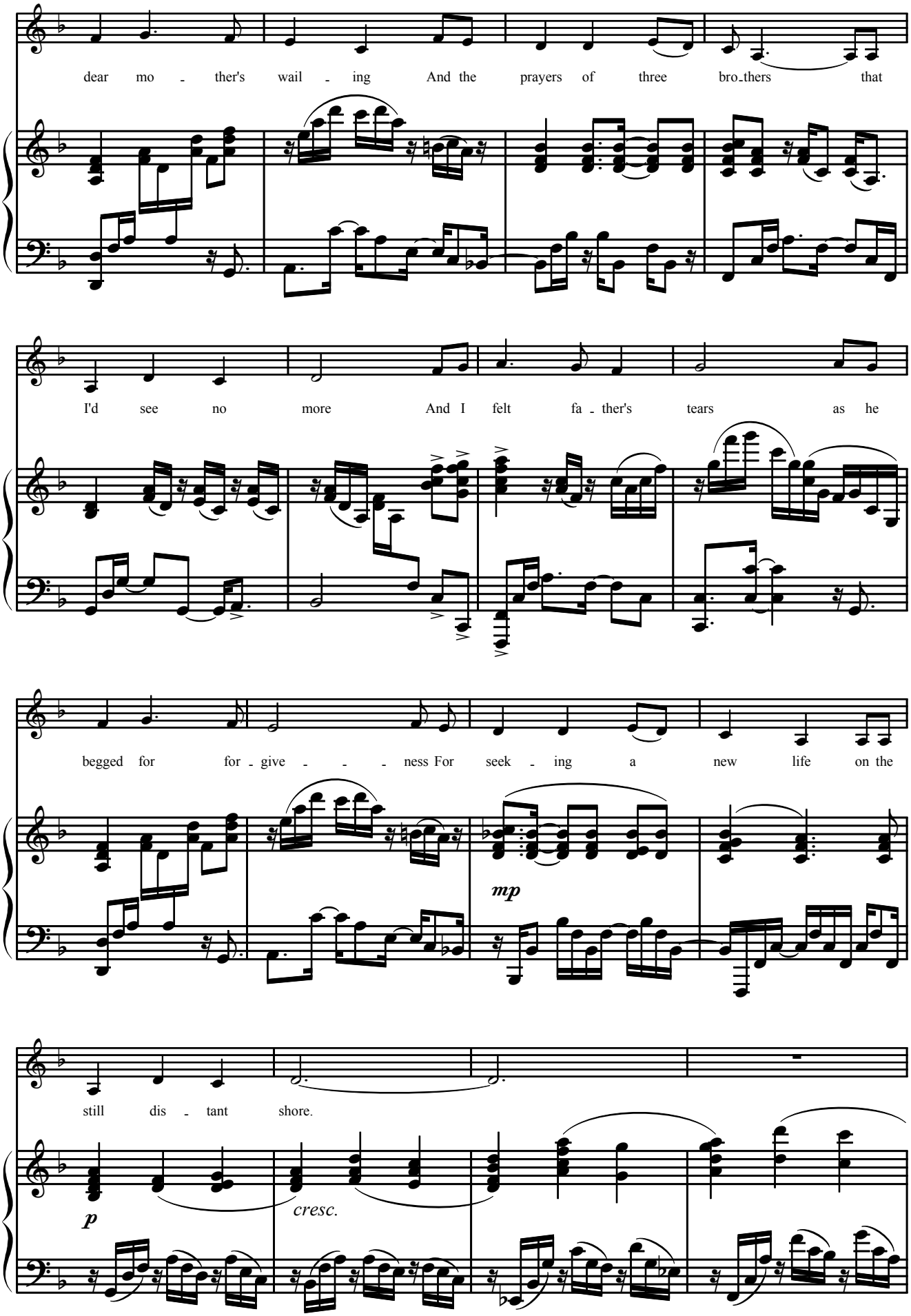

f
strug - - - gle and fe - ar my par - ents did
f
mp
pray To place cour - - - age to leave o'er the
mp
long - ing to stay.
p
p
rit.

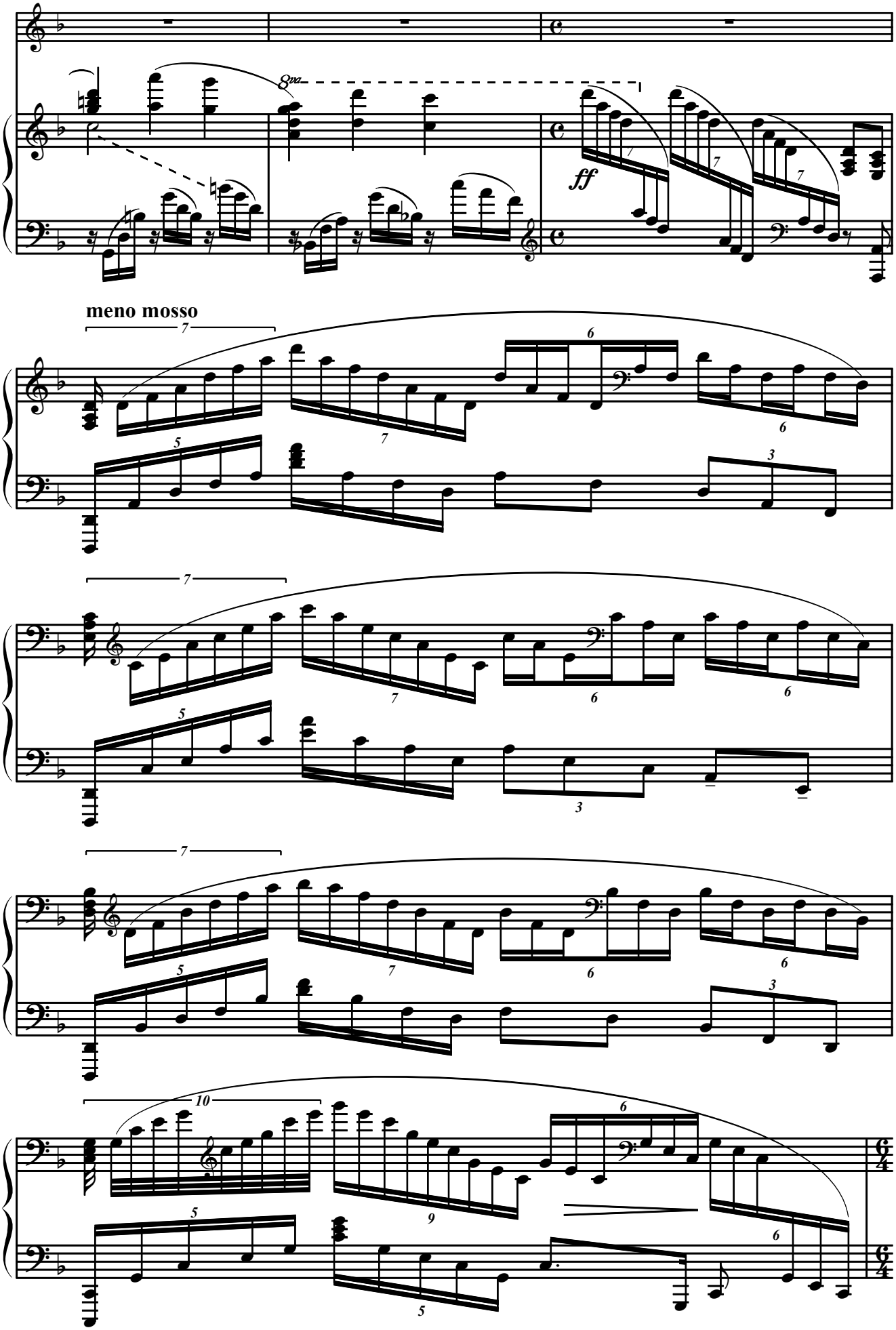

più mosso
pp
They spoke of a new land far a -
way 'cross the sea, And of peace and good for - tune for my
broth - ers and me. So we par - ted from town - land with much

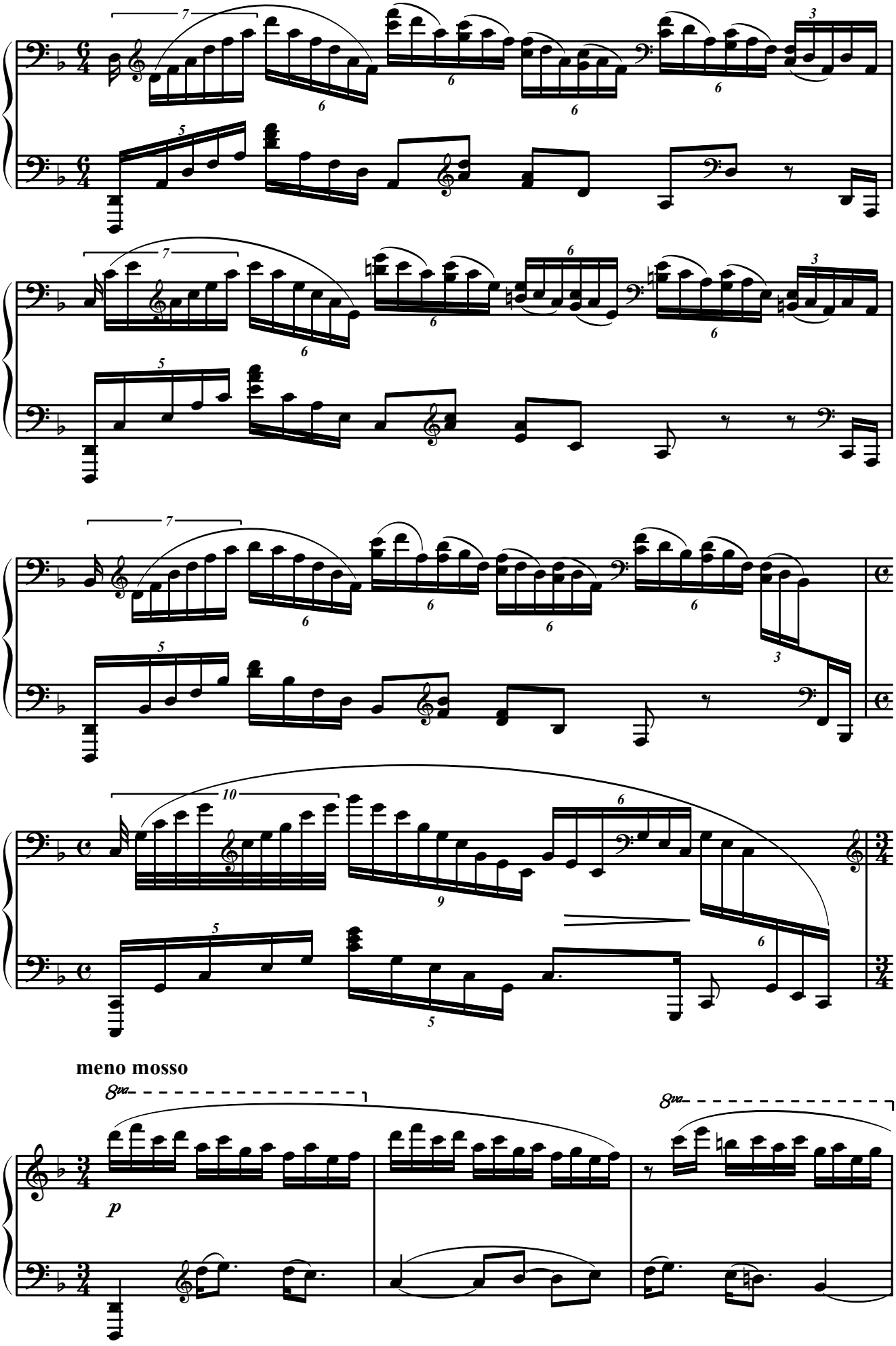

wee - ping and pain. 'Kissed the loved ones and the friends we would
ne'er see a - gain. The ves - sel was crow - ded with dis -
fp
qui - et - ed folk The es - cape from past hard - ship sus -
fp
tain - ing their hope, But as the last glimpse of Ire - land fad - ed
fp

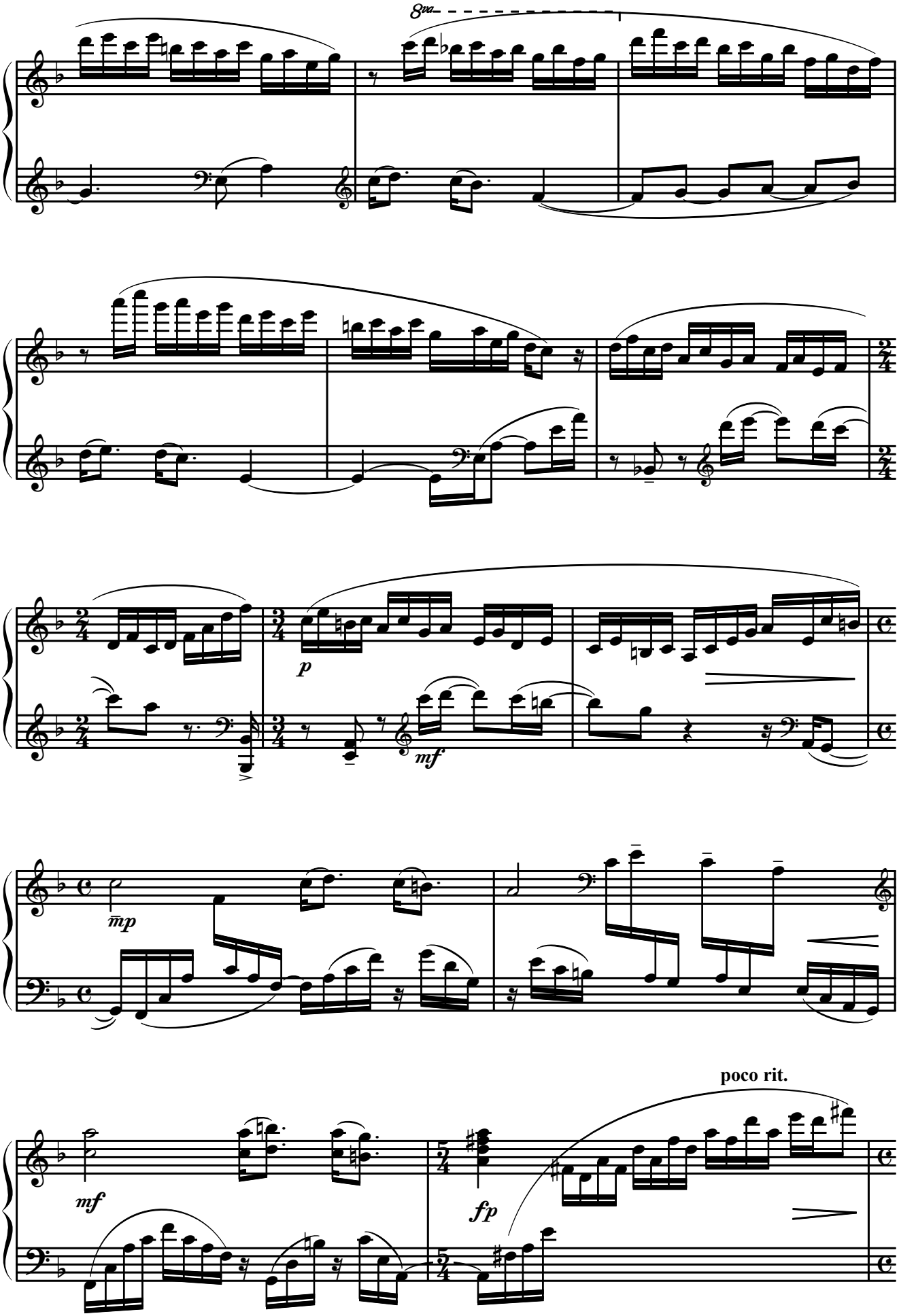

in - to the mist Each one fought back tears and felt
fp
stran - gely a - lone.
Doppio movemento
ff
The seas roared in an - ger, mak - ing
mf

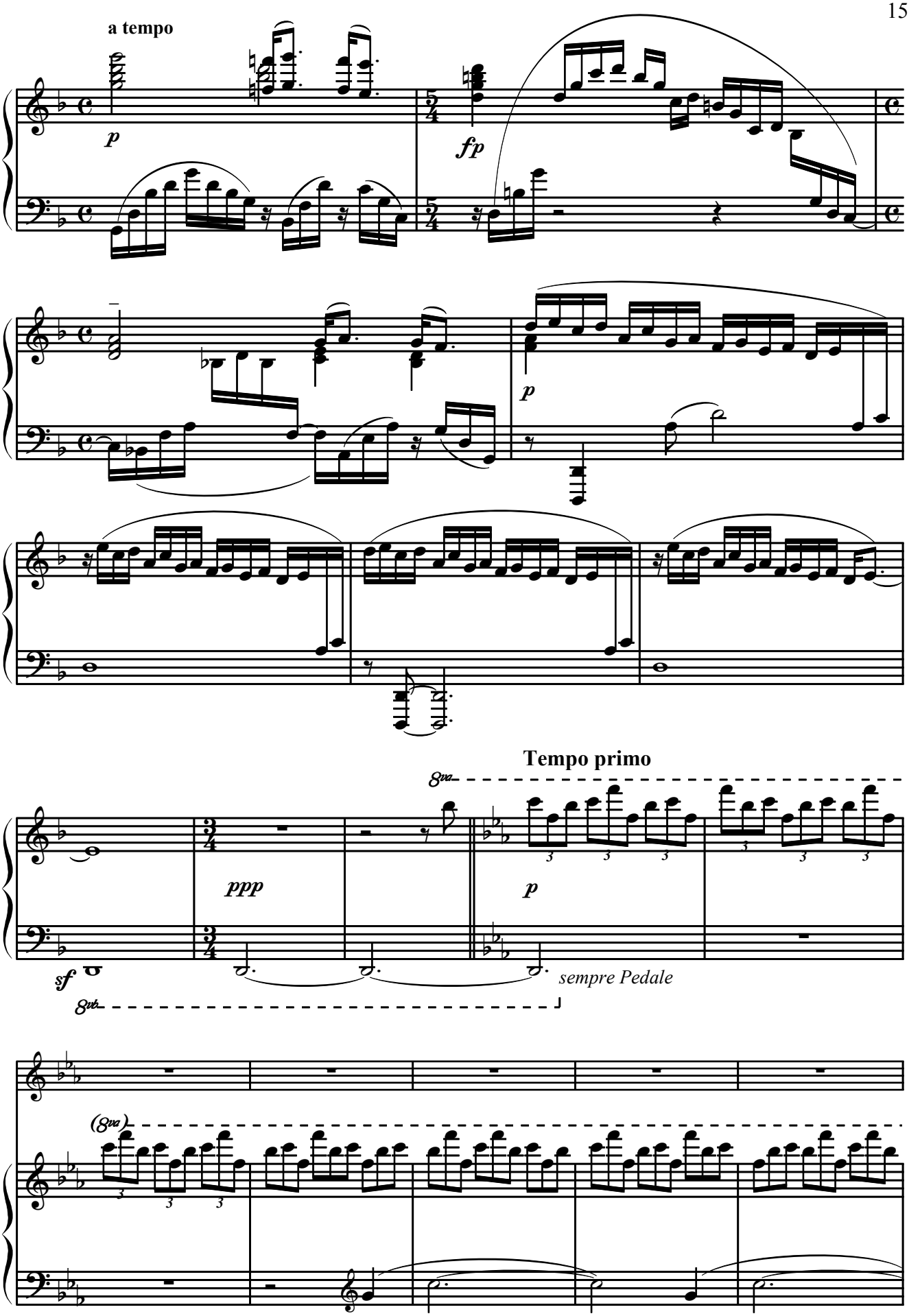

despe - rate our plight And a fe - ver came o'er me that
wor - sened next night Then de - lir - ium pos - sessed me and
8va
clou - ded my mind And I, for a mo - ment, saw that
land left be - hind. I could hear in the dis - tance my
mf

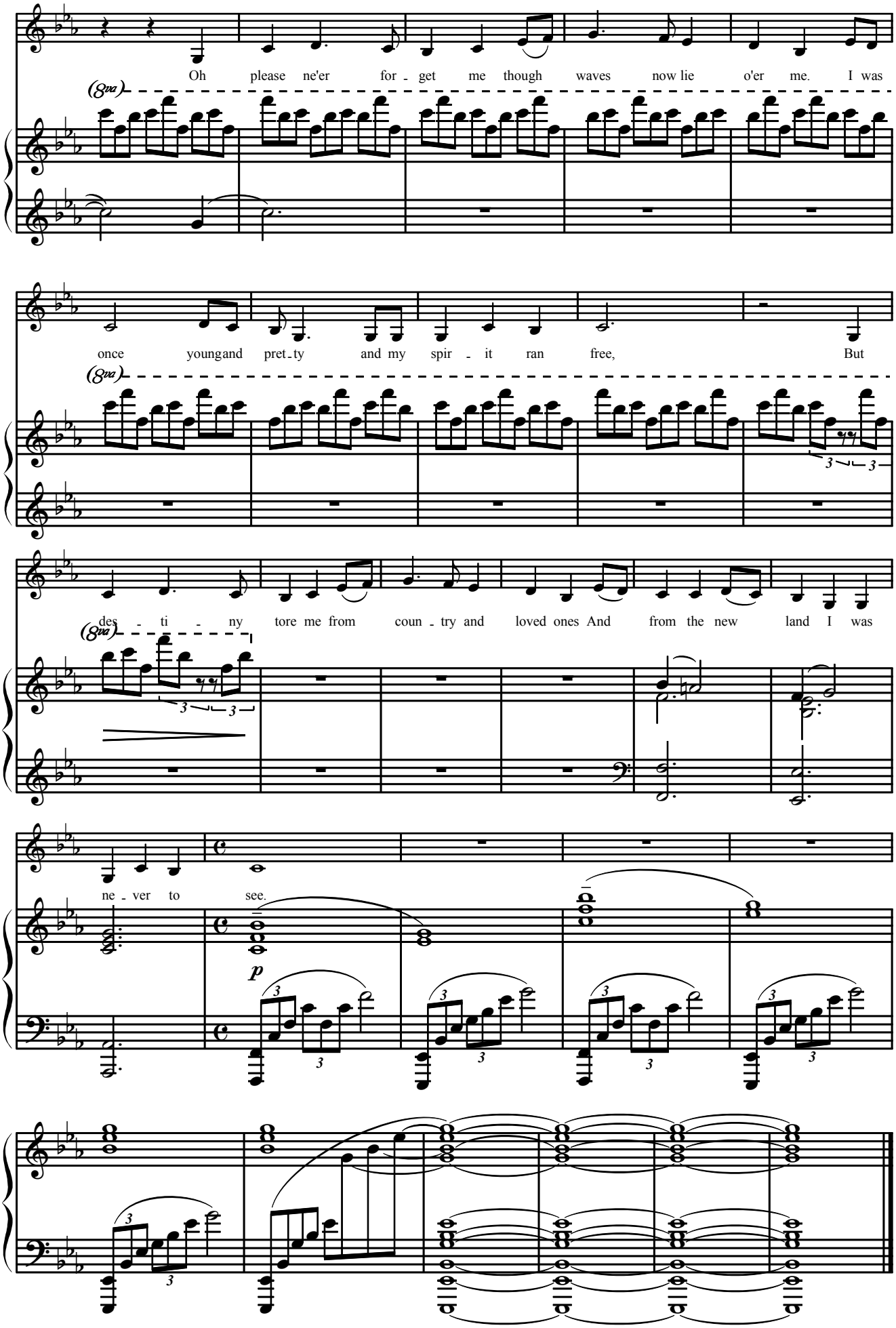

dear mo - ther's wail - ing And the prayers of three bro_thers that
I'd see no more And I felt fa - ther's tears as he
begged for for - give - - - ness For seek - ing a new life on the
mp
still dis - tant shore.
p
cresc.


8va
ff
meno mosso


meno mosso
8va
p
8va


8va
p
mf
mp
mf
fp
poco rit.


a tempo
p
fp
p
Tempo primo
8va
ppp
p
sf
8vb
sempre Pedale
(8va)


Oh please ne'er for - get me though waves now lie o'er me. I was
(8va)
once youngand pret - ty and my spir - it ran free, But
(8va)
des - ti - ny tore me from coun - try and loved ones And from the new land I was
(8va)
ne - ver to see.
p

An Emigrant's Daughter

Lyrics by B. Taylor

Oh please ne'er forget me though waves now lie o'er me
I was once young and pretty and my spirit ran free
But destiny tore me from country and loved ones
And from the new land I was never to see.
A poor emigrant's daughter too frightened to know
I was leaving forever the land of my soul
Amid struggle and fear my parents did pray
To place courage to leave o'er the longing to stay.

They spoke of a new land far away 'cross the sea
And of peace and good fortune for my brothers and me
So we parted from townland with much weeping and pain
'Kissed the loved ones and the friends we would ne'er see again.
The vessel was crowded with disquieted folk
The escape from past hardship sustaining their hope
But as the last glimpse of Ireland faded into the mist
Each one fought back tears and felt strangely alone.

The seas roared in anger, making desperate our plight
And a fever came o'er me that worsened next night
Then delirium possessed me and clouded my mind
And I, for a moment, saw that land left behind.
I could hear in the distance my dear mother's wailing
And the prayers of three brothers that I'd see no more
And I felt father's tears as he begged for forgiveness
For seeking a new life on the still distant shore.

The Story Behind the Song

This ballad tells the true story of the emigration of my Irish ancestors. In 1842 my great great great grandfather, Samuel Huston, his wife, Elizabeth, and their children left County Tyrone, Ireland, to emigrate to Canada. A daughter, whom I believe to have been in her early teens, died during that voyage. This is her story, as seen through her eyes and as sung through her voice.

The song originated as a poem, which I later adapted to the melody of a traditional old English ballad, «The Grenadier and the Lady». The lyrics are royalty-free for performance, publishing and recording purposes, but I would appreciate an acknowledgement of authorship.

Barry Taylor, Victoria, British Columbia, Canada, 1998.

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