

# Irish Song Lyrics

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## On The Sea

Under the skies of the Southern Cross  
The sails are swelling in the breeze,  
Where skims the broad-winged albatross  
Above the rushing, sparkling seas.  
Gaily, dancing, on we go,  
O'er the blue waves tinged with creamy foam,  
Like mountains capped with dazzling snow,  
So far from Erin - far from home!

Through sunny, breezy Capricorn  
The sweet airs freshly round us play;  
We seek the fair and distant bourne,  
Thus dancing onward, wild and gay.  
With speed of sea-bird's pinions light  
The good ship hurries through the foam,  
As if we swept not in our flight  
Far, far from Erin - far from home!