

# INDIA'S BURNING SHORE

*Performed by:* Tom Murphy

As I strayed beneath those lofty pines on India's burning shore,  
To listen to the tiger yowl and savage lion roar.  
As I stood gazing on the sand, so lonely, bleak, and drear,  
When to me advancing from the woods when that old man did appear.

The old man took me to a seat it being under that falling tree,  
By his request we both sat down for he thought to talk to me.  
But again the salt tears filled his eyes and he feebly grasped my hand,  
Beholding me that old man cried: 'I'm a native from Ireland.'

I lived down by the Shannon in the year of '68,  
All with my loving babe and wife on an English lord's estate.  
Until that cruel rebellion came and I was forced to go,  
For to fight for home and liberty in that cruel Saxon war.

Oh again that cruel rebellion they swore they would take my life,  
They then revenged their anger on my loving babe and wife.  
They mangled their dead bodies with their cruel Saxon swords,  
And they swore my precious blood they'd spill if I joined them rebel hordes.

At midnight out in the Rockies I was chosen for to be,  
Lieutenant in that army to protect my lone body.  
One night while we were hunting alone all in the wood,  
I drew my shining pistol sword and before that coward I stood.

'Come draw that cursedly sword of yours in which you have slain my wife,  
Defend yourself, you murdered her and a husband seeks their life.'  
And to fulfil that oath I swore, he tried all his skill on earth,  
I drove my canonly rifle sword deep into that coward's heart.

I now must take for the wildwood where I'm afraid it will end my life,  
But I'd like to die in old Ireland and be buried beside my wife.  
Go down to yon green cemetery in that consecrated ground,  
Lies the remains of the old patriarch and the loved ones to be found.