

# Hometown on the Foyle

As the train pulls out to-day from Derry city,  
A thousand memories linger in my mind,  
Why do I need to go it's such a pity,  
And all the dear old friends I leave behind.

As I gaze beyond the harbour I'm recalling,  
Familliar names like Doherty and Coyle,  
Through misty eyes I feel the teardrops falling,  
Goodbye to my old hometown on the Foyle.

## 4 BAR SOLO

The spire of St Eugene's seems to vanish,  
In the distance oh the city seems so high,  
My childhood dreams I never want to banish,  
When I wondered if it reached up to the sky.

Many thousand miles I've travelled on my journey,  
To a new home on the wild Australian soil,  
But never could I hope to lose the yearning,  
Goodbye to my old hometown on the Foyle.

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