

Song lyrics

The Shipyard Slips, by David Wilde (1977)

“From Belfast town I'm on my way
On a ship that was built for the tourist trade
I leave behind the land where I was born
And I won't return till my fortune is made

Chorus

**For I've served my time with the Island men
And I've known good times and work in plenty
But there's no work now in these troubled times
For the shipyard slips they're lying empty**

Farewell to my father and my mother fair
Old age has laid its hand upon you
You've loved me well and never failed
And it's leaving your side my heart will rue.
(chorus)

I've promised to write when I've settled down
To ease your mind for I know you'll worry
Just think of the time when I'll return
But don't count the days for time won't hurry
(chorus)

I'll remember the hills and the fresh north air
I'll remember the girls with their friendly smiles
I'll think of the friends I love so dear,
And I hope my love transcends the miles.
(chorus)

And I'm leaving the land where I was born
But I long for the day of my returning
To a job, a home and peace of mind
For the Belfast people I'll always be yearning”
(chorus)