The Green Fields of America (3)

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Farewell to the land of shillelagh and shamrock,
Where many a long day in pleasure I spent,
Farewell to my friends I leave here behind me,
To live in old Ireland if they are content.
Now, sorry am I for to leave this green island,
Whose cause I supported in both peace or war,
To live here in bondage I ne'er can be happy,
The green fields of America is sweeter by far.

I remember the time when our country it flourished
When tradesmen of all kinds had plenty of money
But our manufactory has crossed the Atlantic,
And we, boys, must follow to America.
No longer I'11 stay in the land of oppression,
No cruel task masters shall rule over me,
To the country of liberty I'l1 bid 'good morrow',
In the green fields of America we will be free.

Oh, who could stay here among want and starvation
To hear the poor children crying for bread?
And many poor creatures without habitations,
Or without a roof to cover their head.
Come, pack up your store, and consider no longer,
Six dollars a week, it's not very bad pay,
No taxes or tithes to devour up your labour,
When you are in the green fields of America.

My father is old and my mother she is feeble,
To leave their cottage their hearts feel sore,
The tears down their cheeks in large drops are falling
To think they must die on a foreign shore.
But little I care where my bones are buried,
If in peace and comfort I spend my life,
The green fields of Canada daily are blooming,
And then we will end all misery or strife.

Farewell to the groves of the sweet County Wicklow
Likewise to the girls of Erin all round,
May their hearts be as merry as ever I wish them,
'The now far away on the ocean I'm bound.
If ever it happens in a foreign climate,

A poor friendless Irishman comes in my way,
To the best I will make him right welcome,
At my home in the green fields of America.

The ship is now waiting, the anchor is weighing,
Farewell to the land I am going to leave,
My Mary she left both her father and mother,
With me to cross the western wave.
I'11 fill a bumper when we're on our passage,
And this is the toast from my heart I will say,
Here's health and long life to those that have courage,
To go to the free land of America.

From singing Paddy Tunney
APR99

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