

Deante

"The Green Fields Of Canada"

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So pack up your seastores, consider no longer
For ten dollars a week isn't very bad pay
With no taxes or tithes to devour up your wages
When you're on the green fields of Amerikay

Farewell to the groves of shellelagh and shamrock
Farewell to the wee girls of Ireland all 'round
May your hearts be as merry as ever I could wish for
When it's far away across the ocean I'm bound

Well, me father is old, and me mother's quite feeble
And to leave their own country, it grieves their hearts
sore
And the tears down their cheeks in great drops are
rolling
To think they must die upon a foreign shore

The sheep run unsheered and the land's run to rushes
The handyman's gone, and the winder of creals
Away across the ocean go journeyman tailors
And fiddlers that flaked out the old mountain reels

Ah but I mind the day when old Ireland was flourishing
And when lots of hard tradesmen did work for good
pay
Ah but since our manufacturies have crossed the
Atlantic
Sure it's there we must follow to Amerikay

And it's now to conclude and to finish my story
If ever friendless Irishmen chances my way
With the best in the house I will greet him and welcome
Far away on the green fields of Amerikay

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