

The Chieftains

"The Green Fields Of America"

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Farewell to the groves of shillelagh and the shamrock
Farewell to the girls of old Ireland all 'round
And may their hearts be as merry as ever they could
wish for
As far away o'er the ocean I'm bound

My father is old and my mother's right feeble
To leave their own country, it would grieve their heart
sore
Oh, the tears down their cheeks, in great floods they
are rolling
To think that I must die upon some far and foreign
shore

But what matter to me, where my bones they may lie
buried
If in peace and contentment I can spend my life
The green fields of Amerikay, they daily are calling
It's there I'll find an end to my misery and strife

So pack up your sea stores now, consider it no longer
Ten dollars a week isn't very bad pay
With no taxes or tithe there to devour up your wages
Across on the green fields of Amerikay

The lint dams are gone and the looms are lying idle
Gone are the winders of baskets and creels
And away o'er the ocean, go journeyman cowboys
And fiddlers who play out the old mountain reels

Ah, but I mind the time when old Ireland was
flourishing
And most of her tradesmen did work for good pay
Ah, but since our manufacturers have crossed the
Atlantic
Well, it's now that I must follow onto Amerikay

And now to conclude and to finish my ditty
If e'er a friendless Irishman should happen my way
With the best in the house, I will greet him and welcome
him
At home on the green fields of Amerikay

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