

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

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

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