

Dubliners, The "Four Green Fields"

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Â«What did I haveÂ», -
Said the fine old woman.
Â«What did I haveÂ», -
This proud old woman did say.
Â«I had four green fields,
Each one was a jewel
But strangers came and
Tried to take them from me
But my fine strong sons,
They fought to save my jewels
They fought and they died,
And that was my griefÂ» - said she.

Â«Long time agoÂ», -
Said the fine old woman.
Â«Long time agoÂ»,
This proud old woman did say
Â«There was war and death,
Plundering and pillage
My children starved,
By mountain, valley and stream
And their wailing cries,
They reached the very heavens
My four green fields ran red
With their bloodÂ», - said she.

Â«What have I nowÂ», -
Said the fine old woman.
Â«What have I nowÂ», -
This proud old woman did say.
Â«I have four green fields,
One of them's in bondage
In stranger's hands, that tried
To take it from me.
But my sons had sons,
As brave as were their fathers
My fourth green field will bloom once againÂ», -
Said she.

