

Four Green Fields

'What did I have',
said the fine old woman.
'What did I have',
this proud old woman did say.
'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 grief', said she.
'Long time ago',
said the fine old woman,
'Long time ago',
this proud old woman did say.
'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.
And my four green fields
ran red with their blood', said she.
'What have I now',
said the fine old woman.
'What have I now',
this proud old woman did say.
'I have four green fields,
one of them's in bondage.
In strangers' hands,
that try to take it from me.
But my sons have sons
As brave as were their fathers.
And my four green fields
will bloom once again', said she.
And my four green fields
will bloom once again', said she.