The Green Fields Of America - song lyrics

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The Green Fields of America.

Farewell to the land of shillahla and shamrock
Where many a long day in pleasure I spent,
Likewise to the friends that I leave here behind me
To live in old Ireland, if they are content;
How sorry I am for to leave this green island,
Whose cause I supported, both in peace and in war;
For to live here in bondage, I ne'er could be happy
The green fields of America are sweeter by far.
There once was a time when our country flourished,
When tradesmen of all kinds had plenty to do;
But our manufactories have crossed the Atlantic,
And we, boys, must go to America too;
No longer I'll stay in the land of oppression,
No cruel task-master shall rule over me;
To the country of liberty I'll bid good morrow-
In the green fields of America we will be free.
Oh I who would stay here amid want and starvation,
To hear their poor children crying for bread;
With many poor creatures without habitation,
Or shelter, whatever, to cover their heads?
Come, pack up your stores, and consider no longer,
Six dollars a week is not very bad pay,
With no tithes or taxes to devour your wages,
When you are in the green fields of America.
Farewell to the groves in the county of Wicklow,
Likewise to the girls of green Erin, all 'round,
May their hearts be as merry as ever I saw them,
Although far away on the ocean I'm bound;
If ever it happens in a foreign country,
A poor friendless Irish man comes in my way,
To the best I will make him right welcome, my hearties,
At my home in the green fields of America.