

The Green Fields of Canada
traditional Irish ballad

Note: On this recording, Grey Larsen plays the melody of this ballad, on an Irish alto flute, as a slow air, an instrumental interpretation of the song. The ballad's lyrics are shown below.

Farewell to the groves of shillelagh and shamrock
Farewell to the girls of old Ireland all 'round
May their hearts be as merry as ever I would wish them
When far, far away on the ocean I'm bound

Oh my father is old, and my mother's quite feeble
To leave their own country, it grieves their hearts sore
Oh the tears in great drops down their cheeks they are rolling
To think they must die upon a foreign shore

But what matters to me where my bones may be buried
If in peace and contentment I can spend my life
Oh the green fields of Canada, they daily are blooming
And it's there I'll put an end to my miseries and strife

Then it's pack up your sea stores and tarry no longer
Ten dollars a week isn't very bad pay
With no taxes nor tithes to devour up your wages
When you're on the green fields of America

The sheep run unshorn and the land's gone to rushes
The handyman's gone, and the winders of creels
Away 'cross the ocean go journeyman tailors
And fiddlers that played out the old mountain reels

Ah, but I mind the time when old Ireland was flourishing
When lots of her tradesmen could work for good pay
But since our manufactories have crossed the Atlantic
It's now we must follow to America

Farewell to the dances in homes now deserted
When tips struck the lightening in sparks from the floor
The paving and crigging of hobnails on flagstones
The tears of the old folk and shouts of encore

For the landlords and bailiffs in vile combination
Have forced us from hearth stone and homestead away
May the crowbar brigade all be doomed to damnation
When we're on the green fields of America

And it's now to conclude and to finish my dittie
If ever friendless Irishman chances my way
With the best in the house I will treat him and welcome
At home on the green fields of America