

## The green fields of Americay Dan Mulhern

Farewell to old Ireland the land of my father's  
Of which I am going forever to leave  
Farewell to the shore where nature adorned  
The bright spot of beauty the home of the brave  
When I think on these valleys and kind relations  
And never again those green hills to see  
We are bound for to cross the wild western ocean  
In search of a fortune to Americay.

Well it's hard to be forced from the land where you lived in  
Your houses and farms they have compelled to sell  
And to wander away amongst Indians and strangers  
And find out a home for your children to dwell  
But it's here we'll land gain at the fruit of hard labour  
Boys this is the land for yous and for me  
Where you will live happy and be your own master  
In the land of the plenty they call liberty.

Well there is a wee girl I'm going to take with me  
Her dwelling it lies near the sweet county Down  
It would break her poor heart to leave her behind me  
With us to ramble the wide world around  
Come away to this country my bonnie wee lassie  
But farewell to old Ireland and then come with me  
I'll do my endeavour to keep her heart cheery  
When she's in the land they call sweet Liberty.

Our good ship she lies at sweet Derry harbour  
To bear us across the wild swelling sea  
May the heaven's be our pilot and send her sweet breezes  
To ...

There's whiskey in Quebec at ten cents a gallon  
Rum in New Brunswick a penny a glass  
They've gin in a town we call Montreal  
And sure we will call on each other we pass  
We will call on a bumper of new wine and brandy  
We'll drink to our country that lies o'er the sea  
And our hearts will be well with the thoughts of old Ireland  
When we're in the land they call sweet Liberty.

Our good ship she lies near sweet Derry harbour  
To bear us across the wild swelling sea  
May the heaven's be our pilot and send her sweet breezes  
Till we're in the land they call sweet Liberty.