

# The Green Fields Of Canada

Planxty

Farewell to the groves of shellelagh 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 away across the ocean I'm bound

Oh my father is old and my mother 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 some 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 It's there I'll put an end to my miseries and strife.

Then it's pack up your seastores and tarry no longer Ten dollars a week isn't very bad pay; With no taxes or tithes to devour up your wages When you're on the green fields of Amerikay

The lint dams are dry and the looms are all broken, The coopers are gone and the winders of creels, Away o'er the ocean go journeymen tailors, And fiddlers who flaked out the old mountain reels.

The sheep run unshorn and the land's gone to rushes The handyman's gone and the winders of creels Away across the ocean good journeyman tailors And fiddlers that play out the old mountain tunes.

Farewell to the dances in homes now deserted, When tips struck the lightening in splanks from the floor, The paving and clogging 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 hearthstone and homestead away May the crowbar brigade all be doomed to damnation When we're on the fields of America.

The timber grows thick on the slopes of Columbia With Douglas in grandeur two hundred feet tall, The salmon and sturgeon dam streamlet and river, And the high Rocky Mountains look down on it all.

On the prairie and plain sure the wheat waves all golden The maple gives sugar to sweeten your tay. You won't want for corn cob way out in Saskatchewan When you're in the green fields of Americay.

And if you grow weary of pleasure and plenty Of fruit from the  
orchard and fish from the foam, There's health and good hunting  
'way back in the forests Where herds of great moose and wild b  
uffalo roam.

And it's now to conclude and to finish my ditty If ever friendl  
ess Irishmen chances my way With the best in the house I will t  
reat him, and welcome At home in the green fields of Amerikay.