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The Green Fields of America (2)

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Our ship is now waiting, her anchor she's weighing
Farewell to the land that I'm going to leave
My Betsy has parted with father and mother
With me for to cross o'er the wide western wave.

So hasten, dear Betsy, my dear blue-eyed lassie
Bid farewell to your mother and come along with me.
I'll do my endeavour to make your heart cheery
Till we reach the green fields of Americay.

There's brandy in Quebec at just tenpence a quart, boys,
There's gin in New Brunswick at a penny a glass.
There's rum in the town that they call Montreal
And we will drink hearty each one as we pass.

So cheer up your hearts all you lads and young lasses
There's gold here among us and lots of it too;
Success to the hearts that have courage to venture
Misfortune to him or to her that would rue.

Farewell to the groves of the sweet County Wicklow
Likewise to the girls of old Erin around.
May their hearts be as merry as ever I wish them
Although far away on the ocean I'm bound.

And if ever it happens in some foreign climate
That a poor friendless Irishman should come in my way,
With the best I can give him I'll make him right welcome
In my own habitation in Americay.

From Folksongs and Ballads Popular in Ireland, volume 4, Ossian
note: I don't know what happened to Betsy after verse 2

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