

# Cherish The Ladies, The Green Fields Of Canada

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

Oh my father is old, and my mother is quite feeble  
To leave their own country, it grieves their heart 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  
And it's there I'll put an end to my miseries and strife

So pack up your sea stores 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 America

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

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 story  
If e'er friendless Irishmen chance my way  
With the best in the house I will treat him and welcome  
At home in the green fields of America

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