

The Green Fields of Americay

1. 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.

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

3. 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!

4. 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.

5. 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.

6. 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.