

The Green Fields o' Derry

O' the green fields o' Derry are very far away,
But I sometimes think I see them at the dyin'
o' the day

At the evening mist a-croppin' up from where
the fainies play
Round the borders o' the green fields o' Derry

The green fields o' Derry a-slopin' to the streams
Sure I form them in my fancy, I draw them in my dreams
An' tho' but a wheen o' years ago, a century it seems
Since I wandered from the green fields o' Derry

Och, "far off fields are green" they say, and sure
I've found it true,

For every inch of o' green or gray there's miles o' black & blue
A bit o' gold, but och, a heart that's like to break in two
For a glimmer o' the green fields o' Derry.

An' sure I'd give my heart to hear a Derry Colleen sing
Some grand old song I used to love when life was in the spring
Or hear a strapping buck make the roof & rafters ring
In a cabin on the green fields o' Derry

The charming Derry Colleen - I long to see them pass
Across the purple heather, an' up the road to Mass
An' afon' the world did back them, an' I let it want.

Surpass
The Colleen o' the green fields o' Derry.

The green fields o' Derry where'er my
footsteps stray
I want forget the scenes I knew in Ireland
far away

May they be shall linger round them
An' my heart shall ever pray
God's blessing on the green fields o' Derry