The Green Fields o’ Derry

O’ the Green Fields o’ Derry are very far away

But I sometimes think I see the at the dyin’ o’ the day

Ur’ the evenin’ mist a-creepin’ up from where the fairies play

Rown’ the borders o’ the green fields o’ Derry

The Green Fields o Derry a-slopin’ to the streams

Sure [aforrn] them in my fancy I draw them in my dreams

An’ tho’ but a wheen o’ yars aug 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 such ~~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 gran’ auld song I used to love when life was in the spring

Or hear a strappin’ bruchal make the roof + rafters sing

In a cabin on the Green Fields o Derry

The charming Derry Colleens I long to see them pass

Across the purple heather, an’ up the road to mass

An’ afen’ the world I’d back then, an’ I bet it won’t surpass

The Colleens o’ the Green Fields o Derry

The Green fields o Derry were so my footsteps stray

I can’t forget the scenes I Knew in Ireland far away

My thoughts shall linger round them

An my heart shall ever pray

God’s blessing on the Green Fields o’ Derry