

The Green Rolling Hills of My Home

The Irish Rovers

Well I'm bidding farewell to the land of my childhood
Where friends and relations remain
With me heart full of woe it grieves me to go
But I mean to return once again

The land that I love can no longer support us
The hunger and cold takes no rest
The blight on the fields leaves little to yield
And the landlords take only the best

So I'm sailing away at the dawn of the day
But no matter where I chance to roam
Me heart it will yearn til the day I return
To the green rolling hills of my home

The old ones they say that the voyage is folly
To cross the Atlantical Sea
And many before who sailed from the shore
Well they never reached sweet liberty

So I'm sailing away at the dawn of the day
But no matter where I chance to roam
Me heart it will yearn til the day I return
To the green rolling hills of my home

And if I should somehow be one of the chosen
To reach North America's shore
Come hardship or pain I will never complain
At what providence might have in store

So I'm sailing away at the dawn of the day
But no matter where I chance to roam
Me heart it will yearn til the day I return
To the green rolling hills of my home

Kind fate blow ye winds both gentle and easy
And guide us safe over the foam
I'll hope and I'll pray to return one fine day
To the green rolling hills of my home

So I'm sailing away at the dawn of the day
But no matter where I chance to roam
Me heart it will yearn til the day I return
To the green rolling hills of my home

Oh me heart it will yearn til the day I return
To the green rolling hills of my home
To the green rolling hills of my home