My Green Valleys

My Green Valleys
(Glen Reid)

Oh, the seagulls are callin' and the wind is in the sails,
And she's fast moving out to the sea
On a ship bound for St. Johns three thousand miles away,
A human cargo: my comrades and me.

It hurts me to think of the things I left behind,
Though the famine has blackened the land,
And to look now for something that I may never find,
It's a problem that's now close at hand.

Cho: Fare thee well, green valleys. God keep you the same,
If only in my mind you'll be.
I'm sailing dark waters for far Americay
And never more my green valleys to see.

There's a fever a-ragin' and the winds have died away,
And our journey may no longer be.
Though the plague is a shadow that lingers night and day,
Warmer thoughts of green valleys I see.

Chorus twice and repeat last line
XX