

# Peter, Paul & Mary, Fair Ireland

They build bombs and aim their pistols in the shadow of the cross  
And they swear an oath of vengeance to the martyrs they have lost  
But they pray for peace on Sundays with a rosary in each hand  
It's long memories and short tempers that have cursed poor Ireland  
It's long memories and short tempers that have cursed poor Ireland

We have cousins on the old sod and we don't forget our kin  
From Boston we send more guns and we tell them they can win  
Then we turn back to our green beer and to MacNamara's Band  
It's true friends with false perceptions that have cursed poor Ireland  
True friends with false perceptions that have cursed poor Ireland

They weave tales of wit and magic and their songs are strong and free  
But they fail to hear each other, prisoners of history  
Orange flags wave for the British to greet the army's clicking heel  
And Irish curse their Irish brother for the altar where they kneel  
And now provoked to greater anger by the distant royal hand  
It's old hatreds and young victims that have cursed poor Ireland  
Old hatreds and young victims that have cursed poor Ireland

So we're left with retribution it's the cycle of the damned  
And the hope becomes more distant as the flames of hate are fanned  
Who will listen to the children for they're taught to take their stand  
They say love and true forgiveness can still heal fair Ireland  
They say love and true forgiveness can still heal fair Ireland

Only love and real forgiveness can still heal fair Ireland