

Wolfe Tones, The Boys Of The Old Brigade

Oh, father why are you so sad
On this bright Easter morn
When Irish men are proud and glad
Of the land that they were born?
Oh, son, I see in memories few
Of far off distant days
When being just a lad like you
I joined the IRA.

Where are the lads that stood with me
When history was made?
A Ghra Mo Chroi, I long to see
The boys of the old brigade.

From hills and farms a call to arms
Was heard by one and all.
And from the glen came brave young men
To answer Ireland's call.
It wasn't long ago we faced a foe,
The old brigade and me,
And by my side they fought and died
That Ireland might be free.

Where are the lads that stood with me
When history was made?
A Ghra Mo Chroi, I long to see
The boys of the old brigade.

And now, my boy, I've told you why
On Easter morn I sigh,
For I recall my comrades all
And dark old days gone by.
I think of men who fought in glen
With rifle and grenade.
May heaven keep the men who sleep
From the ranks of the old brigade.

Where are the lads that stood with me
When history was made?
A Ghra Mo Chroi, I long to see
The boys of the old brigade.