

BOYS OF THE OLD BRIGADE

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Oh Father - why are you so sad on this bright Easter morn?
When Irishmen are proud and glad of the land where they were born?
Oh son, I see in mem'ry's view a far off distant day
When being just a lad like you, I joined the IRA!

[CHORUS and between verses]

Where are the lads who stood with me when history was made?
Oh grá mo chroi, I long to see the Boys of the Old Brigade!

In hills and farms the call to arms was heard by one and all,
And from the glens came brave young men to answer Ireland's call.
'Twas long ago we faced the foe, the old brigade and me,
But by my side they fought and died that Ireland might be free.

And now my boy I've told you why on Easter morn I sigh
For I recall my comrades all from dark old days gone by,
I think of men who fought in glens with rifles and grenade
May Heaven keep the men who sleep from the ranks of the old brigade.