

## Talk Celtic

### "Boys of the Old Brigade"

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Chorus:

Where are the lads that stood with me  
When histoy was made  
Oh gran mo cree I long to see  
The boys of the old brigade

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 sad memories  
Of far off distant days  
When being just a boy like you  
I joined the old brigade

Chorus

In the hills and farms the call to arms  
Was heard by one and all  
And from the glens came brave young men  
To answer Irelands call  
Twas long ago we faced the foe  
The old brigade and me  
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 the 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

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