

The Town Pants "Boys Of The Old Brigade"

Visit "[Boys Of The Old Brigade](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 mem'ries 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.
'T 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.

Visit [The Town Pants](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.