

## **Charlie & The Bhoys**

### **"Bring Them Home"**

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Hear it ring on the air  
It's the voice of my country so fair  
Can't you feel can't you see  
Irishmen will set them free

In the jail that held Mc Sweeney  
In the prison where he died  
Lies two daughters of old Ireland  
And they fill my heart with pride  
For I know that England wishes  
That we'd let them die alone  
But the voice of dear old Ireland  
Cries for us to bring them home

Hear it ring on the air  
It's the voice of my country so fair  
Can't you feel can't you see  
Irishmen will set them free

Twas the love of dear old Ireland  
Brought them to a prison hell  
But the ghosts of Pearse and Connolly  
Filled their lonely prison cell  
Clarke and Plunkett stand beside them  
McDonagh, McDermott and Wolfe Tone  
And all the voices of old Ireland  
Cry for us to bring them home

Hear it ring on the air  
It's the voice of my country so fair  
Can't you feel can't you see  
Irishmen will set them free

So I pray you men of Ireland  
Don't betray our daughters true  
Proudly stand beside our heroes  
Lest they die for me and you  
Though the tyrant would deny us  
We can break their hearts of stone  
And all of Ireland will be singing  
When we bring our daughters home

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