

Peter, Paul & Mary "Fair Ireland"

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They build bombs and aim their pistols in the shadow
of the cross
And they swear an oath of vengeance to the martyrs
they have lost
But they pray for peace on Sundays with a rosary in
each hand
It's long memories and short tempers that have cursed
poor Ireland
It's long memories and short tempers that have cursed
poor Ireland

We have cousins on the old sod and we don't forget
our kin
From Boston we send more guns and we tell them they
can win
Then we turn back to our green beer and to
MacNamaras Band
It's true friends with false perceptions that have cursed
poor Ireland
True friends with false perceptions that have cursed
poor Ireland

They weave tales of wit and magic and their songs are
strong and free
But they fail to hear each other, prisoners of history

Orange flags wave for the British to greet the armys
clicking heel
And Irish curse their Irish brother for the altar where
they kneel
And now provoked to greater anger by the distant royal
hand
It's old hatreds and young victims that have cursed
poor Ireland
Old hatreds and young victims that have cursed poor
Ireland

So we're left with retribution its the cycle of the
damned
And the hope becomes more distant as the flames of
hate are fanned
Who will listen to the children for they're taught to take

their stand

They say love and true forgiveness can still heal fair
Ireland

They say love and true forgiveness can still heal fair
Ireland

Only love and real forgiveness can still heal fair Ireland

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