

Eire Og

"Irish Soldier Laddie"

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'Twas a morning in July, I was walking to Tipperary
When I heard a battle cry
From the mountains over head
As I looked up in the sky
I saw an Irish soldier laddie
He looked at me right fearlessly and said:
Will ye stand in the band like a true Irish man,
And go and fight the forces of the crown?
Will ye march with O'Neill to an Irish battle field?
For tonight we're gonna free old Wexford town!
Well said I to that soldier boy
"Won't you take me to your captain
T'would be my pride and joy
For to march with you today.
My brother fell in Cork,
My son at Innes Carthay!"
Unto the noble captain I did say:
Will ye stand in the band like a true Irish man,
And go and fight the forces of the crown?
Will ye march with O'Neill to an Irish battle field?
For tonight we're gonna free old Wexford town!
As we marched back home again
In the shadow of the evening
With our banners flying low
To the memory of our dead
We returned unto our homes
But without our soldier laddie
Yet I never will forget those words he said:
Will ye stand in the band like a true Irish man,
And go and fight the forces of the crown?
Will ye march with O'Neill to an Irish battle field?
For tonight we're gonna free old Wexford town!

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