

**Paddy Schmidt****"THE BOYS OF THE OULD BRIGADE"**

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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 mem'ries view  
Of far-off distant days,  
When, being just a boy like you,  
I joined the IRA  
In hills and farms the call to arms  
Was heard by one and all  
And from the glens came brave young men  
To answer Ireland's call  
'Twas long ago we faced the foe  
The old brigade and me  
But 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 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

Where are the lads who stood with me

When history was made?

Oh, gra mo chree I long to see

The Boys of the Old Brigade

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