

Irish Folksongs

"BOYS OF THE OLD 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 I.R.A.

Chorus:

Where are the lads who stood with me
When history was made?
Oh, gra mo chroi I long to see
The Boys of the Old Brigade

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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