

## Irish Folksongs

### "BRING THEM HOME"

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In the jail that held McSwiney, in that prison where he  
died  
There lie two daughters of old Ireland and they fill my  
heart with pride  
For I know England wishes that we'd let them die alone  
But the voice of Dear old Ireland cries for us to bring  
them home

Chorus:

Here it ring in 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 for loving dear old Ireland brought them to their  
prison hell  
But the ghost of Pearse and Connolly fill there lonely  
prison cell  
Clarke and Plunkett stand beside them McDonagh,  
McDermott and Wolfe Tone  
But the voice of Dear old Ireland cries for us to bring  
them home

So I pray young men of Ireland Don't betray our  
daughters true  
Proudly stand behind our heroes blessed they died for  
you and me  
Though the tyrant would deny us we can break their  
hearts of stone  
And all the voices will be singing when we bring our  
daughters home

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