

## Town Pants "Boys Of The Old Brigade"

Visit "[Boys Of The Old Brigade](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Oh, father why are you so sad  
On this bright Easter morn'  
When Irish men are proud and glad  
Of the land that they were born?  
Oh, son, I see in mem'ries few  
Of far off distant days  
When being just a lad like you  
I joined the IRA.

Where are the lads that stood with me  
When history was made?  
A Ghra Mo Chroi, I long to see  
The boys of the old brigade.

From hills and farms a call to arms  
Was heard by one and all.  
And from the glen came brave young men  
To answer Ireland's call.  
'T wasn't long ago we faced a foe,  
The old brigade and me,  
And by my side they fought and died  
That Ireland might be free.  
Where are the lads that stood with me  
When history was made?  
A Ghra Mo Chroi, I long to see  
The boys of the old brigade.

And now, my boy, I've told you why  
On Easter morn' I sigh,  
For I recall my comrades all  
And dark old days gone by.  
I think of men who fought in glen  
With rifle and grenade.  
May heaven keep the men who sleep  
From the ranks of the old brigade.

Visit [Town Pants](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.