

Minstrels Of Mayhem

"Ballad for Erin"

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There are mysteries in each of our green rolling hills
There are stories in each brick we've laid
But for all of our beauty and all of our history
There surely has been a price we have paid

We fought for our loved ones, we fought for our land
We died in the fields and we perished at sea
We lived through the famine, we'll live through the
English
There's no place as strong as this Irish country

The famine took all of the crops from our fields
Strange lands drew our daughters and sons
But we toiled on, though our children were gone
Then our shores felt the wrath of Elizabeth's guns

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Religion it seems has divided our souls
The hatred and bloodshed still thrive
But if our enmities cease, and we keep working for
peace
It can only be then that our land will survive

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We died in the fields and we perished at sea
We lived through the famine, we'll live through the
English
There's no place as home as this Irish country

