

# The Wolfe Tones - The Boys Of The Old Brigade

Tom: G

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

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

## Acordes

