

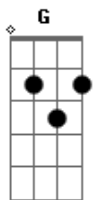
# The Wolfe Tones - The Boys Of The Old Brigade

Tom: G

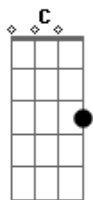
Oh, father why are you so sad  
On this bright Easter morn'  
When Irish men are proud and glad  
Of the land that they were born?  
Oh, son, I see in mem'ries few  
Of far off distant days  
When being just a lad like you  
I joined the Ira  
Where are the lads that stood with me  
When history was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

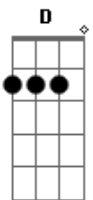
## Acordes



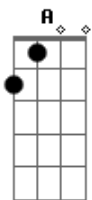
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