

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

