

Lament For Ireland

^C Our island is changing no ^F more can I ^C lie and
^C pretend it's ^G all for the ^C better
gone are the days of shillelagh and fairies
down in the grave with our heroe's

^F Ireland of old is gone for some ^C
^G Ireland of old is gone ^C

The old ones are dying
so too are the young
the price of life is soaring
what of the many who are left behind
to struggle wuth lifes daily burden

Ireland of old is gone for some
Ireland of old is gone

We still have the harp but there's greed in our hearts
the landlords are now our own
people
many have died so many tears cried
to blow it for corporate expansion

Ireland
of old is gone for some
Ireland of old is gone

Its easy to see what this island could
be
the land of the saint and the scholar
progress is a must but what is the cost
and what will become of our nation

Ireland of old is gone for some
Ireland of old is gone

A romantic I am but shur that's
in my blood
the blood of the Collins and Murphys
I year for the days told in the old tales
to live simply like thoes
gone before me

Ireland of old is gone for some
Ireland of old is gone,

