

Oh, My Heart Bleeds For Old Ireland - song lyrics

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Oh, My Heart Bleeds for Old Ireland.

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Oh, my heart bleeds for old Ireland,
And I wish that I was there;
For I long to help its people.
Suffering in that land so fair.
Tis the harsh and cruel landlords,
Who have crushed them to the ground,
With no pity in their bosoms
For the children weeping 'round.

Chorus.

Hark! I hear a voice of hunger
Wafted o'er the ocean foam;
Oh, my heart bleeds for old Ireland,
And I wish that I was home.

Oh, my heart bleeds for old Ireland,
Like a wolf the landlord stands;
Tho' his hungry tenant perish,
Yet his heart's blood he demands.
He has made dark desolation
In that land so angel fair;
And his victims die around him,
With no hand to help them there.-Chorus.

Oh, my heart bleeds for old Ireland,
And I would that I could aid
All its weeping sons and daughters.
Who for help so long have prayed.
Would that every Christian nation,
Might with firm and iron hand,
Rise and drive the foul oppressors
From that once dear happy land.-Chorus.