

# Ireland For The Irish - song lyrics

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IRELAND FOR THE IRISH.

By A. A. Walls.

Ireland for the Irish, is oar motto, says Parnell,  
Those fertile fields and flowery dales young Emmet loved so well,  
Were never decked by nature for an English absentee,  
Come, Erin's sons, take up your guns And fight for liberty.

Chorus.

We'll meet the English army, those landlords we'll defy.  
We'll meet them as our old brigade at the charge of Fontenoy.

Gladstone's bill is a failure, boys, and so is Foster's plan,  
They said they would drive the Irish race from their native land;  
They would force them to emigrate, or lock them up in jail.  
And swore they'd stop the "Irish World " from coming thro'the mail.-Cho.  
The brave and noble Davitt lies in a prison cell.  
Likewise the brave John Dillon, Brannen, and Father Sheahy, as well;  
They struggled hard for Erin's Isle, they organized the league,  
For Ireland and the Irish to die they're not afraid.

Chorus.

We'll meet the English army, those landlords we'll defy.  
And free our noble heroes from the dungeons where they lie.  
May Erin's sons and daughters live to see our Ireland free,  
The great Parnell, our president, our ships upon the sea;  
The army just like Sherman had, General Burke in full command.  
To keep those frauds, or titled lords, out of our native land.

Chorus

Then Ireland's young Republic will happy, happy be,  
No landlords' slaves or pauper's graves, when Erin's Isle is free.