

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Song From the Backwoods

Song From the Backwoods
(T.D. Sullivan)

Deep in the Canadian woods we've met,
From one bright island flown;
Great is the land we tread, but yet
Our hearts are with our own.
And ere we leave this shanty small,
While fades the autumn day,
We'll toast old Ireland! dear old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!

We've heard her faults a hundred times,
The new ones and the old,
In songs and sermons, rants and rhymes,
Enlarged some fifty-fold.
But take them all, the great and small,
And this we've got to say:
Here's dear old Ireland! good old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!

We know that brave and good men tried
To snap her rusty chain,
That patriots suffered, martyrs died,
And all, 'tis said, in vain;
But no, boys, no! a glance will show
How far they've won their way -
Here's dear old Ireland! loved old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!

We've seen the wedding and the wake,
The patron and the fair;
The stuff they take, the fun they make,
And the heads they break down there,
With a loud 'hurroo' and a 'pillalu',
And a thunderclap 'clear the way!'
Here's gay old Ireland! dear old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!

And well we know in the cool grey eyes,
When the hard day's work is o'er,
How soft and sweet are the words that greet
The friends who meet once more;
With 'Mary Machree!' and 'My Pat! 'tis he!'

And 'My own heart night and day!
Ah, fond old Ireland!, dear old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!

And happy and bright are the groups that pass
From their peaceful homes, for miles
O'er fields, and roads, and hills, to Mass,
When Sunday morning smiles!
And deep the zeal their true hearts feel
When low they kneel and pray.
O, dear old Ireland! blest old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!

But deep in Canadian woods we've met,
And we may never see again
The dear old isle where our hearts are set,
And our first fond hopes remain!
But come, fill up another cup,
And with every sup let's say -
Here's loved old Ireland! good old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!

CDJ
Oct00