

Traditional Irish Music

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Boys Of The Old Brigade

C F C G
Oh father why are you so sad on this bright Easter morn,
C F C G C
When Irish men are proud and glad of the land where they were born?
G C F G
Oh son, I see in memories' view of far off distant days
C F C G C
When beeing just a boy like you I joined the I.R.A.

CH
G C F G
Where are the lads that stood with me when history was made
C F C G C
Oh Gra Mo Criodh, I long to see the boys of the old brigade

From hills and farms the call to arms was heard by one and all
And from the glen came brave young men to answer Ireland's call
T'was long ago we faced the foe, the old brigade and me
And by my side they fought and died that Ireland might be free
Chorus:

And now, my boy, I told you why on Easter morn I sigh
For I recall my comrades all of dark old days gone by
I think of men who fought in the glen with rifles and grenade.
May heaven keep the men who sleep, from the ranks of the old brigade

Chorus (twice):