

Bring Them Home

(Chorus)

^D Here it ring on the air,^GIt's the voice of my country so fair^A
^D Cant you feel ,cant you see ,Irishmen will set them free^G ^A ^D

^D In the jail that held Mc Sweeney^A
^D In the prison where he died
^A Lies the daughters of old Ireland
^G ^A ^D And they fill my heart with pride
^A ^D For I know that England wishes
^G ^A That we'd let them die alone
^D ^G But all the voices of dear old Ireland
^A ^D Cries for us to bring them home

Twass the love of dear old Ireland
Brought them to a prison hell
But the ghostsof Pearse and Connolly
Filled their lonely prison cell
Clarke and Plunkett stand beside them
Mc Donagh Mc Dermot and Wolfe Tone
And all the voices of old Ireland
Cry for us to bring them home

So I pray you men of Ireland
Dont betray our daughters true
Proudly stand beside our heroes
Lest they die for me and you
Though the tyrant would deny us
We can break their hearts of stone
And all of Ireland will be singing
When we bring our daughters home