Boys Of The Old Brigade (G)

Oh father, why are you so sad, On this bright Easter morn G When Irishmen are proud and glad D G G Of the land where they were born Oh, son, I see sad memories view С G D Of far-off distant days When, being just a lad like you DG I joined the I.R.A.

D Where are the lads who stood with me G C D When history was made

Oh, gra mo chroi I long to see G D G The Boys of the Old Brigade

In hills and farms the call to arms Was heard by one and all And from the glens came brave young men To answer Ireland's call 'Twas long ago we fought 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, you've asked me why On Easter morn I sigh For I recall my comrades all And dark old days gone by I think of men who fought in glens With rifles and grenade May Heaven keep the men who sleep From the ranks of the old brigade

Chorus x 2