

# Ireland my Ireland

The Wolfe Tones

In my dreams I know that I can fly  
But like the small birds and the free birds  
I can fly just like the birds on high  
To the freedom of the sky  
I can soar across the heavens  
How easy now it seems  
Like the birds I will have no cares or sorrows  
I the shadow, the shadows of my dreams

Ireland my Ireland  
It seems to me that all the leaves  
Are sighing in the breeze  
Ireland I cry for my lan-ah  
And it seems to me that all the leaves are gone

As I wonder through my lonely land  
My heart is full of pain  
For our people have no freedom  
Their impovirished and enchained  
I see them fight and struggle  
Against the stormy hearts of men  
A language struggle with the people  
And by hunger all are slane  
Ireland my Ireland  
Banashed to a land beyond the sea

I see a rich a rich and fertile land  
I feel the spirit of a nation  
A maiden weeps she weeps upon the harp  
I see tumbling towns and towers  
I a land of beauty and of splendour  
From the mountains to the seas  
But the wild flowers drown in sorrow  
In this valley, this valley filled with tears

Ireland my Ireland  
It seems to me that all the leaves  
Are sighing in the breeze  
Ireland I cry for my lan-ah  
And it seems to me that all the leaves are gone

So I fly across this lonely land  
I see golden fields of corn  
I see a land thats filled with plenty  
Yet the people starve and die  
Young Ireland now is silienced  
And are banashed far away  
The lion preys upon the people  
And devoures them night and day