

Song of the Backwoods

The Wolfe Tones

Ireland, boys, hurra! Ireland, boys, hurra!
We'll toast old Ireland! dear old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!

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,
Here's dear old Ireland! loved old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!

Ireland, boys, hurra! Ireland, boys, hurra!
We'll toast old Ireland! dear old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!

To 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!

Ireland, boys, hurra! Ireland, boys, hurra!
We'll toast 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!

Ireland, boys, hurra! Ireland, boys, hurra!
We'll toast old Ireland! dear old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!