

## St. Patrick's Day

The Wolfe Tones

Oh, father why are you so sad  
On this bright Easter morn'  
When Irish men are proud and glad  
Of the land that they were born?  
Oh, son, I see in mem'ries few  
Of far off distant days  
When being just a lad like you  
I joined the IRA.  
Where are the lads that stood with me  
When history was made?  
A Ghra Mo Chroi, I long to see  
The boys of the old brigade.  
From hills and farms a call to arms  
Was heard by one and all.  
And from the glen came brave young men  
To answer Ireland's call.  
'T wasn't long ago we faced a foe,  
The old brigade and me,  
And by my side they fought and died  
That Ireland might be free.  
Where are the lads that stood with me  
When history was made?  
A Ghra Mo Chroi, I long to see  
The boys of the old brigade.  
And now, my boy, I've told you 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 glen  
With rifle and grenade.  
May heaven keep the men who sleep  
From the ranks of the old brigade.  
Where are the lads that stood with me  
When history was made?  
A Ghra Mo Chroi, I long to see  
The boys of the old brigade.