

Irish Song Lyrics

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Boys Of Old Erin The Green

You true hearted sons of Hibernia
I hope you'll attend for awhile,
To a song I am going to sing you
In praise of old Erin's green isle;
Concerning that terrible battle,
Where bloodshed and battery was seen,
With the beefeating bullies of England
And the boys of old Erin the Green.

Chorus:
Hurrah for the sons of the Shamrock,
Who always victorious have been,
And where is the nation can equal
The boys of old Erin the Green.

2. To cut down the English harvest
Some hearty gay fellows did go
From the Counties of Clare, Louth and Leitrim,
Roscommon, Kildare, and Mayo,
From Counties Tyrone, Cork and Cavan,
The boys of Tipperary were seen;
Each man had a twig of shillelagh,
That grew in old Erin the Green.

Chorus:

3. Being dry they went into an ale house,
They joined to drink whiskey and beer;
Each man drank a favourite toast,
To his wife or sweetheart so dear.
And they sang of the land of their fathers,
Where oppression and suffering were seen,
Which caused many hundreds to wander
Away from Old Erin the Green.

Chorus:

4. At length they all emptied their glasses,
For that being the hiring day,
To look out for work at high wages,
To the market place they took their way.
The English assembled in hundreds,
Where all sorts of weapons were seen,
Determined they were for to slaughter
The boys of Old Erin the Green.

Chorus:

5. The town it was took and retaken,
Three times in the course of that day;
"I'm afraid, boys, we're going to be beaten,"
Barney Murphy to them he did say.
"Never," cried Barney McCloskey,
McBrearty, McQuail, and O'Neill,
"Shall the English say that they conquered
The boys of Old Erin the Green."

Chorus:

6. They gave a cheer for old Ireland,
And forward once more they did go,
The town it was quickly retaken,
And quickly they banished their foe.
The beef-eating cowardly English,
From that day quite submissive have been,
For fear of another encounter with
The boys of Old Erin the Green.

Chorus: