

Dear Ould Ireland

The Irish Rovers

In Pennsylvanian woods we've met from one bright island flown
Great is the land we tread, but yet our heart is with our own
And ere we leave this shanty small while fades the autumn day
We'll toast old Ireland dear old Ireland, Ireland boys hooray
Ireland boys hooray, oh Ireland boys hooray
We'll toast old Ireland, Dear old Ireland, Ireland boys hooray
We've heard her faults a hundred times, the new ones and the old

In songs and sermons, rants and rhymes, enlarged some fifty-fold
But take them all, the great and small, and this we've got to say:

Here's loved old Ireland, dear old Ireland, Ireland boys hooray
Ireland boys hooray, oh Ireland boys hooray
We'll toast old Ireland, Dear old Ireland, Ireland boys hooray
We know that brave and true men tried to crack her rusty chain
The patriots suffered, the martyrs died, and all 'tis said in vain

But no boy, no, a glance will show, how far they've won their way

Here's brave old Ireland, dear old Ireland, Ireland boys hooray
Ireland boys hooray, oh Ireland boys hooray
We'll toast old Ireland, Dear old Ireland, Ireland boys hooray
We've seen the wedding and the wake, the patron and the fair
Lithe young frames and the dear old games in the kindly Irish air

And the loud "Harroo" we have heard it too, and the thundering
"Clear the way!"

Here's gay old Ireland, dear old Ireland, Ireland boys hooray
Ireland boys hooray, oh Ireland boys hooray
We'll toast old Ireland, Dear old Ireland, Ireland boys hooray
In Pennsylvanian woods we've met and may never see again
The dear old land where our hearts are set and our first fond hopes remain

But come, fill up another cup, and with every sup we'll say
We'll toast old Ireland, Dear old Ireland, Ireland boys hooray
Ireland boys hooray, oh Ireland boys hooray
We'll toast old Ireland, Dear old Ireland, Ireland boys hooray