

Michael O'Leary

Och Michael O'Leary, the boy of my heart,
Och! Michael O'Leary, my darlint,
You went to fair France to fight for your own,
Och! Michael O'Leary, my darlint,
You fought for a corner, you won it and held it.

CHORUS:

Och! Michael O'Leary, my darlint,
Boys, don't you hear the voices softly callin' ?
That steal from out, from out of the night,
The firelight so softly falling, on forms and eye's love-light.
Ah! yes, we hear, we hear you calling,
It's all for Britain and you.
Oireland loves you and Great Britain, too
Och! Michael O'Leary, my darlint,
You fought for the Homeland alone, single-handed.
Och! Michael O'Leary, my darlint,
For Justice, for Freedom, our dear land to save.

Old mother England takes you to her heart,
And toasts you right now for the brave deeds you've done,
Och! Michael O'Leary, my darlint,
And may you return home with many a brave lad.

Fly the Flag

Oh! proudly they march, yet each soldier knows he may tread
in his country no more;
Yet bravely they hurry their steps to the field where the deadly
cannon roar.
To the time of martial music grand, with its minor chord of
pain,
They follow their chief to that distant land, freedom's rights
to maintain.

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