

Women Of Ireland

The Wolfe Tones

Women, Women of Ireland your glory's in the shade
Your dreams they have gone and decayed
The deeds you have done they all went unsung
By no Bard or no one
For without you there is nothing
Except love songs in the wind
And all of your struggles and despair
And there were castles in the air
Shout it from every mountain
From every mountain on high
And the four winds will sigh
For Ireland, Ireland's your glory
And your monuments built on your sorrow and pain
For if ever the seas and the oceans run dry
Tears of struggles and of joy
And all of your sadness and your pain
Would fill the oceans up again
Daughters, Daughters of Erin to the Cuman na mBan
Your dream was to see Ireland free
Thru agrarian struggles were determined to win
And from there to begin
There you were dressed for rebellion
But your beauty could not hide
Your sorrow and suffering and despair
And there were castles in the air
Shout it from every mountain
From every mountain on high
And the four winds will sigh
For Ireland, Ireland's your glory
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For if ever the seas and the oceans run dry
Tears of struggles and of joy
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Women, Women of courage, you suffered in your silence
You kept Ireland's spirit alive
You were imprisoned, your people enchained
But you never gave in
In troubled days of old Ireland
You were the brave ones who fought
Through oppression and famine and despair
And there were castles in the air
Shout it from every mountain
From every mountain on high
And the four winds will sigh
For Ireland, Ireland's your glory
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