

Deep in Canadian woods we've met, from one bright island flown.  
Great is the land we tread, but yet, our hearts are with our own.  
And ere we leave \_\_\_\_\_ while fades the autumn day  
To dear old Ireland! Ireland, boys, hurray!  
Oh, Ireland boys, hurray! Oh, Ireland boys, hurray!  
To dear old Ireland! Ireland, boys, hurray!

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 to dear old Ireland! Ireland, boys, hurray!  
Oh, Ireland boys, hurray! Oh, Ireland boys, hurray!  
To good old Ireland! Ireland, boys, hurray!

Ooo  
Ooo

With "Mary Machree!" and "My Pat, tis he!" And "My own heart night and day!"  
Ah, dear old Ireland! Ireland, boys, hurray!  
Oh, Ireland boys, hurray! Oh, Ireland boys, hurray!  
To good old Ireland! Ireland, boys, hurray!

Deep in Canadian woods we've met, and we never may see again  
The dear old isle where our hearts are set, and our first fond hope remain!  
But come, fill up another cup, with every sup let's say:  
"Here's to dear old Ireland! Good old Ireland! Ireland, boys, hurray!"  
"Here's to loved old Ireland! Good old Ireland! Ireland, boys \_\_\_\_\_ hurray!"