

LONELY WOODS OF UPTON

**MANY [I] HOMES ARE FILLED WITH SORROW
AND WITH [IV] SADNESS
MANY [V] HEARTS ARE FILLED WITH ANGUISH AND WITH [I] PAIN
FOR OLD IRELAND NOW
SHE HANGS HER HEAD IN [IV] MOURNING
FOR THE [V] MEN WHO FELL AT UPTON FOR SINN [I] FEIN**

(CHORUS)

**LET THE [I] MOON SHINE TONIGHT ALONG THE [IV] VALLEY,
WHERE THOSE [V] LADS WHO FOUGHT FOR FREEDOM
NOW ARE [I] LAID.
MAY THEY REST IN PEACE
THOSE MEN WHO DIED FOR [IV] IRELAND,
IN THE [V] LONELY WOODS OF UPTON FOR SINN FEIN.**

**SOME WERE THINKING OF THEIR MOTHERS,
WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS,
MORE WERE THINKING OF THEIR DEAR OLD IRISH HOMES
DID THEY THINK OF HOW THEY DRILLED ALONG THE VALLEY,
OR WHEN THEY MARCHED OUT FROM CORK CITY
TO THEIR DOOM?**

**THE MORNING CRY RANG OUT: "NOW FIX YOUR BAYONETS!"
AND RIGHT GALLANTLY THEY FIXED THEM FOR THE FRAY
COURAGEOUSLY THEY FOUGHT AND DIED FOR IRELAND
IN THE LONELY WOODS AT UPTON FAR AWAY!**

D2