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SONGS

OF THE

IRISH REPUBLIC.



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THE FELONS OF OUR LAND.

(By ARTHUR M. FORRESTER.)

Air—"Paddies Evermore."

Fell up once more, we'll drink a toast
To comrades far away—
No nation upon earth can boast
Of braver hearts than they.
And though they sleep in dungeons deep,
Or flee, outlawed and banned,
We love them yet, we can't forget
The felons of our land.

In boyhood's bloom and manhood's pride,
Foredoomed by alien laws,
Some on the scaffold proudly died
For holy Ireland's cause.
And, brothers, say, shall we to-day
Unmoved the cowards stand,
Whilst traitors shame, and foes defame,
The felons of our land.

Some in the convict's dreary cell
Have found a living tomb,
And some unseen, unfriended, fell
Within the dungeon's gloom!
Yet, what care we, although it be
Trodden by a ruffian band—
God bless the clay where rest to-day
The felons of our land.

Let cowards sneer and tyrants frown,
Oh, little do we care—
A felon's cap's the noblest crown
An Irish head can wear!
And every Gael in Innisfail
Who scorns the serf's vile brand
From Lee to Boyne, would gladly join
The felons of our land!

THE JACKETS GREEN.

When I was a maiden fair and young
On the pleasant banks of Lee,
No bird that in the green-wood sang
Was half so blithe and free,
My heart ne'er beat with flying feet,
Though Love sang me his queen,
Till down the glen rode Sarsfield's men,
And they wore the jackets green.

No hoarded wealth did my love own
Save the good sword that he bore;
But I loved him for himself alone,
And the colour bright he wore.
For had he come in England's red,
To make me England's queen,
I'd rove the high green hills instead,
For the sake of the Irish Green.

When William stormed with shot and shell
At the walls of Garryowen,
In the breach of death my Donal fell,
And he sleeps near the Treaty Stone.

That breach the foeman never crossed,
While he swung his broadsword keen,
But I do not weep my darling lost,
For he fell in his jacket green.

When Sarsfield sailed away, I wept,
As I heard the wild ochoine;
I felt then dead as the man who slept
'Neath the fields of Garryowen.
While Ireland held my Donal blessed,
No wild sea rolled between,
Till I would fold him in my breast,
All robed in his Irish Green.

I saw the Shannon's purple tide
Roll by the Irish town,
As I stood in the breach by Donal's side,
When England's flag went down;
And now it lowers when I seek the skies,
Like a blood-red curse between;
I weep, but 'tis not women's sighs
Will raise our Irish Green.

O Ireland, sad is thy lonely soul,
And loud beats winter sea,
But sadder and higher the wild waves roll
From the hearts that break for thee,
Yet grief shall come to our heartless foes,
And their throne in the dust be seen,
So Irish maids love none but those
Who wear the jackets green.

THREE THOUSAND MILES AWAY.

Sing a song, cried a bright-eyed fellow,
Now what shall we sing about,
Shall we sing of the foaming billow,
Of battle or of rout,
Of foreign fields where freedom yields
Her sword in deadly fray?
No! we'll sing to thee, *γαρό γεατ μο εφορθε*,
Three thousand miles away.

We'll sing of the great departed,
And the valleys where they lie,
The brave, the noble-hearted
Who showed men how to die;
And every man, of every clan,
We'll guard his memory,
Who died in Ireland, fighting
For Ireland's liberty.

So raise your voices, cheering,
And drain your glasses dry,
To the dead who died for Ireland,
And to those who yet shall die.
From prison bars or 'neath the stars,
'Mid camp or garden gay,
We're true to thee, *γαρό γεατ μο εφορθε*,
Three thousand miles away.

THE SOLDIER'S SONG.

RODY McCORLEY.

(1798.)

We'll sing you a song, a soldier's song,
With a cheery rousing chorus,
As round our blazing fires we throng
The starry heaven is o'er us;
Impatient for the coming fight,
And as we wait the morning's light,
Here in the silence of the night
We'll chant a soldier's song.

Chorus :

Soldiers are we whose lives are pledged to Ireland,
Some have come from the land beyond the wave,
Sworn to be free, no more our ancient sireland
Shall shelter the despot or the slave;
To-night we'll man the *Deafna Daochtat*
In Erin's cause, come woe or weal,
'Mid cannons' roar and rifles' peal
We'll chant a soldier's song.

In valley green, on towering crag,
Our fathers fought before us,
And conquered 'neath the same old flag
That's proudly floating o'er us.
We're children of a fighting race,
Who never yet have known disgrace,
And as we march the foe to face
We'll chant a soldier's song.

Chorus :

Sons of the Gael, men of the Pale,
The long-watched day is breaking,
The serried hosts of Innisfail
Shall set the tyrant quaking.
Our camp-fires now are burning low,
See in the east a crimson glow,
Out yonder waits the Saxon foe,
So chant a soldier's song.

Chorus :

THE DEAD WHO DIED FOR IRELAND.

ELLEN O'LEARY, 1861.

The dead who died for Ireland
Let not their memory die,
But solemn and bright like the stars at night
Be they thron'd for aye on high.
The dead who died for Ireland
In the lonely prison cell,
Far, far, apart from each kindred heart,
Of their death pangs none can tell.

The dead who died for Ireland
In exile, poor, in pain,
Dreaming sweet dreams of the hills and streams
They never should see again.
The dead who died for Ireland
Let not their memory die,
But solemn and bright like the stars at night
Be they thron'd for ever on high.

Ho! see the fleet-foot hosts of men
Who speed with faces wan,
From farmstead and from fisher's cot
Upon the banks of Bann.
They come with vengeance in their eyes—
Too late, too late are they—
For Rody McCorley goes to die
On the Bridge of Toome to-day.

Oh, Ireland, dear Ireland!
You love them still the best,
The fearless brave who fighting fall
Upon your hapless breast.
But never a one of all your dead
More bravely fell in fray,
Than he who marches to his fate
On the Bridge of Toome to-day.

Up the narrow street he stepped,
Smiling, and proud and young,
About the hemp rope on his neck
The golden ringlets clung.
There's never a tear in the blue, blue eyes
So clear, so bright are they—
As Rody McCorley goes to die
On the Bridge of Toome to-day.

Ah! when he last stepped up that street,
His shining pike in hand,
Behind him marched in stern array
A stalwart earnest band.
For Antrim town! for Antrim town!
He led them to the fray—
And Rody McCorley goes to die
On the Bridge of Toome to-day.

The grey coat and its sash of green
Were brave and stainless then;
Their banner flash'd beneath the sun
Over the marching men;
The coat had many a rent this noon,
The sash is torn away,
As Rody McCorley goes to die
On the Bridge of Toome to-day.

Oh, how his pike flash'd in the sun!
Then found a foeman's heart!
Through furious fight and heavy odds
He bore a true man's part;
And many's a red-coat bit the dust
Before his keen pike play—
But Rody McCorley goes to die
On the Bridge of Toome to-day.

Because he loved the Motherland,
Because he loved the Green,
He goes to meet the martyr's fate
With proud and joyous mien;
True to the last, true to the last,
He treads the upward way—
Brave Rody McCorley goes to die
On the Bridge of Toome to-day.

THE FRONGOCH ROLL-CALL.

Air—"The Battle-cry of Freedom."

[While the I.R.A. prisoners were interned in Frongoch Camp, a general roll-call was ordered by the British military authorities, with a view of identifying men for pressing them into the Army. The general body of the men refused to answer the roll-call, with the result that fifteen of the hut leaders were arrested, court-martialled, and the majority were sentenced to a month's imprisonment with hard labour. Despite the hardships involved for both leaders and men, the "identity strike" was entirely successful, and the following lines commemorate the event.]

Fifteen forgetful rebels filed into the Frongoch
"clink,"

Shouting out the battle-cry of Freedom.

In a state of blank abstraction—of their names
they couldn't think,

So they shouted out the battle-cry of Freedom.

Chorus:

Gott strafe the roll-call, hurrah for the "Mikes,"
Hurrah for the rebel boys that organised the
strikes,

For everywhere the roll was called, their names
the didn't know,

So they shouted out the battle-cry of Freedom.

Now this caused a great commotion, but the
rebels spent their time

Shouting out the battle-cry of Freedom.

A court came down to "sit on" them—the
function was sublime—

Shouting out the battle-cry of Freedom.

Chorus—*Gott strafe*, etc.

With their speechifying and oratory the court-
house knew no rest,

Shouting out the battle-cry of Freedom.

It was largely quite irrelevant, but they got
things off their chest,

Shouting out the battle-cry of Freedom.

Chorus—*Gott strafe*, etc.

And when the smoke of battle cleared, and th'
air was free of dust,

Shouting out the battle-cry of Freedom,

They got a month's hard labour, for their
memories to adjust,

And they shouted out the battle-cry of
Freedom.

Chorus—*Gott strafe*, etc.

Now, the moral of the story isn't very far to seek,
Shouting out the battle-cry of Freedom,

When you're up against the Sassenach, don't
turn the other cheek,

But shout out the battle-cry of Freedom.

Chorus—*Gott strafe*, etc.

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THE FENIAN MEN.

See who comes over the red-blossomed heather,

Their green banners kissing the pure mountain air,
Heads erect, eyes to front, stepping proudly together,
Freedom sits throned in each proud spirit there.

Down the hills twining, their blessed steel shining,

Like rivers of beauty they flow from each glen,

Mountain and valley, 'tis liberty's rally,

Out and make way for the bold Fenian Men.

We have men from the Nore, from the Suir, and the
Shannon,

Let tyrants come forth, we'll bring force against
force;

Our pen is the sword and our voice is the cannon,
Rifle for rifle, and horse against horse.

We made the false Saxon yield many a red battle-
field,

God on our side, we shall triumph again,

Pay them back woe for woe, give them back blow for
blow,

Out and make way for the bold Fenian Men.

Side by side for this cause have our forefathers battled,

When our hills never echoed the tread of a slave,
On many green fields where leaden hail rattled,

Thro' the red gap of glory they marched to the grave.

And we who inherit their names and their spirit,

Shall march 'neath the banner of liberty then;

All who love foreign law—native or Sassenach—

Must out and make way for the bold Fenian Men.

A MAN OF WEXFORD,

I.

It was a man of Wexford with valour in his eye
Who sat upon a tumbrel and raised his voice on high,
He sang a song of freedom, his brown face all aglow,
The autumn it is coming, and a reaping we will go.

A reaping we will go where the drums and trum-
pets play,

Where the cannon roar from shore to shore,
And the rifles flash Hurrah!

II.

And who shall smile upon us and bless our flashing
arms,

And who shall be our queen of hearts in battle's loud
alarms?

Our dear beloved Ireland, no other queen well know,
We'll die for her or conquer when a reaping we will
go, etc.

III.

And where shall be our harvest home on our last
reaping morn,

And the shamrock wreaths of victory our happy
brows adorn?

In Dublin's royal castle we'll make a gallant show,
With the tricolour flying o'er it when a reaping we
will go, etc.

R. D. JOYCE.

God Save Ireland—From Conscription

(Air :—“ God Save Ireland.”)

I.

Hear the cry that wakes the land
Swelling forth from each strong band,
That musters in one common cause to-day;
To Lloyd George's "Man-Power Bill,"
We oppose a Nation's will,
And with earnest hearts together here we say—

Chorus :

"God Save Ireland—from Conscription,"
God Save Ireland, say we all,
And United now we stand,
For our Faith and Fatherland,
Pledged in Freedom's fight to conquer or to fall!

II.

Green and Orange side by side,
Now to face the battle's tide,
A common country now alone we know!
And no more shall class or creed
Faction foul amongst us breed,
For a common front in Ireland's cause we show!

III.

North and South are gathered here
From the Causeway to Cape Clear!
From Dublin's Town across to Galway Bay;
"Conscription we defy,"
Let that chorus reach the sky
And let England hear United Ireland say—

IV.

Where our martyred heroes lie
We shall raise our banners high,
'Neath its folds we'll marshal every creed and clan
And emblazoned there shall be
Marked in letters bold and free,
"No Conscription whilst there lives one Irishman."

Sliahh Ruadh.