

A BALLAD OF '56

**O'ER Storm-swept moorlands, by mountain passes
Where Gallow-Glasses once held proud sway
'Gainst the might of England, for Ireland's freedom
March gallant soldiers of Ireland to-day**

**The arms they hold were in England taken
From Tommies shaken in bold foray
Their battle dress comes by donation
From exiles toiling for Freedom's Day**

**On December twelfth, ere the dawn of morning
A strong foe scorning they took the field
And at Dungannon, Armagh and Derry
Proud Englands hirelings, were forced to yield**

**In County Antrim a brave Flying Column
Was quickly summoned to join the fray
And though far out-numbered, while slaves still slumbered
Torr radar station they bombed away**

**See old eyes brighten, old shoulders lighten
Too long they've bowed 'neath a load of shame
Their land kept sundered by fools who blundered
And fain would stamp out true Free om's flame**

**From rebel Cork to the walls of Derry
From the hills of Kerry to famed Lough Neagh
'Neath Freedoms' banner they're proudly marching
In Pearse's footsteps to the Dawn of Day.**

Uáitéar O Riágáin.