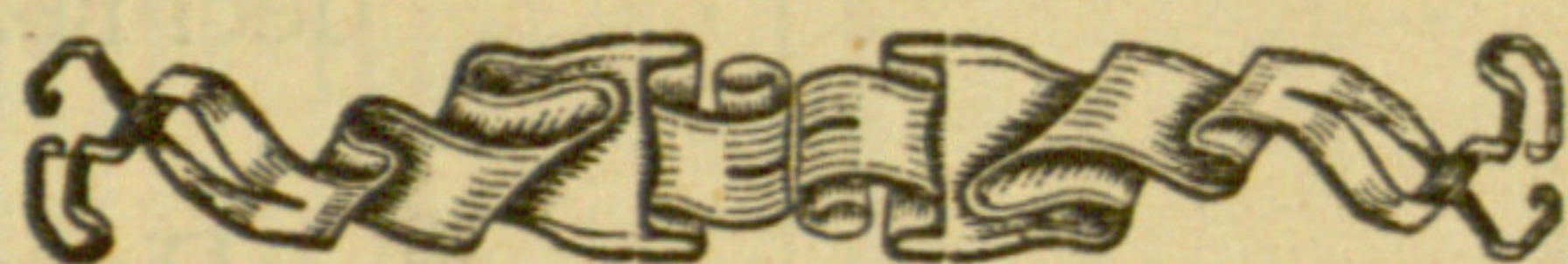
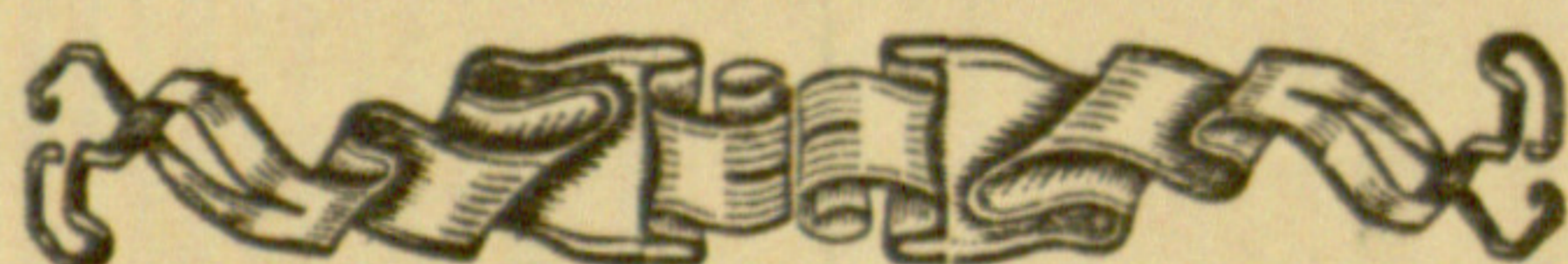


Songs for the Centenary



WOLFE TONE.



Wolfe Tone upon Cavehill.

Air—"The Wearin of the Green."

The Grave in Green Kildare.

Air—"Shan Van Vocht."

A Song of Wexford.

Air—"The Boys of Wexford"

The Cloak of Green.

Air—"The White Cockade."

A Lament for Lord Edward.

Air—"Avenging and Bright."

Is Fad i o'n g-crich.

(She is Far from the Land)

Wolfe Tone upon Cavehill.

Air—"The Wearing of the Green."



RE gallant Tone sailed from Belfast
To seek for aid afar,
When Europe shuddered in the din
Of Revolution's war,
Upon our lofty Hill of Caves,
The heather 'neath his feet,
He vowed to free a land of slaves
From tyranny complete.

CHORUS:

From tyranny complete, from tyranny complete,
He vowed to free a land of slaves from tyranny complete.

"Oh may the breeze of France," he said,
"Revive our Irish oak!"—
And from the lips of those around
A ringing cheer outbroke;
"Here in the sight of heaven above
I lift my plighted hand:
Come, friends of Freedom, swear with me
To right poor Ireland."

CHORUS:

To right poor Ireland, to right poor Ireland,
Come, friends of Freedom, swear with me to right poor
Ireland.

The first who came to take that oath
Upon the mountain high
Was Thomas Russell, destined yet
Near Patrick's Cross to die.
He pined in prison sad and lone,
Through bitter Ninety-Eight,
But kept his vow while low we lay
Bewailing Emmet's fate.

CHORUS:

Alas for Emmet's fate, for noble Emmet's fate;
He kept his vow while low he lay bewailing Emmet's fate.

The next who came to swear with Tone,
Oh, young he was and tall:
He led the fearless rebel-charge
To Antrim's Castle wall.
Before his bright insurgent sword
The yeomen fled aghast,
Then cursed like cowards when he trod
The scaffold at Belfast.

CHORUS:

On the scaffold at Belfast, the scaffold at Belfast;
They cursed like cowards when he trod the scaffold at
Belfast.

Thus one by one the pledge they took,
Last, honest Neilson swore—
His lonely grave lies far away
Upon a stranger shore.
He mourned when England's creeping spies
Tracked down the Geraldine;
Then crossed the seas with breaking heart,
To watch our star's decline.

CHORUS:

He watched our star decline, our freedom's star decline;
He crossed the sea with breaking heart to watch our star's
decline.

Down from the lofty Hill of Caves
Tone stepped with eyes aflame,
When next he saw the Irish coast
With ships of France he came.
Alas, for Ireland's stricken hopes—
The wind served England well,
And ah! the doom of gallant Tone
Let Newgate's dungeon tell.

CHORUS:

Let Newgate's dungeon tell, let Newgate's dungeon tell,
The hapless doom of gallant Tone let Newgate's dungeon
tell.

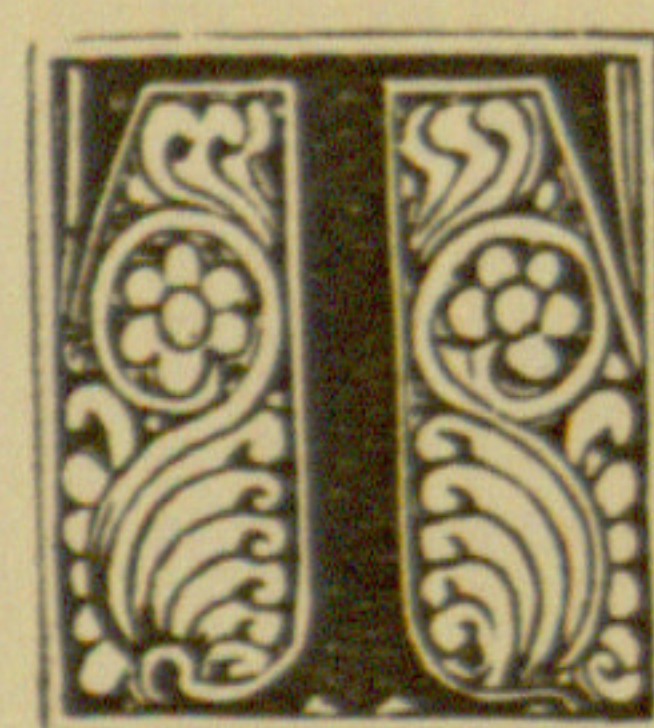
But still we'll hold their memory dear,
For Freedom's path they sought,
And climbed her consecrated heights
Through that brave fight they fought.
In us their spirit lives, and oh,
When Ireland calls again,
God grant there be a ready band
Of such United men.

CHORUS:

Of such United men! as those United men,
God grant she'll see a ready band of such United men.

A Lament for Lord Edward.

Air—"Avenging and Bright."



HE day that traitors sould him and inimies
bought him,
The day that the red gold and the red
blood was paid,
Then the green turned pale and thrembled
like the dead leaves in autumn,
And the heart an' hope iv Ireland in the could grave was
laid.

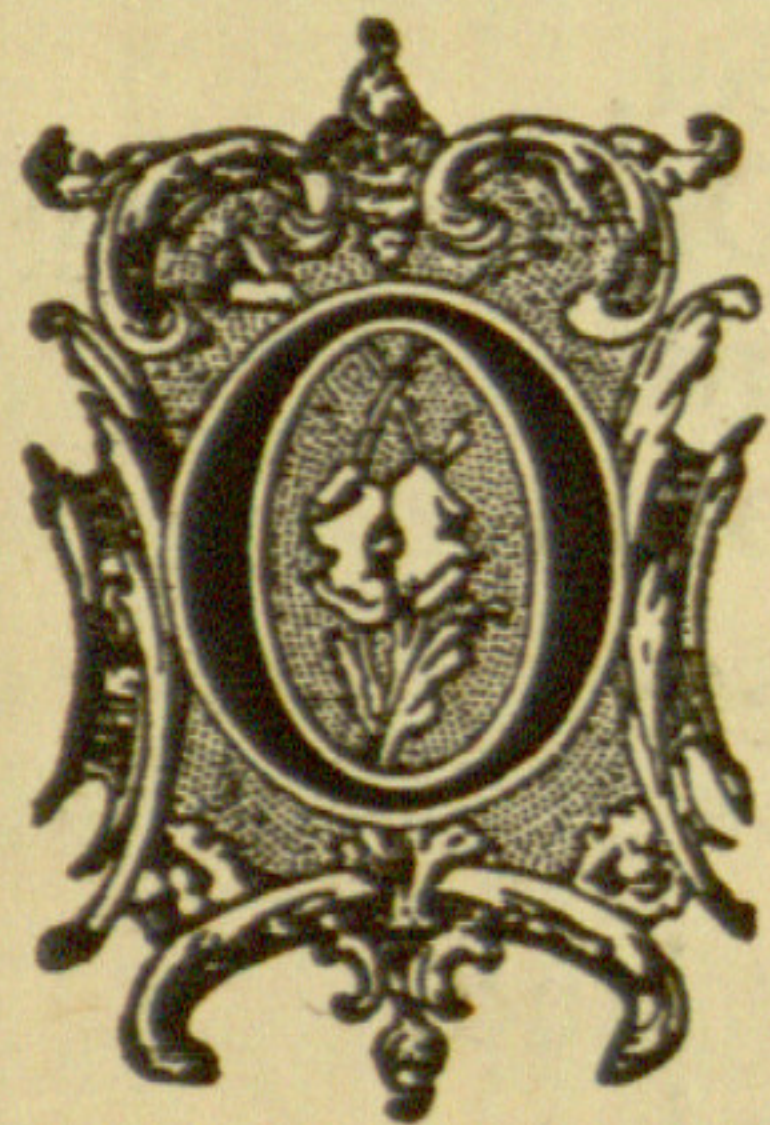
The day I saw ye first, with the sunshine fallin' round ye,
My heart fairly opened with the grandeur of the view,
For ten thousand Irish boys that day did surround ye,
An' I swore to stand by them till death and fight for you.

Ye wor the bravest gentleman, an' the best that ever stood,
An' your eyelid niver thrembled for danger nor for dread,
An' nobleness was flowin' in each stream of your blood—
My blessin' on ye day an' night, an' glory be your bed.
My black an' bitter curse on the head an' heart an' hand
That plotted, wished, an' worked the fall of this Irish hero
bold;
God's curse upon the Irishman that sould his native land,
An' hell consume to dust the hand that held the traitor's
gold.

SHERIDAN LE FANU.

A Song of Wexford.

Air—"The Boys of Wexford."



O H, Irishmen, for Ireland's sake
Uplift a rallying song,
To cheer the marching of the true
On Freedom's path along.
But say what shall that rallying
chant,
That song of marching be?
In blended chorus of the song
Give answer now to me.

CHORUS:

We sing a song of Wexford,
Because in hour of need
At Ireland's call for true men all
'Twas Wexford took the lead.

Then far and forward be the glance
Of every hopeful eye,
To where above our gathering ranks
A flag is lifted high.
What flag is this that stalwart hands
Fling proudly to the wind,
For patriot men to muster round
And march in hosts behind?

CHORUS:

It is the flag that Wexford
So bravely fought below,
When true men stood where true men should
A hundred years ago.

But Ireland from Irishmen,
If Freedom be your choice,
Has need of more than flaunting flag
Of more than chanting voice.

And if in truth your hearts be set
To make your country free,
In answering chorus of the song
Come pledge a word with me.

CHORUS:

Like true men once in Wexford,
We pledge both heart and hand,
To break in twain the galling chain
That binds our native land.
Then let your hearts keep warm a hope,
Your hands for strife prepare;
Let each man's lips a promise speak,
Each woman's breathe a prayer,
That stalwart hands and steadfast hearts,
With help of heaven above,
Will free from hated Saxon yoke
The island of our love.

CHORUS:

Yes, Ireland, dear Ireland,
With help of heaven above,
We'll free thee yet from Saxon yoke,
Thou island of our love.

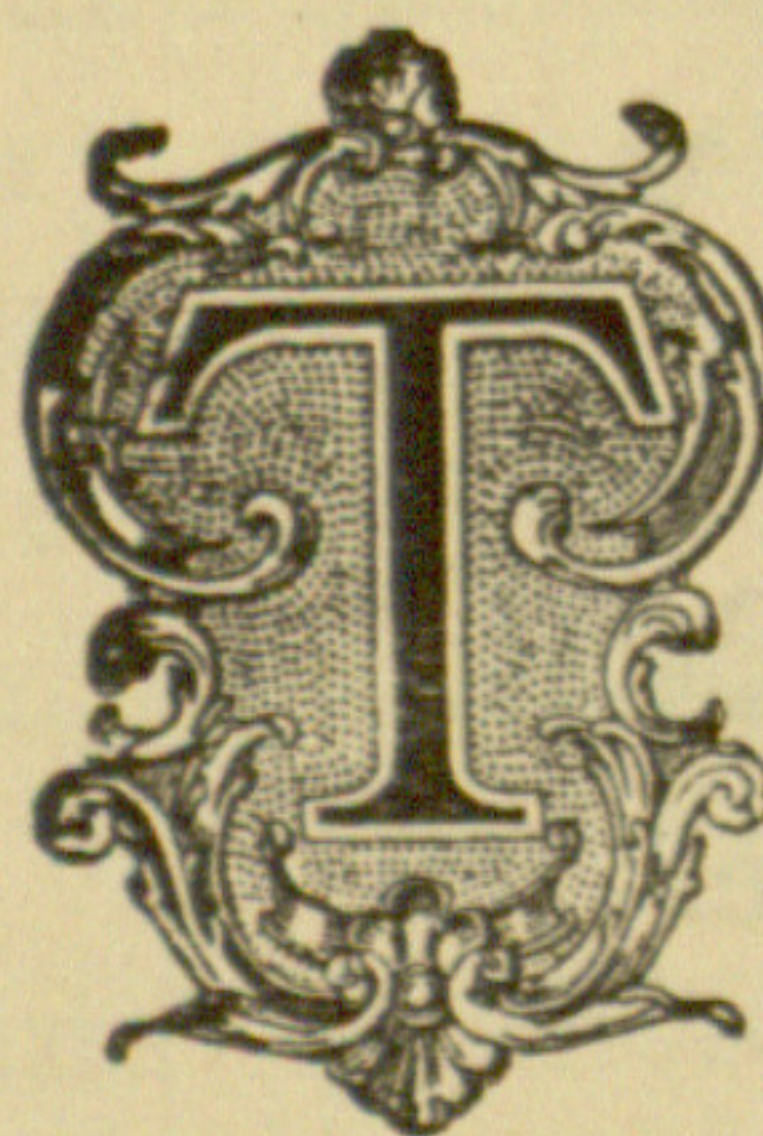
Then, Irishmen, for Ireland's sake
Stand up from shore to shore,
From Malin's cliffs to far Kinsale,
From Hook to Arranmore;
Let North and South united stand,
And bury former hate
Deep in the graves from which have risen
The ghosts of Ninety-eight.

CHORUS:

Yes, hand in hand we plighted stand
To bury strife and hate,
And welcome back in Wexford style
The ghosts of Ninety-eight.

A Grave in Green Kildare.

Air—"Shan Van Vocht."



HERE'S a grave in green Kildare,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
And a hero slumbers there,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
His name is loved and known
Where the Irish race has flown,
For that name it is Wolfe Tone,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

He's a hundred years asleep,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
So a festival we'll keep,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
And from far across the foam,
Where in stranger lands they roam,
I'll call the exiles home,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And what shall the exiles do?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,
 Oh what shall the exiles do?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.
 Oh, they'll march all Ireland through
 The battlefields to view,
 And the graves of martyrs true
 To the Shan Van Vocht.

And what shall their colours be?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.
 What shall their colours be?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.
 Oh, the Orange and the Green,
 With the white for peace between.
 What may those colours mean?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

I'll tell you what they mean,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.
 I'll tell you what they mean,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.
 That we'll win our Freedom when
 We can face the foe again
 As *United* Irishmen,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

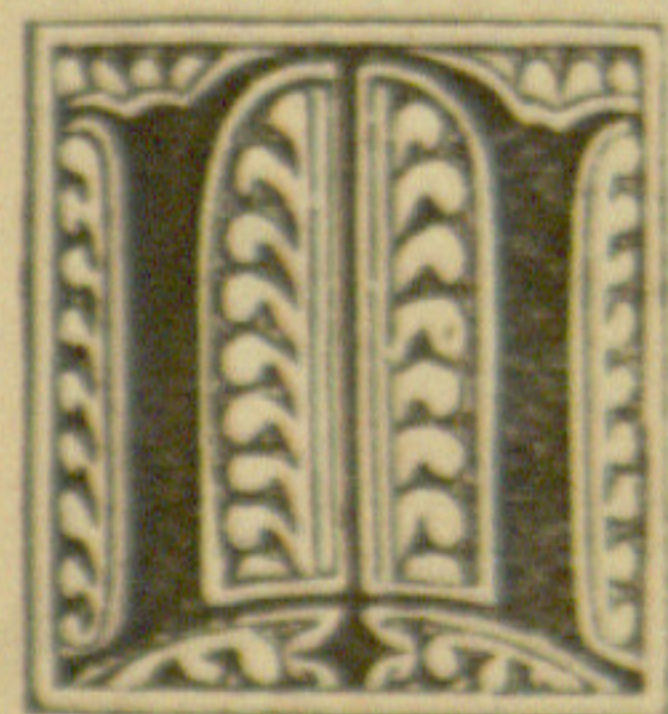
And another flag they'll bear,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,
 Which on folds of azure fair,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,
 Has the Sunburst's blazing gold—
 'Twas the Fenian flag of old,
 And they keep it yet unrolled
 For the Shan Van Vocht.

And where shall the meeting be?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.
 Where shall the meeting be?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.
 Oh the boys they will repair
 To the grave in green Kildare,
 And greet like brothers there,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Then upon that sacred sod,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,
 In the sight of Freedom's God,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,
 They will one and all agree
 That they'll set old Ireland free
 From the centre to the sea,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

The Cloak of Green.

Air—"The White Cockade."



My grandfather he was a Heart of Oak,
 His arm was strong and sure his stroke,
 At Ballynahinch he was there I ween,
 And he did good work in his cloak of green.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! hurrah! for my own dear West,
 Hurrah for the land that my heart loves best,
 Hurrah for my pike and hurrah for my skian,
 And ten times hurrah for my cloak of green.

At Saintfield's hedge, in the County Down,
 His musket brought him great renown;
 But his life-blood paid for each slaughtered yeo
 When he swung at Lisburn with Munroe.

Chorus—Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

That cloak was known at kirk and fair,
 It sheltered him on the mountain bare;
 He wore it first as a bridegroom brave,
 And last as shroud in a rebel's grave.

Chorus—Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

My grandfather lies 'neath the shamrock sod,
 And a stranger ploughs his acres broad;
 But Ninety-eight is here once more,
 So home I'll sail to the Irish shore.

Chorus—Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

Yes, home I'll sail to my native land,
 And soon upon her shores we'll stand,
 Her exiled sons with the home-born ones,
 A stalwart, staunch, United band.

Chorus—Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

On Derry quay my friends I'll greet,
 And we'll march in rank through Dublin Street,
 Then back I'll come to Lisburn town,
 And walk at last on the hills of Down.

Chorus—Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

Hurrah! hurrah! for our own dear land,
 For soon upon her mountains grand,
 The Irish wolf-dog shall be seen,
 And I'll be there in a cloak of green.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! hurrah! for my own dear West,
 Hurrah for the land my heart loves best;
 Hurrah for my pike and hurrah for my skian,
 And ten times hurrah for my cloak of green.

Is Fad i o'n g-crích.

(*She is Far from the Land*).

Is fad i o'n g-crích, bh-fuil a h-og-laoch 'nn a luidhe
 'S gan aird air a suirighibh 'g a breugadh.
 Acht uimrighéann go faur ó shúilibh gach saoi,
 Oir tá a cróidhe le n-a ceile 'g a eugadh.

Budh iad abhráin duthchais a tír féin do seinn,
 Rinn gach fearsa d'ar áil leis do mheamharadh,
 O's beag innidhe locht cluinste a ceolta binn;
 A croidhe bheith 'g a bhriseadh gan cabharadh.

Do mhair se d' a rún : agus d'eug se d' a chrích
 So an meud bhí ga cheangail air talamh :
 Ni luath 'ghabhfas trom-ghul a tíre aon sgíth.
 'S ní bhéidh 'bh-fad gan a chéile an uaimh fallamh.

O! déan uaimh dhi's on áit bhfuil na gaeth' greine fiar,
 'Nuair ghealleann siad marach glóach;
 Bhéid sailsuighadh air a suan mar smigeadh an iar
 'On-a dil innse féin a tá brónach.