



THE LURGAN AMBUSH

Lurgan town was rocked with sorrow,
On that bleak November Day,
Hushed tones and tears were mingled,
When great numbers stopped to pray
For Sean Burns and Eugene Toman
And the driver Gervase McKerr,
Who had just been brutally murdered
In an ambush well prepared.

Suspect of being Irishmen, with no love for the Crown,
And heedless of the age-old call of 'Croppie Boys lie down',
They would not lick the British boots,
Of Ireland they were proud, though harassed
and oft' brow-beaten,
They just would not lie down,
But dared to hold their heads up high
and never once did fail,
To declare their wish for Freedom
Like true sons of the Gael.

Thus they fired the hearts of evil men
Who hungered for revenge,
So on that bleak November day
The three lads were way-laid,
— Snared and slain by evil men,
— The forces of the Crown,
They had dared to flout the order of
— 'You 'Croppie Boys lie down'.

As years go rolling by my friends,
This tale remember well,
We owe it to our children,
We owe it to ourselves,
We owe it to these young men
To rally one and all,
And be proud that we are Irish
For they cannot kill us all,
Let us hold our heads up high
And never cower down,
When Crown forces shout the order of
'You 'Croppie Boys lie down'.

The three lie in a soldiers grave
In a churchyard near the town,
And if you ever pass this way
Don't let your head bow down,
But turn your head up heaven-wards
And say a silent prayer
For Sean Burns, Eugene Toman and their
driver Gervase McKerr.

In Memoriam



"The fools, the fools, they have left us our
terrible dead." — P. H. Pearse.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus have mercy on the souls of

GERVASE McKERR

SEAN BURNS

EUGENE TOMAN

While Ireland holds these graves, Ireland
unfree shall never be at Peace.

— P. H. Pearse.

MY LORD AND MY GOD
BLESS THEM



Vol. Gervase McKerr

LURGAN

Murdered by R.U.C. 11th November 1982
R.I.P.

Oh! whistling winds why do you weep
When roaming free you are
Oh! is it that your poor heart's broke
And scattered off afar?
Or is it that you bear the cries
Of people born unfree
Who like your way have no control
Or sovereign destiny?

Oh! lonely winds that walk the night
To haunt the sinner's soul,
Pray pity me a wretched lad
Who never will grow old,
Pray pity those who lie in pain
The bondsman and the slave,
And whisper sweet the breath of God
Upon my humble grave.

MY LORD AND MY GOD
BEHOLD THY CHILDREN.



Vol. Sean Burns

LURGAN

Murdered by R.U.C. 11th November 1982
R.I.P.

In life you were faithful, noble and true,
Serving your land in weal and in rue,
Wedded to her in the fulness of youth,
Symbol of Freedom, honour and truth,
In death thou art noble, valiant and brave,
Your pure bright halo gleams from your grave,
Pointing so clearly the road we must tread,
Deriving our strength from the blood you have
shed.

The only people worthy of Freedom
are those who are prepared to go out
and fight for it every day, and die,
if necessary

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illum'd by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen,
On Liberty's ruins to fame.

MY LORD AND MY GOD
HAVE MERCY ON THEM



Vol. Eugene Toman

LURGAN

Murdered by R.U.C. 11th November 1982
R.I.P.

If it's a crime to love you, Ireland
Then a felon I'm proud to be,
I claim no medal for loving you, Ireland,
But every single blessed day —
I asked the God who made me,
When I got on my knees to pray —
I asked him to bless you, guard you,
From foreign or domestic foe —
Maybe, I didn't do much for you, Ireland —
But God, I loved you,
I loved you so.

(IRELAND FOR THE IRISH!)