

# Andy M. Stewart, They Wounded Old Ireland

Come gather 'round you freeborn men  
And draw your chairs to mine.  
And I'll tell you of my country,  
That you might understand.  
And of the English armies,  
That marched in for to stay.  
Oh that night they wounded Old Ireland,  
And she's bleeding to this day.

Their dogs of war were loosed to run  
And hunt the rebels down  
They hoped to rule this land by fear  
And hold it for the Crown  
But a mighty thought was born in Men  
When they killed James Connolly  
Oh that night they wounded Old Ireland  
And she's bleeding to this day.

The Border lies like an open wound  
That only love can heal  
For bitterness and cruelty  
They will never close the weal  
The man of vision built a dream  
Which the blind men stole away  
Ah that night they wounded old Ireland  
And she's bleeding to this day.

My heart it holds a vision clear  
That thousands more can see  
Of Ireland free from hatred  
And death and bigotry  
Where Irishman to Irishman  
Can in friends clasp a hand  
If we banish fright from the Ulster night  
Then we'll free Old Ireland.