

# Wolfe Tones, A Nation Once Again

When boyhood's fire was in my blood  
I read of ancient freemen,  
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,  
Three hundred men and three men;  
And then I prayed I yet might see  
Our fetters rent in twain,  
And Ireland, long a province, be.  
A Nation once again!

A Nation once again,  
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And Ireland, long a province, be  
A Nation once again!

And from that time, through wildest woe,  
That hope has shone a far light,  
Nor could love's brightest summer glow  
Outshine that solemn starlight;  
It seemed to watch above my head  
In forum, field and fane,  
Its angel voice sang round my bed,  
A Nation once again!

It whisper'd too, that freedom's ark  
And service high and holy,  
Would be profaned by feelings dark  
And passions vain or lowly;  
For, Freedom comes from God's right hand,  
And needs a Godly train;  
And righteous men must make our land  
A Nation once again!

So, as I grew from boy to man,  
I bent me to that bidding  
My spirit of each selfish plan  
And cruel passion ridding;  
For, thus I hoped some day to aid,  
Oh, can such hope be vain ?  
When my dear country shall be made  
A Nation once again!