

Wolfe Tones, Rock On Rock All

Rock On Rockall

Oh the empire is finished no foreign lands to seize
So the greedy eyes of England are looking towards the seas
Two hundred miles from Donegal, there's a place that's called Rockall
And the groping hands of Whitehall are grabbing at its walls

Oh rock on Rockall, you'll never fall to Britain's greedy hands
Or you'll meet the same resistance that you did in many lands
May the seagulls rise and pluck your eyes and the water crush your shell,
And the natural gas will burn your ass and blow you all to hell.

For this rock is part of Ireland, 'cos it' s written in folklore
That Fionn MacCumhaill took a sod of grass and he threw it to the fore,
Then he tossed a pebble across the sea, where ever it did fall,
For the sod became the Isle of Man and the pebble's called Rockall.

Now the seas will not be silent, while Britannia grabs the waves
And remember that the Irish will no longer be your slaves,
And remember that Britannia, well, - she rules the waves no more
So keep your hands off Rockall - it's Irish to the core.