

# Christy Moore, Scariff Martyrs

The dreadful news through Ireland has spread from shore to shore  
Such a deed no living man has ever heard before  
The deeds of Cromwell in his time I'm sure no worse could do  
Than them Black and Tans that murdered those four youths in Killaloe

Three of the four were on the run and searched for all around  
Until with this brave Egan in Williamstown was found  
They questioned him and tortured him but to his comrades he proved true  
And because he would not tell their whereabouts he was shot in Killaloe

On the twelfth day of November the day that they were found  
Sold and traced through Galway to that house near Williamstown  
They never got a fighting chance but were captured while asleep  
And the way that they ill-treated them would cause your blood to creep

The hackled them both hands and feet with twines they could not break  
And brought them down to Killaloe by steamer on the lake  
Without clergy judge or jury on the bridge they shot them down  
And their blood flowed with the Shannon convenient to the town

After three days of perseverance their bodies they let go  
And ten pm the funeral passed through Ogonnolloe  
They were kept in Scariff chapel for two nights and a day  
Now in that place of rest they lie, kind people for them pray

If you were at the funeral it was an awful sight  
To see four hundred clergymen and they all dressed up in white  
Such a sight as these four martyrs in one grave was never seen  
They died to save the flag of love the orange white and green

Now that they are dead and gone I hope in peace they'll rest  
Like all young Irish martyrs, forever among the blessed  
The day will come when all will know who sold their lives away  
Of young McMahon and Rogers, brave Egan and Kildea