

Wolfe Tones, God Save Ireland

God save Ireland, said the heroes
God save Ireland, said they all
Whether on the scaffold high
Or the battlefield we die
Oh, what matter when for Erin dear we fall

High upon the gallows tree swung the noble hearted three
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom
But they met him face to face with the courage of their race
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom

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Climbed they up the rugged stair, rang their voices out in prayer
Then with England's fatal cord around them cast
Close beside the gallows tree kissed like brothers lovingly
True to home and faith and freedom to the last

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Never till the latest day shall the memory pass away
Of the gallant lives thus given for our land
But on the cause must go, amidst joy and weal and woe
Till we make our Isle a nation free and grand

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