Wolfe Tones, Rory O'moore

On the Green Hills of Ulster the White Cross waves high And the beacon of war throws its flames to the sky Now the taunt and the threat let the cowards endure Our hope is in God and in Rory O'Moore

Do you ask why the beacon and banner of war On the mountains of Ulster is seen from afar 'Tis the signal our rights to regain and secure Through God and our country and Rory O'Moore

On the Green Hills of Ulster the White Cross waves high And the beacon of war throws its flames to the sky Now the taunt and the threat let the cowards endure Our hope is in God and in Rory O'Moore

And his country, his kindred, his faith would abjure We'll strike for old Ireland and Rory O'Moore

For the merciless Scots with their greed and their swords With war in their bosoms and peace in their words Have sworn the bright light of our faith to obscure But our hope is in God and in Rory O'Moore

Oh lives there the traitor who'd shrink from the strife Who would add to the length of his forfeited life And his country, his kindred, his faith would abjure No we'll strike for old Ireland and Rory O'Moore

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