

Wolfe Tones, Sean South Of Garryowen

Sad are the homes round Garryowen
Since they lost their joy and pride
And the banshee cry links every vale
Around the Shannon side that city of the ancient walls
the broken treaty stone, undying fame surrounds your name, Sean South from Garryowen

T'was on a dreary New Years Eve
As the shades of night came down
A lorry load of volunteers approached the border town
There were men from Dublin and from Cork, Fermanagh and Tyrone
And the leader was a Limerick man - Sean South from Garryowen

As they moved along the street up to the barracks door
They scorned the danger they might face
Their fate taht lay instore
They were fighting for old Ireland to clim their very own

And the foremost of that gallant band
Was South from Garryowen
But the seargent spied their daring plan
He spied them trough the door
The Sten guns and the rifles a hail of death did pour
And when that awful night had passed
Two men lay cold a s stone
There was one from near the border twm and one from Garryowen

No more wil he hear the seagull's cry
Over the murmuring Shannon tide
For he fell beneath a Northern sky brave Hanlon by his side
They have gone to join that gallant band
Of Plunkett, Pearse and Tone
A martyr for old Ireland
Sean South from Garryowen