

## Let Erin Remember

Let Erin remember the days of old.  
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her;  
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,  
Which he won from her proud invader.  
When her kings, with standard of green unfurled,  
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;  
Ere the emerald gem of the western world  
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,  
When the clear cold eve's declining,  
He sees the round towers of other days  
In the wave beneath him shining;  
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,  
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;  
Thus, sighing, look thro' the waves of time  
For the long-faded glories they cover.

## The Foggy Dew

As down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I  
There armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by  
No pipe did hum no battle drum did sound its loud tattoo  
But the Angelus bells o'er the Liffey swell rang out in the foggy dew

Right proudly high over Dublin Town they hung out the flag of war  
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Suvla or Sud el Bar  
And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hurrying through  
While Britannia's huns, with their long range guns sailed in through the foggy dew

Oh the night fell black, and the rifles' crack made perfidious Albion reel  
In the leaden rain, seven tongues of flame did shine o'er the lines of steel  
By each shining blade a prayer was said, that to Ireland her sons be true  
But when morning broke, still the war flag shook out its folds in the foggy dew

'Twas Britannia bad our wild geese go that small nations might be free  
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves or the shore of the great North Sea  
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side or fought with Cathal Brugha  
Their names we would keep where the Fenians sleep 'neath the shroud of the foggy dew

And the bravest fell, and the Requiem bell rang mournfully and clear  
For those who died that Eastertide in the springing of the year  
While the world did gaze in deep amaze at those fearless men but few  
Who bore the fight that freedom's light might shine through the foggy dew

As back through the glen I rode again and my heart with grief was sore  
For I parted then with valiant men whom I never shall see more  
But to and fro in my dreams I go and I kneel and pray for you,  
For slavery fled O glorious dead when you fell in the foggy dew

## The Minstrel-Boy

The Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,  
In the ranks of death you'll find him;  
His father's sword he has girded on.  
And his wild harp slung behind him.  
"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,  
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,  
"One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,  
"One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! — but the foeman's chain  
Could not bring his proud soul under;  
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,  
For he tore its chords asunder;  
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,  
"Thou soul of love and bravery!  
"Thy songs were made for the pure and free,  
"They shall never sound in slavery."

## The Rising Of The Moon

"O then, tell me Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so?"  
"Hush a bhuachail, hush and listen", and his cheeks were all aglow,  
"I bear orders from the captain, get you ready quick and soon,  
For the pikes must be together at the rising of the moon."

At the rising of the moon,  
At the rising of the moon,  
For the pikes must be together  
At the rising of the moon."

"O then tell me Sean O'Farrell, where the gathering is to be?  
"In the old spot by the river, right well known to you and me.  
One more word for signal token, whistle up the marching tune,  
With your pike upon your shoulder, at the rising of the moon.

At the rising of the moon,  
At the rising of the moon,  
With your pike upon your shoulder  
At the rising of the moon."

Out from many a mud wall cabin, eyes were watching through the night,  
Many a manly heart was beating, for the blessed warning light.  
Murmurs ran along the valleys, like the banshee's lonely croon,  
And a thousand pikes were flashing, by the rising of the moon.

By the rising of the moon,  
By the rising of the moon,  
And a thousand pikes were flashing  
By the rising of the moon."

There beside the singing river, that dark mass of men were seen,  
And high above their shining weapons flew their own beloved green.  
"Death to every foe and traitor! Forward! Strike the marching tune,  
And hurrah my boys, for freedom, 'tis the rising of the moon".

'Tis the rising of the moon,  
'Tis the rising of the moon  
And hurrah my boys for freedom,  
'Tis the rising of the moon.



## Amhrán na bhFiann (A Soldier's Song)

Soldiers are we,  
whose lives are pledged to Ireland,  
Some have come  
from a land beyond the wave,  
Sworn to be free,  
no more our ancient sireland,  
Shall shelter the despot or the slave.  
Tonight we man the *bearna bhoil*,  
In Erin's cause, come woe or weal,  
'Mid cannon's roar and rifles' peal,  
We'll chant a soldier's song

Sinne Fianna Fáil,  
atá faoi gheall ag Éirinn,  
Buíon dár slua  
thar toimn do ráinig chughainn,  
Faoi mhóid bheith saor  
Seantir ár sinsear feasta,  
Ní fhágar faoin tíorán ná faoin tráill.  
Anocht a théam sa bhearna baoghail,  
Le gean ar Ghaeil, chun báis nó saoil,  
Le gunna screach faoi lámhach na poilear,  
Seo libh canaig amhrán na bhfiann

## A Nation Once Again

When boyhood's fire was in my blood  
I read of ancient freemen,  
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,  
Three hundred men and three men;  
And then I prayed I yet might see  
Our fetters rent in twain,  
And Ireland, long a province, be  
A Nation once again!

[chorus]  
A Nation once again,  
A Nation once again,  
And Ireland, long a province, be  
A Nation once again!

And from that time, through wildest woe,  
That hope has shone a far light,  
Nor could love's brightest summer glow  
Outshine that solemn starlight;  
It seemed to watch above my head  
In forrum, field and fane,  
Its angel voice sang round my bed,  
A Nation once again!

It whisper'd too, that freedom's ark  
And service high and holy,  
Would be profaned by feelings dark  
And passions vain or lowly;  
For, Freedom comes from God's right hand,  
And needs a Godly train;  
And righteous men must make our land  
A Nation once again!

So, as I grew from boy to man,  
I bent me to that bidding  
My spirit of each selfish plan  
And cruel passion ridding;  
For, thus I hoped some day to aid,  
Oh, can such hope be vain?  
When my dear country shall be made  
A Nation once again!

## Óró, 's é do bheatha 'bhaile

[kurfáí]  
Óró, 's é do bheatha 'bhaile,  
Óró, 's é do bheatha 'bhaile,  
Óró, 's é do bheatha 'bhaile,  
Anois ar theacht an tsamhraidh!  
'S é do bheatha, a bhean ba léamhar,  
Do b' é ár gcraech thú bheith i ngeibhheann,  
Do dhúiche bhreá i seibh méirleach,  
Is tú díolta leis na Gallaih.

Tá Gráinne Ní Mháille ag teacht thar sáile,  
Óglaigh armtha léi mar gharda,  
Gaeil iad féin is ní Frainc ná Spáinnigh,  
Is cuirfidh siad ruaig ar Ghallaih!  
A bhur le Rí na bhFear go bhfeiceam,  
Mura mbeam beo ina dhiaidh ach seachtain,  
Gráinne Ní Mháille agus míle gaiscíoch,  
Ag fógairt fáin ar Ghallaih!

[kurfaw (chorus)]  
Oh-ro, shay de va-ha wal-ye,  
Oh-ro, shay de va-ha wal-ye,  
Oh-ro, shay de va-ha wal-ye,  
anISH err hokht un tow-rig!

SHAY de va-ha, uh van buh laynwaw,  
d'b'YAY awr grak hoo yay ih nayvaw,  
d'GOO-khe vraw ih shelliv mayrlah,  
S'too DEE-Ita lesh nuh gowluv.

T' GRAWN-ye Wahl eh tokht har sawla,  
OHglig amn-ha lay mar gar'da,  
GAYL.ee'd fayn s'nee frank nah spawnih,  
Es KWEEERG sheed royg err gowluv!

Uh WVEE leh Ree nuh Vart guh vekum,  
Muramem b-YOH ina yay ukh shoktun,  
GRAWN-ye Wahl agus meel' gashKEEuh,  
Eh FOHgart faw'n err gowluv!

[chorus]  
Hoo-rah, You are welcome home,  
Hoo-rah, You are welcome home,  
Hoo-rah, You are welcome home,  
Now at summer's coming!  
Welcome, woman that has sorrowed,  
Our grief it was with you in chains,  
Your lovely land possessed by thieves,  
And you sold to the Saxon.

Gráinne Wall's coming 'cross the sea,  
With armed warriors as her guard,  
Gaeils they are, not French or Spanish,  
And they'll chase out the Saxon!  
Thanks to the ancient King may I see,  
Though I live but one week after,  
Gráinne Wall and a thousand heros,  
Driving out the Saxon!