



GARRYOWEN.

Oh Garryowen is gone to rack—  
Her blood is on the butch'rs track—  
The night hangs starless, cold, and black,  
Above the shining river;  
Yet voices live along her walls,  
They sing out like a bugle call,  
Thro' loneliness, in ruined halls  
"Our native land forever!"  
Then hip, hurrah! for Garryowen,  
For as stands the Treaty stone,  
Our Irish hearts will bear alone,  
For Garryowen an' glora,

On those old walls brave Sarfield stood,  
As looked on the Shannon's flood,  
And lo! 'twas flowing red with blood,  
Of so eager foes to freedom,  
Why turn the good old town is still,  
For Ireland's sake some blood to spill,  
And hearts to fill with rich good will,  
An' Sir John's yet to lead on,  
He better times here for Ireland's crown  
And Sir John's with o' Phidrewon  
Wh' tramp the English banner down,  
In Garryowen an' glora,

Our good sires met the English lords,  
Their hands for ever on their sword,  
Their slaying blows the only words,  
They deigned not give the foemen  
And we will take our fathers' place,  
And scowl into the Bannock Lee,  
The hatred of a royal race,  
That will be slaves to no men,  
Then draw your swords for Garryowen  
And swear upon the Treaty stone  
To haze for Ireland's sake alone,  
In Garryowen an' glora,

Oh! for an hour in Garryowen,  
In the crimson light of dawn long dawn,  
Our banner of green to the gay winds thrown  
To the chorus of the canon;  
To hear the thrilling bugle's call,  
And, Sarfield cry, "Behold the Gall!"  
Hurrah! to leap the fosse and wall,  
And pike them in the Shannon,  
Then toss the men who sought & won,  
Beneath our banner of the sun,  
And we can do what they have done,  
In Garryowen an' glora,

The Garryowen is gone to rack,  
We'll in her olden gables track,  
The night that shrouds our cold and black,  
We'll light with song and strategy;  
And though her walls are overthrown,  
We'll build them yet high, stone to stone,  
And Garryowen shall be Queen alone,  
In Garryowen an' glora,

Oh, three times three for Garryowen,  
Her old gray walls and Treaty stone,  
We live for Ireland's cause alone,  
In Garryowen an' glora.