

A thousand years our nation's braves  
 In chains have crawl'd like Egypt's slaves,  
 But Pharaoh's hosts to Red Sea graves  
     Shall sink ingloriously.  
 Our swords shall suck the bloody veins  
 Of British Power that proudly reigns,  
 And break Oppression's tyrant-chains,  
     Which bind our liberty.

Our nation's flags are now unfurl'd,  
 Our thunder-bolts shall soon be hurl'd,  
 Their mighty power shall shake the world,  
     And strike victoriously ;  
 Our glorious isle shall soon be free  
 When tyrant foes are forced to flee,  
 And Britain's Queen on bended knee  
     Will beg her liberty.

Now Ireland's heart with vigor swells,  
 Her sons enchain'd in British hells,  
 Shall burst exulting from their cells,  
     To glorious liberty.  
 Advance upon the cowardly foe,  
 A thousand slay at every blow,  
 And let the whelps of England know,  
     Our valiant chivalry.

But lo, the sneaking foe appears,  
 Then draw your swords, your guns and spears,  
 Our deeds shall live eternal years,  
     With Ireland's liberty.  
 Then fight like men, my heroes brave,  
 Your verdant banners soon shall wave  
 O'er many a cowardly tyrant's grave,  
     In glorious liberty.

