

**SEAN SOUTH OF GARRYOWEN**

**'T WAS ON A DREARY NEW YEAR'S EVE  
AS THE SHADES OF NIGHT CAME DOWN  
A LORRY-LOAD OF VOLUNTEERS  
APPROACHED A BORDER TOWN  
THERE WERE MEN FROM DUBLIN AND FROM CORK  
FERMANAGH AND TYRONE  
AND THE LEADER WAS A LIMERICK MAN  
SEÁN SOUTH FROM GARRYOWEN**

**AND AS THEY MOVED ALONG THE STREET  
UP TO THE BARRACKS DOOR  
THEY SCORNE THE DANGERS THEY WOULD MEET  
THE FATE THAT LAY IN STORE;  
THEY WERE FIGHTING FOR OLD IRELAND'S CAUSE  
TO CLAIM THEIR VERY OWN,  
AND THE LEADER WAS A LIMERICK MAN  
SEÁN SOUTH FROM GARRYOWEN**

**BUT THE SERGEANT SPIED THEIR DARING PLAN  
HE SPIED THEM THROUGH THE DOOR  
FROM STEN GUNS AND FROM RIFLES THEN  
A HAIL OF DEATH DID ROAR  
AND WHEN THAT AWFUL NIGHT WAS PAST,  
TWO MEN LAY COLD AS STONE,  
THERE WAS ONE FROM NEAR THE BORDER  
AND ONE FROM GARRYOWEN.**

**NO MORE THEY'LL HEAR THE SEAGULLS CRY  
O'ER THE MURMURING SHANNON TIDE,  
FOR THEY FELL BENEATH A NORTHERN SKY,  
BRAVE HANLON BY THEIR SIDE.  
THEY HAVE GONE TO JOIN THAT GALLANT BAND  
OF PLUNKETT, PEARCE AND TONE,  
ANOTHER MARTYR FOR OLD IRELAND  
SEÁN SOUTH FROM GARRYOWEN!**