

THE BOLD FENIAN MEN

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Oh see who comes over the red-blossomed heather
Their green banners kissing the pure mountain air
Heads erect, eyes to front, stepping proudly together,
Freedom sits throned on each proud spirit there
While down the hills twining, their blessed steel shining
Like rivers of beauty they flow through each glen,
From mountain and valley, 'tis Liberty's rally,
Out and make way for the bold Fenian men!

We've men from the Nore, from the Suir and the Shannon.
Let tyrants come forth, we'll bring force against force -
Our pen is the sword and our voice is the cannon,
Rifle for rifle and horse against horse
We've made the false Saxon yield many a red battlefield;
God on our side we will triumph again:
Oh, pay them back woe for woe, give them back blow for blow,
Out and make way for the bold Fenian men!

Side by side for the cause have our forefathers battled,
Where our hills never echoed the tread of a slave,
On many green hills where the leaded hail rattled,
Through the red gap of glory they marched to their grave.
And those who inherit their name and their spirit,
Will march 'neath the banners of Liberty then,
And all who love Saxon law, native or Sassenach,
Out and make way for the Bold Fenian Men.

Our prayer and our tears have been scoffed and derided,
They've set out God's sunlight from spirit and mind,
Our foes were united and we were devided,
We met and they scattered us all to the wind.
But once more returning within our yams burning,
The fires that illuminate dark Aheriow's glen;
We raise the old cry anew, slogan of Con and Hugh
Out and make way for the Bold Fenian Men.

- Michael Scanlan