

The DYING REBEL

THE NIGHT WAS DARK AND THE FIGHT WAS OVER
THE MOON SHONE DOWN ON O'CONNELL STREET
I STOOD ALONE WHERE BRAVE MEN PERISHED
THOSE MEN HAVE GONE THEIR GOD TO MEET

THE FIRST I MET WAS A GREY-HAIRED FATHER
SEARCHING FOR HIS ONLY SON
I SAID "OLD MAN, THERE'S NO USE SEARCHING
FOR UP TO HEAVEN YOUR SON HAS GONE"

THE OLD MAN CRIED OUT BROKEN HEARTED
AND BENDING OVER I HEARD HIM SAY
"I KNEW MY SON WAS TOO KIND HEARTED
I KNEW MY SON WOULD NEVER YIELD

"MY ONLY SON WAS SHOT IN DUBLIN
FIGHTING FOR HIS COUNTRY BOLD
HE FOUGHT FOR IRELAND, FOR IRELAND ONLY
THE HARP, THE SHAMROCK, GREEN WHITE AND GOLD"

THE LAST I MET WAS A DYING REBEL
BENDING LOW I HEARD HIM SAY
"GOD BLESS MY HOME IN DEAR CORK CITY
GOD BLESS THE CAUSE FOR WHICH I DIE"