

# Collection of Irish Song Lyrics

## *O'Donnell Abu*

Author: traditional

Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding  
Loudly the war cries arise on the gale  
Fleetly the steed by Lough Swilly is bounding  
To join the thick squadrons on Saimer's green vale  
On every mountaineer, strangers to flight or fear

Rush to the standard of dauntless  
Red Hugh Bonnaught and Gallowglass,  
throng from each mountain  
Pass onward for Erin O'Donnell Abu  
Princely O'Neill to our aid is advancing  
With many a chieftain and warrior clan  
A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are prancing  
'Neath the borderers brave from the Banks of the Bann  
Many a heart shall quail under its coat of mail  
Deeply the merciless foeman shall rue  
When on his ears shall ring bourn on the breeze's wing  
Tir Connell's dread war cry, O'Donnell Abu  
Wildly o'er Desmond the war wolf is howling  
Fearless the eagle sweeps over the plain  
The fox in the streets of the city is prowling  
And all who would scare them are banished or slain  
On with O'Donnall then, fight the old fight again  
Sons of Tir Connell are valiant and true  
Make the proud saxon feel Erin's avenging steel  
Strike for your country O'Donnell Abu

## *God Save Ireland*

Author: T.D. Sullivan

tune: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp the Boys are Marching  
High upon the gallows tree swung the noble-hearted Three.  
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom;  
But they met him face to face, with the courage of their race,  
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom.

## CHORUS

"God save Ireland ! " said the heroes;  
"God save Ireland" said they all.  
Whether on the scaffold high  
Or the battlefield we die,  
o, what matter when for Erin dear we fall ! "

Girt around with cruel foes, still their courage proudly rose,  
For they thought of hearts that loved them for and near;  
Of the millions true and brave o'er the ocean's swelling wave,  
And the friends in holy Ireland ever dear. CHORUS

Climbed they up the rugged stair, rang their voices out in prayer,  
Then with England's fatal cord around them cast,  
Close beside the gallows tree kissed like brothers lovingly,  
True to home and faith and freedom to the last. CHORUS

Never till the latest day shall the memory pass away,  
Of the gallant lives thus given for our land;  
But on the cause must go, amidst joy and weal and woe,  
Till we make our Isle a nation free and grand. CHORUS

According to my friend John Mahoney the original was written December  
1867

## *Soldier's Song*

Author: Peadar Kearney/Patrick Heeney

We'll sing a song, a soldier's song,  
With cheering rousing chorus,  
As round our blazing fires we throng,  
The starry heavens o'er us;  
Impatient for the coming fight,  
And as we wait the morning's light,  
Here in the silence of the night,  
We'll chant a soldier's song.

### CHORUS

Soldiers are we  
whose lives are pledged to Ireland;  
Some have come  
from a land beyond the wave.  
Sworn to be free,  
No more our ancient sire land  
Shall shelter the despot or the slave.  
Tonight we man the gap of danger  
In Erin's cause, come woe or weal  
'Mid cannons' roar and rifles peal,  
We'll chant a soldier's song  
In valley green, on towering crag,  
Our fathers fought before us,  
And conquered 'neath the same old flag  
That's proudly floating o'er us.  
We're children of a fighting race,  
That never yet has known disgrace,  
And as we march, the foe to face,  
We'll chant a soldier's song

### CHORUS

Sons of the Gael! Men of the Pale!  
The long watched day is breaking;  
The serried ranks of Inisfail  
Shall set the Tyrant quaking.  
Our camp fires now are burning low;  
See in the east a silv'ry glow,  
Out yonder waits the Saxon foe,  
So chant a soldier's song.

### CHORUS