

The Patriot Game

The Clancy Brothers

Come all you young rebels,
And list' while I sing.
For the love of one's country is a terrible thing.
It banishes fear with the the speed of a flame
And it makes us all part of the patriot game.

My name is O'Hanlon,
And I'm just gone sixteen,
My home is in Monohan,
Where I was weened,
I've learned all my life through,
When England to blame,
And so I'm a part of the patriot game.

It's barely two years since I wondered away,
With the local battalion of the bold I-R-A,
I've read of our heroes and I've wanted the same,
To play out my part in the patriot game.

This Ireland of ours has for long been half free,
Six counties are under John Bull's tyranny,
So I gave up my boyhood to drill and to train,
To play my own part in the patriot game.

And now as I lie here,
My body all holes,
I think of those treasures,
Who bargained and sold,
I wish that my rifle had given the same,
To those quislings who sold out the patriot game.