

Banna Strand

The Wolfe Tones

'Twas on Good Friday morning,
All in the month of May,
A German Ship was signalling,
Beyond out in the Bay,
We had twenty thousand rifles
All ready for to land,
But no answering signal did come
From the lonely Banna Strand.
"No signal answers from the shore",
Sir Roger sadly said,
"No comrades here to meet me,
Alas, they must be dead,
But I must do my duty
And at once I mean to land",
So in a small boat rowed ashore
On the lovely Banna Strand.
Now the R.I.C. were hunting
For Sir Roger high and low,
They found him in McKenna's fort;
Said they: "You are our foe",
Said he: "I'm Roger Casement,
I came to my native land,
I mean to free my countrymen
On the lonely Banna Strand.
They took Sir Roger prisoner,
And sailed for London town,
And in the Tower they laid him,
A traitor to the Crown;
Said he "I am no traitor",
But his trial he had to stand,
For bringing German rifles
To the lonely Banna Strand.
'Twas in an English prison
That they led him to his death,
"I'm dying for my country"
He said with his last breath,
They buried him in British soil
Far from his native land,
And the wild waves sing his requiem
On the lonely Banna Strand.
They took Sir Roger home again
In the year of '65,
And with his comrades of '16
In peace and tranquil lies,
His last fond wish, it is fulfilled
For to lie in his native land,
And the waves will roll in peace again
On the lonely Banna Strand.