

## Bold Fenian Men

The Wolfe Tones

See who comes over the red blossomed heather  
Their green banners kissing the pure mountain air  
Heads erect eyes front, stepping proudly together  
Freedom sits throned on each proud spirit there  
Down the hill twining, their blessed steel shining  
Like rivers of beauty that flow from 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  
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  
Our hills never echo'd the tread of a slave  
In many's a field where the leaden hail rattled  
Through the red gap of glory they march'd to their grave  
And those who inherit their name and their spirit  
Will march 'neath the banners of Liberty then  
All who love foreign law, native or Saxon  
Must out and make way for the bold Fenian Men