

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