

The Dying Rebel

The Wolfe Tones

The night was dark, and the fight was over,
The moon shone down O'Connell Street,
I stood alone, where brave men perished
Those men have gone, their God to meet.
My only son was shot in Dublin,
Fighting for his country bold,
He fought for Ireland, and Ireland only,
The Harp and Shamrock, Green, White and Gold.
The first I met was a grey-haired father
Searching for his only son,
I said "Old man, there's no use searching
For up to heaven, your son has gone".
The old man cried out broken hearted
Bending o'er I heard him say:
"I knew my son was too kind hearted,
I knew my son would never yield".
The last I met was a dying rebel,
Bending low I heard him say:
"God bless my home in dear Cork City,
God bless the cause for which I die."