

The Tri Coloured Ribbon

The Wolfe Tones

I had a true love, if ever a girl had one,
I had a true love, a brave lad was he,
And one fine Easter Monday, with his gallant comrades,
He started away for to set Ireland free.
So all around my hat I wear a tricolour ribbon,
All around my hat until death comes to me,
And if anybody's asking why I'm wearing that ribbon,
It's all for my true love I ne'er more shall see!
He whispered: "Goodbye love, old Ireland is calling,
High over Dublin our Tri-colour flies,
In the streets of the city the foeman is falling,
And the wee birds are singing 'Old Ireland Arise'."
So all around my hat I wear a tricolour ribbon,
All around my hat until death comes to me,
And if anybody's asking why I'm wearing that ribbon,
It's all for my true love I ne'er more shall see!
His bandolier around him, his bright bayonet shining,
His short service rifle, a beauty to see,
There was joy in his eyes, though he left me repining,
And started away to set Ireland free.
So all around my hat I wear a tricolour ribbon,
All around my hat until death comes to me,
And if anybody's asking why I'm wearing that ribbon,
It's all for my true love I ne'er more shall see!
In prayer and in waiting the dark days passed over,
The roar of the guns brought no message to me,
I prayed for Old Ireland, I prayed for my true love,
That he might be safe and Old Ireland be free.
So all around my hat I wear a tricolour ribbon,
All around my hat until death comes to me,
And if anybody's asking why I'm wearing that ribbon,
It's all for my true love I ne'er more shall see!
The struggle has ended, they brought me the story,
The last whispered message he sent unto me:
"I was true to the land, love, I fought for her glory,
And gave up my life to set Ireland free!"