

*The DYING REBEL*

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THE NIGHT WAS DARK AND THE FIGHT WAS OVER  
THE MOON SHONE DOWN ON O'CONNELL STREET  
I STOOD ALONE WHERE BRAVE MEN PERISHED  
THOSE MEN HAVE GONE THEIR GOD TO MEET

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  
AND BENDING OVER I HEARD HIM SAY  
"I KNEW MY SON WAS TOO KIND HEARTED  
I KNEW MY SON WOULD NEVER YIELD

"MY ONLY SON WAS SHOT IN DUBLIN  
FIGHTING FOR HIS COUNTRY BOLD  
HE FOUGHT FOR IRELAND, FOR IRELAND ONLY  
THE HARP, THE SHAMROCK, GREEN WHITE AND GOLD"

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"