

Eire Og

"The Patriot Game"

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Come all ye young rebels, and list while I sing,
For the love of one's country is a terrible thing.
It banishes fear with the speed of a flame
And it makes us all part of the patriot game.
My name is O'Hanlon, and I've just turned sixteen.
My home is in Monaghan, where I was reared.
I learned all my life cruel England to blame,
So now I am part of the patriot game.
They told me how Connolly was shot in his chair,
His wounds from the battle all bleeding and bare.
His fine body twisted, all tortured and lame;
They soon made me part of the patriot game.
It's nearly two years since I wandered away
With the local battalion of the bold
IRA, I've read of our heroes,
and I wanted the same,
To play out my part in the
patriot
game.
This Ireland of ours has for long been half
free;
Six
counties still under John Bull's tyranny.
But still De Valera is greatly to blame
For shirking
his part in the patriot game.
And now as I lie here, my body all holes,
I think of those traitors who bargained in souls
And I wish that my rifle had given the same
To those
bastards
that sold out the patriot game.
So come all ye young rebels,
and list while I sing,
For the love of one's country
is a terrible thing.
It banishes fear with the speed
of a flame
And it makes us all part of the patriot game.

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