

Grehan Sisters, The "Henry Joy"

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An Ulsterman I am proud to be
From the Antrim glens I come
Although I have laboured by the sea
I have followed fife and drum
I've heard the martial tramp of men
I've seen them fight and die
Ah! Lads, I well remember when
I followed Henry Joy

I pulled my boat in from the sea
And I hid my sails away
I hung my nets upon a tree
And I scanned the moonlit bay
All the boys were out, and the red coats too
I kissed my wife good-bye
And through the shade of the greenwood glade
I followed Henry Joy

It was for Ireland's cause we fought
For home and sire, we bled
Though our hearts were true, and our numbers were
few
And ten to one lay dead
And many a lassie mourned her lad
And mother mourned her boy
For the youth was strong in the daring throng
That followed Henry Joy

In Belfast town they built a tree
And the redcoats mustered there
I saw him come as the sound of a drum
Rolled out on the barrack square
He kissed his sister and went aloft
He bade his last good-bye
He turned and died, My God, I cired
They have murdered Henry Joy

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