

Wolfetones, The "God save ireland"

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High upon the gallows tree
Swung the noble hearted three
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom
But they met him face to face
With the courage of their race
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom

Chorus:

God save Ireland, said the heroes
God save Ireland, said they all
Whether on the scaffold high
Or the battlefield we die
Oh what matter when for Erin dear we fall?

When they're up the rugged stair
Rang their voices out in prayer
Then with England's fatal cord around them cast
Close beside the gallows tree
Kissed like brothers lovingly
True to home and faith and freedom to the last

Chorus,

Never till the latest day
Shall the memory pass away?
Oh, the gallant lives thus given for our land
But on the cause must go
Amid joy and weal and woe
Till we make our Isle a nation free and grand

Chorus.

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