

## Traditional

### "Kevin Barry"

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In Mountjoy jail one Monday morning  
High upon the gallows tree  
Kevin Barry gave his young life  
For the cause of liberty  
But a lad of eighteen summers  
Yet no one can deny  
As he walked to death that morning  
He proudly held his head on high

Just before he faced the hangman  
In his dreary prison cell  
British soldiers tortured Barry  
Just because he would not tell  
The names of his brave companions  
And other things they wished to know  
"Turn informer or we'll kill you"  
Kevin Barry answered, "no"  
Calmly standing to attention  
While he bade his last farewell  
To his broken hearted mother  
Whose grief no one can tell  
For the cause he proudly cherished  
This sad parting had to be  
Then to death walked softly smiling  
That old Ireland might be free

Another martyr for old Ireland  
Another murder for the crown  
Whose brutal laws may kill the Irish  
But can't keep their spirit down  
Lads like Barry are no cowards  
From the foe they will not fly  
Lads like Barry will free Ireland  
For her sake they'll live and die

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