

The MEN of the WEST

WHILE WE HONOR IN SONG AND IN STORY
THE NAMES OF THE PATRIOT MEN
WHOSE VALOR HAS COVERED IN GLORY
FULL MANY A MOUNTAIN AND GLEN
FORGET NOT THE BOYS OF THE HEATHER
WHO MARSHALLED THEIR BRAVEST AND BEST
WHEN EIRE WAS BROKEN IN WEXFORD
AND LOOKED FOR REVENGE TO THE WEST!

*I GIVE YOU THE GALLANT OLD WEST, BOYS
WHERE RALLIED OUR BRAVEST AND BEST
WHEN IRELAND LAY BROKEN AND BLEEDING
HURRAH FOR THE MEN OF THE WEST!*

THE HILLTOPS WITH GLORY WERE SHINING
'T WAS THE EVE OF A BRIGHT HARVEST DAY
WHEN THE SHIPS WE'D BEEN WEARILY WAITING
SAILED INTO KILLALA'S BROAD BAY
AND OVER THE HILLS WENT THE SLOGAN
TTO WAKEN IN EVERY BREAST
THE FIRE THAT'S NEVER BEEN QUENCHED, BOYS,
AMONG THE TRUE HEARTS OF THE WEST!

KILLALA WAS OURS ERE THE MIDNIGHT
AND HIGH OVER BALLINA TOWN
OUR BANNERS IN TRIUMPH WERE WAVING
BEFORE THE NEXT SUN HAD GONE DOWN
WE GATHERED TO SPEED THE GOOD WORK, BOYS,
THE TRUE MEN ANEAR AND AFAR
AND HISTORY CAN TELL HOW WE ROUTED
THE REDCOATS THOUGH OLD CASTLEBAR!

THOUGH ALL THE BRIGHT DREAMINGS WE CHERISHED
WENT DOWN IN DISASTER AND WOE
THE SPIRIT OF OLD IS STILL WITH US
THAT NEVER WOULD BEND TO THE FOE
AND CONNACHT IS READY WHENEVER
THE LOUD ROLLING BEAT OF THE DRUM
RINGS OUT TO AWAKEN THE ECHOES
AND TELL US THE MORNING HAS COME!