

SEAN SOUTH OF GARRYOWEN

'T WAS ON A DREARY NEW YEAR'S EVE
AS THE SHADES OF NIGHT CAME DOWN
A LORRY-LOAD OF VOLUNTEERS
APPROACHED A BORDER TOWN
THERE WERE MEN FROM DUBLIN AND FROM CORK
FERMANAGH AND TYRONE
AND THE LEADER WAS A LIMERICK MAN
SEÁN SOUTH FROM GARRYOWEN

AND AS THEY MOVED ALONG THE STREET
UP TO THE BARRACKS DOOR
THEY SCORNE THE DANGERS THEY WOULD MEET
THE FATE THAT LAY IN STORE;
THEY WERE FIGHTING FOR OLD IRELAND'S CAUSE
TO CLAIM THEIR VERY OWN,
AND THE LEADER WAS A LIMERICK MAN
SEÁN SOUTH FROM GARRYOWEN

BUT THE SERGEANT SPIED THEIR DARING PLAN
HE SPIED THEM THROUGH THE DOOR
FROM STEN GUNS AND FROM RIFLES THEN
A HAIL OF DEATH DID ROAR
AND WHEN THAT AWFUL NIGHT WAS PAST,
TWO MEN LAY COLD AS STONE,
THERE WAS ONE FROM NEAR THE BORDER
AND ONE FROM GARRYOWEN.

NO MORE THEY'LL HEAR THE SEAGULLS CRY
O'ER THE MURMURING SHANNON TIDE,
FOR THEY FELL BENEATH A NORTHERN SKY,
BRAVE HANLON BY THEIR SIDE.
THEY HAVE GONE TO JOIN THAT GALLANT BAND
OF PLUNKETT, PEARCE AND TONE,
ANOTHER MARTYR FOR OLD IRELAND
SEÁN SOUTH FROM GARRYOWEN!