

The TRI-COLORED RIBBON

I ONCE HAD A TRUE LOVE, IF EVER A GIRL HAD ONE
I ONCE HAD A TRUE LOVE AND A BRAVE LAD WAS HE
TILL ONE FINE EASTER MORNING WITH HIS GALLANT COMRADES
HE STARTED AWAY TO MAKE OLD IRELAND FREE!

*AND ALL AROUND MY HAT I'LL WEAR A TRI-COLORED RIBBON OH
ALL AROUND MY HAT UNTIL DEATH COMES TO ME
AND IF ANYBODY'S ASKING WHY I'M WEARING THAT RIBBON OH
IT'S ALL FOR MY TRUE LOVE THAT I NEVER MORE SHALL SEE!*

HE WHISPERED, "GOOD-BYE, LOVE, OLD IRELAND IS CALLING
HIGH OVER DUBLIN OUR WAR FLAG IT FLIES,
IN THE STREETS OF THE CITY THE FOE MAN IS FALLING,
AND WEE BIRDS ARE SINGING 'OLD IRELAND ARISE!' "

HIS BANDOLIER AROUND HIM, HIS BRIGHT BAYONET SHINING
HIS SHORT SERVICE RIFLE, A BEAUTY TO SEE,
THERE WAS JOY IN HIS EYES, THOUGH HE LEFT ME REPINING;
AND STARTED AWAY FOR TO MAKE IRELAND FREE.

IN PRAYER AND IN WATCHING THE DARK DAYS PASSED OVER
THE ROAR OF THE GUNS BROUGHT NO MESSAGE TO ME.
I PRAYED FOR OLD IRELAND, I PRAYED FOR MY TRUE LOVE,
THAT HE MIGHT BE SAFE, AND OLD IRELAND BE FREE.

THE STRUGGLE HAS ENDED, THEY BROUGHT ME THE STORY,
THE LAST WHISPERED MESSAGE HE SENT UNTO ME,
"I WAS TRUE TO MY LAND, LOVE; I FOUGHT FOR HER GLORY,
AND GAVE UP MY LIFE FOR TO MAKE IRELAND FREE!"