

God save Ireland

Wolfe tones/Irish folk

Violine

5

10

15

[1]

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

[Chorus]

**God save Ireland said the hero's God save Ireland said they all,
Whether on the scaffold high,or the battle field we die,
Oh no matter when for Ireland dear we fall**

[2]

Girt around with cruel foes,still their courage proudly rose,
For they thought with hearts that loved them far and near,
Of the millions true and brave,o'er the ocean swelling wave,
And the friends of holy Ireland ever dear.

[3]

Climed they up the rugged stair,rang their voices out in prayer,
Then with England's fatal courd around them cast,
Close beside the gallows tre,kissed like brothers lovingly,
True to home and faith and freedom to the last.

[4]

Never till the latest day shall their memories pass away,
O the galland lives thus given for our land,
But on the cause must go,to the joy the weal or woe,
Till we make our nation free and grand.