

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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### Burke's Dream

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Sadly but slowly one night in November  
I laid down my weary head for to repose  
On my pillow of straw which I long shall remember  
I been weary for sleep, I fell into a doze.

I been tired from working hard down in the foreign prison yard  
Night brought relief to my sad heart's should free  
I been locked in my prison cell, surely an earthly hell  
I then fell asleep and commenced for to dream

I dreamed I was sitting on a green hill of Erin  
With no hesitating and victory won,  
Surrounded by comrades, no enemies fearing,  
But then was the cry, "Every man to his gun"

It's on came the section then; dread not, ye Fenian men;  
Soon they fell back from their pike's volunteers  
I dreamed that I saw our brave noble commander  
Was mounted on steed and his guard did surrear

He was brave-trimmed with gold and his bright shining chevrons  
'Twas all dint with sunbeams of freedom that day  
Slam bang, the cannons slew, lines they were all cut through  
Men on both sides lay dying and dead

The green flag went waving high that day beneath the battle sky  
Everyone there did sing out gloriously  
Every man, boy was on oath bound to die that day or stand their ground  
And all from our vengeance the proud Briton fled.

Slam bang, the cannons slew, lines they were all cut through  
Men on both sides lay dying and lay dead  
Jump out of your prison bearth, for Irishmen have done their work  
God he is with us and old Eryin is free.

I dreamed I was sleeping the night beams around me  
Whilst pitching their lights upon that bloody plain  
When friends that I once knew in soft sleep reposing  
Lay dead and in their gore. Shall I e'er see them again?

With joy then I hastened back over the mountain track

My mother she fainted and gave a loud scream  
Surely when I awoke just as the daylight broke  
And found I was in exile and all but a dream

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