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Wolfe Tone

Wolfe Tone
(Alice Milligan)

The first storm of winter blew high, blew high,
Red leaves were scattering to a gloomy sky;
Rain clouds were lowering o'er the plains of Kildare,
When from Dublin, southward, the mourners came there.

"In the spring," they whispered, "Lord Edward bled,
And the blood of hosts was in summer shed;
Death in the autumn o'er Connacht passed,
But the loss that is sorest came last, came last.

"Though Fitzgerald died, sure we fought them still,
And we shouted Vengeance' on Vinegar Hill,
Knowing our flag would again be flown
If France gave ear to the prayers of Tone.

"Twice," we thought, "his appealing lips
Brought forth her armies and battleships,
And the storms of God shall not always stay
England's doom, as in Bantry Bay.

"And oh," we said to the hopeless ones,
Who made count of Ireland's martyred sons,
"The bravest lives; be your mourning dumb,
Ere the snow of winter Wolfe Tone shall come."

He came was beaten we bear him here
From a prison cell on his funeral bier,
And freedom's hope shall be buried low
With his mouldering corpse neath the winter snow.

"Hush," one said, o'er the new-set sod,
"Hope shall endure with our faith in God,
And God shall only forsake us when
This grave is forgotten by Irishmen."

Air: The Croppy Boy

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