

The Bold Fenian Men

G Em Am D7
 See who comes over the red blossomed heather,
 G D7 G Am G D7 G
 Their green banners kis sing the pure mountain air.
 D7 G Em Am D7
 Heads erect, eyes to front, stepping proudly to gether,
 G D7 G Am G D7 G
 Sure free dom sits throned on each proud spirit there.
 C D7
 Down the hill twining, their blessed steel shining,
 G A7 D7
 Like rivers of beauty that flow from each glen.
 G Em Am D7
 From mountain and valleys 'tis liberty's rally;
 G D7 G D7 G D7 G
 Out and make way for the bold Fenian Men.

Our prayers and our tears they have scoffed and derided,
 They've shut out the sunlight from spirit and mind.
 Our foes were united and we were divided,
 We met and they scattered our ranks to the wind.
 But once more returning, within our veins burning
 The fires that illumined dark Aherlow Glen;
 We raise the old cry anew, slogan of Conn and Hugh;
 Out and make way for the bold Fenian Men!

We're men from the Nore, from the Suir and the Shannon,
 Let tyrants come forth, we'll bring force against force.
 Our pen is the sword and our voice is the cannon,
 Rifle for rifle and horse against horse.
 We've made the false Saxon yield many a red battlefield:
 God on our side, we will triumph again;
 Pay them back woe for woe,
 give them back blow for blow—
 Out and make way for the bold Fenian Men!

Side by side for the cause have our forefathers battled,
 Our hills never echoed the tread of a slave.
 In many a field where the leaden hail rattled,
 Through the red gap of glory they marched to the grave.
 And those who inherit their name and their spirit,
 Will march 'neath the banners of Liberty then;
 All who love foreign law—Native or Sassanach—
 Must out and make way for the bold Fenian Men!