

O'Donnell Aboo**M. J. McCann****C****Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding,****G7****C****Loudly the war cries arise on the gale,****Fleetly the steed by Lough Swilly is bounding,****G7****C****F****C****To join the thick squadrons in Saimears green vale.****F****C****F****C****On every mountaineer strangers to flight and fear!****G7****C****D7****G7****Rush to the standards of dauntless Red Hugh!****C****Bonnaught and gallow glass throng****from each mountain pass;****G7****C****F****C****On for old Erin, "O'Donnell Ab oo!"****Princely O'Neill to our aid is advancing****With many a chieftain and warrior clan,****A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are prancing****'Neath the borderers brave from the banks of the Bann;****Many a heart shall quail, under its coal of mail;****Deeply the merciless foreman shall rue,****When on his ear shall ring, borne on the breezes' wing,****Tir Connell's dread war-cry, "O'Donnell Aboo!"****Wildly o'er Desmond the war-wolf is howling,****Fearless the eagle sweeps over the plain,****The fox in the streets of the city is prowling;****All, all who would scare them are banished or slain.****Grasp every stalwart hand hackbut and battle brand,****Pay them all back the debt so long due;****Norris and Clifford well can of Tir Connell tell;****Onward to glory, "O'Donnell Aboo!"****Sacred the cause of Clan Connaill's defending,****The altars we kneel at, the homes of our sires;****Ruthless the ruin the foe is extending,****Midnight is red with the plunderers' fires.****On with O'Donnell, then, fight the old fight again,****Sons of Tir Connell, all valiant and true.****Make the false Saxon feel Erin's avenging steel!****Strike for your country, "O'Donnell Aboo!"**