

### The Wests Awake

And if, when all a vigil keep  
The West's asleep! the West's asleep!  
Alas! and well may Erin weep  
That Connacht lies in slumber deep  
But, hark! a voice like thunder spake  
The West's awake! the West's awake!  
Sing, Oh! Hurrah! let England quake  
We'll watch till death for Erin's sake

(Instrumental)

(A Nation Once Again)

When boyhood's fire was in my blood  
I read of ancient freemen,  
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,  
Three hundred men and three men;  
And then I prayed I yet might see  
Our fetters rent in twain,  
And Ireland, long a province, be.  
A Nation once again!

A Nation once again,  
A Nation once again,  
And Ireland, long a province, be  
A Nation once again!

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And Ireland, long a province, be  
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