

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Patriot Maid

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An Irish girl in heart and soul,
I love the dear old land.
I honour those who, in her cause,
Lift voice or pen or hand.
And may I live to see her free
From foreign lord and knave.
But God forbid I'll ever be
The mother of a slave.

God bless the men who took their stand
In Ireland's patriot host.
I'd give the youth my heart and hand
Who serves his country most,
And if he fell I'd rather lie
Beside him in the grave
Than wed a wealthy loon and be
The mother of a slave.

Some on the scaffold place of doom
For loving Ireland died.
Still other through the dungeon's gloom
Are torn from our side.
God bless the men who for her sake
Their lives and genius gave.
God bless the mothers of those sons!
You nursed no cursed slave.

Through many a blood-red age of woe
Our nation's heart has bled.
But yet she makes her tyrants know
Her spirit is not dead.
And God the just, who ne'er designed
His image for a slave,
Will give our country might and mind
And raise her true and brave.

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