

The Dying Rebel

^C
The night was dark and the fight was over,
^C ^F ^C
The moon shone down O'ConnellStreet,
^{Am} ^C ^F ^C
I stood alone,where brave men perished,
^C ^G ^F ^C
Thoes men have gone,their God to meet.

(Chorus)
My only son was shot in Dublin,
Fighting for his country bold,
He fought for Ireland,and Ireland only,
The harp the shamrock,green white and gold,

The first I met was a grey haird father,
Searching for his only son,
I said old man,sure it's no use searching,
For up to heaven,your son has gone.

The old man cried out broken hearted,
Bending low I heard him say,
I knew my son was too kind hearted,
I knew my son would never yield.

The last I met was a dying rebel,
Kneeling or I heard him say,
God bless my home,in dear Cork City,
God bless the cause for which I die.