

The Old Fenian Gun

^C It hung above the ^G kitchen fire. ^C It's ^F barrel ^C long and brown
^G
^C And one day with a boy's desire, I climbed and took it down
^C My father's eyes with anger flashed. ^G He cried "what have you done?!" ^{G7}
^F I wish you'd left it where it was, ^G that's my ^C old ^F Fenian ^C gun".

^C I fondled it with love and pride, ^G and looked it ^C o'er and ^F o'er ^C
^G
^C I placed it on my shoulder and I marched across the floor
^C My father's anguish softened and he shared my ^G boyish ^{G7} fun
^F "Ah, well", he said ^G "tis in your ^C breed like that ^F old ^C Fenian gun".

^C I remember sixty-seven well when lads like you and me ^G
^G All thought we'd strike another blow to set old Ireland free.
^C But broken were our golden hopes I was ^G long months ^{G7} on the run
^F But it did good work for Ireland then that ^G brown ^C old ^F Fenian ^C gun.

^C I was down then in ^G Kilmallock t'was the ^C hottest ^F fight ^C of all.
^G
^C And you'll see he burned his arm there's a mark still on the ball
^C I hope the young lads growing now will hold the ground we won ^{G7}
^F And not disgrace the cause in which I held that ^G Fenian ^C gun

^C I placed it o'er the fire once more. I heard my father sigh ^G
^G I knew his thoughts were turning back on days now long gone by
^C And then I vowed within my heart I'll be my father's son ^{G7}
^F And if ever Ireland wants my aid I'll hold the ^G Fenian ^C gun.

^C That's years ago I've grown a man and I've weathered many a gale ^G
^G This last long year I spent inside a gloomy English jail
^C I've done my part I'll do it still until the fight is won ^{G7}
^F When Ireland's free she'll bless the men who held ^G