

# Irish Song Lyrics

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## THE BATTLE OF GRANARD

Down by Sheelin's vale at sunset,  
Fierce as demons in their wrath,  
Spread a band of English troopers  
Fire and carnage marked their path.

Midnight shines, and blazing rooftree  
Lit the darkness of the night,  
>From the shores of fair Lough Gowna  
To the slopes of Granard's height.

Maid and mother fell before them,  
All in wrath and vengeance smote,  
And in pride the foeman's legion  
Onward sped to Granard's Moat.

We marched that morn from Creenagh  
To oppose them on their way,  
And by river, lake or mountain  
Made we neither stop or stay.

Till a band of English troopers  
Crossed our path at Edgeworthstown  
And we piked the last red foeman  
As the evening sun went down.

Early in the dewy morning,  
As the day began to dawn  
Towards the ancient moat of Granard  
We were proudly marching on.

High o'erhead us waved our banner  
In its beauty fair and free,  
Borne by men from Carrickmoira  
And the plains of Killashee.

From the banks of Cloonart river  
And from Cleaney's village green,  
Hast'ning onwards to the onset  
Many a gallant youth was seen.

As we reached the heights of Granard  
Right before us formed in line,  
We could see the English legion  
And their spears and banner shine.

For a moment's space we halted  
As we came within their view,  
Then a deadly thirst for vengeance  
Filled our bosoms through and through.

With a shout that loudly echoed  
To the far-off Shannon shore,  
Through the red ranks of the foeman  
In a furious rush we tore.

With that rush our gallant pikemen  
Leaped against their foremost line,

And their blades drank deep in vengeance  
For many a bloody crime.

Fast and deadly ev'ry weapon  
Found a Saxon foeman's breast,  
As our fierce and maddened pikemen  
Through their columns thickly pressed.

Granard's ancient moat was reddened  
By the blood of friend and foe,  
Well we met them with their bayonets  
With our pike their sabre-blow.

Backwards pressed against the valley  
Bravely fighting to the last,  
But again our gallant pikemen  
Gathered round them fierce and fast.

Morning saw their haughty standard  
In its pride and glory wave;  
Evening saw the foeman's legion  
Crushed and sunk in one red grave.

And where stood the ranks of Britain  
By the light of morning's dawn,  
O'er their graves in proud defiance  
Erin's rebel banner shone.

Longford long shall tell the story,  
How her children bravely stood  
In that fight for Erin's glory  
Brave and stern as freemen should.

And their deeds shall nerve their brothers  
When they grasp the freeman's brand,  
To go forth, to fall or conquer  
For the rights of motherland.