

# Irish Song Lyrics

from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Blarismoor Tragedy, The

Oh, Lord! Grant me direction  
To sing this foul transaction  
Which causes sad reflection  
Late done at Blarismoor.  
By wicked Colonel Barber  
Should I proceed much further,  
And call his conduct murder  
'Twere treason I am sure.  
Belfast may well remember  
When tyrants in their splendour,  
In all their pomp and grandeur  
They hoist them on a car  
While cavalry were prancing  
And infantry advancing  
And glitt'ring armour glancing  
All in the pomp of war.

They were of good behaviour  
No heroes e'er were braver  
But a perjured base deceiver  
He swore there lives away  
For the sake of golden store  
This villain falsely swore  
And the crime we now deplore  
In sorrow and dismay.  
Amidst a hollow square  
Well guarded front and rear  
With guns and bayonets there  
Their constancy to move  
When they received their sentence  
Their hearts felt no relentings  
They bowed to each acquaintance  
And kneeled to God above.

Their foes held consultation  
To find our combination  
And then this exhortation  
Curs'd Barber did propose:  
"Arise from your devotion  
Take pardon and promotion  
Or death will be your portion  
Unless you now disclose."  
Some moments then they mused  
For their senses were confused  
But, smiling, they refused  
And made him this reply:  
"We own we are United  
Of death we're not affrighted  
And hope to be requited  
By Him who rules on high."

The guns were then presented  
The balls their bosoms entered  
While multitudes lamented  
The shocking sight to see;  
Those youthful martyrs four  
Lay weltering in their gore

And the plain besprinkled o'er  
With the blood of liberty.  
In coffins they were hurried  
From Blarismoor were carried  
And hastily were buried  
While thousands sank with grief.  
Crying, "Grania, we much wonder  
You rise not from your slumber  
With voice as loud as thunder  
To grant us some relief."