

Kevin Barry
By:Paul Robeson
an Irish folk song

In Mountjoy jail one Monday morning,
High upon the gallows tree,
Kevin Barry gave his young life
For the cause of liberty.
But a lad of eighteen summers,
Yet there's no one can deny
As he went to death that morning,
He proudly held his head on high.

Calmly standing at attention,
While he bade his last farewell
To his broken-hearted mother,
Whose grief no one can tell,
For the cause he proudly cherished,
This sad parting had to be,
Then to death walked softly smiling
That old Ireland might be free.

Just before he faced the hangman,
In his lonely prison cell,
British soldiers tortured Barry
Just because he would not tell
All the names of his brave comrades,
And other things they wished to know.
"Turn informer and we'll free you."
Proudly, Barry answered, "No."

"Shoot me like an Irish soldier.
Do not hang me like a dog
For I fought for Ireland's freedom
On that cold September morn.
All around that little bak'ry,
We fought them hand to hand.
Shoot me like an Irish soldier
For I fought to free Ireland."

Another martyr for old Ireland;
Another martyr for the Crown!
Brutal laws to crush the Irish
Could not keep their spirit down.
Lads like Barry are no cowards:
From their foes they do not fly.
Our gallant lads will free Ireland;
For her sake, they'll live and die.