

Robert Emmet - song lyrics

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ROBERT EMMET.

They tell us to breathe not the patriot's name,
They say let it rest in the gloom:
But can we forget all the glory And fame
Of him who sleeps cold in the tomb?

Forget him! oh! never, while one of our race
On the soil of Ireland remains;
His epitaph brightly in jewels we'll trace
When Erin her freedom regains.

In ages to come will his name still be blest,
Who loved his dear country so well,
And forever deep, deep in each patriot's breast
Will his fame and his memory dwell.

He parted with all a ÷d he joined in the strife
With freedom's bright banner in hand;
He left his heart's love, and he gave his young life
To raise up our downtrodden land.

He died for his land on the high gallows tree,
With the dark tyrant's cord round him cast;
He died as all should who would work to be free,
Defiant and true to the last.

Oh, heaven! I pray, ere I rest in the grave,
I may see by the Liffey's gray tide
The green flag of Ireland triumphantly wave
O'er the spot where the young hero died.