

Patriot Game

Come all ye young rebels, and list while I sing,
For the love of one's country is a terrible thing.
It banishes fear with the speed of a flame,
And it makes us all part of the patriot game.

My name is O'Hanlon, and I've just turned sixteen.
My home is in Monaghan, and where I was weaned
I learned all my life cruel England's to blame,
So now I am part of the patriot game.

It's nearly two years since I wandered away
With the local battalion of the bold IRA,
For I read of our heroes, and wanted the same
To play out my part in the patriot game.

This Ireland of ours has too long been half free.
Six counties lie under John Bull's tyranny.
But most of our leaders are greatly to blame
For shirking their part in the Patriot game.

They told me how Connolly was shot in his chair,
His wounds from the fighting all bloody and bare.
His fine body twisted, all battered and lame
They soon made me part of the patriot game.

And now I am dying, my body all holes
I think of those traitors who bargained in souls
I'm sorry my rifle has not done the same
To those Quislings who sold out the patriot game.