

## Saxon Shilling

Hark a marshall sound is heard  
The march of soldiers fife and drumming  
Eyes are start and hearts are stood  
For bold recruits the brave are coming  
Ribbons flaunting feathers gay  
The sound and sights are surely thrilling  
Dazzle village youths the day  
Who're proud to take the Saxon Shilling

Peace of spirits will not bow  
And peace to parish tyrants longer  
Ye who wear the villian brow  
And ye who pine and hope asunder  
Fools without the brave man's face  
Are slaves and starving who are willing  
To sell themselves to shame and death  
Except the fabled Saxon Shilling

Go to find the crime and toil  
That doom to which such guilt is hurried  
Go to leave on Indian soil your bones  
To breach accursed and buried  
Go to crush the just and brave  
Whose wrongs with wrath the world are filling  
Go to slay each by the slave or  
Spurn the blasted Saxon Shilling

Irish hearts why should you bleed  
To swell the tide of British glory  
Aiding their spots in their needs  
Whose chains are green so often gory  
None say those who wish to see  
The noblest killed the meanest killing  
And the true hearts of the risen free  
Will take again the Saxon Shilling

Irish youths reserve your strength  
Until an hour of glorious duty  
When freedom smile shall cheer at length  
The land of bravery and beauty  
Bribes and threats so heed no more  
Let not but justice make you willing  
To leave your own dear Ireland shore  
For those to send as Saxon Shilling