

Take It Down From the Mast

Take[D] it down from the mast, Irish [Bmtraitors,
The [G]flag we Re[A]publicans[D] claim.
It can never belong to Free [A]Staters.
You [G]brought on it [A]nothing but [D]shame.
Then leave it to those who are willin'
To uphold it in war or in peace.
The men who intended to kill it,
Until England's tyranny cease.
You've taken our brave Liam and Rory,
You've murdered young Richard and Joe.
Your hands with their blood are still gory,
From fillin' the work of the foe.
For we stand with Enright and Larkin,
With Daley and Sullivan the bold.
We'll break down the English connection,
And bring back the nation you sold.
Take it down from the mast, Irish traitors,
The flag we Republicans claim.
It can never belong to Free Staters,
You brought on in nothing but shame