

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Old Fenian Gun

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It hung above the kitchen fire
It's barrel long and brown
And one day with a child's desire
I climbed and took it down
My father's eyes in anger flashed
He cried "'what have you done?!"
I wish you'd left it where it was
That's my old Fenian gun".

I fondled it with love and pride
I looked it o'er and o'er
I placed it on my shoulder
And I marched across the floor
My father's anger softened
And he shared my boyish fun
"Ah, well" he said "'tis in your blood
Like that old Fenian gun".

I placed it o'er the fire once more
I heard my father sigh
I knew his thoughts were turning back
To days now long gone by
And then I vowed within my heart
I'll be my father's son
And if ever Ireland wants my aid
I'll hold the Fenian gun.

That's years ago I've grown a man
And weathered many a gale
This last long year's been spent inside
This gloomy English jail
I've done my part I'll do it still
Until the fight is won
When Ireland's free she'll bless the men
Who held the Fenian gun.

One of my favourite rebel songs, recorded by many Irish artists, such as Sean Dunphy, Pat Daly, and Willie Brady. BO'B

BO'B
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