

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Plant, Plant the Tree

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cho: Plant, plant the tree, fair Freedom's tree

Midst danger, wounds and slaughter

Erin's green fields its soil shall be

Her tyrant's blood its water.

They come, they come, see myriads come

Of Frenchmen to relieve us;

Seize, seize the pike, beat, beat the drum,

They come, my friends, to save us;

Whilst trembling despots fly this land,

To shun impending danger,

We'll stretch forth our fraternal hand,

To hail each welcome stranger.

Those nicknames, Marquis, Lord and Earl,

That set the crowd a-gazing,

We prize as hogs esteem a pearl,

Their patents set a-blazing,

No more they'll vote away our wealth

To please a king or queen, sirs,

But gladly pack away by stealth,

Or taste the Guillotine, sirs.

The Parliament, who say foresooth

They represent the nation

Shall scamper East, West, North and South,

Or feel our indignation.

The Speaker's mace to current coin

We presently will alter,

For ribbons lately thought so fine,

We'll fit each with a halter.

And when th'all glorious work is done,

Rejoice with one another,

To ploughshares beat the sword and gun,

Now every man's your brother;

Detested wars shall ever cease

In kind fraternisation,
All will be harmony and peace,
And the whole world one nation.

(During the years of the Revolution, the French planted
Liberty Trees in their towns and villages. The custom spread
throughout Europe and reached Ireland as early as 1792)

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