

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Young Ned of the Hill

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Have you ever walked the lonesome hills
And heard the curlew's cry
Or seen the raven black as night
Upon a windswept sky
To walk the purple heather
And hear the west wind cry
To know that's where the rapparee must die

Since Cromwell pushed us westward
To live our lowly lives
Some of us have deemed to fight
From Tipperary mountains high
Noble men with wills of iron
Who are not afraid to die
Who'll fight with gaelic honour held on high (2x)

A curse upon you Oliver Cromwell
You who raped out motherland
I hope you're rotting down in hell
For the horrors that you sent
To our misfortunate forefathers
Whom you robbed of their birthright
To hell or connaught
May you burn in hell tonight

Of one such man I'd like to speak
A rapparee by name and deed
His family dispossessed and slaughtered
They put a price upon his head
His name is known in song and story
And his deeds are legend still
And murdered for blood money
Was young ned of the hill
You have robbed our homes and fortunes

Even drove us from the land
You tried to break our spirits
But you'll never understand
The love of dear old Ireland
That will forge an iron will
As long as there are gallant men
Like young ned of the hill

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Note:a translation from the Irish Language,
called "Iamonn an Conuic".KF
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