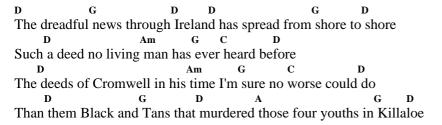
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The Bridge At Killaloe/Scariff Martyrs



Three of the four were on the run and searched for all around Until with this brave Egan in Williamstown was found They questioned him and tortured him but to his comrades he proved true And because he would not tell their whereabouts he was shot in Killaloe

On the twelfth day of November the day that they were found Sold and traced through Galway to that house near Williamstown They never got a fighting chance but were captured while asleep And the way that they ill-treated them would cause your blood to creep

The hackled them both hands and feet with twines they could not break And brought them down to Killaloe by steamer on the lake Without clergy judge or jury on the bridge they shot them down And their blood flowed with the Shannon convenient to the town

After three days of perseverance their bodies they let go And ten pm the funeral passed through Ogonnolloe They were kept in Scariff chapel for two nights and a day Now in that place of rest they lie, kind people for them pray

If you were at the funeral it was an awful sight
To see four hundred clergymen and they all dressed up in white
Such a sight as these four martyrs in one grave was never seen
They died to save the flag of love the orange white and green

Now that they are dead and gone I hope in peace they'll rest Like all young Irish martyrs, forever among the blessed The day will come when all will know who sold their lives away Of young McMahon and Rogers, brave Egan and Kildea