

## **The West's Awake**

<sup>G</sup> When all <sup>C</sup> beside a vigil keep,  
<sup>D</sup> The West's asleep, the <sup>G</sup> West's asleep  
Alas! and well may <sup>C</sup> Erin weep  
<sup>D</sup> When Connacht lies in <sup>G</sup> slumber deep.  
There lake and plain smile <sup>C</sup> fair and free,  
<sup>Am</sup> 'Mid rocks their guardian <sup>D7</sup> chivalry.  
<sup>G</sup> Sing, Oh! let <sup>D</sup> man learn <sup>Em</sup> liberty  
From crashing <sup>D</sup> wind and lashing <sup>G</sup> sea.

That chainless wave and lovely land  
Freedom and nationhood demand;  
Be sure the great God never planned  
For slumb'ring slaves a home so grand.  
And long a brave and haughty race  
Honoured and sentinelled the place.  
Sing, Oh! not even their sons' disgrace  
Can quite destroy their glory's trace.

For often, in O'Connor's van,  
To triumph dashed each Connacht clan,  
And fleet as deer the Normans ran  
Thro' Corrsliabh Pass and Ardrahan;  
And later times saw deeds as brave,  
And glory guards Clanricarde's grave,  
Sing, Oh! they died their land to save  
At Aughrim's slopes and Shannon 's wave.

And if, when all a vigil keep,  
The West's asleep! the West's asleep!  
Alas! and well may Erin weep  
That Connacht lies in slumber deep.  
But, hark! a voice like thunder spake,  
The West's awake! the West's awake!  
Sing, Oh! hurrah! let England quake,  
We'll watch till death for Erin 's sake!