

## O'Donovan Rossa's Farewell to Dublin

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Adieu my friends, in Dublin Town  
I bid you all adieu;  
I cannot yet appoint the day  
When I'll return to you.  
I write these lines aboard a ship  
Where stormy billows roar,  
May the heavens save our Fenian boys  
Till I return on shore.

Let no one blame the turnkey  
Or any of his men,  
There's no one knows but the two of us  
The man that stood my friend.  
I robbed no man, I shed no blood,  
Though they sent me to jail,  
Because I was O'Donovan Rossa,  
A son to Granuawale.

I joined the Fenian Brotherhood  
In the year of Sixty Four,  
Bound to save my native land  
Or perish on the shore.  
My friends and me we did agree  
Our native land to save,  
And plant the flag of Freedom  
At the head of Emmet's grave.

My curse attend the traitors false  
Who did our cause betray,  
I would tie a millstone round their necks  
And drown them in the sea.  
There is Nagle, Noone, O'Brien  
And Power to make four  
Like demons for their conduct  
In hell they loudly roar.

There's O'Leary and young Mackey  
And the brave O'Donovan Ross,  
It grieved me for to part with them  
When I left Harld's Cross;  
But if he lives and prospers, boys,

The truth he does declare,  
Like O'Mahony in America  
The green flag he must wear.

Cheer up my gallant Fenian men  
The day is not far away,  
When our Fenian boys the flag will raise  
And trample tyranny.  
Our gallant sons beyond the seas  
Will join in unity;  
And we will raise the flag of freedom  
And fight for liberty.

From a broadside Ballad ca. 1865  
tune: Boys of Wexford  
OCT98