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## Shall My Soul Pass Thru Old Ireland?

Shall My Soul Pass Thru Old Ireland?

In a dreary British prison where an Irish rebel lay. By his side a priest waits standing were his soul to pass away. As he gently murmurs father, the priest takes him by the hand. Father tell me if I die shall my soul pass thru Ireland.

cho: Shall my soul pass thru old Ireland pass thru Cork city grand.
Shall I see the old Cathedral where Saint Patrick made his stand.
Shall I see the little chapel where I placed my heart in hand.
Father tell me when I die shall my soul pass thru Ireland.

Was for loving dear old Ireland in this prison cell I lie.
Was for loving dear old Ireland in this foriegn land I die.
When you see my little daughter won't you make her understand.
Father tell me if I die shall my soul pass thru Ireland.

With his soul pure as a lily and his body sanctified. In that dreary British prison our brave Irish rebel died. Prayed the priest his wish be granted as his blessing he did (give). Father grant this brave man's wish may his soul pass thru Ireland.

note: One of many, many rewrites of Bingen on the Rhine RG (tune: Kevin Barry)

See also Legend of the Rebel Soldier

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