

# Ireland Will Yet Be Free - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Ireland Will Yet Be Free.

Let tyrants exult and their mandates proclaim,  
Their scepters with iron hands sway;  
Oppression the Irish heart never can tame,  
Nor drive hope of freedom away.  
The yoke may be heavy and firm in its place,  
The fetters secure all may be;  
But blood will wash out this most shameful disgrace,  
And Ireland ere long shall be free.

The day may be distant-perhaps it is near,  
When freedom shall dawn on our land;  
When Ireland no longer a tyrant need fear,  
Her rights she will seek and demand.  
Her fields, now deserted, shall blossom once more,  
Her ships will skim over the sea;  
The hirelings of England be hurled from our shore,  
And Ireland will truly be free.

Then toast our fair island, my countrymen all,  
"Success to her struggle so nigh!"  
Her sons will spring forth at the first trumpet call,  
And battle for freedom or die.  
Then when we have conquered and peace smiles again,  
Let this our grand toast ever be:  
"Confusion to tyrants wherever they reign!"  
And Ireland shall ever be free.