

Erin's Flag

By Rev. Father Ryan

1 Unfurled Erin's flag; fling its folds to the breeze
2 Let it float o'er the land let it flash o'er the seas
3 Lift it out of the dust—let it wave as of yore
4 When its chiefs with their clans stood round it and swore
5 That never, no never, while God gave them life
6 And they had an arm or a sword for the strife
7 That never, no never that banner should yield
8 As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield
9 While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield
10 And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field.

11
12 Lift it up! wave it high! 'Tis as bright as of old!
13 Not a stain on its green, not a blot on its gold,
14 Tho' the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long years
15 Have drenched Erin's sunburst with blood and with tears
16 Tho' the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom
17 And around it the thunders of tyranny boom
18 Look aloft! look aloft! Lo! the clouds drifting by,
19 There's a gleam in the gloom, there's a light in the sky
20 'Tis the sunburst replendent—far, flashing on high!
21 Erin's dark night is waning; her day dawn is nigh!

22
23 Lift it up! lift it up! the old banner of green
24 The blood of its sons have but brightened its sheen:
25 What! though the tyrant has trampled it down
26 Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of renown?
27 What! though for ages it droops in the dust
28 Shall it droop thus forever? no—no—God is just!
29 Take it up, take it up from the tyrant's foul tread
30 Let him tear the green flag we will snatch its last thread
31 And beneath it will bleed as our forefathers bled

1 And will vow by the dust in the graves of our dead
2 And will swear by the blood which the Briton has shed
3 And will vow by the wounds which through Erin he spread
4 And will swear by the thousands who famished and fed
5 Died down in the ditches - wild howling for bread,
6 And will vow by our heroes whose spirits have fled
7 And will swear by the bones in each coffinless bed
8 And will battle the Briton through danger and dread
9 And will cling to the cause which we glory to wed
10 Till the gleam of our steel and the shock of our lead
11 Shall prove to our foes that we meant what we said
12 That will lift up the green and will tear down the red

13 Lift up the green flag! Oh! it wants not a lance,
14 Full long has its lot been to wander and roam;
15 It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the world
16 But its folds like their hopes are not faded nor furled
17 Like a weary winged bird to the east and the west
18 It has flitted and fled but it never shall rest
19 Till pluming its pinions its wings o'er the main
20 And speeds to the shores of its old home again
21 Where its fetterless folds o'er mountain and plain
22 Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane.

23 Take it up! take it up! Bear it back from afar
24 That banner must blaze mid the lightnings of war
25 Lay your hands on its folds, lift your gaze to the sky
26 And swear that you'll bear it in triumph or die
27 And shout to the clans scattered far o'er the earth
28 To join in the march to the land of their birth
29 And wherever the exiles, neath the cavern's broad dome
30 Have been fated to suffer to sorrow and roam
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1 They'll bound out the sea and away on the foam
2 They'll sail to the music of Home Sweet Home

D. J. Ryan

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