

For What Died the Sons of Róisín

The Dubliners

For What Died the Sons of Róisín, was it fame?
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For what flowed Irelands blood in rivers,
That began when Brian chased the Dane,
And did not cease nor has not ceased,
With the brave sons of '16,
For what died the sons of Róisín, was it fame?

For What Died the Sons of Róisín, was it greed?
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Was it greed that drove Wolfe Tone to a paupers death in a cell
of cold wet stone?
Will German, French or Dutch inscribe the epitaph of Emmet?
When we have sold enough of Ireland to be but strangers in it.
For What Died the Sons of Róisín, was it greed?

To whom do we owe our allegiance today?
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To those brave men who fought and died that Róisín live again with pride?
Her sons at home to work and sing,
Her youth to dance and make her valleys ring,
Or the faceless men who for Mark and Dollar,
Betray her to the highest bidder,
To whom do we owe our allegiance today?

For what suffer our patriots today?
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They have a language problem, so they say,
How to write "No Trespass" must grieve their heart full sore,
We got rid of one strange language now we are faced with many,
many more,
For what suffer our patriots today?