

They Wounded Old Ireland

Andy M. Stewart

Come gather 'round you freeborn men
And draw your chairs to mine.
And I'll tell you of my country,
That you might understand.
And of the English armies,
That marched in for to stay.
Oh that night they wounded Old Ireland,
And she's bleeding to this day.

Their dogs of war were loosed to run
And hunt the rebels down
They hoped to rule this land by fear
And hold it for the Crown
But a mighty thought was born in Men
When they killed James Connolly
Oh that night they wounded Old Ireland
And she's bleeding to this day.

The Border lies like an open wound
That only love can heal
For bitterness and cruelty
They will never close the weal
The mean of vision built a dream
Which the blind men stole away
Ah that night they wounded old Ireland
And she's bleeding to this day.

My heart it holds a vision clear
That thousands more can see
Of Ireland free from hatred
And death and bigotry
Where Irishman to Irishman
Can in friends clasp a hand
If we banish fright from the Ulster night
Then we'll free Old Ireland.