

The West's Awake

Celtic Thunder

When all beside a vigil keep
The West's asleep, the West's asleep
Alas! and well may Erin weep
When Connacht lies in slumber deep
There lake and plain smile fair and free
'Mid rocks their guardian chivalry
Sing, Oh! let man learn liberty
From crashing wind and lashing sea

That chainless wave and lovely land
Freedom and nationhood demand
Be sure the great God never planned
For slumb'ring slaves a home so grand
And long a brave and haughty race
Honoured and sentinelled the place
Sing, Oh! not even their sons' disgrace
Can quite destroy their glory's trace

For often, in O'Connor's van
To triumph dashed each Connacht clan
And fleet as deer the Normans ran
Thro' Corrsliabh Pass and Ardrahan
And later times saw deeds as brave
And glory guards Clanricarde's grave
Sing, Oh! they died their land to save
At Aughrim's slopes and Shannon's wave

And if, when all a vigil keep
The West's asleep! the West's asleep
Alas! and well may Erin weep
That Connacht lies in slumber deep
But, hark! a voice like thunder spake
The West's awake! the West's awake
Sing, Oh! hurrah! let England quake
We'll watch till death for Erin's sake