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SIDE 3

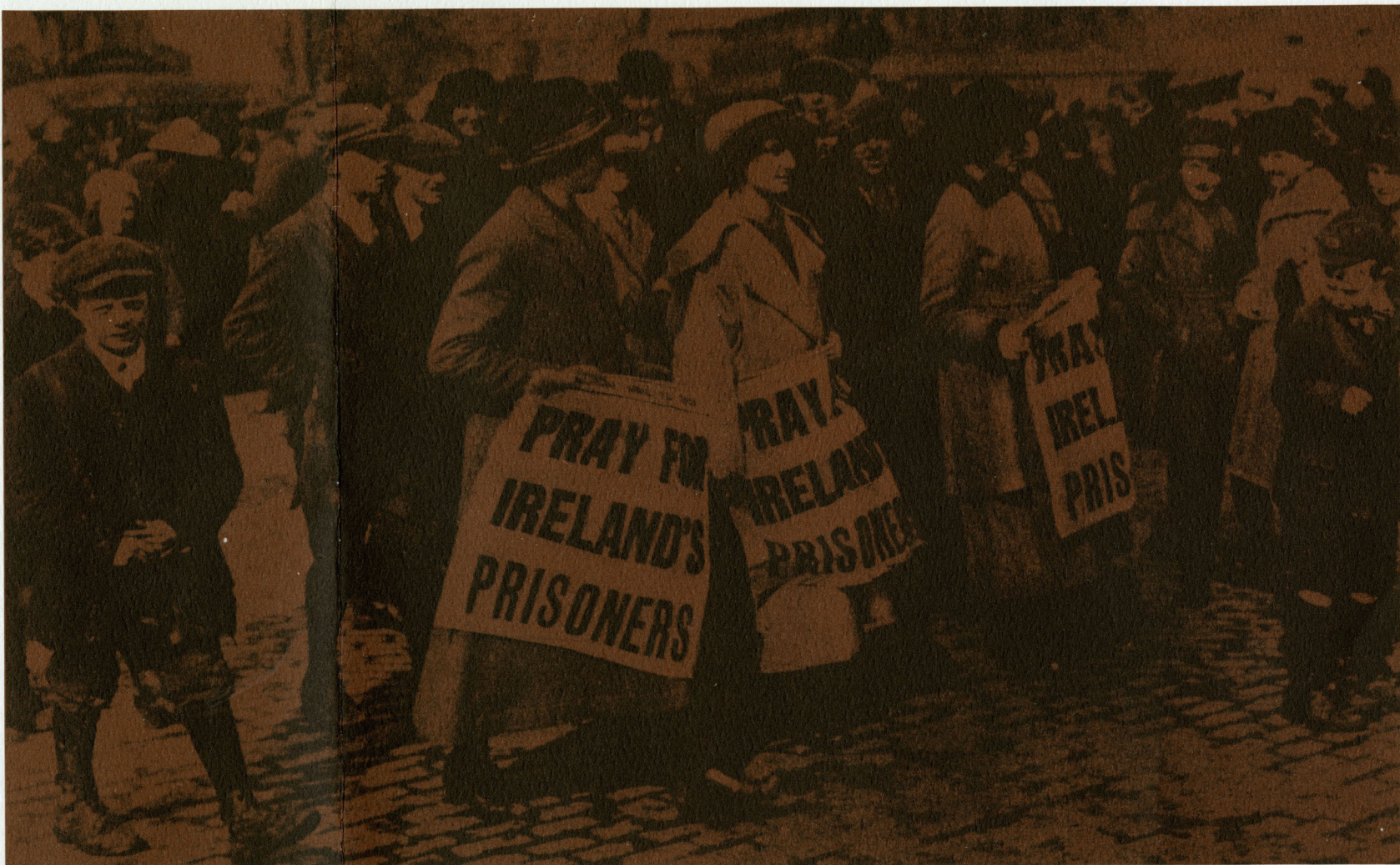
- 5 Smashing of the Van
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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

IRISH REBELLION ALBUM

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

IRISH REBELLION ALBUM



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The history of Ireland, more than any other European nation, can be told completely through her ballads.

And what a history! From William the Conqueror, through Winston Churchill to Edward Heath, the story of Ireland is intimately connected to the atrocities of England; and that story is told with emotion and truth through the songs of Ireland. It is with these ballads that one can almost stop in time and recapture the moment when in 1798 John Kelly, from Killane, led a doomed attack on English troops in the town of Ross; when Napper Tandy landed with a French force to aid the rebellion - three months too late; when a woman laments her lover's death (and her nation's defeat) at the General Post Office in Dublin on Easter Monday; when a few Irish patriots defeated one of Queen Elizabeth I's armies. These suspensions of the present time are endless, and the emotions flow freely: from pride to fear; bragadocio to sadness; laughter to tears.

The seven hundred years of British occupation - seven hundred years when the crown in London systematically attempted to destroy the Irish language, Irish music, Irish religion, Irish poetry and Irish literature, along with the Irish people - are etched into the minds of every Irishman and every freedom loving human being. The memory of the theft of over ten million acres of prime land by Elizabeth I; the genocide of Oliver Cromwell at Drogheda; the Penal Laws of the early eighteenth century which forbade Irish Catholics from owning a house worth more than five pounds, or from becoming a teacher, lawyer or government worker, or from leaving his farm to only one son - he had to divide it up among all his sons, thereby creating a situation where only subsistence farming could proceed, which in turn, forced the Irish peasant into raising potatoes almost exclusively and therefore left him open to any whim of nature. In the 1840's nature became whimsical, a potato blight occurred which destroyed the crop for a few years in a row and thereby created a famine in which over one and a half million Irish peasants died and over a million crowded onto filthy transport ships to escape starvation - while at the same time the prime land in Ireland, owned and operated by the British, was still producing grain, livestock and poultry that was sent to England - instead of feeding the starving people in the country in which it was raised. All this, and more, is remembered in the songs of Ireland.

But the Irish would not be defeated - with every disaster and with every new English atrocity, the Irish people produced leaders and heroes to rally the people and, eventually, topple their oppressors. Wolfe Tone, Padraic Pearse, Roddy McCorley, John Mitchell, Kevin Barry, James Connolly, Hugh O'Byrne, Sean South - the list is almost endless - all rose to meet the challenge of the British.

All this is in the ballads of Ireland. The glory of victory, the ignomy of discovering traitors in their midst, the love of a man going off to battle, for his woman at home, the joyfulness of a night at the pub, the sadness and pride at the remembrance of fallen heroes, the bitterness at the thought of departed conquerors...all this, and more.

1. "God Bless England"

"Ireland's national songs," says Patrick Galvin, author of *Irish Songs of Resistance* "are doubly unique. For one thing, the tradition of writing ballads, of selling broadsheets and singing ballads at street corners or in the marketplace, has never died out in Ireland; it is still a living tradition to this very day. In addition, the fact that this tradition has been alive continuously for a score of generations means that Ireland's songs reflect Ireland's history with a fidelity probably unparalleled in the world."

"The Irish people have kept these songs alive because they represented and expressed the people's own powerful and legitimate emotions and desires. At the same time, the songs helped to direct and channelize action in support of those desires. The songs are an integral part of Irish history...they may be heroic, bitter, savage, sarcastic or naive. Most of them are to be grouped broadly into the two categories of rallying cry and lament; many have both elements."

"God Bless England", a fairly recent Irish folk song of resistance, is a good example of a song which embodies most of the qualities that make up traditional Irish music.

1. "God Bless England" - Tommy Dempsey, Acc. John Swift

I'll tell you a tale of peace and love,
 Wack fo' the diddle and the die-do-day.
 Of a land that rules all lands above,
 Wack fo' the diddle and the die-do-day.
 May peace and plenty be her share,
 Who kept our home from want and care,
 Oh, "God Bless England", is our prayer!

Chorus

Wack fo' the diddle and the die-do-day,
 Wack fo' the diddle and the die-do-day,
 So we say, everyday,
 Come and join the I.R.A.
 Wack fo' the diddle and the die-do-day.

Now when we were savage, fierce and wild,
 Wack fo' the diddle and the die-do-day.
 She came as a mother to a child,
 Wack fo' the diddle and the die-do-day.
 She gently raised us from the slime;
 She kept our hands from hellish crime;
 And she sent us to heaven in her own good time!

Chorus

Ah, now our fathers oft' were naughty boys,
 Wack fo' the diddle and the die-do-day.
 For guns and pikes are dangerous toys,
 Wack fo' the diddle and the die-do-day.
 At Beyerdam and Peter's Hill,
 We made old England cry her fill,
 Ah, but ol' Brittanias loves us still!

Chorus

Ah, now Irish men forget the past,
 Wack fo' the diddle and the die-do-day.
 And think of the time that is coming fast,
 Wack fo' the diddle and the die-do-day.
 When we shall all be civilized,
 Neat and clean and well advised,
 Ah, won't old England be surprised!

2. "Lonely Banna Strand"

In 1914, the British Parliament granted Ireland Home Rule, which enabled the Irish to "play" at a Parliament of their own, while in reality all laws came under British veto power, and all Irish finances remained chiefly in British hands. On the surface, however, granting Home Rule (postponed until World War I was over) seemed to quiet the ever-smouldering rebellion of the Irish people.

On a closer look, the Irish patriots were still busy trying to achieve independence. One of these patriots, Sir Roger Casement, unsuccessful in forming an "Irish Brigade" among prisoners of war in Germany, was able to obtain 20,000 rifles and much ammunition from the Germans which was to be landed in time to support the Easter Rebellion of 1916. The arrangement failed; Roger Casement was captured and hanged in the Tower of London on a charge of treason.

2. "Lonely Banna Strand" - Barrie Roberts, Acc. John Dunkerley, Accordion

T'was on Good Friday morning
 Quite early in the day.
 A German vessel lay sailing
 Beyond there in the Bay.
 We've 20,000 rifles here
 All ready for to land.
 But no answer signal came to them
 From Lonely Banna Strand.

"No signal answers from the shore",
 Sir Roger sadly said.
 "No friends are here to welcome me
 I fear they must be dead.
 But I must do my duty and
 At once I mean to land."
 So in a boat he pulled ashore
 On Lonely Banna Strand.

The German ships were lying there
 With rifles in galore.
 Up came a British ship and spoke
 "No Germans reach the shore.
 You're our Empire's enemy
 And so we bid you stand.
 No German foot shall e're pollute
 The Lonely Banna Strand."

"I sail for Queenstown Harbor"
Said the Germans, "We're undone
The British are our masters,
Man for man and gun for gun.
We've 20,000 rifles here
Which ne're will reach the land.
We'll sink them all and bid farewell
To Lonely Banna Strand."

The R.I.C. were hunting for
Sir Roger high and low
They found him at MacKenna's Fort
Said they who are our foe.
He said, "I'm Roger Casement, I've
Come to my native land
To help to free my countrymen
On Lonely Banna Strand."

They took Sir Roger prisoner
And they sailed for Londontown.
And in the Tower they lodged him as
A traitor to the crown.
Said he, "I am no traitor", but
His trial he had to stand
For bringing German rifles to
The Lonely Banna Strand.

T'was in an English prison where
They led him to his death.
"I'm dying for my country",
He said with his last breath.
He's buried in a prison yard
Far from his native land.
The wild wives sing his requiem
On Lonely Banna Banna Strand.

3. "Bold Jack Donahue"

During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, it was a practice of the English to populate some of their less prosperous colonies partly through a prison work force, made up from debtors and dissenters from the British Isles. The prisoner was sent to any one of these colonies throughout the world where he would work as an "indentured servant" for a period of about seven years. Hopefully, he was then released from bondage.

Jack Donahue, a member of the Fenians in Ireland, in the 1860's was one of these prisoners.

3. "Bold Jack Donahue" - Tommy Dempsey, unacc.

In Dublin City I was brought up,
That City of great fame.
My parents reared me tenderly,
And many can tell the same.
For being a bold, undaunted youth,
I was sent across the Main,
For seven long years in New South Wales,
To wear a convicts chain.

I hadn't been but seven short days
Upon the Australian shore,
When I toddled out a Fenian lad,
As I always've been before.

There was MacNamara from yonder wood
And Captain Mackey, too.
And those were the bold salt sea aides
Of Bold Jack Donahue.

As O'Donahue went walking out
One day just after noon,
And little was his notion that his
Death would come so soon,
When a sergeant of the horse police
Discharged from his carbine,
And shouted out to O'Donahue
To fight or to resign.

Ah, resign to you, you cowardly dog,
Is a thing that I'll never do.
I'd rather fight with all my might
And ne're four men'll see soon,
I'll range the woods and the valleys like
A wolfe or a kangaroo
Before I'd work for the government
Cried Bold Jack Donahue.

Nine rounds the horse police discharged
Until the fatal ball
Lodged in the heart of O'Donahue,
And which caused him for to fall.
And as he breathed his last farewell,
To this world he then bid Adieu:
Remember, comrades, brave and small,
Pray for Jack Donahue.

4. "Foggy Dew"

Many of the Irish songs written over the past fifty years deal with what has come down through history and legend as being the most important rallying point of that time - the Easter Rebellion of 1916. The heroic, romantic and mournful quality of "Foggy Dew" is typical of many songs written about this, and other rebellions in Irish history.

4. "Foggy Dew" - Brian Clark, acc. John Dunkerley, Accordion

'Twas down the glen one Easter morn
To a city fair rode I,
When Ireland's lines of marching men
In squadrons passed me by,
No pipe did him, no battle drum
Did sound its loud tattoo,
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell
Rang out through the foggy dew.

Right proudly high over Dublin town
They flung out a flag of war,
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky
Then at Suvla or Sudel Bar.
And from the plains of Royal Meath
Strong men came hurrying through,
While English huns with their long range guns
Sailed in through the foggy dew.

'Twas England bade our wild geese go
That small nations might be free;
Their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves
On the fringe of the great North Sea.
Oh, but had they died by Pearse's side
Or fought with the noble comrades Bru,
Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep,
'Neath the hills of the foggy dew.

But the bravest fell, and the requiem bell
Rang mournfully loud and clear
For those who died that Eastertide
In the springtime of their years.
While the world did gaze in deep amaze
At these fearless men and ture,
Who bore the fight that freedom's light
Might shine through the foggy dew.

5. "Sandbags and Trenches"

During World War I, before the Easter Rebellion and after Home Rule was proclaimed, the Irish men, as subjects of the Crown, were entitled to serve in the British Army (they would not be conscripted until 1918). To the more nationalistically aware of the Irish, the whole idea of volunteering to go and fight for "King and Empire" was ludicrous - as ludicrous as this song about a chance meeting an Irish patriot and a recruiting sergeant for the British Army.

5. "Sandbags and Trenches" - Barrie Roberts, unacc.

As I was walking down the street,
Oh feeling fine in Larchio,
Where a recruiting sergeant said to me,
"For you'd look fine in khaki-o."

Our King his is in need of men,
Come read his proclamation-o,
And life in Flanders, 'fore you know,
Would make a fine vacation-o.

"Well that might be so", says I to him,
"But tell me sergeant deari-o,
If I had packs to ground me back,
Do you think I would look fine and cheeri-o?"

"You'd make me train and drill
Until I damn near lost me senses,
And it might be warm in Flanders,
But it's drafty in the trenches-o."

The sergeant swung his wee bit cane,
And his smile was most provoking-o,
He twitted and twirled his little moustache says he,
"You must be joking-o."

"The sandbags are so nice and dry,
The wine will keep you glowing-o,
And the colleens will take a shine to you."
Says I, "What if it's snowing-o?"

"Or come hail or rain or wind or snow,
I'm not going out to Flanders-o,
Well there's fighting in Dublin to be done,
With your sergeants and commanders-o."

Let Englishmen for England fight,
It's just about time they started-o."
And I bidden the sergeant a very good night,
And thereupon departed-o.

6. "Tricolour Ribbon"

Generally speaking, the Easter Rebellion of 1916 was a continuation of all the other Irish rebellions against British rule over the previous 700 years. Specifically, the Easter Rebellion was a direct attack on the whole concept of "Home Rule" - which would have granted dominion status on Ireland, while all the real power of nationhood still remained in England. Led by the Gaelic League and the Sinn Fein ("Ourselves Alone"), the Easter Rebellion was planned to force England into granting Ireland immediate independence.

The rebellion lasted only a week and, aside from the capture of Dublin's General Post Office (from which the tricolor of the Irish Republic's flag was unfurled) few victories can be spoken of. In fact, in some ways the rebellion led to greater disaster: sixteen leaders of the rebellion, including Padraic Pearse and James Connolly, were executed while scores of other Irishmen were condemned to death - only to be saved by an onslaught of world opinion (largely from America) which pleaded and demanded that the lives of these patriots be spared.

But the Easter Rebellion was not the total disaster it seemed, for it set in motion the machinery that would bring independence to thirty-six counties of Ireland within seven years.

6. "Tricolour Ribbon" - Tommy Dempsey, Acc. John Swift, lute

I had a true love, the fairest love a girl had won,
I had a true love, a brave lad was he,
On fine Easter Monday, with his brave comrades,
He started away for to make Old Ireland free.

Chorus

All around me hat I wear a tricoloured ribbon
All around me hat until death comes to me.
If anybody asks me why I'm wearing that ribbon,
It's all for my true love, I never more shall see.

His bandolier around him, (his bright bain did shine there),
Short service rifle, a joy to be seen,
There was joy in my heart, through he left me repining,
And he started away for to make Old Ireland free.

Chorus

In praying and watching, the dark days passed over,
The sound of the gun brought no message to me,
I prayed for my country, I prayed for my true love,
That he might be safe and Old Ireland be free.

Chorus

The battle was over, they brought me his message,
Last whispered words, they brought unto me:
"I died for my country, I fought for her glory,
I gave of my life that Old Ireland be free."

Chorus

7. "Bold Fenian Men"

The Fenian Brotherhood, started in 1857 in both Ireland and the United States, was a direct result of the potato famine and the havoc it caused among the Irish people and their agricultural society. Out of a population of 8,000,000, 1,500,000 died and another 1,000,000 fled across the Atlantic on crowded, filthy transport ships. For those peasants remaining alive, most were forced off of their small plots of land. Between 1841 and 1851, the number of farms below five acres fell from over 425,000 plots to under 125,000. At the same time, the number of large farms (over thirty acres) increased. Thus the Irish peasant was transformed from a small land holder to a farm worker - and all were evictable. While the famine was at its height, the great landlords of Ireland went about business as usual: transporting beef, pork, lamb, and grain out of Ireland and back to "Mother England".

As could be expected, sporadic violence against the landlords flared immediately. But it was not until the late 1850's with the start of the Fenian Brotherhood, a secret organization which demanded complete independence from England, that organized resistance and open rebellion broke out against the landlords and their English troops. As was so often the case, the Fenian movement was short lived, but importance lay in the fact that for the first time the world became aware of Irish nationalism, the demand for total independence from England, and the democratic ideals of the leaders of the Fenian Brotherhood.

7. "Bold Fenian Men" - Winnie Campbell. Acc John Dunkerley, banjo

'Twas down by the wayside I met an old woman,
A-plucking young nettles, she ne're heard me coming,
I listened a-while to the tune she was humming:
"Glory-o! Glory-o! To the Bold Fenian Men."

'Tis fifty long years since I saw the moon beaming,
On tall manly forms, with their hopes ever gleaming,
I'll see them again in my every day dreaming,
Glory-o! Glory-o! To the Bold Fenian Men.

Some fell by a wayside, some died with a stranger,
And wise men have told us their cause was a failure,
But they loved dear Old Ireland, and they never feared danger,
Glory-o! Glory-o! To the Bold Fenian Men.

I passed on my way, God be praised that I met her,
Be my life long or short, I will never forget her,
We may have good men, but we'll never have better.
Glory-o! Glory-o! To the Bold Fenian Men.

8. "Patriot Game"

The "Patriot Game" is perhaps the most bitter of all the songs presented here. Written by Dominic Behan, it illustrates the feelings of many Irishmen today, both in the North and in the South, about the present partition.

The final battles for Irish independence were not fought during Easter Week of 1916 (indeed, perhaps they have not been fought yet), but during a bitter Civil War between 1922 and 1923. There were three sides in that war: the Protestants of Ulster (the six counties in the north of Ireland), who feared home rule and/or independence for they feared reprisals from the native Irish for long years of discrimination, economic deprivation, and their allegiance to the Crown. On the opposite side was the Irish Republican Army which vowed to fight to the death to achieve total independence for all of Ireland. Somewhere inbetween, as it turned out, was another group of Irishmen, eventually led by Eamonn deValera, who, by 1923, were willing to partition Ireland in order to restore some type of peace to their home.

The "Patriot Game" is a result of that conflict.

8. "The Patriot Game" - Harvey Andrews, Acc. John Dunkerley, banjo

Come all you young rebels
And list' while I sing,
For the love of one's country,
Is a terrible thing.
It bannishes fear
With the speed of a flame,
And makes us all part of
The Patriot Game.

My name is O'Hanlon
And I've just gone sixteen
My home is in Monaghan
And there I was weened.
I was taught all my life
Cruel England to blame.
And so I'm a part of
The Patriot Game.

'Tis barely two years
Since I wandered away
With the local battalion
Of the bold I.R.A.
I've read of our heroes
And wanted the same,
To play out my part in
The Patriot Game.

They told me how Connolly
Was shot in the chair
His wounds from the battle
All bleeding and bare,
His fine body twisted
All battered and lame,
They soon made him part of
The Patriot Game

This Ireland of mine
Has for long been half free,
Six counties are under
John Bull's tyranny.
And still deValera
Is greatly to blame,
For shirking his part in
The Patriot Game.

I don't mind a bit if
I shoot down police,
They're lackies for war
Never guardians of peace.
But yet as deserters
I'm never let aim
Those rebels who sold out
The Patriot Game.

And now as I lie with
My body all old,
I think of those traitors
Who bargained and sold.
I'm sorry my rifle
Has not done the same,
For those quisslings who sold out
The Patriot Game.

9. "John Mitchell"

In the 1840's, while the potato famine was at its height and as a result of yet another attempt by England to squeeze more money and agricultural goods from the peasants of Ireland, the "Young Ireland" movement appeared. Along with demands for nonsectarian education and separation from England, the "Young Ireland" movement had for one of its leaders a very gifted writer and eager liberationist, John Mitchell. By February of 1848, Mitchell, who was publishing his patriotic and rebellious writings in "Young Ireland's" pamphlet, The Nation, decided the time was right to strike for independence. Since many of his colleagues on The Nation did not agree with him, Mitchell parted with them and founded The United Irishman to further advance his advocacy of immediate independence. The United Irishman soon was far outstripping The Nation in circulation and, because of this reason, the British government arrested Mitchell for sedition in the summer of 1848. He was tried for advocating freedom for his country; found guilty and sentenced to fourteen years in prison overseas. Before his sentence was read, Mitchell addressed the court:

I have shown what the law is made of in Ireland. I have shown that Her Majesty's Government sustains itself in Ireland by packed juries, by partisan judges, by perjured sheriffs. What I have now to add is this...I believe that the course which I have opened is only commenced.

The Roman who saw his hand burning to ashes before the tyrant, promised that three hundred should follow out his enterprise. Can I not promise for one, for two, for three?

John Mitchell's story does not end here. In 1853 he escaped from Tasmania (where Van Dieman's land was) and lived the rest of his life in exile in Paris.

9. "John Mitchell" - Tomp Dempsey, Unacc.

I am a true born Irishman,
John Mitchell is my name;
When first I joined my comrades,
From Newry town I came;
I laboured hard both night and morn
To free my native land
For which I was transported
Unto Van Dieman's Land.

When first I joined my countrymen,
It was in '42,
And what did happen after that,
I'll quickly tell to you,
I raised the standard of our hope,
And I gloried in the deed,
I swore to heaven I ne're would rest
Till Old Ireland would be freed.

Farewell my gallant comrades,
It grieves my heart full sore
To think that I must part from you,
Perhaps for evermore,
The love I bore my native land,
I know no other crime,
And that's the reason I must go
Unto a foreign clime.

As I lay in strong irons bound,
Before my trial day,
My loving wife came to my side,
And thus to me did say:
"Oh, John, me dear, cheer up your heart,
Undaunted always be,
For it's better to die for Old Ireland's cause,
Than live in slavery."

They put me on a convict ship,
Without the least delay,
For Bermuda's Isle our course was set:
I'll ne're forget the day,
As I stood upon the deck to take a farewell view,
I shed a tear, but not for fear,
My native land, for you.

Goodbye! Goodbye! to sweet Belfast,
And likewise Dublin too,
And to my young and tender babe;
Alas, what will he do?
But there's one request I ask of you,
When your liberty you gain,
Remember Mitchell far away,
A convict bound in chains.

10. "Dunlavin Green"

In 1791, Theobald Wolfe Tone, a Protestant from Dublin, founded the Society of United Irishmen, and soon proved to be one of Ireland's greatest leaders. As Patrick Galvin says:

He understood (as have no other Irish leaders save perhaps Thomas Davis, Fintona Lalor, Charles Stewart Parnell, and James Connolly) not only the means to achieve it.

His programme was simple, clear and practicable. He rejected all attempts at what today we call 'diversionism', and showed himself not only financially but morally incorruptable, in an age when corruption of every sort was the commonplace of daily life. All honest men were in invincibly attracted to him and the principles he stood for, which were firmly founded in objective fact and practical possibility. In an age of greatness and among a nation of unnumbered heroes, he stands supreme.

The Society of United Irishmen was founded on principles taken directly from the American and French revolutions, with Tom Paine as the Society's spiritual leader. The purpose of the United Irishmen, as Wolfe Tone said, was "...to unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of past dissensions and to substitute the common name of Irishman in place of the denominations of Protestant, Catholic and Dissenter."

Among the immediate aims of the Society were: universal manhood suffrage; no property qualifications for members of Parliament; annual Parliaments; abolition of tithes.

The enormous popularity of the United Irishmen forced England to repeal the Penal Laws, which were especially oppressive to the Catholics. At the same time, the English also outlawed the Society, but it did not hamper the membership roles which continued to grow nor stop the spirit of independence which was beginning to break out.

By 1798, the spirit could not be contained and open rebellion spilled out onto the streets. Once again, because of traitors, bad planning and the failure of foreign support to arrive (from France), the "Rising of '98" was short lived and brutally suppressed. Wolfe Tone, along with hundreds of his fellow patriots, were eventually captured and condemned to death.

During the week preceeding the outbreak, one Captain Saunders - commander of a garrison of Irish troops in Wicklow, received information that some of his soldiers were secretly members of the outlawed Society. He called for a parade and review and there ordered those men who were members of the United Irishmen to step forth. They did, were sent to Dunlavin Prison, and were executed two days later.

10. "Dunlavin Green" - Paddy Mahone, Acc. John Dunkerley, Accordion

In the year of one thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight
A sorrowful tale the truth to you I'll relate
Of thirt-six heroes to the world were left to be seen
By a false information were shot on Dunlavin Green.

Bad luck to you, Saunders, for you did their lives betray;
You said a parade would be held on that very day,
Our drums they did rattle - our fifes they did sweetly play;
Surrounded we were and privately marched away.

Quite easy they led us as prisoners through the town,
To be slaughtered on the plain, we then were forced to kneel down,
Such grief and such sorrow were never before there seen,
When the blood ran in streams down the dykes of Dunlavin Green.

There is young Matty Farrel, has plenty of cause to complain,
Also the two Duffy's who were shot down on the plain,
And young Andy Ryan, his mother distracted will run
For her own brave boy, her beloved eldest son.

Bad luck to you Saunders, bad luck may you never shun!
That the widows curse may melt you like snow in the sun,
The cries of the orphans whose murmurs you cannot screen,
For the murder of their dear fathers, on Dunlavin Green.

Some of our boys to the hills they are going away,
Some of them shot, and some of them going to sea,
Micky Dwyer in the mountains to Saunders he owes a spleen,
For his loyal brothers, who were shot on Dunlavin Green.

11. "Sean South"

Although the thirty-six counties in the south of Ireland have long been independent, the I.R.A., which fought for that independence and felt betrayed that six counties were still tied to England, never totally disbanded in either the Republic or in Ulster. Sporadically for the past fifty years, the I.R.A. - although outlawed in both the North and the South - would spring up and make a raid on some military or police installation in Ulster.

The following song is about one such raid in the mid-1950's by Sean South, from Limerick City (Gary Owen). It illustrates the continuing desire of many Irishmen for the reunion of the thirty-six counties of the south with the six counties in the north.

11. "Sean South" - Barrie Roberts, Acc. John Dunkerley, banjo

It was on a dreary New Years Day as the shades of night came down,
When the lowly load and the volunteers approached the boarder town,
There were men from Dublin and from Cork, from Monaghan and Tyrone,
But their leader was a Limerick man, Sean South of Gary Owen.

And as they passed along the street toward the barrack door,
They scorned the danger they would meet, the fate that lay in store,

They were fighting for Old Ireland's cause, to regain their rightful home,
And the foremost of that gallant band was South from Gary Owen.

But the sergeant spoiled their daring fun, for he spied them through the door,
And the rifles and the (stand guns?) soon their deadly hail did pour,
And when the fearful night was done two men lay cold as stone,
And one was from the border, and one from Gary Owen.

No more will he hear the seagulls cry or the murmuring Shannon's tide,
For he fell beneath a Northern sky, O'Hanlon at his side,
He has gone to join a gallant band of Plunkett, Pearce and Tone,
A martyr to Old Ireland, Sean South of Gary Owen.

12. "The Belfast Brigade"

This ballad, although on the surface it sings of the courage of the Irish Republican Army during the Civil War in the early 1920's, also points up the bitter resistance ("No Surrender") of the I.R.A. to partition and perhaps the seeds for much of the trouble in the North, today.

12. "Belfast Brigade" - Tommy Dempsey, Acc. John Swift lute

Lloyd-George MacPherson Greenwood and sent the feelers out
To shoot the people down,
He thought the I.R.A. were dead
In dear Old Belfast town,
But when he got to Belfast
He was seriously delayed,
By the Fighting First Battalion
Of the Belfast Brigade.

Chorus

Glory! Glory! to Old Ireland,
Glory! Glory! to this Ireland,
Glory to the memory to the men who fought and fell,
"No Surrender" is the war cry of the Belfast Brigade.

We have no costly tenders
Nor no (unsecures) to show,
We're at need to defend ourselves
No matter where we go,
We're out for our Republic,
To Hell with every State!
"No Surrender" is the war cry
Of the Belfast Brigade.

Chorus

Now the soldiers came from Hollywood
Equipped with English guns,
They've men by the thousand

Ammunition by the ton,
But when they got to Belfast
They were seriously delayed,
By the rifles and revolvers
Of the Belfast Brigade.

Chorus

13. "Smashing of the Van"

In 1867, another Fenian "rising" was planned but, because of poor communication and violent winter weather, it was doomed from the beginning. Two of its military leaders, Kelly and Deasy, were arrested in Manchester, England, while on their way to secure arms and ammunition. The news of their arrest spread quickly and a daring plot to rescue them was successfully carried out by three fellow Fenians: Larkin, Allen and O'Brien. These three rescuers were themselves captured, tried and hanged for treason.

13. "Smashing of the Van" - Barrie Roberts, unacc.

Attend you gallant Irishmen and listen for awhile
I'll sing you the praises of the son's of Erin's Isle
It's of those gallant heroes who voluntarily ran
To release two Irish Fenians from an English prison van.

On the eighteenth of September, it was a dreadful year,
When sorrow and excitement ran throughout all Lancashire,
At a gathering of the Irish boys they volunteered each man,
To release those Irish prisoners out of the prison van.

Kelly and Deasy were their names, I suppose you know them well,
Remanded for a week they were in Bellevue Jail to dwell,
When taking of the prisoners back their trial for to stand,
To make a safe deliverance, they conveyed them in a van.

William Deasy was a man of good and noted fame,
Likewise Michael Larkin, we'll never forget his name,
With young Allen and O'Brien they took a part so grand,
In that glorious liberation and the smashing of the van.

In Manchester one morning those heroes did agree,
Their leaders, Kelly and Deasy, should have their liberty,
They drank a health to Ireland, and soon made up a plan,
To meet the prisoners on the road and take and smash the van.

With courage bold those heroes went and soon the van did stop,
They cleared the guards from front and back and then smashed in the top,
But in blowing open of the lock they chanced to kill a man,
So three must die on the scaffold high for smashing of the van.

One cold November morning in 1867
 These martyrs to their country's cause a sacrifice
 were given,
 "God save Ireland", was the cry, all through the
 crowd it ran,
 The Lord have mercy on the boys that helped to smash
 the van.

So now kind friends I will conclude, I think it would
 be right
 That all true-hearted Irishmen together should unite,
 Together should sympathize, my friends, and do the
 best we can
 To keep the memories ever green, of the boys that
 smashed the van.

14. "Wearing of the Green"

This is another of the literally hundreds of songs
 that came from the events of the "Rising of '98".
 But it is not just another song, but one that has
 been called Ireland's national anthem.

Napper Tandy (first verse) was the secretary of the
Society of the United Irishmen and in that position
 he was forced to flee to France in 1795 to escape
 imprisonment for sedition. In September, 1798,
 Tandy landed in Ireland with over two hundred men
 from France. He found the rebellion defeated and
 he quickly returned to the continent. In 1799, he
 was arrested in Hamburg, extradited to Ireland, and
 tried and convicted of high treason. In 1801 he was
 pardoned on condition that he leave Ireland forever.

The color green, at times outlawed by the English for
 wearing, became the national symbol for Ireland, since
 Ireland was a nation of peasants - of men and women
 deeply rooted to the land that gave them nourishment
 and life, and which was constantly being taken from
 them by the English - and since the color of that
 land was so green, it was natural for Irish patriots
 to use that color as a symbol of resistance to the
 hated red, blue and white of England.

14. "The Wearing of the Green" - Tommy Dempsey, Acc. John Swift, lute

O, I met with Napper Tandy,
 And he took me by the hand.
 He asked me how was Ireland?
 And how did she stand?
 She's the most distressful country
 That ever yet was seen;
 They are hanging men and women
 For wearing of the green!

For the wearing of the green
 For the wearing of the green
 My native land, I cannot stand,
 For the wearing of the green.

My father loved you tenderly,
 He lies within your breast;
 While I, that would have died for you,
 Must never be so blest:
 For laws, their cruel laws, have said
 That seas must run between
 Old Ireland and her faithful sons
 Who love to wear the green.

For the wearing of the green
 For the wearing of the green
 And my native land, I cannot stand,
 For the wearing of the green.

O, I care not for the thistle,
 And I care not for the rose;
 When bleak winds round us whistle,
 Neither down nor crimson shows.
 But like hope to him who's friendless,
 When no joy around is seen,
 O'er our graves with love that's endless
 Blooms our own immortal green.

For the wearing of the green
 For the wearing of the green
 And my native land, I cannot stand,
 For the wearing of the green.

15. "Kelly the Boy From Killane"

The only rising in 1798 that had any military
 success at all was the one led by a priest (Father
 John Murphy) and a Protestant landowner (Bagenal
 Harvey) in County Wexford. Although final defeat
 came in June of '98, the Wexford Rising produced a
 legendary hero - a tall, blond, young man, John
 Kelly, who led his fellow rebels from Killan,
 Shelmalier, Bargo and other areas within Wexford
 against hopeless odds.

15. "Kelly the Boy from Killane" - Harvey Andrews, Acc. John Dunkerley, banjo

What's the news? What's the news? O my bold
 Shelmalier,
 With your long barreled gun, of the sea?
 Say what wind from the sun blows his messenger here
 With a hymn of the dawn for the free?
 "Goodly news, goodly news, do I bring, youth of
 Forth,
 Goodly news shall you hear, Bargo man
 For the boys march at dawn from the south to the
 north
 Led by Kelly the boy from Killane!"

Tell me who is the giant with the gold curling hair -
 He who rides at the head of your band?
 Seven feet is his height with some inches to spare,
 And he looks like a king in command!
 "Oh, me boys, that's the pride of the bolf Shelmaliers,
 'Mongst our greatest of heroes, a Man!
 Fling your beavers aloft and give three rousing cheers
 For John Kelly, the boy from Killane!"

But the gold sun of freedom grew darkened at Ross,
 And it set by the Slaney's red waves;
 And poor Wexford, stript naked, hung high on a cross,
 With her heart pierced by traitors and slaves!
 Glory O! Glory O! to her brave sons who died
 For the cause of long down-trodden man!
 Glory O! to Mount Leinster's own darling and pride -
 Dauntless Kelly, the Boy from Killane!

16. "Corrig Dun"

As has been noted, the French Revolution had a profound
 affect on Ireland. Rallies were held in the streets
 of the major cities cheering on the exploits of the
 French democrats. It was in this spirit that the
Society of United Irishmen began, and it was with this
 spirit that some Irishmen volunteered to fight with
 the revolutionaries of France. This song is the story
 of a woman left behind.

16. "Corrig Dun" - Tommy Dempsey, unacc.

On Corrig Dun the heat was brown
 The sun there shone on Ardley.
 The dark green leaves bent trembling down,
 To kiss the slumbering ?
 The morning blast went sweeping fast,
 Through many a leafless tree,
 And I'm alone, for he has gone,
 My heart has flown ?

The sun did shine on Corrig Dun
 The breeze did blow on ?
 The bright green leaves bent trembling down
 To kiss the murmuring ?
 That happy day, 'twas but last May
 It's like a dream to me,
 When Donald swore, ?
 We ? no more ?

Soft April showers and bright May flowers
 They bring the summer back again,
 But will they bring me back in the arms
 I spent with my brave Donald ? ?
 'Tis but a chance, he's gone to France
 To wear the Fleur de Lis.
 But I'll follow you, my Donald-doo
 For still I'm true, to you, MacCree.

17. "Follow Me Up to Carlow"

Queen Elizabeth I also had her "dealings" with the
 Irish. Throughout her reign she was constantly
 attempting to conquer the Irish spirit, destroy their
 religion and rob them of their land.

With the oppression of Elizabeth came another group
 of Irish heroes to oppose her. Rory Oge O'More, a
 young man whose ancestral lands were taken by "Liza",
 spent six years in guerilla warfare against the
 English settlers: attacking their towns and burning
 their homes. Another hero of the same period was
 Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, who, with a relatively small
 force of men, not only held off English troops sent
 to crush him, but actually defeated them and sent
 them home a broken army.

17. "Follow Me Up to Carlow" - Barrie Roberts, Acc. John Dunkerley, banjo

Lift, Mac Cahir Oge, your face,
 Brooding o'er the old disgrace,
 That black Fitzwilliam stormed your place
 And drove you to the fern!
 Grey said victory was sure -
 Soon the firebrand he'd secure;
 Until he met at Glenmalure,
 Feagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne!

Chorus

Curse and swear, Lord Kildare!
Feagh will do what Feagh will dare -
Now, Fitzwilliam, have a care -
Fallen is your star, low!
Up with halbert, out with sword!
On we go, for by the Lord!
Feagh Mac Hugh has given his word -
Now follow me up to Carlow!

See the swords of Glen Imaile
Flashing o'er the English Pale!
See all the children of the Gael
Beneath O'Byrne's banners!
Rooster of a fighting stock,
Would you let a Saxon cock
Crow out upon your Irish rock?
Fly up and teach him manners!

Chorus

From Tassagart to Clonmore,
Flows a stream of Saxon gore!
And great is Rory Oge O'More
At sending loons to Hades!
White is sick and Lane is fled!
Now dor black Fitzwilliam's head -
We'll send it over bleeding red
To Liza and her ladies!

Chorus

18. "Join the British Army"

Throughout all the centuries of hardship and turmoil,
the Irish were still able to keep a sense of humor
about themselves and their unique situation. Their
humor was irreverent, biting, ironical and often
tear provoking. "Join the British Army" is a song
in that vein.

18. "Join the British Army" - Tommy Dempsey, Acc. John
Swift, lute, John Dunkerley, banjo

Chorus

Tooraloo a loo a loo
They're looking for monkeys in the zoo
(And) if I had a face like you
I'd join the British Army

When I was young I used to be
The finest lad that you ever did see
And the Prince of Wales he said to me
Go and join the British Army.

Chorus

Sara Coverlin baked a cake
She baked it just for Slattery's sake
But I threw myself into the lake
Pretending I was balmy.

Tooraloo a loo a loo
'Twas the only thing that I could do
To walk me ticket back to you
And stop the British Army.

Captain Haley went away
And his wife got in the family way
And the only words that she would say
Was blame the British Army.

Chorus

Captain Haley's a terrible drunk
Just give him a couple bottles of stout
And he'll bait the enemy with his mouth
And save the British Army

Chorus

Now me seven long years are done
And I've handed in me carbine gun
To get us all a mother and son
To Stuff the British Army.

Chorus

RECORDED AT LADBROOKE SOUND STUDIOS,
BIRMINGHAM.

IRISH REBELLION ALBUM

- Band 1 **God Bless England**
Tommy Dempsey, acc. John Swift, Lute 2:22
Band 2 **Lonely Banna Strand**
Barrie Riberts, acc. John Dunkerley, Acc. 4:25

SIDE 1

FH 5415 A

- Band 3 **Bold Jack Donahue**
Tommy Dempsey, unacc. 2:25
Band 4 **Foggy Dew**
Brian Clark, acc. John Dunkerley, Acc. 2:54
Band 5 **Sandbags and Trenches**
Barrie Roberts, unacc. 1:15
Band 6 **Tricolour Ribbon**
Tommy Dempsey, acc. John Swift, Lute 3:20
Band 7 **Bold Fenian Men**
Winnie Campbell, acc. John Dunkerley, banjo 2:00
Band 8 **Patriot Game**
Harvey Andrews, acc. John Dunkerley, banjo 3:55

IRISH REBELLION ALBUM

- Band 1 **John Mitchell**
Tommy Dempsey, unacc. 3:14
Band 2 **Dunlaven Green**
Paddy Mahone, acc. John Dunkerley, Acc. 2:50

SIDE 2

FH 5415 B

- Band 3 **Sean South**
Barrie Roberts, acc. John Dunkerley, bajo 2:20
Band 4 **Belfast Brigade**
Tommy Dempsey, acc. John Swift, Lute 1:38
Band 5 **Smashing of the Van**
Barrie Roberts, unacc. 4:15
Band 6 **Wearing of the Green**
Tommy Dempsey, acc. John Swift Lute 2:15
Band 7 **Kelly the Boy from Killane**
Harvey Andrews, acc. John Dunkerley, banjo 1:34
Band 8 **Corrig Dun**
Tom Dempsey, unacc. 2:19
Band 9 **Follow me up to Carlow**
Barrie Roberts, acc. John Dunkerley, banjo 1:34
Band 10 **Join the British Army**
Tommy Dempsey, acc. John Swift, Lute,
John Dunkerley banjo 1:50