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IRISH REBELLION ALBUM

The history of Ireland, more than any other European
country, 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 the Irish. It is with these ballads
that one can almost stop in time and recapture the moment
when in 1798 John Kelly, from Killiane, 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 sus­
pensions 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
thief 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 situa­
tion 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,
Padric 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 ignominy 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 bitter­
ness 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 unpara­
alleled 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,
severe, 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" is a fairly recent Irish folk song
of resistance, is a good example of a song which em­
body most of the qualities that make up traditional
Irish music.

2. "Lonely Banna Strand"

In 1914, the British Parliament granted Ireland Home
Rule, which enabled the Irish to "play" at a Parlia­
ment of their own, while in reality all laws came
under British veto power, and all Irish finances re­
ained 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 round up 25,000 rifles and much ammunition
from the Germans which was to be landed in time to
support the Easter Rebellion of 1916. The arrange­
ment failed: Roger Casement was captured and hanged
in the Tower of London on a charge of treason.

The German ships were lying there
With rifles in galore.
You're our Empire's enemy,
You've naught but hate in your heart.

But no answer signal came to them
From Lonely Banna Strand.

Chorus
Wack fo' the diddle and the die-do-day.
Wack fo' the diddle and the die-do-day.
Wack fo' the diddle and the die-do-day.
Wack fo' the diddle and the die-do-day.

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
Wack fo' the diddle and the die-do-day.
Wack fo' the diddle and the die-do-day.
Wack fo' the diddle and the die-do-day.
Wack fo' the diddle and the die-do-day.

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' Britannia loves us still!!

Chorus
Wack fo' the diddle and the die-do-day.
Wack fo' the diddle and the die-do-day.
Wack fo' the diddle and the die-do-day.
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ment failed: Roger Casement was captured and hanged
in the Tower of London on a charge of treason.
"I sail for Queenstown Harbor" 

Said the Germans, 'We're undone

The British are our masters,

For man and gun for gun.

We've 20,000 rifles here

Which we'll 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.

'Twas in an English prison shere

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.

'Twas England bade our wild geese go

That small nations might be free;

Their lonely graves are by Sulvia'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,

'Mearth the hills of the Foggy dew.

But the bravest fell, and the requiem bell

Rang mournfully loud and clear

For those who died that Easter tide

In the springtime of their years.

While the world did gaze in deep amaze

At these fearless men and true,

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 nationally 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.


As I was walking down the street,

On feeling fine in Larchlo,

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 dear-o,

If I had pack to ground me back,

Do you think I would look fine and cheeri-o?"

"You'd make me train and drill

Until I learn 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 vine 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 them's fighting in Dublin to be done,

With your sergeants and commanders-o.

I was sent across the Main,

For seven long years in New South Wales,

To wear a convict's chain.

And at twenty-feet six in height

A moon could shine through me.

There was MacNamara from yonder wood

And Captain Mackey, too.

And those were the bold salt sea sides

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 carling,

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'er four men shall see soon.

I'll range the woods and the valleys like

A wolf 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.

To this world he then bid Adieu:

"Remember, comrades, brave and small,

Pray for Jack Donahue."

"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.

"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 Sulvia or Sudeil 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.

"Sandbags and Trenches" - Barrie Roberts, unacc.
Let Englishmen for England fight,
It's just about time they started to.
And I bidden the sergeant a very good night,
And thereofupon 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 Féin ("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 tricolour 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 Padric 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.


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 watchin, the dark days passed over,
The sound of the gun brought 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 1845 and 1851, the number of farms below five acres fell from over 2,500,000 plots to under 1,250,000. At the same time, the number of large farms (over 500 acres) increased. Thus the Irish peasant was transformed from a small landholder 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.


"Tis 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 beamings,
On tall manly forms, with their hopes ever gleamings,
I'll see them again in my every day dreamings,
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 days, 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 secure total independence for all of Ireland. Somewhere in between, as it turned out, was another group of Irishmen, eventually led by Eamon 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.


Come all you young rebels
And list' while I sing,
For the love of one's country,
Is a terrible thing.
It banishes the 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.
John Mitchell's story does not end here. In 1853 he escaped from Tasmania (where Van Diemen's land was) and lived the rest of his life in exile in Paris.

His programme was simple, clear and practical. He rejected all attempts at what today we call 'diversionism', and showed himself not only financially but morally incorruptible, 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 Irishmen 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 1796, the spirit could not be contained and open rebellion spilled out onto the streets. Once again, because of traitors, bad planning and the failure to have 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 preceding the outbreak, one Captain Saunders - commandant 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.

"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 thirty-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 fife they did sweetly play; Surrounded we were and privately marched away.

---


I am a true born Irishman,
John Mitchell in my name;
When first I joined my comrades,
From Newry town I came;
I laboured hard but night and morn To free my native land
For which I was transported Unto Van Diemen'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'er 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 cell I stood;
My loving wife came to my side,
And thus to me did say:
"Oh, John, so 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'er 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, Finton Lalor, Charles Stewart Parnell, and James Connolly) not only the means to achieve it.
Quite easy they led us as prisoners through the town, 
To be slaughtered on the plain, we 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 Davy’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 disarmed in either the Republic or in Ulster. 

The following song is about one such raid in the mid-1900’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.


It was on a dreary New Year's Day as the shades of night came down, 
When the lowly load and the volunteers approached the barrack door, 
They scorned the danger they would meet, the fete that lay in store,

They were fighting for Old Ireland's cause, to regain their rightful home, 
And the foremast 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 complaints, 
And one was from the border, and one from Gary Owen.

So 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.


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, 
By the rifles and the (stand guns?) soon their deadly hail did pour.

"No Surrender" is the war cry of the Belfast Brigade.

Chorus
Glory! Glory! to Old Ireland, 
Glory! Glory! to Old 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 swords 
Nor no (uncases) 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

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.


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 Belle Vue 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 shall 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.

John Swift, lute

C, 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
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 his grace round us whistle,
Neither down nor crimson shows.
But like 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
And my native land, I cannot stand,
For the wearing of the green.

G, I bring you news of the morning
Of a boy whom you'll never see
Bled and shot in the sweetest way
By the English and the French.

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

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O, I care not for the thistle,
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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" - Harvey Andrews, Acc.
John Dunkerley, banjo

What's the news? What's the news? O my bold Sheilamair,
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, Bagy 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 bold Sheilamiers,
W'ontst 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 M'nt Leinstor'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. Sailies 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.

On Corrig Dun the heat was brown
The sun there shone on Ardliey,
The dark green leaves bent trembling down,
To kiss the slumbering boy.
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 boy.
That happy day, 'twas but last May
It's like a dream to me,
When Donald swore, 'Neath no more?

Soft April showers and bright May flowers:
They brought 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 Peagh 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,
Brodin' o'er the old disgrace,
That black Pitwilliam 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,
Peagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne!
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 Imayle
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 cook
Crow out upon your Irish rock?
Fly up and teach him manners!

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

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

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'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

SIDE 1

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 2

Band 3 Bold Jack Donahue
Tommy Dempsey, unacc. 2:25

Band 4 Feggy 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

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BIRMINGHAM.

Band 1 John Mitchell
Tommy Dempsey, unacc. 3:14

Band 2 Dunlaven Green
Paddy Mahone, acc. John Dunkerley, Acc. 2:50

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 1:30