

Down Erin's Lovely Lee

ireland



On March the sixth in sixty three we sailed from Queenstown Quay
A gallant band of Fenian men bound for Amerikay
While journeying with that gallant band, as you may plainly see
We were forced to go from sweet Cloghroe down Erin's lovely Lee

For six long months we ploughed the sea, from Queenstown Quay in Cork
Just like an arrow through the sky till we landed in New York
Them Yankee boys with stars and stripes came flocking down to see
That gallant band of Fenian men from Erin's lovely Lee

Then one of them stepped up to me and he asked me did I know
The hills of Tipperary or the Glen of Aherlow
Or could I tell where Crowley fell, his native land to free
And the tower that Captain Mackey sacked, down Erin's lovely Lee

He also asked me did I know where Wolfe Tone's body lay
Or could I tell the resting place of Emmet's sacred clay
What did I know of Michael Dwyer, the Wicklow mountain lion
And the three Manchester martyrs – Allen, Larkin and O'Brien

Yes I can tell where Crowley fell, 'twas in Killooney Wood
And the tower that Captain Mackey sacked, 'twas by his side I stood
When he gave the word, we raised the sword and made the tyrant frown
And we raised the green flag o'er our heads, the harp without the crown

When I was leaving Ireland, I passed through sweet Kildare
And if I do not now mistake, Wolfe Tone is buried there
In coming down through Dublin Town, we passed Glasnevin too
And its there young Robert Emmet lies, a patriot loyal and true

But now I'm tired of roving and the seas I will cross o'er
To feel the clasp of honest hands when I return once more
When I go home to sweet Cloghroe the boys will welcome me
And we'll help to float a Fenian boat, down Erin's lovely Lee.