

# The Pogues, Young Ned Of The Hill

(Terry Woods / Ron Kavana)

Have you ever walked the lonesome hills  
And heard the curlews cry  
Or seen the raven black as night  
Upon a windswept sky  
To walk the purple heather  
And hear the westwind cry  
To know that's where the rapparee must die

Since Cromwell pushed us westward  
To live our lowly lives  
There's some of us have deemed to fight  
From Tipperary mountains high  
Noble men with wills of iron  
Who are not afraid to die  
Who'll fight with gaelic honour held on high

A curse upon you Oliver Cromwell  
You who raped our Motherland  
I hope you're rotting down in hell  
For the horrors that you sent  
To our misfortunate forefathers  
Whom you robbed of their birthright  
"To hell or Connaught" may you burn in hell tonight

Of one such man I'd like to speak  
A rapparee by name and deed  
His family dispossessed and slaughtered  
They put a price upon his head  
His name is know in song and story  
His deeds are legends still  
And murdered for blood money  
Was young Ned of the hill

You have robbed our homes and fortunes  
Even drove us from our land  
You tried to break our spirit  
But you'll never understand  
The love of dear old Ireland  
That will forge and iron will  
As long as there are gallant men  
Like young Ned of the hill