Wolfe Tones, A Nation Once Again

When boyhood's fire was in my blood I read of ancient freemen, For Greece and Rome who bravely stood, Three hundred men and three men; And then I prayed I yet might see Our fetters rent in twain, And Ireland, long a province, be. A Nation once again!

A Nation once again, A Nation once again, And Ireland, long a province, be A Nation once again!

And from that time, through wildest woe, That hope has shone a far light, Nor could love's brightest summer glow Outshine that solemn starlight; It seemed to watch above my head In forum, field and fane, Its angel voice sang round my bed, A Nation once again!

It whisper'd too, that freedom's ark
And service high and holy,
Would be profaned by feelings dark
And passions vain or lowly;
For, Freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a Godly train;
And righteous men must make our land
A Nation once again!

So, as I grew from boy to man, I bent me to that bidding My spirit of each selfish plan And cruel passion ridding; For, thus I hoped some day to aid, Oh, can such hope be vain? When my dear country shall be made A Nation once again!