The soldier’s song

Peadar Kearney

Peadar Kearney / Patrick Heaney

We'll sing a song, a soldier's song, with cheering, rousing chorus. As round our blazing fires we throng, the starry heavens o'er us. Impatient for the coming fight, and as we wait the morning's light. Here in the silence of the night, we'll chant a soldier's song. Soldiers are we, whose lives are pledged to Ireland. Some have come, from a land beyond the wave. Sworn to be free, no more our ancient sire land. Shalt shelter the despot or the slave. Tonight we man the bhearná bhílaí. In Erin's cause, come woe or weal. 'Mid cannons' roar and rifles peal, we'll chant a soldier's song.