

GENERAL MUNROE.

**From The Literary Remains of the United Irishmen of 1798 by
R. R Madden. The original poem is of unknown authorship.**

My name is George Campbell, at the age of sixteen
I fought for old Erin her rights to maintain,
And many a battle I did undergo
Commanded by that hero called General Munroe

If you were at the battle of Ballinahinch,
Where the Croppies assembled to stand their defence,
It's many a battle we did undergo,
Led on by that valiant called General Munroe.

Munroe took the mountains, the boys took the field,
He swore to those tyrants he never would yield,
“Let the noise of their cannons, boys, ne'er daunt our soul,
Fight on, my brave heroes,” cried General Munroe.

It was on a wide plain our foes they did stand,
Full thirteen thousand they did command,
Their cavalry guarded by their entrenchments also,
But defeated they were by brave General Munroe.

When our foes they had gathered from us half-a-mile,
With undaunted courage our heroes did smile,
We attacked them with fury and drove them to and fro,
And laid four thousand dead by command of Munroe.

We fought the whole day until night it came on,
We never did lose but two hundred men,
We took their artillery and baggage also,
And gained a full victory under General Munroe.

Here's a health to Lady Moira, and long may she reign,
We fought our last battle all in her domain;
We fought them eight hours, beat them to and fro,
Commanded by that hero, brave General Munroe.

But Munroe being wearied he lay down to sleep,
He gave a woman ten guineas the secret to keep,
When she got the money, the devil tempted her so,
She sent for the cavalry, and surrounded Munroe.

Munroe he was taken and placed in a hall,
It's for his dear life those tyrants did call;
They there did condemn him and lead him away,
And stuck his head on a spear that very same day.

His last words to his friends, as we did understand,
“Never to yield until they would free their land;
Never be daunted at the strength of your foe,
Until you claim your freedom,” said General Munroe.

It's in came his sister, and she drest in green,
With a sword by her side that was both sharp and keen,
She gave three huzzas, and away she did go,
Saying, “Revenge I will have for my brother Munroe.”

Here's a health to each hero who for freedom does stand,
May their souls rest in peace who died for our land;
Remember the martyrs were slain by the foe -
Brave Emmet, Fitzgerald, and General Munroe.