

# GOD SAVE IRELAND.

By Timothy Daniel Sullivan.

High upon the gallows tree swung the noble-hearted three,  
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom;  
But they met him face to face, with the spirit of their race,  
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom.

“God save Ireland,” said the heroes; “God save Ireland,” said they all:  
“Whether on the scaffold high, or the battle-field we die,  
O what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!”

Girt around with cruel foes, still their courage proudly rose,  
For they thought of hearts that loved them, far and near.  
Of the millions true and brave, o’er the ocean’s swelling wave,  
And the friends in holy Ireland, ever dear.

“God save Ireland,” said they proudly; “God save Ireland,” said we  
all:

“Whether on the scaffold high, or the battle-field we die,  
O what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!”

Climbed they up the rugged stair; rung their voices out in prayer;  
Then, with England’s fatal cord around them cast.  
Close beneath the gallows tree kissed like brother lovingly,  
True to home and faith and freedom to the last.

“God save Ireland,” prayed they loudly; “God save Ireland,” said we  
all:

“Whether on the scaffold high, or the battle-field we die,  
O what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!”

Never till the latest day shall the memory pass away  
Of the gallant lives thus given for our land;  
But on the cause must go, amidst joy or weal or woe,  
‘Till we’ve made our isle a nation free and grand.

“God save Ireland,” say we proudly, “God save Ireland,” say we all:  
“If upon the scaffold high, or the battle-field we die,  
O what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!”