

# RORY O'MOORE.

By Samuel Lover.

Originally written in 1826. Republished in *The Ballads of Ireland* by Edward Hayes.

On the green hills of Ulster the white cross waves high,  
And the beacon of war throws its flames to the sky;  
Now the taunt and the threat let the coward endure,  
Our hope is in God and in Rory O'Moore!

Do you ask why the beacon and banner of war  
On the mountains of Ulster are seen from afar?  
'Tis the signal our rights to regain and secure,  
Through God and our Lady and Rory O'Moore.

For the merciless Scots, with their creed and their swords,  
With war in their bosoms, and peace in their words,  
Have sworn the bright light of our faith to obscure,  
But our hope is in God and in Rory O'Moore.

Oh! lives there the traitor who'd shrink from the strife—  
Who, to add to the length of a forfeited life,  
His country, his kindred, his faith would abjure?—  
No! we'll strike for our God and for Rory O'Moore.