

# NOT CONQUERED YET!

By The O'Rahilly.

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AIR: "Fainne Gael an Lae."

Thou art not conquered yet, Dear Land,  
Thy spirit still is free,  
Though long an alien tyrant's hand  
Has triumphed over thee.  
Though oft obscured by clouds of woe  
Thy sun has never set;  
'Twill blaze again in golden glow,  
Thou art not conquered yet.

*Chorus:*

Thou art not conquered yet, Dear Land,  
Thy sons must not forget,  
The day shall be when all will see  
Thou art not conquered yet.

'Though knaves may scheme and slaves may crawl  
To gain their master's smile;  
And though thy best and bravest fall,  
Undone by Saxon guile.  
Yet some there be still true to thee  
Who never will forget  
That though in chains and slavery  
Thou art not conquered yet.

Through ages long of war and strife,  
Of rapine and of woe,  
We fought the bitter fight for life  
Against thy ruthless foe.  
Our fairest hopes to burst thy chains

Have died in vain regret,  
But still the glorious truth remains  
Thou art not conquered yet.