Sean South

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'Twas on a dreary New Year's Eve when the shades of night fell down
A lorry load of volunteers approached a border town
There were men from Dublin and from Cork, Fermanagh and Tyrone
But the leader was a Limerick lad, Sean South of Garryowen.

And as they moved along the street up to the barrack door
The scorned the danger they would meet, the fate that lay in store
They were fighting for old Ireland, to save their very own
And the leader of that gallant band was South of Garryowen.

But the sergeant foiled their daring plan, he spied them through the door
From the guns and all the rifles too, a hail of death did pour
And when that awful night was o'er two men lay cold as stone
There was one from near the border and one from Garryowen.

No more he'll hear the seagull cry, or the murmuring Shannon's tide
For he fell beneath a northern sky, brave O'Hanlon by his side
He's gone to join that gallant band of Plunkett, Pierce and Tone
Another martyr for old Ireland, Sean South of Garryowen.

tune: Roddy McCorley
BO'B
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