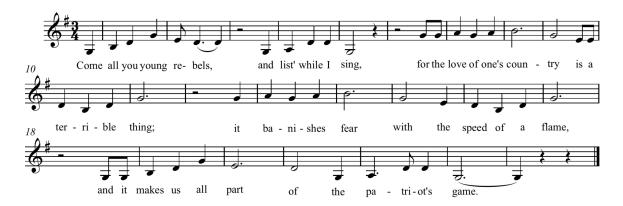
THE PATRIOT GAME (by Dominic Behan)



Come all you young rebels and list' while I sing For the love of one's country is a terrible thing It banishes fear with the speed of a flame And it makes us all part of the patriot game.

My name is O'Hanlon, and I'm just gone sixteen My home is Monaghan where I was weaned I've learned all my life cruel England to blame And so I'm a part of the patriot game.

It's barely two years since I wandered away With a local battalion of the bold I.R.A. I'd read of our heroes and I wanted the same To play out my part in the patriot game.

This island of ours has for long been half-free Six counties are under John Bull's tyranny So I gave up my boyhood to drill and to train To play my own part in the patriot game.

They told me how Connolly was shot in his chair His wounds from the fighting all bloody and bare His fine body twisted, all battered and lame They soon made me part of the patriot game.

And now as I lie here, my body all holes I think of those traitors who bargained and sold I wish that my rifle had given the same To those quislings who sold out the patriot game.