

Burke's Dream

Words from A B Paterson 'Old Bush Songs' set to the Irish rebel march O'Donnell Abu
O'Donnell was a 16C Gaelic Lord, Abu translates as 'to victory'

Lone - - ly and sad - - ly one night in Nov - em - - ber
I laid down my wear - y head in search of re - pose
On my pal - - let of straw, which I long shall re - mem - - ber;
Tir - - ed and wear - y I fell in - - to a doze.
Tir - - ed from work - ing hard, Down in the lab - our yard,
Night brought re - - lief to my sad, ach - ing brain.
Locked in my pris - on cell, Sure - - ly an earth - ly hell,
I fell a - - sleep and be - - gan for to dream.

I dreamt that I stood on the green fields of Erin,
In joyous meditation that victory was won.
Surrounded by comrades, no enemy fearing,
"Stand," was the cry, "every man to his gun."
On came the Saxons then, Fighting our Fenian men,
Soon they'll reel back from our piked volunteers.
Loud was the fight and shrill, Wexford and Vinegar Hill,
Three cheers for Father Murphy and the bold cavaliers.

I dreamt that I saw our gallant commander
Seated on his charger in gorgeous array.
He wore green trimmed with gold and a bright shining sabre
On which sunbeams of Liberty shone brightly that day.
"On," was the battle cry, "Conquer this day or die,
Sons of Hibernia, fight for Liberty!
Show neither fear nor dread, Strike at the foeman's head,
Cut down horse, foot, and artillery!"

I dreamt that the night was quickly advancing,
I saw the dead and dying on the green crimson plain.
Comrades I once knew well in death's sleep reposing,
Friends that I once loved but shall ne'er see again.
The green flag was waving high under the bright blue sky,
And each man was singing most gloriously.
"Come from your prison, Bourke, We Irishmen have done our work,
God has been with us, and old Ireland is free."

I dreamt I was homeward, back over the mountain track,
With joy my mother fainted and gave a loud scream.
With the shock I awoke, just as the day had broke,
And found myself an exile, and 'twas all but a dream.