

Old Ireland Lies Groaning

collected by Frank Clune and set to "An Emigrant's Daughter" by Dave Johnson 2018. It was purportedly written by Jack Donahoe.

Old Ire - land lies groan - ing A hand at her throat, _____
 By _____ cow - ard be _____ trayed And by for - eig - ners bought.
 For _____ get not _____ the less - ons Our _____ fath - ers have taught!
 Though our land's full of _____ dan - ger And held by a _____ stran - ger Be brave and be true!

We'll take to the hills
 Like the bandits of old,
 When Rome was first founded
 By warriors bold,
 Who knew how to plunder
 The rich of their gold;
 A life full of danger,
 With Jack the bushranger –
 The bold Donahoo.

We've left dear old Ireland's
 Hospitable shores –
 The land of the Emmets,
 The Tones and the Moores,
 Sweet liberty o'er us
 Her scalding tear pours.
 She points to the manger,
 Where Christ was a stranger –
 And perished for you.

You may hurl us to crime
 And brand us with shame;
 But you never will catch us,
 Our spirit to tame;
 For we'll fight to the last
 In old Ireland's sweet name,
 And we are bushrangers
 Who care not for dangers –
 With bold Donahoo!