

A NATION ONCE AGAIN

G

When boyhood's fire was in my blood

C D G

I read of ancient freemen,

Em

Of Greece and Rome who bravely stood,

A D

Three hundred men and three men;

And then I prayed I yet might see

Em Bm

Our fetters rent in twain,

C Am D

And Ireland long a province be

G D G C

A Nation once again. A nation once again,

Am D G C

A nation once again, And Ireland, long a province

D G D G

be A Nation once again.

And from that time, through wildest woe, That hope has shown a far light,
Nor could love's brightest summer glow Outshine that solemn starlight;
It seemed to watch above my head In forum, field and fame,
Its angel voice sang round my bed, A Nation once again.

It whisper'd too, that freedom's ark, And service high and holy,
Would be profaned by feeling dark And passions vain or lowly;
For, Freedom comes from God's right hand, And needs a godly train;
And righteous men must make our land A nation once again.

So as I grew from boy to man I bent me to my bidding
The spirit of each selfish plan And cruel passions ridding
For thus I hoped some day to aid Oh, can such hope be vain?
When my dear country shall be made A nation once again.