The Message

The Message

Our message send again
Pealing thro hill and glen,
Freedom from dread of want,
From hunger,lean and gaunt
From all the ills that daunt
And keep us in thrall,

Up on the mountain side
Far oer the ocean tide
Circling the world wide
That message is borne
Bringing to those whose hearts
Are neeth the strings and darts
Bondage to man imparts
Hope of Freedoms morn.

Morning when all shall rise
And face, with gladdened eyes,
The truth what Freedom lies
In Labours arms alone
Labour, which makes to bloom
Mountain steppe and desert gloom
Yet finds this life a tomb
And each hour a moan

Moaning for manhood lost
For noble purposes crossed
For hoes and bright dreams tossed
In that yawning grave
Where wealth the tyrant stands
Grasping with greedy hands
And binding in iron bands
The life of its slave

That message send again
Peeling thro hill and glen,
Freedom for working men
Is freedom for all
Freedom from dread of want
From hunger lean and gaunt
From all the ills that daunt
And keep us in thrall

(air-Sean O Duibir an Gleanna)

From Songs of Freedom, Connolly, 1907
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