Ninety-eight - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

NINETY-EIGHT.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight? Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate, who ban us his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave, who slights his country thus;
But a true man, like you, man, will fill your glass with us!

We drink the memory of the brave, the faithful and the few;
Some lie far off beyond the wave, some sleep in Ireland, too.
All, all are gone; but still lives on the fame of those who died;
All true men, like you, men, remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands their lonely graves were made;
But though their clay be far away beyond the Atlantic foam,
In true men, like you, men, their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth; among their own they rest,
And the same land that gave them birth has caught them to her breast.
And we will pray that from their clay full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men, to act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days, to right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze that nothing shall withstand.
Alas that might should vanquish right! They fell and passed away;
But true men, like you, men, are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory! may it be for us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty, and teach us to unite,
Throngs good And ill, be Ireland's still, though sad as theirs your fate;
And true men by you, men, like those of Ninety-Eight.