

## COMMANDANT SEAN M'KEON

(Air:—"Who Fears to Speak of 98")

We speak of men who fought and fell  
We glory in their name;  
In days to come their deeds we'll tell  
And how they came to fame.  
Yes, there is one who took the gun  
For Ireland, her alone,  
To give a blow, to crush the foe  
Commandant Sean McKeon.

In Ballinalee, near Longford Town,  
He first saw light of day,  
No thoughts had he to gain renown,  
His was an humble way.  
At his daily toil, in his native soil,  
He sent the horse nails home,  
He's the boy could shoe, but there's  
more to do,

For Commandant Sean McKeon.

The blood of Erin's sons got hot,  
The boys, they soon came out  
To shoot the foe or else get shot,  
It mattered them but nought.  
The R.I.C.—soon R.I.P.—  
Were driven from their home,  
They had to fly, when dangers nigh,  
And Commandant Sean McKeon.

Upon the hills, around his home,  
Brave SEAN he takes command,  
With comrades all around him,  
Prepared by him to stand.  
Yes, there they go, the Saxon foe  
Bang, bang, a shout, a groan,  
We've made them feel our avenging  
steel  
Says Commandant Sean McKeon.

The greatest chaser one day falls,  
The stoutest heart must yield,  
At last confined in prison walls  
This hero of the field.  
The children cry, the old folk sigh,  
And give a sad Ochone,  
You have the will so fast on a ill,  
Says Commandant Sean McKeon.

The oft-repeated farce came on,  
Those champions round him flock,  
And in the midst of British guns,  
Poor SEAN stands in the dock,  
The charge is made, he seeks no aid,  
But fights his case alone,  
When asked if he might guilty be,  
Up stands Brave Sean McKeon;

From you no mercy do I crave,  
Treat me, as I would you;  
Don't think before you stands a slave,  
Or that you'll me subdue;  
In this heart of mine there is no  
crime,

I have nothing to atone,  
I've made a fight against British might  
Said Commandant Sean McKeon.

Empires they may boast of men,  
And praise their valour done,  
But IRELAND you shall always love  
A gallant fighting son.  
When tongue and pen shall honour  
men,

In history's pages shown,  
An Irish light, there shining bright,  
Will be BRAVE SEAN M'KEON.

