



ALLANS GRAVE

Oh hapless Erin cast a glance upon thy ruin'd fall,
 How often was thy freedom bought still land of slaves thou'rt call
 Thou fairest land o'er all the earth thy sons are truly brave
 Let others spend their hours in mirth weep thou o'er Allans grave

As no grave had we to see nor consecrated tomb
 But still the love of liberty shall all our souls illum
 Who naught blest abundantly to scorn the name of slaves
 So to death they march'd triumphantly from scaffold to their grave

Such was the justice of the bar at which these three men stood
 Crown witness judge & jury all agreed they shed the blood
 Five condemn'd for murder were, but a pardon & reprieve
 Left three to ascend that fatal stair from thence unto their grave

From whence proceeds this mystery it cannot come to good
 The pages of our history are stain'd with Irish blood
 If tears could vindicate our cause the broad Atlantic wave
 Would seem as streamlets from the tide for tears o'er Allans grave

O Erin may thy sons remain as all your father true
 But oh don't sacrifice your lives nor don't have cause to rue
 But send your prayers to him on high who died our soul save
 A weep o'er him who has been sent to that untimely grave

