

# THE PATRIOT GAME    Dominic Behan    G

Come all ye young rebels, and list while I sing,    **G C G - D G - -**  
For the love of one's country is a terrible thing.    **C G C C G - - -**  
It banishes fear with the speed of a flame    **C G C C G - - -**  
And it makes us all part of the patriot game.    **G C G - D G - -**

My name is O'Hanlon, and I've just turned sixteen.  
My home is in Monaghan, where I was weaned.  
I learned all my life cruel England to blame,  
So now I'm part of the patriot game.

It's barely two years since I wandered away  
With the local battalion of the bold IRA,  
I'd read of our heroes, and I wanted the same,  
To play out my part in the patriot game.

*This Ireland of ours has for long been half free;  
Six counties are under John Bull's tyranny.  
I gave up my boyhood to drill and to train  
To join in the fight of the patriot game.*

*They told me how Connolly was shot in his chair,  
His wounds from their battle all bloody and bare.  
His fine body twisted, all battered and lame;  
They soon made me part of the patriot game.*

And now as I lie here, my body all holes,  
I think of those traitors who bargained and sold  
And I wish that my rifle had given the same  
To those quislings who sold out the patriot game.

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