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# Song of Rebellion

A Voice of Ireland

Freedom Press

November, 1888

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**Yes-tear down our homes! leave the hearthstone cold**

As the hearts of you who have laid it bare;

**And stone from stone let the walls be rolled,**

And our home be one with the outer air,  
Heap wrong on wrong! We have had to bear  
More wrongs than ever our tongues can tell;  
One right is left us-we still forbear,  
O England, to use it-the right to rebel!

**We have borne so much that a little more,**

You think, may be borne by us unrepaid?

**And our backs must bow as they bowed before,**

While on quivering flesh are the lashes laid?  
O England, are you never afraid

Of us you have tortured so long and so well?  
Do you never doubt *which* the Fates would aid-  
Of us or you-if we rose to rebel?

**Do you never dream of a dark, wild hour,**

When, goaded to madness by you, we may

**Turn and repay what your alien power**

Forced on us many a bitter day?  
You sow your seed in your old bad way,  
And the bloody harvest do not foretell;  
Yet, what shall your harvest be, who shall say,  
When our patience withers, and we rebel?

**For all things end. We have patient been;**

And a black, black record behind you lies

**Of moans we have heard, of tears we have seen,**

Of the dumb despair in our children's eyes.  
Our sisters' sobbing, our mothers' sighs-  
These ring our quiescence its funeral knell;  
Our patience is over and gone. Be wise,  
Ere wisdom be vain, and your thralls rebel.