

# O'Brien the Blacksmith

Song

Robbie McMahon



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## **O'Brien the Blacksmith**

O'Brien the Blacksmith forged a pike  
And better ne'er was made.  
The ashen handle six feet long  
And two feet long the blade.  
Father Murphy blessed it  
Down by the Slaneyside  
And brave Brian Bán caressed it  
As a lover would his bride.

On the grand old hills I remember as the stars began to shine,  
The captain came to drill us on that clear bright moonlit night.  
And as he gave the orders we long had wished to hear,  
Thirty-thousand Fenian men made answer with the cheer.

Soon glad and joyful tidings  
Across the sea had flown.  
Lord Edward he is coming  
With Emmet and Wolfe Tone  
Soon our own dear flag we'll raise o'er many a hill and glen,  
With brave Lord Edward at the head of thirty-thousand men.

O God be praised, he proudly said, the day has dawned at last.  
Soon our own dear flag we'll raise aloft and freedom blast  
So men be up and ready with pikes in proud array  
And we'll march through Enniscorthy at the dawning of the day.

When they came to Enniscorthy, they found the place in flame.  
The dead and dying blocked the way,  
Their blood flowed like the rain.  
And hemmed around on every side with bayonets bloody red  
Were a band of noble Fenians with O'Brien at the head.

Right well and bravely had he fought  
With his brave comrades all,  
Through Enniscorthy's blazing streets  
Up to the barrack wall.  
And when they reached the barrack wall to their dismay they found  
That a band of ruthless foe-men had encircled them around.

Charge my gallant countrymen with faith in fatherland  
And if we die among their ranks, we'll die with blade in hand.  
Once again we'll meet them with defiance loud and high  
And if we do not beat them we'll show them how to die.

At length a fatal volley from the cowardly Saxon foe  
O'Brien wounded through the heart, the weltering in his gore  
As his life blood was ebbing fast, he raised his aching head.  
He called unto his comrades and this is what he said:

'Here, Maurice, take this bloodstained pike, a weapon made for thee  
And if for Ireland's cause you strike, strike one more blow for me.  
I'm dying as my forefathers died with freedom blade in hand.  
Do thou the same. God guard the Green. Three cheers for Ireland.