



'Twas a mor-ning in Ju-ly, I was wal-king thro' Tip-pe-ra-ry When I heard the bat-tle



cry from the moun-tains o-ver head, As I looked up in the sky, saw an I-rish sol-dier



lad-die, He looked at me right fear-less-ly and said: Will you stand in the band like a



true I-rish-man? And go to fight the for-ces of the crown? Will you march with O'-



Neill to an I-rish bat-tle-field For to-night we're going to free old Wex-ford town.