

# BRAVE CARTY FROM SLIGO.

Let others sing of dauntless men,  
 Who fought in many a battle;  
 On mountain, hill, in vale, and glen,  
 While rifles quick did rattle.  
 But I'll sing of here brave,  
 Who met his biggest foe;  
 He would not court a coward's grave,  
 Brave Carty from Sligo.

The rebel blood was in his veins,  
 He loved the Irish Cause;  
 He says 'I'll break the Saxon Chains  
 And all their cruel laws.  
 A soldier I'll become to-night,  
 Let the wind blow high or low,  
 I'll fight for Justice and for Right,'  
 Said Carty from Sligo.

Because he loved dear Birnie Isle,  
 Like every true-born Gael;  
 The ferocity of the Crown so vile  
 Soon rushed him off to jail,  
 Cranmore Hotel, he did not like,  
 Liberty is sweet you know;  
 'Gainst Castle methods I will strike,  
 Said Carty from Sligo.

And in that jail one lonely night,  
 With darkness all around;  
 He worked with all his powerful might  
 And broke the links that bound him,  
 A free man once again he stood,  
 With manly heart aglow;  
 The blood-hounds thirsting for his blood  
 Round the hills of green Sligo.

Recaptured in Moylough one day,  
 After a long and perilous chase,  
 Was seriously wounded, brought to bay,  
 And had to end the race.  
 To Derry Jail this time conveyed,  
 To break his heart with wee;  
 But death or prison had no dread  
 For Carty from Sligo.

The iron bars one night gave way,  
 As Carty hard did toil;  
 He crossed the wall without delay,  
 Then swam the river Foyle.  
 He soon sailed o'er the foaming tide,  
 To Britain's soil you know;  
 Where he met friends along the Clyde  
 Brave Carty from Sligo.