

# The Rights Of Man

The Wolfe Tones

I Speak with grandour one night in slumber,  
My mind did wander near to Athlone,  
The centre station of this irish nation,  
A congregation onto me was shown.  
Beyond my counting upon a mountain,  
Near to a fountain that clearly ran,  
I feel to tremble, I'll not dissemble,  
As they assemble for the Rights of Man.  
All clad in green there I thought I seen,  
A virtuous Queen who was grave and old,  
Saying children dear now do not fear,  
But come and hear what I will unfold.  
This fertile country for seven centuries,  
Since Strongbow's entry upon our land,  
Has been kept under with woes out numbered,  
And always plundered of the Rights of Man.  
My cause you chided you so derided,  
And when divided alas you know,  
All in disorder round Erin's border,  
Strife grief and murder have left you low  
Let each communion detest this disunion,  
In love and union join hand in hand,  
And believe old Graine that proud Britannia,  
Shall no more rob you of the Rights of Man.  
Then I caught a crowd they all spoke aloud,  
And fighting stopped and vowed to take advice  
They seemed delighted and all united,  
Not to be frightened but to rejoice.  
Her harps so pleasing,  
She played amazing,  
I still stood gazing,  
But could not understand.  
She sang most enchanting  
And most endearing,  
Saying always be true to  
The Rights of Man.