A Nation Once Again (Key G)

\[
\text{G} \quad / \quad / \quad \text{Em}
\]

When boyhood's fire was in my blood
\[
\text{C} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \quad /
\]

I read of ancient freemen,
\[
\text{G} \quad / \quad / \quad \text{Em}
\]

For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
\[
\text{C} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{D} \quad /
\]

Three hundred men and three men;

\[
\text{D} \quad / \quad / \quad /
\]

And then I prayed I yet might see
\[
\text{C} \quad / \quad \text{G} \quad /
\]

Our fetters rent in twain,
\[
\text{C} \quad / \quad \text{D} \quad /
\]

And Ireland, long a province, be.
\[
\text{G} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \quad /
\]

A Nation once again!

Chorus

\[
\text{G} \quad / \quad \text{C} \quad /
\]

A Nation once again,
\[
\text{Am} \quad / \quad \text{D} \quad /
\]

A Nation once again,
\[
\text{G} \quad / \quad \text{C} \quad \text{D}
\]

And Ireland, long a province, be
\[
\text{G} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \quad /
\]

A Nation once again!

And from that time, through wildest woe,
That hope has shone a far light,
Nor could love's brightest summer glow
Outshine that solemn starlight;
It seemed to watch above my head
In forum, field and fane,
Its angel voice sang round my bed,
A Nation once again!

It whisper'd too, that freedom's ark
And service high and holy,
Would be profaned by feelings dark
And passions vain or lowly;
For, Freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a Godly train;
And righteous men must make our land
A Nation once again!

So, as I grew from boy to man,
I bent me to that bidding
My spirit of each selfish plan
And cruel passion ridding;
For, thus I hoped some day to aid,
Oh, can such hope be vain?
When my dear country shall be made
A Nation once again!