

# Meagher of the Sword

## Verse 1

From the banks of the Suir to the wide Missouri,  
He carried a fire no river could drown.  
A soldier born of a broken homeland,  
A statesman forged in a stranger's town.  
He raised the Irish Brigade in battle,  
Led them through smoke where the brave men fall—  
Fair Oaks, Antietam, Fredericksburg's thunder,  
He rode at the front, he answered the call.

## Chorus

**Oh Meagher of the Sword, your story's never done,  
You gave your heart to Ireland and your service to the Union.  
Through triumph, loss, and exile, through every twist of fate,  
Your name still rings in two proud lands,  
Your memory holds its weight.**

## Verse 2

He spoke of duty with burning passion,  
"My life and arm to the Nation's cause."  
He knew the pull of the childhood homeland,  
The sacred power of its ancient laws.  
From New York crowds to the Etowah District,  
He carried honour like a battle flag.  
But fate is a river with hidden currents—  
And the Missouri kept what it chose to drag.

## Chorus

**Oh Meagher of the Sword, your story's never done,  
You gave your heart to Ireland and your service to the Union.  
Through triumph, loss, and exile, through every twist of fate,  
Your name still rings in two proud lands,  
Your memory holds its weight.**

## Bridge

Some wished he'd fallen on a field of glory,  
With the green flag flying above his head.  
But God alone knows the hour and manner  
When the final word of a life is said.

He had his faults, as all men carry,  
But his virtues burned like a beacon flame—  
He gave all for Ireland, all for America,  
And two nations whisper his honoured name.

## Verse 3

He knew deep sorrow from his earliest cradle,  
Lost mother, lost children, a life storm-tossed.  
Yet generosity ruled his nature—  
He gave even when counting the cost.  
His laughter bright, his wit like lightning,  
His heart quick-moved by another's pain.  
And though his body lies lost to waters,  
His spirit walks where the brave remain.

## Final Chorus

**Oh Meagher of the Sword, your story's never done,  
You gave your heart to Ireland and your service to the Union.  
Through triumph, loss, and exile, through every twist of fate,  
Your name still rings in two proud lands,  
Your memory holds its weight.  
Rest now, brave soul, in peace hard-won—  
Your battle's fought, your work is done.**

While Thomas Francis Meagher took part in a revolution and a civil war, and his statue in Montana show him weaving a sword, his lasting nickname came from his words not his martial deeds. “Meagher of the Sword” came from a speech he made in 1846, just before his 23rd birthday. Meagher was one of many strident and charismatic nationalists who emerged in the Young Ireland movement after the 1845 death of Thomas Davis. Though Duffy said Meagher was never a “leader in its cabinet,” he found his voice in Repeal meetings thanks to a “mesmerism in his language.” Duffy said Meagher’s voice was not rich or flexible, but the “feeling with which he was moved rendered it an instrument fit to express a wide range of emotion and passion with astonishing power.” As the “most candid and reckless of the Young Irelanders” Meagher was now prepared to use that voice against the Liberator (Daniel O’Connell) himself.