

The Fenian Ram

Verse 1

From Liscannor town by the Cliffs of Moher,
A bright young mind grew keen to soar.
But he dreamed below, where the cold tides ran—
John Holland built the Fenian Ram.

Verse 2

With a pencil's scratch and a sailor's lore,
He shaped a craft like none before.
“Let the seas be free of the tyrant's hand!”
Cried the bold young men of the Fenian band.

Chorus (snappy, reel-paced)

**Dive her down, boys, steady and true,
Steel and steam and a rebel crew.
From Clare's wild coast to the Jersey strand,
Holland's wonder—the Fenian Ram!**

Verse 3

She slipped like a seal through the harbor grey,
Silent and swift as a curlew's sway.
No gun could hear where her engines sang—
A ghost in the deep was the Fenian Ram.

Verse 4

Though the brothers fought and the funds ran dry,
Still Holland's star climbed high in the sky.
For the navies learned what the Fenians planned—
The world would sail in the wake of the Ram.

Final Chorus

**Dive her down, boys, steady and true,
Steel and steam and a rebel crew.
From Liscannor's cliffs to the wide world's span,
Raise your glass to the Fenian Ram!**

I was inspired to write this as a result of my Uncle Jimmy Hogan's tune "John Holland's Submarine". It is in 'Reel Time' like the tune.