

## Ireland Unfree

The Wolfe Tones

In a dimly lit room by the smouldering fire  
Sat an old man so lonely so sad and so tired  
Once he struggled for freedom, now he struggles to live  
With his few small possessions and his past to relive  
There's a faded old picture on the wall all alone  
A dusty old picture, the pride of his home  
With a harp and a shamrock with these words underneath  
"Ireland unfree shall never be at peace"  
And his thoughts wander back to the days of his prime  
Oh it seems now there's nothing goes faster than time  
To his comrades of old he remembers the day  
When he marched behind Pearse and the bold IRA  
And it's to Easter week and his thoughts wander back  
Oh those leaders of men sure no courage did lack  
But now he's just left with his memories of old  
For his name nor his story will never be told  
He gazed at that picture and gave a sad smile  
For each wrinkle and line told the struggle of time  
Then he gazed once again and his eyes filled with tears  
For the man in that picture was his friend Padraic Pearse