

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