

The Broad Black Brimmer

The Wolfe Tones

There's an uniform that's hanging in what's known as
father's room
An uniform so simple in his style
It has no braid of gold or silk no hat with feathered
plume
Yet the mother has preserved it all the while
One day she made me try it on, a wish of mine for years
"In memory of your father, son" she said
And when I put the Sam Browne on she was smiling with
the tears
As she placed the broad black brimmer on my head
It's just a broad black brimmer with ribbons frayed and
torn
By the careless whisk of many a mountain breeze
An old trench coat that's battle stained and worn
And breeches almost threadbare at the knees
A Sam Brown belt with buckle big and strong
A holster that's been empty many's a day
When men claim Ireland's freedom the one who'll choose
to lead them
Will wear the broad black brimmer of the IRA
It was the uniform been worn by me father long ago
When he reached me mothers homestead on the run
It was the uniform me father wore in that little church
below
When our Father Mac he blessed the pair as one
And after truce and treaty and the parting of the ways
He wore it when he marched out with the rest
And when they bore his body down that rugged heather
braes
They placed the broad black brimmer on his breast