

The scraps lay scattered on the floor
70 days had been ignored
The people wake as a martyr goes to sleep
His figure frail of 7 stone
A fire fights beneath his bones
"I will not die after you bury me!"

If my will is the wind, then I will die willing and free!
If my will is the wind, then I will die willing and free!

A poet and a scholar of his day
Commandant of the Cork Brigade
His friends and foes revered him just the same
The crown then feared his influence
His threatening wit and intellect
So they locked him up in a Brixton prison cage

But no tank or gun, or brick or bullet or stone
Could turn a rebel mind on their own

Should my death do more than my release
Then let me die in chains
If it brings the enemy to his knees
It's not who can inflict the most
But who can most endure
That in 100 years will see their children free

1920 - Hallow's Eve, 100,000 filled the streets
A procession flowed beside the river lee
A nation lost her rebel son
But the bells of freedom would be rung
The truce was signed in 1921

And the cheers of the world
Would echo from afar
Never underestimate a rebel heart

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