

## 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