

Tones Wolfe, Here Lies A Soldier

In dungeon deep I know what fate awaits me,
Tied hand and foot, the foe have bound me fast,
And in my haste, I pray that God above me,
Will grant me this wish I know will be my last.

Don't bury me in Eireann's Fenian valleys,
Just take me home, in Ulster let me rest,
And on my gravestone carve this simple message:
Here lies a soldier of the UVF.

Here lies a soldier, an Ulster soldier,
Who fought and died for all he loved the best,
Here lies a soldier, an Ulster soldier,
Here lies a soldier of the UVF.

So kindly drape the Red Hand round my shoulders,
Pin no heroes badges to my chest,
And if they ask, won't you kindly tell them,
Here lies a soldier of the UVF.

Here lies a soldier, an Ulster soldier,
Who fought and died for all he loved the best,
Here lies a soldier, an Ulster soldier,
Here lies a soldier of the UVF.