

Joe McDonnell

The Wolfe Tones

O me name is Joe McDonnell from
Belfast town I came
That city I will
never see again
For in the town of Belfast
I spent many happy days
I love that town in oh so many ways
For it's there I spent my childhood and found
for me a wife
I then set out to make
for her a life
But all my young ambitions met with bitterness and hate
I soon found myself inside a prison gate
And you dare to call me a terrorist
while you looked down your gun
When I think of all the deeds that you had done
You had plundered many nations divided many lands
You had terrorised their peoples you ruled with an iron
hand.
And you brought this reign of terror to my land
Through those many months internment
In the Maidstone and the Maze
I thought about my land throughout those days
Why my country was divided, why I was now in jail
Imprisoned without crime or without trial
And though I love my country I am not a bitter man
I've seen cruelty and injustice at first hand
So then one fateful morning I shook bold freedom's hand
For right or wrong I'd try to free my land
And you dare to call me a terrorist
while you looked down your gun
When I think of all the deeds that you had done
You had plundered many nations divided many lands
You had terrorised their peoples you ruled with an iron
hand.
And you brought this reign of terror to my land
Then one cold October morning trapped in a lion's den
I found myself in prison once again
I was committed to the H-blocks for fourteen years or
more
On the Blanket the conditions they were poor
Then a hunger strike we did commence for the dignity of
man
But it seemed to me that no one gave a damn
But now, I'm a saddened man I've watched my comrades
die
If only people cared or wondered why
And you dare to call me a terrorist
while you looked down your gun
When I think of all the deeds that you had done
You had plundered many nations divided many lands
You had terrorised their peoples you ruled with an iron
hand.
And you brought this reign of terror to my land
May God shine on you Bobby Sands
for the courage you have shown
May your glory and your fame be widely known

And Francis Hughes and Ray McCreesh who died
unselfishly
And Patsy O Hara and the next in line is me
And those who lie behind me may you're courage be the
same
And I pray to God my life is not in vain
Ah but sad and bitter was the year of 1981
For everything I've lost and nothing's won.