

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Tom Williams

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Time goes by as years roll onwards
But in my memory fresh I'll keep
Of a night in Belfast Prison
Unshamefully I saw men weep

For the time was fast approaching
A lad lay sentenced for to die
And on the second of September
He goes to meet his god on high

Now he's walking to the scaffold
Head erect he shows no fear
For on his proud and gallant shoulders
Ireland's cross he holds so dear

Now the cruel blow has fallen
For Ireland he has fought and died
And we the countrymen who bore him
Will love and honour him with pride

Brave Tom Williams we salute you
And we never will forget
Those who planned your cruel murder
We vow to make them all regret

So come all you Irish rebels
If from the path you chance to stray
Bear in memory of the morn, when Irelands cross was proudly borne
By a lad who lay within these prison walls.

JC