

# Christy Moore, The Wicklow Boy

As I walked past Portlaoise Prison  
&quot;I'm innocent&quot;, a voice was heard to say  
&quot;My frame-up is almost completed.  
My people all look the other way. &quot;

Seven years ago his torture started  
A forced confession he was made to sign.  
Young Irish men specially trained and chosen  
Were on the heavy gang that made him run the line.

Others in the Bridewell heard him screaming  
Even prison doctors could see  
His injuries were not self-inflicted  
Those who tipped the scales did not agree.

Give the Wicklow Boy his freedom  
Give him back his liberty  
Ore are we going to leave him in chains  
While those who framed him up hold the key?

Deprived of human rights by his own people  
Sickened by injustice he jumped bail,  
In the Appalachian Mountains found a welcome  
Till his co-accused were both released from jail.

He came back expecting to get justice  
Special Branch took him from the plane  
For five years we've deprived him of his freedom  
The guilty jeer the innocent again.

Give the Wicklow Boy his freedom  
Give him back his liberty  
Ore are we going to leave him in chains  
While those who framed him up hold the key?

The people versus Kelly was the title  
Of the farce we staged at his appeal.  
Puppets in well rehearsed collusion,  
I often wonder how these men must feel.

As I walked past Portlaoise Prison  
Through concrete and steel a whisper came  
&quot;My frame-up is almost completed.  
I'm innocent, Nicky Kelly is my name. &quot;

Give the Wicklow Boy his freedom  
Give him back his liberty  
Ore are we going to leave him in chains  
While those who framed him up hold the key?