

# Tones Wolfe, Soldier

In dungeon deep, I know what fate awaits me.  
Tied hand and foot, the foe has bound me fast.  
But in my pain, I pray the God above me  
will grant this wish I know will be my last.

Don't bury me in Erin's fenian valleys,  
Oh take me home to Ulster, let me rest.  
And on my gravestone, carve this simple message,  
Here lies a Soldier of The UVF.

Here lies a soldier, here lies a soldier,  
Who fought and died for all he loved the best.  
Here lies a soldier, here lies a soldier,  
Here lies a Soldier of The UVF.

So gently drape the Red Hand round my shoulder,  
Pin no heroes medals on my breast,  
And if they ask, then will you kindly tell them,  
Here lies a Soldier of The UVF.

Here lies a soldier, here lies a soldier,  
Who fought and died for all he loved the best.  
Here lies a soldier, here lies a soldier,  
Here lies a Soldier of The UVF.