

Summerfly, Tenth Hunger Striker

I hail from the city of Derry,
Brought up, in poverty streets,
No work, no pay, just long misery,
Oppressed by a bigoted state.

I joined the march of my people,
To change, the gerrymander ties,
More homes, more jobs, civil rights for all,
That was our protest and cries.

I will be the tenth hunger striker,
I'm proud to answer the call,
This pain I take on, it will make us more strong,
For the socialist republic we seek.

As we walked peaceful and solemn,
They beat us into the ground,
Arrested and jailed, locked up in a cage,
Interned to silence our sounds.

That started years of great sorrow,
So vivid, would soon take its toll,
The torture, the dread, many shot dead,
And our land was without a soul.

I am the tenth hunger striker,
My heart, it mourns for my friends,
Inside me it cried, as my comrades died,
And now the fight comes to me.

So I took up the fight like James Connolly,
The people, have risen again!
I felt so proud, when my rifle spoke loud,
Beir bua, the war cry I'd said.

Captured and taken to H-block,
I joined the brave blanket men,
Though naked and beat,
I saw their defeat, as a hunger strike, it began.

I leave as the last hunger striker,
My pain will soon come to end,
I leave you my love, my daughter and son,
And sister Margaret so dear.

Remember the ten hunger strikers,
Who died with great dignity,
So you all can see, our land once more free,
In a Socialist Republic for all.