

Irish Folksongs

"BROAD BLACK BRIMMER"

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There's a uniform that's hanging
In what's known as Father's room
A uniform so simple in it's style
It has no braid of gold or silk
no hat with feathered plumes
Yet Mother has preserved it all the while
One day she made me try it on
a wish of mine for years
"In memory of your father, Sean" she said.
And when I put the Sam Browne on
she was smiling with the tears
As she placed the broad black brimmer on my head.

Chorus:

It's just a broad black brimmer
With its ribbons frayed and torn
By the careless whisk of many a mountain breeze
An old trench coat that's battle stained and worn
And breeches almost threadbare at the knees
A Sam Browne belt, with a buckle big and strong
A holster that's been empty many a day... but not for long!
And when men claim Ireland's freedom
The one they'll choose to lead 'em
Will wear the broad black brimmer of the IRA

It was the uniform been worn by my father years ago
When he reached me mother's homestead on the run
It was the uniform me father wore
in that little church below
When oul' Father Mac he blessed the pair as one
And after Truce and Treaty and the parting of the ways
He wore it when he marched out with the rest
And when they bore his body down the rugged heather
braes
They placed the broad black brimmer on his breast

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