

# James Connolly

## Martin Simpson

Marchin' down O'Connell Street with the Starry Plough on high  
There goes the Citizen Army with their fists raised in the sky  
Leading them is a mighty man with a mad rage in his eye  
My name is James Connolly, I didn't come here to die But to fight for the rights of the working man, the small  
farmer too

Protect the proletariat from the bosses and their screws  
So hold on to your rifles, boys, don't give up your dreams  
Of a Republic for the workin' class, economic liberty Then Jem yells out, "Oh Citizens, this system is a curse  
An English boss is a monster, an Irish one even worse  
They'll never lock us out again and here's the reason why  
My name is James Connolly, I didn't come here to die" But to fight for the rights of the working man, the small  
farmer too

Protect the proletariat from the bosses and their screws  
So hold on to your rifles, boys, don't give up your dreams  
Of a Republic for the workin' class, economic liberty And now we're in the GPO with the bullets whizzin' by  
With Pearse and Sean McDermott biddin' each other good-bye  
Up steps our citizen leader and he roars out to the sky  
My name is James Connolly, I didn't come here to die But to fight for the rights of the working man, the small  
farmer too

Protect the proletariat from the bosses and their screws  
So hold on to your rifles, boys, don't give up your dreams  
Of a Republic for the workin' class, economic liberty Oh Lily, I don't want to die  
We've got so much to live for  
And I know we're goin' out to get slaughtered  
But I just can't take any more Just the sight of one more child screamin' from hunger in a Dublin slum  
Or his mother slavin' 14 hours a day for the scum, who exploit her  
And take her youth and throw it on a factory floor?  
Oh Lily, I just can't take any more They've locked us out, they've banned our unions  
They even treat their animals better than us  
Oh no, it's far better to die like a man on your feet  
Than to live forever like some slave, on your knees, Lily But don't let them wrap any green flag around me  
And for God's sake, don't let them bury me  
In some field full of harps and shamrocks  
And whatever you do, don't let them make a martyr out of me  
Oh no, rather raise the Starry Plough on high, sing a song of freedom  
Here's to you, Lily, the rights of man and international revolution We fought them to a standstill while the  
flames lit up the sky  
'Til a bullet pierced our leader and we gave up the fight  
They shot him in Kilmainham jail but they'll never stop his cry

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Protect the proletariat from the bosses and their screws  
So hold on to your rifles, boys, don't give up your dreams  
Of a Republic for the workin' class, economic liberty, economic liberty

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