

James Connolly

Wolfe Tones

A great crowd had gathered outside of kilmainham,
There heads all uncovered, they kneeled to the ground,
For inside that grim prison lay A brave Irish soldier,
 Is life for his country about to lay down,
He went to his death like a true son of Ireland,
 The firing party he bravely did face,
Then the order rang out present arms and fire,
 James Connolly fell into a ready made grave,
The black flag was hoisted the cruelty was over,
 Gone was the man that loved Ireland so well,
There was many a sad heart in Dublin that morning,
When they murdered James Connolly the Irish rebel,
Gods curse on you England you cruel hearted monster,
 Your deeds they would shame all the devils in hell,
There are no flowers blooming but the shamrock is growing,
 On the grave of James Connolly the Irish rebel,
The fore courts at Dublin the English bomb barded,
 The spirit of freedom they tried hard to dwell,
But above all the dim rose the cry of surrender,
 was the voice of James Connolly the Irish rebel.

Lyrics submitted by joe walsh.

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