

# Black 47

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Everything is still  
Not a chicken, not a body  
Just an awful sickenin' silence, roarin' in my brain  
And the fog of death deepens, and lies upon the land  
An old one rolls over on her back  
The grass stains still green upon her chin  
I can still hear her keenin' and screamin' in the wind  
There's no love left on Earth  
And God is dead in heaven  
In these dark and deadly days of Black 47  
God's curse upon you, Lord Trevelyan  
May your great Queen Victoria rot in hell  
Till England and its Empire  
Answer under heaven  
For the crimes they committed in Black 47  
Paudie said: "C'mon now,  
Don't look back; she's not livin'; she's a phantom  
And she'll curse us if we look into her eyes."  
Oh God, I think I'm dyin'; the fever's in my brain  
For can't you see that pack of children up ahead?  
The beards of old men sproutin' from their chins  
Can't you hear their screams of hunger in the wind?  
Darlin' Paudie, save me  
I think I'm sinkin' fast  
Me blood is boilin'  
Don't let me die here, in a ditch  
If the hunger doesn't get me, the fever surely will  
Paudie took me up and threw me 'cross his shoulder  
He nursed me everyday till we reached Amerikay  
Screamin' and shoutin' like two madmen in the wind

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