James Connolly

BLACK 47

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 dieBut 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 libertyThen 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 libertyAnd 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 dieBut 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 libertyOh 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 moreJust 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 moreThey'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, LilyBut 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 revolutionWe 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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