

# James Larkin

Donagh McDonagh

In Dublin City in nineteen thirteen  
 The boss was rich and the poor were slaves  
 The women working and children starving  
 Then on came Larkin like a mighty wave  
 The workers cringed when the boss man thundered  
 Seventy hours was his weekly chore  
 He asked for little and less was granted  
 Lest given little then he'd ask for more

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In the month of August the boss man told us  
 No union man for him could work  
 We stood by Larkin and told the boss man  
 We'd fight or die, but we wouldn't shirk  
 Eight months we fought and eight months we starved  
 We stood by Larkin through thick and thin  
 But foodless homes and the crying of children  
 It broke our hearts, we just couldn't win

Then Larkin left us, we seemed defeated  
 The night was black for the working man  
 But on came Connolly with new hope and counsel  
 His motto was that we'd rise again  
 In nineteen sixteen in Dublin City  
 The English soldiers they burnt our town  
 The shelled our buildings and shot our leaders  
 The Harp was buried 'neath the bloody crown

They shot McDermott and Pearse and Plunkett  
 They shot McDonagh and Clarke the brave  
 From bleak Kilmainham they took Ceannt's body  
 To Arbour Hill and a quicklime grave  
 But last of all of the seven heroes  
 I sing the praise of James Connolly  
 The voice of justice, the voice of freedom  
 He gave his life, that man might be free