

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

I	IV
V	I
I	IV
V	I
V	ii
I	V
I	IV
V	I

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