

JIM LARKIN

Em

I fought the shipyards of Belfast City

G A

Brought the owners to their knees

Em

I put the fear of god in the bastards

G D

United the orange and the green

Em

But they used religion to fight against me

G G

Divided the working poor

G A

Ran me the hell out of their city

G A

But I'll be back to settle the score

D

If you see a body down on their knees

A

Beggin' a boss for a right to make a livin'

D

Grab 'em by the neck, point them at the stars

A

Just like Jim Larkin

D

Or if you see a child out on the street

A

Starvin'

D

Reach out your hand

A

Just like Jim Larkin

Reel

When I hit the streets of Dublin

Boss Murphy quaked behind his gates

When we demanded not just a loaf

But a rose next to every plate

We stuck for freedom in 1913
With the Citizen Army at our side
But the priests and the bosses united against us
Starved the people 'til they died

Reel (rockin' like verses)

Out of the filth of their tenements
We sent the children overseas
But the priests barred them at the harbors
Better starve than apostasy

In the cold claw of winter
The people gave in by degrees
And we lost the battle but not the war
In the bitter year of 1913

If you see a body down on their knees
Beggin' a boss for a right to make a livin'
Grab 'em by the neck, point them at the stars
Just like Jim Larkin

Or if you see a child out on the street
Starvin'
Reach out your hand
Just like Jim Larkin

Reel (then turning into counter-melody)

Broken and bedraggled
I watched them slink back to their hovels
Their dreams squashed back into the muck of Dublin
Accompanied only by the echo of my cries
To rise up, rise up!
But have I failed them
Have I pushed too hard, too fast, too soon
Driven on by my own mad to succeed
Lashing them to reach out for the stars
When they can barely catch a glimpse of the moon
Illuminated by the fiery cross I've dragged across their city
Did I nail them to its beams and let them hang there
Without remorse or pity? Not I was right, I was right, I was right.
Rise up! Rise up! Rise up!

Spoken

So I set sail for America
Home of the brave, land of the free
Where my sisters starved in the sweatshops
Hunched over their machinery

With their children on the floor beside them
Accepting this new slavery
And I said "rise up, rise up, my sisters
For God's sake don't let this be"

Reel

And I heard news that came from Ireland
They slaughtered Pearse and Connolly
And I opposed the bosses' war
What profit in blood and misery?

And I stood tall for poor Joe Hill
And for his dream of equality
But they threw me into jail in Sing Sing
But they could never silence me

(Music of reel to this verse)

So, now I'm going back to Ireland
There's freedom there or so they say
But they'll always need men like Larkin
To put the light back into day

Reel

So if you see a body down on their knees
Beggin' a boss for a right to make a livin'
Grab 'em by the neck, point them at the stars
Just like Jim Larkin

Or if you see a child out on the street
Starvin'
Reach out your hand
Just like Jim Larkin