(BE # 8 8 8 6 A

JAMES CONNOLLY

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 look in his eye
"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 dream -

2 G C G D ---- 3

Oh Lillie, I don't want to die, we've got so much to live for

And I know we're all goin' out to get slaughtered, but I just can't

take any more

Just the sight of one more child screamin' from hunger in a Dublin slum

Or his mother slavin' 14 hour days for the scum

Who exploit her, take her youth, throw it on the factory floor Oh Lily, I just can't take any more

They've locked us out, banned our unions, they even feed their animals better than us

No! It's far better to die like a man on your feet than to live forever like some slave on your knees,

But I don't want to die, Lillie,

But don't wrap any green flag around me

Or don't bury me in some field full of harps and shamrocks

And for god's sake, don't let them make a martyr out of me

No! Rather raise the Starry Plough on high and sing a song of freedom

Here's to you, Lillie, the rights of man and international revolution"

Connells







