

James Connolly
Misc Traditional

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with SMTP id ; Thu, 24 Jun 1993 10:50:11 -0700
Received: from sulu.orl.mmc.com by animal-farm.nevada.edu id ; Thu, 24 Jun 1993
10:50:08 -0700
Message-Id:
Received: by sulu.orl.mmc.com
(1.37.109.4/16.2) id AA01186; Thu, 24 Jun 93 13:49:20 -0400
From: Wes Jester
Subject: /IRISH/James_Connolly.crd
To: jamesb@animal-farm.nevada.edu
Date: Thu, 24 Jun 93 13:49:16 EDT
Mailer: Elm [revision: 70.85]

James Connolly

C **C7** **F** **C**
A great crowd had gathered, outside of Killmainin
 F **G7**
Their heads all uncovered, they knelt on the ground,
 C **C7** **F** **C**
For inside that grim prison, lay a brave Irish soldier,
 F **C** **G7** **C**
His life for his country, about to lay down.

He went to his death, like a true son of Ireland,

The firing party he bravely did face,

Then the order rang out, present arms, fire,

James Connolly fell into a ready made grave.

The black flag they hoisted, the cruel deed was over,

gone was the man who loved Ireland so well,
There was many a sad heart in Dublin that morning,
When they murdered James Connolly, the Irish rebel.

Gods curse on you England, you cruel hearted monster,
Your deeds they would shame, all the devils in Hell,
There are no flowers blooming, but the Shamrock is growing,
On the grave of James Connolly, the Irish rebel.

Many years have gone by, since the Irish rebellion,
And the guns of Britannia, they loudly did speak,
And the brave IRA, stood shoulder to shoulder
And the blood from their bodies, flowed down Sackville street.

The four courts of Dublin, they cruelly bombarded,
The spirit of freedom they tried hard to quell,
But above all the din, came the cry no surrender,
Twas the voice of James Connolly, the Irish rebel.