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

​[2]
He went to his death like a true son of Ireland,
The firing party he bravely did face.
Then the order ran out, present arms and fire,
James Connolly fell into a readymade grave.

[3]
The black flag was hoisted, the cruel deed was over.
Gone was a man who loved Ireland so well,
There was many a sad heart, in Dublin that morning,
When they murdered James Connelly, the Irish rebel

[4]
Many years have gone by since that Irish rebellion,
When the guns of Britannia, they loudly did speak,
And the bold I.R.A. they stood shoulder to shoulder,
As the blood from their bodies flowed down Sackville street

[5]
The four courts of Dublin, the English bombarded,
The spirit they tried hard to quell,
But above all the dim came the cry no surrender,
Was the voice of James Connelly, the Irish rebel.