**James Larkin / Dublin 1913**

In Dublin city in 1913 the boss was rich, the poor were slaves,  
The women working, the children starving, along came Larkin like a mighty wave,  
The workman cringed when the bossman thundered, seventy hours was his weekly chore,  
He asked for little and less was granted,  
Lest getting little he'd ask for more.  
[2]  
In the month of august the bossman told us,  
No union man for him could work,  
We stood by Larkin we told the bossman,  
We'd fight or die we would not shirk,  
Eight months we fought, eight months we starved,  
We stood by Larkin through thick and thin,  
But food-less homes, the crying children,  
They broke our hearts, we could not win.

[3]  
Then Larkin left us we seemed defeated,  
The night was dork for the working man  
Along came Connelly with new hope and council,  
His motto was we'd rise again,  
In nineteen sixteen in Dublin city the British army they burned our town  
They shelled our buildings they shot our leaders,  
The harp was buried beneath the crown.  
[5]  
They shot Mc Dermot and Pearse and Plunkett,  
They shot Mc Donagh and Clark the brave,  
From bleak Kilmainham they took their bodies,  
To Arbour hill to a quick lime grave,  
But last of all of the seven leaders,  
A dying man they shot Connelly,  
The voice of justice the voice of freedom,  
He gave his life that men might be free