

Wolfe Tones

"James Connolly"

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James Connolly

Collected and Arranged by The Wolfe Tones

The man was all shot through that came to day into the
Barrack Square

And a soldier I, I am not proud to say that we killed him
there

They brought him from the prison hospital and to see
him in that chair

I swear his smile would, would far more quickly call a
man to prayer

Maybe, maybe I don't understand this thing that makes
these rebels die

Yet all men love freedom and the spring clear in the
sky

I wouldn't do this deed again for all that I hold by

As I gazed down my rifle at his breast but then, then a
soldier I.

They say he was different, kindly too apart from all the
rest.

A lover of the poor-his wounds ill dressed.

He faced us like a man who knew a greater pain

Than blows or bullets ere the world began: died he in
vain

Ready, Present, and him just smiling, Christ I felt my
rifle shake

His wounds all open and around his chair a pool of
blood

And I swear his lips said, "fire" before my rifle shot that
cursed lead

And I, I was picked to kill a man like that, 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 great Irish soldier

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 and fire

James Connolly fell into a ready-made grave

The black flag was 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

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