

Black 47

"James Connolly"

Visit "[James Connolly](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 rage 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
dreams
Of a Republic for the workin' class, economic liberty

Then Jem yells out, "Oh Citizens, this system is a curse
An English boss is a monster, an Irish one even worse
They'll never lock us out again and here's the reason
why
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
dreams
Of a Republic for the workin' class, economic liberty

And now we're in the GPO with the bullets whizzin' by
With Pearse and Sean McDermott biddin' each other
good-bye
Up steps our citizen leader and he roars out to the sky
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
dreams
Of a Republic for the workin' class, economic liberty

Oh Lily, I don't want to die

We've got so much to live for
And I know we're 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 hours a day for the scum, who
exploit her
And take her youth and throw it on a factory floor?
Oh Lily, I just can't take any more

They've locked us out, they've banned our unions
They even treat their animals better than us
Oh no, it's far better to die like a man on your feet
Than to live forever like some slave, on your knees, Lily

But don't let them wrap any green flag around me
And for God's sake, don't let them bury me
In some field full of harps and shamrocks
And whatever you do, don't let them make a martyr out
of me
Oh no, rather raise the Starry Plough on high, sing a
song of freedom
Here's to you, Lily, the rights of man and international
revolution

We fought them to a standstill while the flames lit up
the sky
'Til a bullet pierced our leader and we gave up the fight
They shot him in Kilmainham jail but they'll never stop
his cry
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
dreams
Of a Republic for the workin' class, economic liberty,
economic liberty

Visit [Black 47](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.