

Christy Carlson Romano "James Larkin"

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In Dublin City in 1914 the boss was rich and the poor
Were slaves
The women working and the children hungry then on
came
Larkin like a mighty wave
The workers cringed when the boss man thundered
seventy
Hours was their weekly chore
They asked for little and less was granted lest getting
Little they'd asked for more

Then came Larkin in 1914 a mighty man with a mighty
Tongue
The voice of labour the voice of justice and he was
Gifted, he was young
God sent Larkin in 1914 a labor man with a union
tongue
He raised the workers and gave them courage he was
Their hero and a workers son

It was in August the boss man told us no union man for
Them could work
We stood by Larkin and told the boss man we'd fight or
Die but we'd never shirk
Eight months we fought eight months we starved we
stood
By Larkin through thick and thin
But foodless homes and the crying children, they broke
Our hearts and we could not win

When Larkin left us we seemed defeated the night was
Black for the working man
But on came Connolly came with new hope and counsel
his
Motto was we'll rise again
In 1916 in Dublin City the English army burnt our town
They shelled the buildings and shot our leaders the
Harp was buried beneath the crown

They shot McDermott and Pearse and Plunkett they shot
McDonagh Ceannt and Clarke the brave

From bleak Kilmanham they took their bodies to Arbour
Hill to a quicklime grave
Last of all of the seven leaders they shot down James
Connolly
The voice of labour the voice of justice gave his life
That we might be free

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