

## Christy Moore "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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