

Christy Moore

"The People's Own M.p"

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How many more must die now how many must we lose
Before the island people their own destiny can choose
From immortal Robert Emmet to Bobby Sands MP
Who was given thirty thousand votes while in captivity

No more he'll hear the lark's sweet notes upon the
Ulster
Air
Or gaze upon the snowflake to calm his deep despair
Before he went on hunger strike young Bobby did
compose
The Rhythm of Time, The Weeping Wind and The
Sleeping
Rose

He was a poet and a soldier he died courageously

And we gave him thirty thousand votes he was the
peoples
Own MP

Thomas Ashe gave everything in 1917
The Lord Mayor of Cork McSwiney died freedom to
obtain
Never a one of all our dead died more courageously
Than Bobby Sands from Twinbrook the people's own MP

Forever we'll remember him that man who died in pain
That his country north and south be united once again
To mourn him is to organise and build a movement
strong
With ballot box and armalite with music and with song

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