

Patrick Street

"A Forgotten Hero"

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The Landlord's agents standing with their crowbars in
their hands,
Four little children watch the fire and do not
understand
Just another family evicted from their home
And the memory never faded for one brave man from
Mayo.

He grew up in an English town and ideas filled his head
He read about John Mitchell and what Fintan Lalor said
How the landed gentry with their property unearned
Took the food from millions gave them famine in return

Michael Davidd was nineteen when he joined the IRB
But the police they arrested him in 1870
And the lies of the informer sent Michael Davitt down
For fifteen years in Dartmoor as a traitor to the crown

The Landlord and his agent wrote Davitt from his cell
For selfishness and cruelty have no parallel
And the one thing they're entitled to these idle
thoroughbreds
Is a one way ticket out of here third class to Holyhead

After seven years and seven months this convict was
released
His spirit was unbroken his commitment but increased
And with one clear call he then unveiled his plan
We'll form a mighty Land League and we'll nationalise
the land

O Forgotten hero in poverty you came
But you never looked for riches and you never looked
for fame
The interests of the common man it was your life's aim
Forgotten Hero never vanquishes in the struggle

The rain lashed down all summer and filled the
people's heart with fear
And the harvest was the worst since the dreadful
Famine years

But the Land League's Monster Meeting showed the
farmers they were strong
And if we all stick together, boys, it won't take very long

Out the ruins of the cottage where he first he drew his
breath
Davitt said I hope that I may have pleasure yet
Of trampling on the ruins of this greedy useless band
And driving landlordism from the shores of Ireland

With Parnell as it's leader the land war held his course
Hold the rent and hold the harvest they can't evict us
all
And Davitt crossed the ocean saying give what you can
spare
And the Irish in Amerikay they paid up their full share

But not for the first time and neither for the last
The Dublin Castle Bishops nailed their colours to the
mast
And the Altars rang with warnings, respect the law we
say
For these Fenians and these Socialists are leading you
astray

With the laws of Private Property and the army at his
back
Buckshot Forster then arrested all the leaders of the
pack
In the Hallowed House of Commons the Gents did
cheer and howl
When they heard that Michael Davitt was safely back in
jail

And the treaty of Kilmainham Parnell threw it all away
It was the turning point in his career and he turned the
wrong way
And the revolution missed it's chance with victory in it's
sight
And fell down like a house of cards collapsing
overnight

Davitt saw the Land war as the first step down the track
And he hoped to see the end of the Queen and the end
of Union Jack
And I hope some tremor reached him where he lies in
bleak Mayo
When they raised the Harp without the Crown above the
GPO

O Forgotten Hero in peace may you rest

Your heart was always with the poor and the oppressed
A prison cell could never quell the courage you
possessed
Forgotten Hero never vanquishes in the struggle

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