

## Tones On Tail

### "James Connolly"

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James Connolly

Collected and Arranged by The Wolfe Tones

The man was all shot through that came to day into the  
Barrack Square

And a soldier I, I am not proud to say that we killed him  
there

They brought him from the prison hospital and to see  
him in that chair

I swear his smile would, would far more quickly call a  
man to prayer

Maybe, maybe I don't understand this thing that makes  
these rebels die

Yet all men love freedom and the spring clear in the  
sky

I wouldn't do this deed again for all that I hold by  
As I gazed down my rifle at his breast but then, then a  
soldier I.

They say he was different, kindly too apart from all the  
rest.

A lover of the poor-his wounds ill dressed.

He faced us like a man who knew a greater pain  
Than blows or bullets ere the world began: died he in  
vain

Ready, Present, and him just smiling, Christ I felt my  
rifle shake

His wounds all open and around his chair a pool of  
blood

And I swear his lips said, "fire" before my rifle shot that  
cursed lead

And I, I was picked to kill a man like that, James  
Connolly

A great crowd had gathered outside of Kilmainham  
Their heads all uncovered, they knelt to the ground.

For inside that grim prison

Lay a great Irish soldier

His life for his country about to lay down.

He went to his death like a true son of Ireland

The firing party he bravely did face

Then the order rang out: Present arms and fire

James Connolly fell into a ready-made grave

The black flag was hoisted, the cruel deed was over  
Gone was the man who loved Ireland so well  
There was many a sad heart in Dublin that morning  
When they murdered James Connolly- the Irish rebel

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