

Duffy's Cut

Christy Moore

In the summer of 1832
The sailing ship John Stamp
Tied up into the port of Pennsylvania
Up the ladder from the cargo deck
Poor men and women crept
Into the open skies above

Dia is Muire Dhuit agus Failte Romhat
Duffy's my name, I cut through stone
Work for me, I'm one of your own
In dollars I will pay you

57 men signed up,
Duffy promised to fill their cup
If they cut the Malvern Valley up
Mile 59 had to be on time for the railway line

From Ballyshannon and The Glenties
They sailed right into hell
They suffered like the weeping Christ
Down Duffy's Cut they sweat their blood
Into his wishing well
Were they taken by the sickness?
Were they hunted down like scum?
Was there poison in the water?
Was it cholera or murder?
The smoke that hid the bullets
From the barrel of the boss's gun

The Blacksmith and the Holy Sisters
Good people through and through
Whispered prayers into the victims ears
It's all that they could do
How come the bosses had silence on their lips
As 57 Irish Navvies were buried in a pit
No stone to mark their resting place
No one to mourn their passing