

## James Larkin

Christy Moore

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