

## Strike Weapon

Christy Moore

There is a page in history when the workers first fought back  
When the might of exploitation at last began to crack  
In farm and field and factory, in workshop, mine and mill  
A flame was lit, a beacon bright, that flame, it's burning still  
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Connolly was there  
Connolly was there  
Great, brave, undaunted, oh, James Connolly was there

The bosses tried to sweat the lads, away young Glasgow's clyde  
Until a voice like thunder soon stopped them in their stride  
In Liverpool and Belfast the workers lived in hell  
Until at last they organised and any man can tell

Connolly was there  
Connolly was there  
Great, brave, undaunted, oh, James Connolly was there

William Martin Murphy and his Dublin milllionaires  
Tried bribery and corruption, hypocrisy and prayers  
To break the transport union, the scabs they did enlist  
But all their graft was shattered by a scarlet iron fist

Connolly was there  
Connolly was there  
Great, brave, undaunted, oh, James Connolly was there

They say that he was murdered, shot dying the chair  
But go march on to freedom, Irish workers don't despair  
In farm and field and factory, in workshop, mine and mill  
That beacon bright, that flaming light, that light that's burni  
ng still

Connolly will be there  
Connolly will be there  
Great, brave, undaunted, oh, James Connolly will be there