James Connolly

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