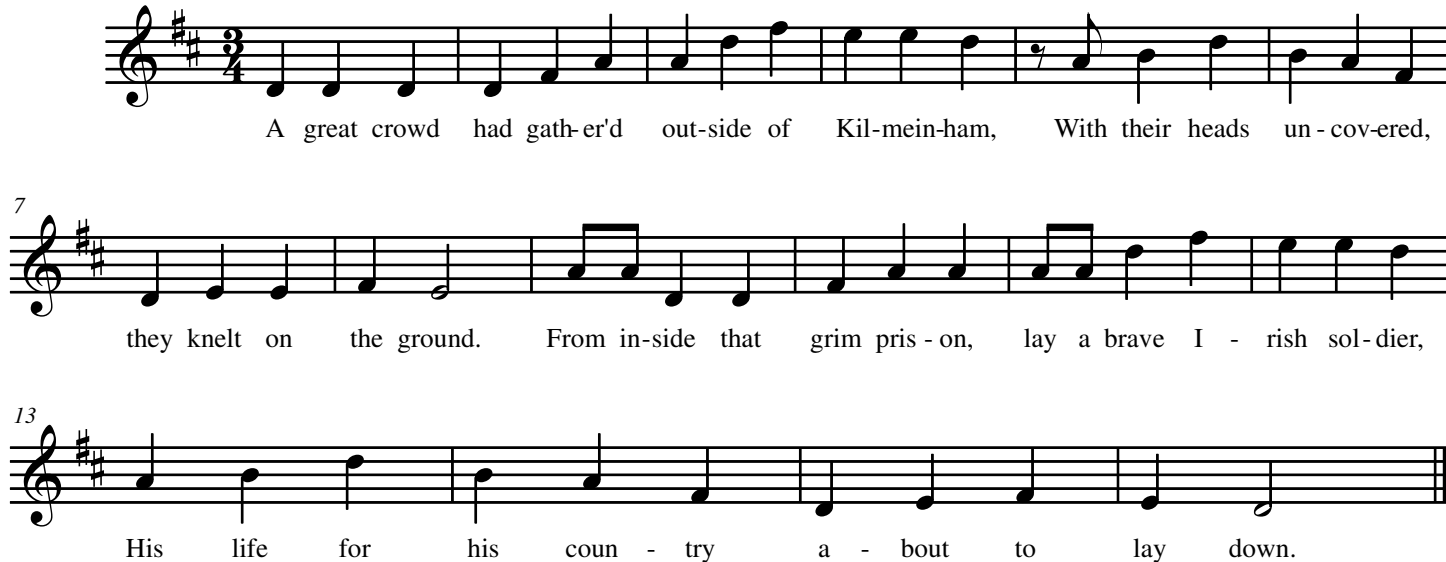


James Connolly

Irish Rebel Song

Tinwhistle



A great crowd had gath-er'd out-side of Kil-mein-ham, With their heads un-cov-ered,
7 they knelt on the ground. From in-side that grim pris-on, lay a brave I-rish sol-dier,
13 His life for his coun-try a-bout 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, Fire!"
James Connolly fell into a ready-made grave.

The black flag they 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!.

God's curse on you, England, you cruel-hearted monster
Your deeds they would shame all the devils in hell.
There are no flowers blooming but the shamrock is growing
On the grave of James Connolly, the Irish Rebel!.

Many years have rolled by since that Irish rebellion,
When the guns of Britannia they loudly did speak.
The bold I.R.A. they stood shoulder to shoulder,
And the blood from their bodies flowed down Sackville Street.

The Four Courts of Dublin the English bombarded,
The spirit of Freedom they tried hard to quell.
For above all the din rose the cry 'No Surrender,'
'Twas the voice of James Cannolly, the Irish Rebel.