

# Wolfe Tones, James Connolly

The man was all shot through that came to day into the BarrackSquare  
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!  
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