

Christy Moore, James Connolly

Where oh where is our James Connolly ?
Where oh where is that gallant man ?
He is gone to organise the union
That working men they may yet be free.

Oh who then who will lead the van ?
Oh who then who will lead the van ?
Who but our James Connolly
The hero of the working man.

Who will carry high the burning flag ?
Who will carry high the burning flag ?
Who but our James Connolly
Could carry high the burning flag.

They carried him up to the jail
They carried him up to the jail
And they shot him down on a bright May morning
And quickly laid him in his grave.

Who mourns the death of this great man ?
Who mourns the death of this great man ?
Oh bury me down in yon green garden
With union men on every side.

So they buried him down in yon green garden
With union men on every side
They swore they would form a mighty union
That James Connolly's name might be filled with pride.

Where oh where is our James Connolly ?
Where oh where is that gallant man ?
He is gone to organise the Union
That working men they may yet be free.