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Connolly Was There,

G D G
Well there is a page in history when the workers they fought back
C G
When the might of exploitation at last began to crack
C G
In farm and field and factory, in workshop, mine and rail
C G Em
A flame is lit; a beacon bright; that flame is burning still

(Chorus)
G D G
And Connolly was there, Connolly was there
C G D G
Bold, brave and undaunted; James Connolly was there.

Now William Martin Murphy and his Dublin Millionaires
Tried bribery, corruption, hypocrisy and prayers
To spite the Transport Union their scats they did enlist
But all their graft was shattered by a scarlet iron fist

When the bosses tried to sweat the lads way down on Glasgow’s Clyde
A voice like roaring thunder soon shook them in their stride
In Liverpool and Belfast where worker lives in Hell
But Connolly rose and gave them hope, the truth to you I tell.

Oh Irishmen the day will come when workers one and all
Will rise up from their bended knee and rally to the call
Throw out the bosses tyranny and shout from shore to shore
For a working man’s Republic and freedom evermore.

And Connolly will be there..