

Irish Song Lyrics

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Michael
(Johnny McEvoy)

On a far off august day
Cold young men in ambush lay
On a roadside by a hill where flowers grow
So much hate for one so young who was right and who was wrong
Though a thousand years may pass we'll never know

chorus
Candles dripping blood they placed beside your shoulders
Rosary beads like teardrops on your fingers
Friends and comrades standing by in their grief they wonder why
Michael in their hour of need you had to go

And when evening twilight came gently fell the autumn rain
Oh but you lay still and silent on the ground
As we hung our heads in prayer in our sorrow and despair
We wondered was it friend or foe who shot you down

chorus

Now the flame that you held high when you called out to the sky
To end this senseless killing and this shame
Has now passed to other hands and is carried through the land
by some not fit to even speak your name

chorus