

# Irish Song Lyrics

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People's Own M.P, The

How many more must die now, how many must we lose  
Before the island people their own destiny can choose?  
From immortal Robert Emmet to Bobby Sands M.P  
Who was given 30,000 votes while in captivity

No more he'll hear the larks sweet notes upon the Ulster air  
Or gaze upon the snowflake pure to calm his deep despair  
Before he went on hungerstrike young Bobby did compose  
The Rhythm of Time the Weeping Winds and the Sleeping Rose

He was a poet and a soldier, he died courageously  
And we gave him 30,000 votes while in captivity.

Thomas Ashe gave everything in 1917  
The lord mayor of Cork Mac Sweeney died his freedom to obtain  
But never one of all our dead died more courageously  
Than young Bobby Sands from Twinbrook, the people's own M.P

Forever we'll remember him that man who died in pain  
That his country North and South might be united once again  
To mourn him is to organise and built a movement strong  
With ballot box and armalite, with music and with song

He was a poet and a soldier, he died courageously  
And we gave him 30,000 votes while in captivity.