

Union Song

Text und Musik: trad., arr. Morgain

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

They carried him up to the jail
They carried him up to the jail
And there they shot him one bright May morning
And quickly laid him in his grave.

We laid him down in yon green garden
With Union men on every side
And swore we'd make one mighty Union
And fill that gallant man with pride.

Now all you noble Irishmen
Come join with me for liberty
And we will forge a mighty weapon
And smash the bonds of slavery!