

Black 47, Black '47

Everything is still
Not a chicken not a body
Just an awful sickenin' silence roarin' in my ears
And the fog of death deepens and lies upon the land
An ould wan rolls over on her back
The grass stains all green upon her chin
I can still hear her keenin' and screamin' in the wind

God's curse upon you Lord John Russell
May your blackhearted soul rot in hell
There's no love left on earth
And god is dead in heaven
In the dark and deadly days of Black 47

God's curse upon you Lord Trevalian
May your great Queen Victoria rot in hell
'Til England and its Empire
Answer before heaven
For the crimes they committed in Black 47

Paudie says "c'mon now
Don't look back, she's not livin', she's a phantom
And she'll curse us if we look into her eyes"
Oh God, I must be dyin' - the fever's in me brain
For can't you see that pack of children up ahead
The beards of old men sproutin' from their chins
Can't you hear their screams of hunger on the wind

Oh darlin' Paudie save me
I think I'm sinkin' fast, me blood is boilin'
Don't let me die here in a ditch
If the hunger doesn't get me - the fever surely will
So Paudie picked me up and threw me 'cross his shoulders
He nursed me everyday 'til we reached Amerikay
Screamin' and shoutin' like a madman at the wind