

# 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