Men 20 56

## BLACK 47

Ebm Everything is still Em 76 Not a chicken not a body F#M+B 78 F#m フフ Just an awful sickenin' silence roarin' in my ears G (28) DO And the fog of death deepens and lies upon the land F(zz)G7 (60) An ould wan rolls over on her back The grass stains still 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 Am (37) There's no love left on earth And god is dead in heaven In these 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

C F Dm G<sup>7</sup>
C F Em G<sup>7</sup>

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

