

HOMAGE TO JIM LARKIN

(transcribed from Manus O’Riordan’s setting, Youtube)

Roll away the stone, Lord, roll away the stone
As you did when last I died in the attic room;
Then there was no fire as well, and I died of cold
While Jim Larkin walked the streets before he grew old.

Larkin was a young man then, all skin and bone;
Larkin had a mad man’s eyes, I saw them through the stone;
Larkin had a mad man’s voice, I don’t know what he said;
I just heard screeches ringing in my head.

Something screeched within my head as in an empty room;
I felt the lightning of the pain run through every bone;
I couldn’t even scream, Lord, I just sobbed with pain;
I didn’t want to live, Lord, and turned to sleep again.

But with the screeches in my head, I couldn’t settle right;
At last I scrambled to my knees and turned to the light.
Then I heard the words he spoke, and down crashed the stone.
There was I with blind man’s eyes, gaping at the sun.

Things are much the same again; damned a thing to eat.
Not a bloody fag since noon and such a price for meat.
Not bit of fire at home all the livelong day;
O roll the stone away, Lord, roll the stone away
O roll away the stone, Lord, roll away the stone.