

The sirens Voice

Christy Moore

She picked up a handful of earth and kissing it, she cried;
The song of our village has come to an end
The song of our village has come to an end
She cried
Then she heard the sirens voice
And the sirens voice was singing;
Island of the welcomes. One hundred thousand welcomes.
Christian holy island. One hundred thousand welcomes.
Land of the Holy Fathers. One hundred thousand welcomes.
Land of Saints and scholars. One hundred thousand welcomes.
Ancient city of the deep lagoon. Céad míle failte.
Heart of The Rowl. Céad míle failte.
Dublin city of the rare auld times. Céad míle failte.
Where the green snot river flows. Céad míle failte.
Again she heard the sirens voice
And the sirens voice was singing;
Black life, white life, pro-life,
Black life, white life, pro-life,
Black lies, white lies, no life.
Again she heard the sirens voice
And the sirens voice was singing;
No niggers or knackers or wogs, no refugees.
No Dia is Muire, sez she,
And no divorce in Heaven, sez she, no refugees.
Céad míle failte.
Céad míle failte my arse, sez she.
Míle fáilte my arse.
Living off our land,
Living off our land,
Living of our hard earned surplus,
Creating housing shortages and unemployment.
Living off our land.
They're coming here to save us,
Saving the white babies.
They're coming here to save us,
Saving white babies souls.
The sirens voice was heard.