

PAT O'DONNELL SHEL TO SEA

In the bog lands of Mayo
where the corrib waters flow
Atlantic winds blow in broadhaven bay
where the sand dunes house the swallows
that once held our famine dead
where fishermen and farmers greet the day

They have worked this sea and land
For centuries by hand
Do you think they'd stand and watch it torn away
While multi nationals of oil
Are poisoning their soil
The water in their rivers and their lakes

CHORUS

Pat O'Donnell's in a cell
for protesting against shell
they say that he was getting in the way
put a gun up to his head
said they would shoot him dead
and sank his boat just off broadhaven bay

In Rossport the signs are clear
No oil refinery here
As residents they take to roads and lanes
But the guards they have a plan
Their arresting every man
Or they'll beat them through the ditches to the drains

They've been kicked and banged and bruised
But this will not make the news
Like the masked and private army's run by shell
They have even changed their name
To try and hide their shame
While they turn mayo in to a living hell

CHORUS

Ken Saro wiwa hanged
With eight others from his tribe
In Nigeria to Abacha's cruel regime
Citizens where bribed
Made to testify
Now Irelands eating from this fattened pig

I've said all I need to say
About broadhaven bay
Rossa , erris and mayo
Where the peoples spirit strong
and I know they'll carry on
fighting for their land their sea and homes

CHORUS