

A©

## THE JUDAS GOATS

Down through History.  
God was used.  
By ruthless men.  
To ravage.  
Savage and plunder.  
And enslave the masses.  
From Liverpool to Belfast Docks.  
For the NUDL.  
Arrived Jim Larkin.  
With no time.  
For sectarian bigotry.  
He got the workers.  
Off their knees.  
No more.  
Irish man nor Planter.  
They fought the employers.  
Side by side.  
Their common aim.  
A living wage.  
And to feed their families.  
No matter where they went on Sundays.  
Or were buried when they were dead.  
Supported by Constable Barrett.  
And the ranks of the RIC.  
Imported blacklegs were battered.

Orange order bands.  
Formed with employers money.  
Supported the workers.  
And played.  
We have no Bananas today.  
The Landed gentry.  
Were terrified.  
By.  
The united workers.  
So they paid their thugs.  
And rioted with the Papists.  
Divide and conquer always worked.  
Free Porter restored.  
Normality.  
For uniting Religions.  
Under the banner of workers.  
The capitalists.  
Pressurised Sexton.  
He recalled Larkin.  
Betrayed but not defeated he refused to go.  
In Dublin he forged a Union.  
Focused on the plight of the poor.  
Workers without a trade.  
Or Learning demanded a fair wage.  
The employers locked them out.  
Larkin's Union could not be bought.  
With Truth he instilled self respect.

And just like.  
The Noble Gentry.  
In Belfast.  
The Catholic Church.  
Retained its grip.  
No Protestant.  
In Heathen England.  
Would care for or feed.  
Starving Catholic children.  
The workers spirit.  
Was unbroken.  
But childrens lives came first.  
Defeated.  
To raise funds for the Union.  
Larkin went to America.  
And was jailed.  
For organising Workers.  
He... missed 1916.  
From Liberty Hall James Connolly led.  
Larkin's Union into History.  
As the Citizens Army.  
They fought.  
To free.  
Ireland and its workers.  
They had lit the spark.  
Shot in the leg.  
Unable to stand.

Tied to a chair.  
Connolly faced a Firing Squad.  
And believed.  
When the Workers Flag is raised.  
Tomorrow.  
Ireland will be free.  
And proud.  
A united people.  
Who no longer dance.  
To the sectarian tune of divide and conquer.  
The cause of Labour.  
Is the cause of Ireland.  
Was his rallying cry.  
And he died for it  
The yoke was cast off.  
When freed years later.  
Larkin returned.  
Believing Connolly's ideals.  
Would live forever.  
But the rot had already set in.  
The National Executive Council.  
Of the Union he founded.  
Sacked him for militancy.  
His pleas to honour.  
Connolly.  
And the Citizens Army.  
Fell upon deaf ears.

They touched the forelock.  
And sold out the workers.  
One hundred years later.  
The president.  
Honoured Larkin and the union.  
Ignoring the betrayal.  
That was committed.  
Principles.  
Ethics.  
Justice.  
Lies.  
Became  
Commodities.  
Sold to the highest bidder.  
Years after.  
Larkin's death.  
To Belfast Docks of all places.  
The lap dog mentality had spread.  
A Judas Goat of Union chairman  
Combined the Union with the employers.  
He became labour controller.  
And set up a Union and Employers court.  
To persecute and sack the Dockers  
They were the lucky ones.  
With regard only.  
For employers profit.  
Many died gasping for breath.

Robbed of life by Asbestos fibres.

It filled eyes ears noses.

And was swallowed.

They died in agony.

The Goat filled Dockers heads with lies.

How could dust kill anyone.

The committee became his spies.

Objectors to the corruption of.

Trade Unionism were railroaded and sacked.

One family alone.

Two brothers dead.

And another waiting to go.

Clouds of it.

Smothered Sailortown.

Was blown all over Belfast.

And County Down.

Asbestos united Religions.

Every Cancer stricken.

Person for fifty years.

Must be dug up.

And the finger pointed.

As prosecutor in the Employers Court.

His treachery knew no bounds.

Larkin and Connolly.

Never cost him a thought.

The Goat has done his job.

Aided by Head Office.

In Dublin  
He destroyed.  
Countless lives and Belfast Docks.  
Once numbered by the thousand.  
His workmates like his principles.  
Are no more.  
Union Chairman.  
Employer.  
Traitor.  
Life long Union Member.  
A final insult was delivered.  
To Larkin and Connolly.  
When they changed the name.  
To suit the employers.  
They cast off their workers past.  
And embraced.  
So-called Partnership.  
The nodding dogs.  
Discarded Irish History.  
And the Citizens Army.  
Stories were told to quieten dissent.  
And try and align.  
The Union with its past.  
Of the Countess and her comrades and.  
Of baton charges.  
By Dublin Mounted Police.  
And workers solidarity.

Even as they still sell out.  
From such a noble beginning.  
This Union has fallen far.  
Principles and workers jobs for sale.  
By well paid.  
Judas Goats.  
Their actions belie the mock fights.  
And with dressing up celebrate.  
Not commemorate the lives lost.  
During the Lock Out.  
They prostitute Larkin and Connolly.  
Who in their graves.  
Would not rest.  
If they but knew.  
O.B.U.  
One Big Union.  
Had turned into a Traitors Nest.  
Extremely well paid.  
Union Officials.  
So called Labour TDs.  
Hang.  
Your wealthy.  
Heads.

©

Hugh Murphy.