



CUIMHNEACHÁN CAOGA BLIAIN

50th Anniversary



In proud and loving memory
of



Lieutenant

CONNIE GREEN

(Saor Uladh)

who died in the cause of Irish Freedom
26th November 1955

Buried at Carrickroe, Co Monaghan

*"There are in every generation those who
make the ultimate sacrifice with joy
and laughter, and these are the salt of
the generations, the heroes who stand
midway between God and men"*

P.H. Pearse



A soldier rests in Carrickroe

Three volleys, a final salute, broke the silence of a cold November night. The stillness of the North Monaghan countryside was briefly disturbed. Carried shoulder high along its last journey, the tri-colour draped coffin had been lowered to its final resting place. A Fenian soldier had been laid to rest.

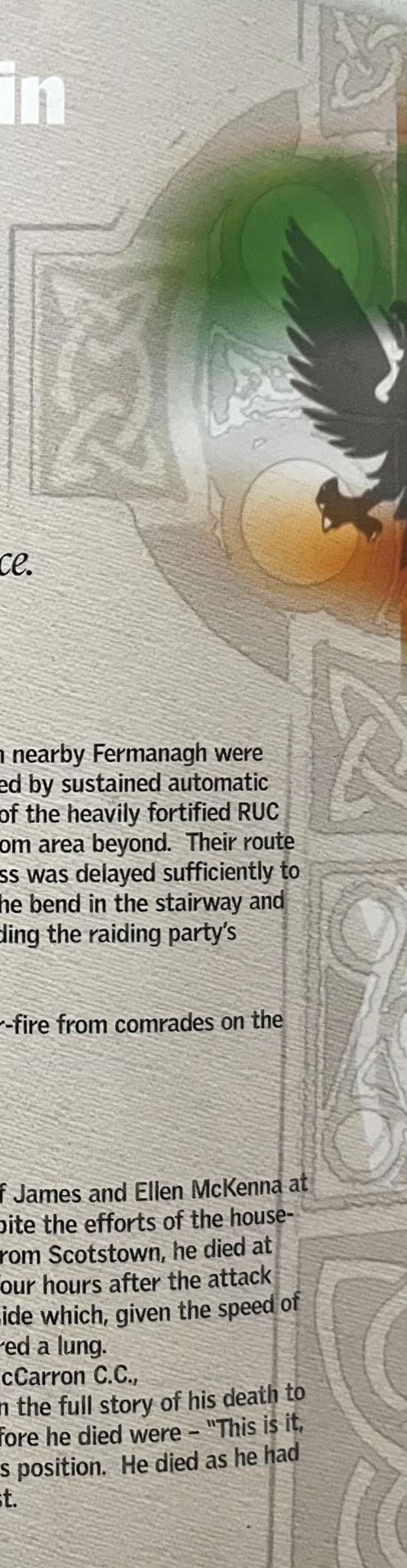
Attack at Roslea

Less than twenty four hours earlier the people of Roslea in nearby Fermanagh were woken from their sleep by the roar of an explosion, followed by sustained automatic gunfire. The explosion made an opening in the gable wall of the heavily fortified RUC barracks, allowing the raiding party access to the guardroom area beyond. Their route partially blocked by fallen masonry, the volunteer's progress was delayed sufficiently to give the occupants time to set up a sten-gun position on the bend in the stairway and from this cover they raked the area below, mortally wounding the raiding party's Second-in-Command.

Withdrawal with their wounded comrade, and under cover-fire from comrades on the overlooking hilltop, was effected.

Burial at Carrickroe

The seriously wounded soldier was brought to the home of James and Ellen McKenna at Toneyssillogagh near Tydavnet in Co. Monaghan where despite the efforts of the household, of his comrades and the attendance of Dr. Flannery from Scotstown, he died at one minute past ten that same Saturday morning, barely four hours after the attack commenced. A single entry wound was found on his left side which, given the speed of his deterioration, is likely to have entered or seriously injured a lung. The dying soldier received the last rites from Fr. George McCarron C.C., Carrickroe. His dying wish was for Fr. McCarron to explain the full story of his death to his mother in Derry and his last words to his comrades before he died were – "This is it, at last, boys". He died courageously and fully accepting his position. He died as he had lived, quiet of manner, respectful and thoughtful to the last.



Lieutenant Connie Green

Saor Uladh Volunteer Connie Green was a native of Derry city. He was the first Creggan Republican to die in the cause of Irish Freedom, Justice and Peace, the new Creggan housing development having been allocated only earlier that year.

His death at thirty-five years of age on 26th November 1955 robbed the struggle for freedom of one of its most dedicated and most able soldiers.

Connie had received his early military training in the British Army, which he had joined at the age of sixteen. He was decorated for bravery with both the Africa Star and the Italy Star having served as a Commando Sergeant in North Africa, in Italy and in Normandy. Connie finished his war service as a paratrooper.

On his return home, like countless others who had trained and fought overseas in the ranks of the British army, he took note of the great injustices that that same force continued to impose on his own downtrodden fellow nationals in Derry and throughout the occupied Six Counties. He resolved to do something about it.

Connie joined Saor Uladh and soon took up the position of Training Officer. In this role he was totally dedicated and a stickler for duty. Not everyone would have thanked him for his diligence but Connie knew if they were to succeed they would need to be prepared.

Connie was one of four boys and five girls. His parents were Peter and Sarah, Peter having predeceased his son. Sarah for many years after Connie's death made the annual Easter Monday trip to his grave at Carrickroe, bringing family and friends on the special outing from Derry. Of Connie's immediate family only Paddy still survives and joins us here today, with his wife Maureen, to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the death in action of his brave and honoured brother.

Sinn Féin

The commitment of Vol. Connie Green is again demonstrated in the Green family today. Their service to the cause of Irish freedom continues unbroken in each generation. In May of this year Connie's niece Patricia Logue, daughter of his sister Margaret (R.I.P.), was elected as a Sinn Féin member on Derry City Council. His nephew Oliver Green was also a Sinn Féin candidate who, while unsuccessful on that occasion, shows all the determination to secure a better result when next the opportunity presents.

Connie Green was a plasterer by trade and a keen athlete and boxer. His steely tenacity made him a considerable foe. His death in the cause of establishing our national rights deserves the highest commendation. His memory will outlive those who seek the limelight for private gain and self aggrandisement. We the republican people of North Monaghan, of Derry City and of all-Ireland are the guarantors of that.

I measc Laochra na nGael go raibh a anam dílis

THE MAN IN CARRICKROE

(AIR: THE VALLEY OF KNOCKANURE)

In Carrickroe we made a grave
When the wild birds were at rest
And in it placed a Soldier brave,
The equal of the best
That ever raised an Irish hand
To break the tyrant's chain;
Ireland lost a Son that night,
But Heaven made the gain.

With bugle call and rifle peal
That night in Carrickroe,
And as the dawn illum'd the sky
The whole wide world did know,
That rich red blood had flowed again
That torrents more might flow,
To right the wrong that brought him to
His grave in Carrickroe.

In truth I'll tell your Mother
How her fearless Darling died,
And went to join a Lordly band
With honour and in pride;
God's rest to you in Carrickroe,
Your earthly cares have fled,
With your name enshrined for evermore
On the Roll of Ireland's Dead.

CONNIE DEAR

(AIR: DERRY AIR)

Oh Connie dear! The day was dark and dreary,
The sky o'er Derry sullen, dull and grey.
The Foyle, the hills, the oaks of Derry Columbkille
Were lone and bleak the day you went away,
But dark indeed would be the Foyle's waters,
And parched the land without ere leaf or sheen,
No bird to sing, no flower to bloom and cheer us,
Should we break faith or bond with you, Oh Connie Green.

Ah! Connie dear, the rich red dew that dawning
Has nurtured all within the land anew.
The Foyle, the hills, the fields, and oaks of Derry,
Burst forth again to bloom and revere you,
And every heart that beats and throbs for freedom
Shall strive and strike to realise your dream,
To place the Crown your hand has helped to fashion
On Erin's Brow at last, at last, Oh Connie Green.