

Irish SONGS of

Vol. 2

RESISTANCE



CONTENTS

1. H-Block
2. Ourselves Alone
3. Michael Gaughan
4. Free the People
5. My Little Armalite
6. The Men behind the Wire
7. Say Hello to the Provos
8. Sunday Bloody Sunday
9. London's Derry
10. Provo Lullabye
11. Rossville 13
12. Rubber Bullets
13. The Magnificent Seven
14. The Bogside Man
15. The Lid of my Granny's Bin
16. England's Vietnam
17. Over the Wall
18. Freedom's Sons
19. The Gay Galtee Mountains
20. The Irish Soldier Laddie
21. Four Green Fields
22. Only the Rivers Run Free
23. Our Lads in Crumlin Jail
24. Provy Birdie
25. The Boys of the Old Brigade
26. The Patriot Game
27. Down by the Glenside
28. On the One Road
29. The Tri-Coloured Ribbon
30. The Reluctant Patriot
31. The Luck of the Irish
32. The Three Flowers
33. The Broad Black Brimmer

H-BLOCK

(P. O'Brolaig)

I am a proud young Irish man
In Ulster's hills my life began
A happy boy through green fields I ran
And kept God's and man's law.
But when my age was barely ten
My country's wrongs were told again
By ten's of thousands marching men
And my heart stirred to the cause.

CHORUS:

So I'll wear no convicts uniform
Nor meekly serve my time
That Britain might brand
Ireland's fight eight hundred years of crime.

I learned of centuries of strife
Of cruel laws, injustice rife
I saw now in my own young life
The fruits of foreign sway.
Protesters threatened, tortured, maimed
Division nurtured, passions flamed,
Outraged, provoke, right's cause defame
This is the conqueror's way.

CHORUS:

Descendants of proud Conath Clan
Conn cannon serves cruel Britain's plan
Man's inhumanity to man
Has spured the trusty slave
No strangers are these bolted locks
No new design these dark H-Blocks
Black Cromwell lives while Mason stalks
The Bully taunts the brave.

CHORUS:

Does Britain need a thousand years
Of Protest, riots, death and tears
Or will this past decade of fears
Of 80 decades spell
An end to Ireland's agony
New hope for human dignity
And will the last obscenity be
This grim H-Block cell?

CHORUS:

OURSELVES ALONE

(Don Sullivan)

I am an Irish man, Irish I'm proud to be
No British hun with his tommy gun can make a slave of me
For freedom's right I will fight freedom for Irish men
Let England see that we will be a nation once again.

The world is watching H-Block and our heroes who suffer
there
They are abused still they refuse those prison clothes to wear
On the blanket they lay naked they will died unless we
assert their claim
And let the world see that we will be a nation once again.

Long Kesh is where they cage our men but their spirit they
cannot quell
H-Block is where they torture them H-Block is truly hell
England must retreat the Provos can't be beat the proof is
our blanket men
Hear the people shout 'Brits Out' and a nation once again.

So England heed my warning you know that it's too late
Can't you see Ireland will be free, you have bred nothing
but hate
We will not compromise with British lies, victory complete
is our aim
England we defy hear Ireland cry a national once again
A national once again, a nation once again, England we
defy
Hear Ireland cry a nation once again.

MICHAEL GAUGHAN

(McRobin)

Chorus:

Take me home to Mayo,
Across the Irish sea
Home to dear old Mayo
Where once I roamed so free

Take me home to Mayo
There let my body lie
Home at last to Mayo
Beneath an Irish sky

My name is Michael Gaughan
From Ballina I came
I saw my people suffering
And swore to break their chains
I raised the flag in England
prepared to fight or die
Far away from Mayo
Beneath an Irish sky

Chorus:

My body cold and hungry
In Parkhurst Gaol I lie
For loving of my country
On hunger strike I die

I have just one last longing
I pray you'll not deny
Bury me in Mayo
Beneath an Irish sky.

Chorus:

FREE THE PEOPLE

(Coulter/Martin)

Spoken:

Laws are made for people
And the law can never scorn
The right of a man to be free

Chorus:

Free the people, let them have their say
Free the people, let them see the light of day.

A dismal dawn was breaking as they took a man away
Not knowing what was his crime
Just what he was guilty of, not one of them could say
But they'll think of something in time
He says goodbye and remember
We shall overcome.

Chorus:

Comforting her children, crying softly in the night
She tries very hard to explain
You know you daddy never did a thing that wasn't right
God send him soon home again
He's a good man and he shall overcome.

Chorus:

Spoken:

What does it profit a man the right to be born
If he suffers the loss of his liberty?
Laws were made for people
And the law can never scorn the right of a man to
be free
We are the people, and we shall overcome
We are the people, and we shall overcome

Chorus:

MY LITTLE ARMALITE

CHORUS:

And its up in the Bogside that's where I long to be
Lying in the dark with a provo company
A comrade on my left and another one on my right
And a clip of ammunition for my little Armalite.

I was stopped by a soldier said he you are a swine
He beat me with his baton and he kicked me in the groin.
I bowed and I scraped sure my manners were polite.
Ah but all the time I was thinking of my little Armalite.

CHORUS:

And its down in Crossmaglen sure that's where I long to be
Lying in the dark with a provo company
A comrade on my left and another one on my right
And a clip of ammunition for my little Armalite.

Sure a brace R.U.C. man came up into our street,
Six hundred British soldiers were gathered round his feet.
Come out you cowardly fenians says he come out and fight
But he cried I'm only joking when he heard the Armalite.

And its down in Kilwilkie that's where I long to be
Lying in the dark with a provo company
A comrade on my left and another one on my right,
And a clip of ammunition for my little Armalite.

Sure the Army came to visit me it was in the early hours
With Saladens and Sarcens and Ferrt armoured cars,
They thought they had me cornered but I gave them all a fright
With the armour piercing bullets of my little Armalite.

And its down along the Falls Road that's where I long to be
Lying in the dark with a provo company
A comrade on my left and another one on my right
And a clip of ammunition for my little Armalite.

When Tusso came to Belfast says he the battles won,
Says General Ford, we're winning sire we have them on the run,
But corporals, and privates, in armoured cars at night said send home
for reinforcements its the bloody Armalite.

And it's up in the old Andytown that's where I long to be
Lying in the dark with a provo company
A comrade on my left and another one on my right
And a clip of ammunition for my little Armalite.

THE MEN BEHIND THE WIRE

On Monday the 9th August 1971 at 4.30 a.m.
Irishmen from all over the Six Counties
were taken from their homes
Hundreds of these men are now in prison without trial.
This song is born of the Civil Resistance Campaign,
which has followed Internment.
A song dedicated to the men in Long Kesh Concentration Camp.
The men behind the Wire.

CHORUS:

Armoured cars and tanks and guns
Came to take away our sons
But every man will stand behind
The Men Behind The Wire.

Through the little streets of Belfast
In the dark of early morn
British soldiers came marauding
Wrecking little homes with scorn
Heedless of the crying children
Dragging fathers from their beds
Beating sons while helpless mothers
Watched the blood flow from their heads.

CHORUS:

Not for them a judge or jury
Or indeed a crime at all
Being Irish means they're guilty
So we're guilty one and all
Round the world the truth will echo
Cromwell's men are here again
England's name again is sullied
In the eyes of honest men.

CHORUS:

Proudly march behind our bammers
Firmly stand behind our men
We will have them free to help us
Build a Nation once again
On the people stand together
Proudly firmly on your way
Never fear, and never falter
Till the boys are home to stay.

SAY HELLO TO THE PROVOS'

Chorus:

Say hello to the Provos
Say hello to the brave
Say hello the Provos
And Ireland will be saved.

It all happened in '71
Internment has just begun
Men taken at the point of a gun
Remember, we shall remember.

Chorus:

Many a battle has been fought and won
Many a home has lost its son
Long Kesh gates will soon be undone
Remember, we shall remember.

Chorus:

U.F.F. and S.A.S.
Assasinations did their best
Innocent people they put to death
Remember, we shall remember.

Chorus:

Daith O'Connell we honour your name
The British viterills is put to shame
For hundreds of years they've had their claim
Remember, we shall remember.

Chorus:

Put your faith in the Provos
Put your faith in the brave
Put your faith in the Provos
And Ireland will be saved.

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY

Well it was Sunday Bloody Sunday
When they shot the people there
The cries of thirteen martyrs
Filled the Free Derry air
Is there any one amongst you
Dare to blame it on the kids?
Not a soldier boy was bleeding
When they nailed the coffin lids.

CHORUS:

Sunday Bloody Sunday
Bloody Sunday's the day!

You claim to be majority
Well you know that it's a lie
You're really a minority
On the sweet Emerald Isle
When Stormont bans our marches
They've got a lot to learn
Internment is no answer
It's those mothers turn to burn.

CHORUS:

You Anglo pigs and Scotties
Sent to colonize the North
You wave your bloody Union Jacks
And you know what its worth
How dare you hold to ransom
A people proud and free
Keep Ireland for the Irish
Put the English back to sea.

CHORUS:

Yes it's always bloody Sunday
In the concentration camps
Keep the Falls Road free forever
From the bloody English hands
Repatriate to Britain
All of you who call it home
Leave Ireland to the Irish
Not for London or for Rome.

CHORUS:

LONDON'S DERRY

(by McHenry)

CHORUS:

Come on out you British huns
Come on out without your guns
Show us how you won your medals up in Derry
When you murdered 13 men
And you'd do the same again
Get on out of here and take your English border.

In the summer of '69 with your smiling face you came
To show us all your pacifying tactics
But your true face soon came true
With your flag, red, white and blue
Showed us all the Black and Tans were back in Ireland.

Of your fist we've had our fill
And we know you always will
Find excuses for the murdering of Irish men
Well we'll fight for our proud land
Telling you it's here we stand
From England we'll shift our lovely island.

CHORUS

Sure at your trial in Coleraine
Sure we know you weren't to blame
Well likewise neither were the huns of Hitler
Well don't you fret for those you slew
'Cause the Judge was British too,
And we all know the English are impartial.

CHORUS (twice)

PROVO LULLABYE

(E. Largey)

The night was icy cold I was alone
Waiting for an Army foot patrol
Then at last they came within my sights
I squeezed the trigger of my Armalite

CHORUS:

Oh mama oh mama comfort me
For I know these awful things have got to be
But when the war of freedom has been won
I promise you I'll put away my gun

The shots rang out I heard a soldier's cry
Please don't leave me here alone to die
I realised his patrol had gone away
And left the wounded comrade for me to slay.

CHORUS:

There's nothing in this world I would not give
If mercy in your heart you'll let me live
For in his eyes I saw a begging flame
And as the muzzle of my gun moved towards his brain

CHORUS (again)

The dawn was breaking when I reached my base
I can't forget the look on that boy's face
Fear, agony, and torment were all there
But your memory Mama his life I spared

CHORUS:

Oh mama oh mama comfort me
For I know these awful things have got to be
But when the war of freedom has been won
I promise you I'll put away my gun.

ROSSVILLE 13

(Lincoln Jones)

On a cold Sunday morning from Bogside they came,
All marching and singing with only one aire.
Their faces were many, their reasons were one,
And thirteen among them were marked for the gun.
Now numbers have meaning wherever you're from
And this number 13 is lucky for some
But it can't have meaning if they died in vain
Let it bring us together, our lucky 13.

CHORUS:

They came from the Bogside to take up a stand,
For what they believe in – the freedom of man.
The world can deny now that they've ever been
In God we will remember the Rossville 13.

Their loved ones are asking why had they to die,
The reasons are plenty, they touch you and I,
But no-one can change them until they understand
That all men can live with one God in one land.

To him who can listen they speak from afar,
The dying comes easy, the living is hard.
So just let the world know and let it believe,
That all men can learn from the Rossville 13.

CHORUS:

RUBBER BULLETS

CHORUS:

Rubber bullets for the ladies, catch them in a CS can
Three inches wide, six inches long, take it home to your old man
It's an instrument of torture, to break your legs in two
It'll stop you feeling lonely, but leave you black and blue.

When you've had your fill of CS gas behind the barricade
And serve your time with half-bricks, you've learned a brand new trade
Fighting for your freedom, the Dignity of Man
Look out for rubber bullets, the Army's latest plan.

CHORUS:

Don't forget the highway code when crossing the street
A bullet doing ninety could leave you obsolete
Watch when stepping off the kerb (I'm being quite sincere)
A bullet in the proper place could leave you feeling queer

CHORUS:

If your family's going hungry, curfew needn't break your heart
The army's solved your problem, you can bake a rubber tart
When you're under house arrest, and your nerves are getting frayed
The prescription's rubber bullets fired from underneath the bed

CHORUS:

When a soldier says he loves you, down behind the barricade
Look out for rubber bullets when you grab his red cockade
He'll kick you up or knock you down, so be careful how you bend
Wherever rubber bullets hit, you'll feel it in the end

CHORUS:

THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN

(Wolfhound)

If you give me your attention
It won't take very long
I'll tell you of a story
That fills my heart with song
It's all about the Maidstone
Which is a prison ship
When seven of the prisoners
Gave the guards the slip.

It was on a Monday evening
When just to cause a lark
They said "Let's go and have a swim
While it's nice and dark"
They swam across the water
Right to the other side
And the thoughtful Corporation
Gave them a bus to ride.

The drove down to the Market
Which isn't very far
And there the local people
Well, you know what they are
They dressed them up in fine clothes
The colours they were gay
And before the Army could get there
The boys were far away.

Now, the end of my story
It is near at hand
Thank God all our swimmers
They are all on dry land
Their daring plan was brilliant
I'm sure you will agree
"Success, success" it was the cry
Another seven free!

THE BOGSIDE MAN
(Air: "Hogseys Man")

The Bogside man is the man for me
He's cut the recruiting in the R.U.C.
He was the Bogside man.

CHORUS:

Steady on your aim with the petrol bomb
Don't throw it son, till the peelers come
I am the Bogside man.

From Belfast town now the Special came
They looked at the sky, it started to rain
With gratings

CHORUS:

The Specials came in brown and black
Your granny ran out and they all ran back
She married the Bogside man

CHORUS:

We're all browned off with the midnight raids
Every man to the barricades
We are the Bogside men

CHORUS:

The Bogside now has been set free
The rats have left with the R.U.C.
We are the Bogside men.

CHORUS:

For a house they'll tell you all to save
You'll get a tent or a bloody cave
In the Bogside

CHORUS:

I haven't the chance of a shirt or coat
There'll be a change when I spoil me vot
I am the Bogside man.

CHORUS:

THE LID OF MY GRANNY'S BIN

As I was climbing into bed, my poor old granny sighed
I looked out of the window, the Army had arrived
The house was soon surrounded, they smashed the front door in
I knew they'd come to take away the lid of my granny's bin.

CHORUS:

Well, it was scream, bang, shout, raise an awful din
We've got to spread a warning when the army they come in.

She opened up the window and she clambered down the spout
Soon her bin was rattlin' for to call the neighbours out
She then took out her whistle and blew away like hell
And soon we heard an echo as the neighbours blew as well.

A soldier came right up the stairs, a rifle in his hand
She kicked him with her buttom boots along the hall she ran
Up and stepped another one, some medal for to win
But all he got, right up the gob, was the lide of my granny's bin

The music rose like thunder, as the bins and whistles played
The army soon retreated, they knew they'd overstayed
It wasn't made of silver, it was only made of tin
But once again it saved us all, the lid of my granny's bin

Come all kind friends, and go to bed and sleep as best you can
But if there's trouble come along, go out and give a hand
To all you fair young ladies, if trouble does begin
Run out into your backyard, love, and rattle away your bin.

ENGLAND'S VIETNAM

Well, good evening friends, it's good to be back in the good old U.S.A.
Where they make damn sure to keep all their wars thousands of
miles away
For I've just been across the ocean, to see my family home,
And after what I saw there, I never more will roam.

CHORUS:

Well give me a home where the Panthers roam, and the Weathermen
so free
Take a walk in the dark around Central Park, it does not bother me
Tear the country in two, but whatever you do, I'll stay right where
I am
For I do not want another trip to England's Vietnam.

We arrived at Aldergrove, that's where the planes do go
It used to be Nutt's Corner, why they changed it I just don't know
I was wearing an army jacket, from Vietnam it came
When a soldier stuck a gun in my ribs and says "I know your game"

"Oh where is your black beret", he cried, "And your hurley stick as
well?"
I hit him with my camera, and like a stone he fell
I sent for a policeman to take this poor man away
Saying, "This would never happen in the good old U.S.A."

The policeman grabbed me by the arm saying "Come along with me,
For I can tell by the gleam in your eye that you hate democracy
You're a Trotskyist from the Kremlin, you're a Vatican anarchist spy
A communist from China, a commie from the F.B.I."

Well, you know I had to leave there, I'll tell you what I done
I slipped five dollars in his hand and I began to run
I walk the streets of Belfast from the New Lodge to the Falls
Watching the rubber bullets goin' a'bouncing off the walls.

OVER THE WALL

In Crumlin Road jail all the prisoners one day
Took out a football and started to play
And while all the warders were watching the ball
Nine of the prisoners jumped over the wall.

CHORUS:

Over the wall, over the wall,
Who would believe they jumped over the wall?
Over the wall, over the wall,
It's hard to believe they jumped over the wall.

Now the warders looked on with the greatest surprise
And the sight that they saw brought the tears to their eyes
For one of the teams was not there at all
They all got transferred and jumped over the wall.

Now the governor came down with his face in a twist
Said, "Line up these lads while I check me list"
But nine of the lads didn't answer the call
And the warder said, "Please, sir, they're over the wall".

The security forces were shook to the core
So they barred every window and bolted each door
But all their precautions were no use at all
For another three prisoners jumped over the wall.

Then the news reached old Stormont, Brian Faulkner turned pale
When he heard that more men had escaped from his jail
Said he, "Now we'll have an enquiry to call?"
And we'll get Edmund Compton to whitewash the wall."

CHORUS:

FREEDOM'S SONS

(T. Makem)

In Dublin town 1916
When flowers bloomed and trees were green
There dawned a day when freedom's cry
Called out brave men to fight and die.

CHORUS:

They were the men with the vision
The men with the cause
The men who defied their oppressor's laws
The men who traded their chains for guns
Born into slavery, they were Freedom's sons.

In Dublin Town, they fought and died,
With Pearse, MacDermott and MacBride.
Ourselves alone, their battle cry,
And Freedom sang at the Easter sky.

CHORUS:

A Poet's dreams had sparked the flame,
A raging fire it soon became
And from that fire — bold destiny
There rose a nation bold and free.

CHORUS:

Six counties are in bondage still
Those men who died, was this their will?
Until their'e and repression ceased
Only then can they rest in peace.

CHORUS:

THE GAY GALTEE MOUNTAINS

On the gay Galtee Mountains one morning in May,
I'll tell you a story that happened one day,
It's about a fair maiden, her age was sixteen,
And she sported her colours, white, orange and green.

A young British soldier was passing that day.
And he spied the fair maiden with colours so gay.
He rode alongside her, jumped from his machine
And he tried for to capture the flag of Sinn Fein.

You'll not get these colours the fair maiden said
You'll not get these colours until I am dead.
I'll fight by the glenside, it remains to be seen,
And I'll die for my colours, white, orange and green.

Was early next morning in Tipperary town,
From the gay Galtee Mountains this young maid came
down,
She was sick in her heart, it was plain to be seen,
For that day did Tom Ashe give his life for Sinn Fein.

THE IRISH SOLDIER LADDIE

(by McGuigan)

Was a morning in July,
I was walking through Tipperary,
When I heard the battle cry
In the mountains overhead.
I looked up to the sky
Saw an Irish soldier laddie
Who looked at me quite fearlessly and said:

CHORUS:

Will you stand in the band
Like a true Irish man
And we'll go to fight the forces of the crown.
Will you march with O'Neill
Through an Irish battle field
For tonight we're going to free old Wexford town.

Said I to the soldier lad,

Will you take me to your captain,
It will be my pride and joy
To march with you today.
My young brother fell at Cork
And my son as Enniscorthy
And to the noble captain I will say

CHORUS:

Yes, I'll stand in the band,

As we marched back home again,
In the shadow of the evening,
With our banners flying low,
To the memory of our dead.
We returned on to our homes,
But without our soldier laddie,
But I never will forget the words he said.

CHORUS:

FOUR GREEN FIELDS

(written by T. Makem)

"What did I have?" said the fine old woman.
"What did I have?" this proud old woman did say
"I had four green fields, each one was a jewel,
But strangers came and tried to take them from me
I had fine strong sons, they fought to save my jewels
They fought and died, and that was my grief" said she.

"Long time ago" said the fine old woman
"Long time ago" this proud old woman did say
"There was war and death, plundering and pillage
My children starved, by mountain, valley and sea
And their wailing cries, they shook the very heavens
My four green fields ran red with their blood", said she.

"What have I now?" said the fine old woman
"What have I now?" this proud old woman did say
"I have four green fields, but one of them's in bondage
In strangers' hands that tried to take it from me
But my sons have sons as brave as were their fathers;
My fourth green field shall bloom once again" said she.

ONLY THE RIVERS RUN FREE

When apples still grow in November
When blossoms still grow from each tree
When leaves are still green in December
It's then that our land will be free.

I wander her hills and valleys
And still through my sorrow I see
A land that has never known freedom
And only her rivers run free.

I drink to the death of her manhood
Those men who would rather have died
Than to live in the cold chains of bondage
To bring back their rights were denied.

Oh where are you now when we need you
What burns where the flame used to be
Are you gone like the snows of last winter
And will only the rivers run free.

How sweet is life but we're crying
How mellow the wine that was dry
How fragrant the rose but it's dying
How gentle the wind but it sighs.

What good is in youth when it's ageing
What joy is in eyes that can't see
When there's sorrow in sunshine and flowers
And still only our rivers run free.

OUR LADS IN CRUMLIN JAIL

(by D. Gillespie)

In Ireland's fight for freedom, boys,
The north has played its part
Though freedom's day has still to dawn,
We never yet lost heart.

We'll fight it out until the end
We'll fight for we cannot fail
We know we'll win although they have
Our lads in Crumlin Jail.

We gave to Erin Owen Roe.
We gave her Shane O'Neill.
And Tone on Cavehill made a vow
That England still can fail.
Joe McKellevey did not die in vain.
He too drove home a nail
And that's another reason why
They keep our lads in Crumlin Jail.

So keep on the fight you volunteers
For God is on our side
No Jail can break our brave young men
No prison camp their pride.

For England knows
And England fears
The famous Northern Gael
And that's another reason why
We'll free our lads in Crumlin Jail
(Twice)

THE PROVY BIRDIE

(McRobin)

On the last day of October, the year of '73,
In Mountjoy Jail three rebels were longing to be free,
When from the sky, surprise, surprise,
An Iron Bird did fall
And lifted the Provies and took them over the wall.

CHORUS:

And its up and up and higher the helicopter flew
High over the Dublin spires and over the Liffey too.
The length and breadth of Ireland no finer sight to see
the day the Provie Birdy released the Mountjoy three.

The screws were all astounded, they knew not what to do,
They just stood there dumbfounded as up the rebels flew
And in the Dial the traitors were shocked and quite aghast
When they looked up and noticed the Provies flying past.

CHORUS:

O Hagen, Towmey, Mallen, God bless those gallant three
Cruel Britain, she is furious to see our rebels free
But everywhere in Ireland whenever the news was heard
The people cheer the Provies and their marvellous flying bird.

CHORUS (once)

THE BOYS OF THE OLD BRIGADE

(McGuigan)

Oh Father, why are you so sad
On this bright Easter morn,
When Irish men are proud and glad,
Of the land where they were born.

Ah son, I see in memory's view
A far off distant day
When being just a boy like you
I joined the I.R.A.

CHORUS:

Where are the lads who stood with me
When history was made
GRADH MO CHRAIDHE
I long to see the boys of the old brigade.

From hill and farm the call to arm
Was heard by one and all
And from the glen came brave young men
To answer Ireland's call.
'Twas long ago we faced the foe
The old brigade and me
And by my side they fought and died
That Ireland might be free

CHORUS:

And now my son I've told you why, -
On Easter morn I sigh,
For I recall my comrades all
From dark old days gone by.
I think of them who fought in the glen
With rifles and grenades,
May heaven keep the men
Who sleep from the ranks of the old brigade.

CHORUS:

THE PATRIOT GAME

(written by Behan)

Come all you young rebels and list' while I sing,
For love of one's country is a terrible thing,
It banishes fear like the speed of a flame,
And it makes you all part of the Patriot's game.

My name is O'Hanlon and I've just gone sixteen,
My house is in Monaghan where I have been reared
I've been told all my life "Cruel England's to blame",
So now I am part of the Patriot's Game.

It's bearyl two years since I've wandered away,
With a local batallion of the bold I.R.A.
I've read of our heroes, I've wanted the same.
To play up my part in the Patriot Game.

This island of ours has for long been half free,
Six counties are under John Bull's tyranny,
And most of our leaders are greatly to blame,
For sharing their part in the Patriot's Game.

They told me how Connolly was shot in the Chair
His wounds from the battle, all bloody and bare,
His fine body twisted, all tortured and lame,
They soon made me part of the Patriot's Game.

And now I am dying, my body all holes,
I think of those traitors who bargained and sold,
I'm sorry my rifle has not done the same,
To the quizzlings who sold out of the Patriot's Game.

DOWN BY THE GLENSIDE

(Kearney)

'Twas down by the glenside I met an old woman,
A'plucking young nettles ner she saw I was coming
I listened a while to the song she was humming,
Glory oh, Glory oh, to the bold fenian men.

When I was a young girl
Their marching and drilling
Awakened the glenside some awesome and thrilling,
For they loved good old Ireland
And to die they were willing
Glory oh, Glory oh, to the bold fenian men.

Some died by the glenside
Some died by the stranger
And the wise men have told us their cause was a failure.
But they loved good old Ireland
Sure they never feared danger
Glory oh, Glory oh, to the bold fenian men.

I went on my way
God be praised that I'd met her
Be my life long or short I shall not forget her
We may have great men
But we'll never have better
Glory oh, Glory oh, to the bold fenian men.

ON THE ONE ROAD

We're on the one road sharing the one load
We're on the road to God knows where
We're on the one road, maybe the wrong road
But we're together now who cares

CHORUS:

Northmen, southmen, comrades all
Dublin, Belfast, Cork and Donegal
We're on the one road, swining along
Singing a soldier's song.

Though we've had our troubles now and then
Now is the time to make them up again
Sure aren't we all Irish anyhow
Now is the time to step together — Now.

CHORUS:

Tinker, tailor, every mother's son
Butcher, baker shouldering his gun
Rich man, poor man, every man in line
All together just like Auld Lang Syne.

CHORUS:

Night is darkness just before the dawn
From dissension Ireland is reborn
Soon we'll all, United Irishmen
Make our land a nation once again.

CHORUS:

THE THREE-COLOURED RIBBON

(Peadar Kearney)

To Eva

I had a true love, if ever a girl had one,
I had a true love, a brave lade was he,
And one fine Easter Monday, with his gallant comrades,
He started away for to make Ireland free.

CHORUS:

So all around my hat I wear a three-coloured ribbon,
All round my hat until death comes to me,
And if anybody's asking why I'm wearing that ribbon,
It's all for my true love I ne'er more shall see.

He whispered, "Good-bye love, old Ireland is calling,
High over Dublin our Tri-colour flies,
In the streets of the City the foe man is falling,
And wee birds are singing 'Old Ireland arise'."

His bandolier around him, his bright bayonet shining,
His short service rifle, a beauty to see,
There was joy in his eyes, though he left me repining,
And started away for to make Ireland free.

In prayer and in watching the dark days passed over,
The roar of the guns brought no message to me.
I prayed for Old Ireland, I prayed for my true love,
That he might be safe, and Old Ireland be free.

The struggle has ended, they brought me the story,
The last whispered message he sent unto me,
"I was true to my land, love; I fought for her glory,
And gave up my life for to make Ireland free."

THE RELUCTANT PATRIOT

(air – Wearing of the Green)

A now Paddy dear and did ye hear the awful things they say
Princess Margaret and Lord Snowden they have joined the I.R.A.
A they are drilling in the mountains to the sound of the fife and drum
Young Tony's taking snap shots while young Maggie fires the gun.

While young Maggie fires the gun
While young Maggie fires the gun
Young Tony's taking snap shots while young Maggie fires the gun.

When the news reached Dublin Castle De Valera jumped with joy
Says he now Jones is a comrade he's a decent Irish boy
And as for Princess Margaret she's a darling sweet colleen
And spread the news through Ireland from Strabane to Skibbereen.

From Strabane to Skibereen
From Strabane to Skibereen
And spread the news through Ireland from Strabane to Skibereen.

When the news had reached the palace filled the Queen with much
delight
She reared up at Prince Philip in the middle of the night
A says she now get your Rolls Royce out and get quick and
Soon we must reach dear old Ireland by the rising of the moon.

By the rising of the moon
By the rising of the moon
We must reach dear old Ireland by the rising of the moon.

A now Paddy dear I'll tell you there's terrible things in the land
The Queen and De Valera they are walking hand in hand
Oh but the funniest thing me boys that I have ever seen
Prince Philip playing Polo on his ass on St. Stephen's Green.

On his ass on St. Stephen's Green
On his ass on St. Stephen's Green
Prince Philip playing polo on his ass on St. Stephen's Green.

THE LUCK OF THE IRISH

If you had the luck of the Irish
You'd be sorry and wish you were dead
You should have the luck of the Irish
And you'd wish you were English instead

A thousand years of torture and hunger
Drove the people away from the land
A land full of beauty and wonder
Was raped by the British brigands
Godamn, Godamn.
If you could keep voices like flowers
There'd be shamrock all over the land
If you could drink dreams like Irish streams

Then the world would be high as the mountain of morn
In the pool they told us the story
How the English divided the land
Of the pain, the death and the glory
And the poets of auld Eireland

If we could make chains with the morning dew
They would be like Galway Bay
Let's walk over rainbows like leprechauns
The world would be one big Blarney Stone

Why are the English there anyway
As they kill with God on their side
Blame it on the kids and the I.R.A.
As the bastards commit genocide.

THE THREE FLOWERS

One time when walking down a lane,
When night was drawing nigh,
I met a cailin with three flowers,
And she more young than I.
"St. Patrick bless you, dear," said I,
"If you will be quick and tell
The place where you did find these flowers,
I seem to know so well".

She took and kissed the first flower once,
And sweetly said to me:
"This flower comes from the Wicklow hills,
Dew wet and pure," said she,
"It's name is Michael Dwyer —
The strongest flower of all;
But I'll keep it fresh beside my breast
Though all the world should fall."

She took and kissed the next flower twice,
And sweetly said to me:
"This flower I culled in Antrim fields,
Outside Belfast," said she
"The name I call it is Wolfe Tone, —
The bravest flower of all;
But I'll keep it fresh beside my breast
Though all the world should fall."

She took and kissed the next flower thrice,
And softly said to me:
"This flower I found in Thomas Street,
In Dublin fair," said she
"It's name is Robert Emmet,
The youngest flower of all;
But I'll keep it fresh beside my breast
Though all the world should fall
Then Emmet, Dwyer and Tone I'll keep
For I do love them all;
And I'll keep them fresh beside my breast
Though all the world should fall."

BROAD BLACK BRIMMER

There's a uniform that's hanging
in what's known as father's room.
A uniform so simple in it's style
It's got no braid of gold
Nor silk, nor hat with feathered plume.
Yet my mother has preserved it all the while
One day she made me try it on
A wish she'd carried for years
It's in memory of your father, dear, she said.

CHORUS:

It's just a broad black brimmer
It's ribbons frayed and torn
By the carelessness of many's a mountain breeze
An old trench coat, all battle-stained and worn,
And breeches almost thread-bare at the knees.
A Sam Brown belt, a buckle big and strong
And a holster that's been empty many's a day
But not for long.
And when comes Ireland's freedom
The ones they choose to lead them
Will wear the broad black brimmer of the I.R.A.

It's the uniform my father wore
In the mountains long ago
When he reached my mother's homestead on the run.
It's the uniform my father wore
In the little church below
When old Father Mae, he blessed the pair as one.
And after the truce and treaty
And the parting of the ways
He wore it when he marched out with the rest.
And when they bore his body down
The rugged heather brae
They placed the broad black brimmer on his chest.

CHORUS:

