

## Wolfgang

### "A Matter Of Time"

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In 19 hundred and 16, the forces of the crown,  
Did take the orange, white, and green, bombarded  
Dublin town,  
But in '21, Britannia's sons were forced to earn their  
pay,  
And the Black and Tans like lightning ran from  
The rifles of the IRA.

They burned their way through Munster and laid  
Leinster on the rack,  
In Connaught and in Ulster marched the men of brown  
and black,  
They shot down wives and children in their own heroic  
way,  
And the Black and Tans like lightning ran from  
The rifles of the IRA.

They hanged young Kevin Barry high, a lad of eighteen  
years,  
Cork City's flames lit up the sky but our brave boys  
knew no fear.  
The Cork brigade with hand grenades in ambush  
waiting lay,  
And the Black and Tans like lightning ran from  
The rifles of the IRA.

The Tans were caught, taken out and shot by the brave  
and valiant few,  
Sean Treacy, Denny Lacey, and Tom Barry's gallant  
crew,  
Though we're not free yet, we won't forget until our  
dying day,  
How the Black and Tans like lightning ran from  
The rifles of the IRA.

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