

James Taylor "Belfast To Boston"

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There are rifles buried in the countryside for the rising
of the moon
May they lie there long forgotten till they rust away into
the ground
Who will bend this ancient hatred, will the killing to an
end
Who will swallow long injustice, take the devil for a
country man
Who will say "this far no further, oh lord, if I die today"

Send no weapons no more money. send no vengeance
across the seas
[Belfast to Boston lyrics on]Just the blessing of
forgiveness for my new countryman and me

Missing brothers, martyred fellows, silent children in
the ground
Could we but hear them could they not tell us
"time to lay god's rifle down"

Who will say this far no further, oh lord, if I die today.

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