

Christy Moore "Belfast Brigade"

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The black and tans from London
Came to shoot the people down
They thought the IRA was dead
In dear old Belfast town
Those cruel English soldiers
They were seriously dismayed
"no Surrender" was the war cry of the Belfast brigade

Glory, glory to old Ireland,
Glory, glory to this island,
Glory to the memory of the men
Who found their grave,
"No surrender" is the war cry of
The Belfast Brigade.

The soldiers came from Holywood,
Equipped with English guns,
There were men by the thousand,
Ammunition by the ton,
But when they got to Belfast,
They were seriously delayed,

By the fighting First Battalion
Of the Belfast Brigade.

We have no ammunition,
Or no armoured tanks to show,
But we're ready to defend ourselves,
No matter where we go,
We're out for our Republic,
And to hell with your Free State,
"No surrender" is the war cry
Of the Belfast Brigade.

Come all you gallant Irishmen,
And join the IRA
We'll strike a blow for freedom,
When it comes a certain day,
You know your country's history,
And the sacrifice it made,
Come join the First Battalion
Of the Belfast Brigade.

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