

## **Tones Wolfe**

### **"The Rifles Of The IRA"**

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In nineteen hundred and sixteen  
The forces of the crown  
For to take Orange, White, and Green  
Bombarded Dublin Town  
But in '21, Britannia's sons  
Were forced earn their pay, when  
The black and tans, like lightening ran  
From the Rifles of the IRA!  
They burned their way through Munster  
Then laid Leinster on the rack  
Through Connacht, and through Ulster  
Marched the men in brown and black  
They shot down wives and children  
In their own heroic way, but  
The black and tans, like lightening ran  
From the Rifles of the IRA!  
They hanged young Kevin Barry high  
Just a lad of eighteen years  
Cork City's flames lit up in the sky  
But our brave lads new no fear  
The Cork brigade with hand-grenades

In ambush wait and lay, and  
The black and tans, like lightening ran  
From the Rifles of the IRA!  
The tans were got, taken out and shot  
By a brave and valiant few  
Sean Treacy, Dinny 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 lightening ran  
From the Rifles of the IRA

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