

Irish Folksongs

"BARRY'S COLUMN"

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From East to West, from North to South,
They tried to hunt the column out
But the tans were forced to go without
The boys of Barry's Column

In armoured cars they came to stay,
And wipe the Irish cowards away
But oh, the lovely holiday
Was stopped by Barry's Column

[Chorus]

Oh but isn't great to see
The Tommies and the R.I.C
The black and tans and the Staters flee
Away from Barry's Column

By, George might have some wiley tricks
And have the volunteers to fix
Yet all his black and tans go sick
When they think of Barry's Column

His ships all come in red and black,
No tanks or war equipment lack
Yet o'er the sea, they'll ne'er get back
If caught by Barry's Column

[Chorus repeat]

Along the lonely road they wind
Armed in front, and armed behind
"We're sorry, but that bridge is mine"
Said the lads of Barry's Column

They stopped to rest just for a spell
Some hand-grenades upon them fell
"Here sort them out among yourselves"
Said the lads from Barry's Column

[Chorus repeat]

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