

Irish Folksongs

"BLACK AND TANS!"

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I was born on a Dublin street where the Royal drums do
beat
And the loving English feet they tramped all over us
And each and every night when me father'd come
home tight
He'd invite the neighbors outside with this chorus

Chorus:

Oh, come out you black and tans Come out and fight
me like a man
Show your wife how you won medals down in Flanders
Tell them how the IRA made you run like hell away
From the green and lovely lanes of Killeshandra

Come let me hear you tell how you slammed the great
Parnell
When you fought them well and truly persecuted
Where are the smears and jeers that you bravely let us
hear
When our heros of sixteen were executed

Come tell us how you slew those brave arabs two by
two
Like the zulu's they had spears and bows and arrows
How you bravely slew each one with your sixteen
pounder gun
And you frightened them poor natives to their marrow

The day is coming fast and the time is here at last
When each yeoman will be cast aside before us
And if there be a need sure my kids will sing Gods
speed
With a verse of two of Steven Beehan's chorus

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