

## Irish Folksongs

### "THE BLACK AND TAN GUN"

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It was down in the town of old Bantry  
Where most of the fighting was done  
It was there that a young Irish soldier  
Was shot by a Black-and-Tan gun

As he raised himself up to his elbow  
As the blood from his wounds ran red  
He turned to his comrades beside him  
And these are the words he said:

"Won't you bury me out on the mountains  
So that I can see where the battle was won?"  
So they buried him out on the mountains  
'Neath a cross that stood facing the sun

They wrote: "Here lies a true Irish soldier  
Who was shot by a Black-and-Tan gun"  
And now we are back in old Dublin, our victory over and  
won  
We think of our comrades we buried under God's rising  
sun

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