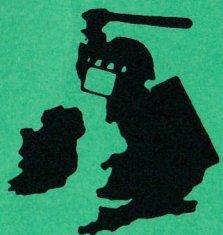


The Troops Out Movement



The Troops Out Movement is a movement in England, Scotland and Wales made up of people who believe that the cause of the 'troubles' in the north of Ireland is the continuing British presence there, both military and political. We believe that British troops are in Ireland not as a peacekeeping force, but in order to maintain British rule, and that their presence is the most serious obstacle to any progress towards peace. For over 15 years the troops have been occupying a part of Ireland, coercing and oppressing the nationalist people, maintaining the division of Ireland and ensuring that its people cannot unite to determine their own future.

We have been working as an organisation for immediate British withdrawal since the early 1970s. We have a number of branches in England, Scotland and Wales. These branches, working locally in whatever ways circumstances allow, are the backbone of the TOM. Membership, or affiliation is open to any individual or group supporting the demands:

TROOPS OUT NOW

SELF-DETERMINATION FOR THE IRISH PEOPLE AS A WHOLE

JOIN THE TROOPS OUT MOVEMENT

Below is a list of towns and districts in England, Scotland and Wales where we have TOM branches or contacts.

ENGLAND	Tyneside
Birmingham	York
Brighton	LONDON AREA
Bristol	Camden
Cambridge	East London
Colchester	Haringey
Coventry	Islington
Leeds	Lambeth
Leicester	West London
Manchester	SCOTLAND
Merseyside	Aberdeen
Northampton	Edinburgh
Norwich	Glasgow
Nottingham	WALES
Oxford	Cardiff
St. Albans	Swansea
Sheffield	

Membership of a branch costs £6 (£2 unemployed) payable through the branch. Individual membership is £10 (£6 unemployed) which includes a subscription to *Troops Out*.

TOM, PO Box 353, London NW5 4NH.
Tel. 01-250 1293.



Troops Out

Paper of the Troops Out Movement, ten issues per year, 16 x A4 pages. Well produced, with lively news pages and a thorough chronology of recent events, as well as reviews and a 'coming events' section. 30p per copy, or subscription for one year £5. Make cheques/POs payable to Troops Out (Literature Committee), and send to Box 10, 2a St Paul's Road, London N1.

SONGS FOR SOCIALS



"THE BEST OF ORDER FOR THE SINGER PLEASE!"



Home Soldier Home!

BIRMINGHAM TROOPS OUT MOVEMENT

A Songbook from:

Birmingham T.O.M.

A SONGBOOK FROM THE BIRMINGHAM TROOPS OUT MOVEMENT.

This book has been put together as a result of numerous abortive socials held by B'Ham T.O.M. We are not the sort of organisation that musicians queue up to play for, although there are some notable exceptions - Steve & Marion, Jaqueline & Pete, Barbara, Bob, Maighr  ad, and our heartfelt thanks goes out to them. However very often it has been left to our "bard of the movement", Paul Mackney, to lead us in a sing-song with the fearless and the brave "doing a turn". So many say "I'd sing if I knew all the words", so, this is produced for all those supporters who know first verse and chorus of a dozen songs but then get stuck!

We've pirated most of the songs from other books or records (listed below). We've tried to include songs that people love to sing along to and apologise for any favourites missed out. (Write and complain - we might do another edition???) They are mainly Irish, pro-Republican songs but we've also included a number of Women's, Socialist and Peace songs. We haven't got round to making all the songs non-sexist, but we hope you approve of the spattering of feminist editing. Let us know what you think and send us any suggested word changes.

Anyway, enjoy a good old sing-a-long !

Songs pinched from:-

Songs of Resistance, Irish Freedom Press, 44, Parnell SQ.
Dublin.

Christy Moore Song Book, Brandon Press, Dingle, Co. Kerry.
The Spirit of Freedom, Leeds TOM, c/o 59, Cookridge St. L2.
Big Red Song Book, Pluto Press, 7, Chalcot Rd. NW1 8LH
My Song's My Own, Pluto Press, " "
Here We go With the Miners, B'Ham Trades Council,
7, Fredrick St. B1 5HE

Hold the Line Again, Hackney Music Workshop, c/o 2a,
St. Paul's Rd. London N.1

A Songbook. A Red Notes Pamphlet.
Fields of Athenry by Barleycorn, Dolphin Records, Dublin.
Barleycorn Live in New York, " " "
A Sense of Freedom, by The Wolfe Tones, Triskell Records.
The Fureys & Davy Arthur, Walton MNF Ltd, Dublin 2

This book available f1 (+25p P&P) from B'Ham TOM,
c/o 448, Stratford Rd. Birmingham B11 4AE

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ARTS-SONGS

THE DYING REBEL

The night was dark and the fight was over,
The moon shone down O'Connell Street,
I stood alone where brave men perished,
Those men have gone their God to meet.

My only son was shot in Dublin,
Fighting for his country bold,
He fought for Ireland and Ireland only,
The harp, the shamrock, green, white and gold.

The first I met was a grey-haired father,
Searching for his only son,
I said "Old man, there's no use searching,
For up to heaven your son has gone".

The old man cried out broken hearted,
Bending o'er I heard him say,
"I knew my son was too kind-hearted,
I knew my son would never yield".

The last I met was a dying rebel,
Bending low, I heard him say,
"God bless my home in dear Cork city,
God bless the cause for which I die".

The Plane Crash at Los Gatos

The crops are all in, they need us no longer.
The oranges are stacked in the creosote
dumps.
They're driving us back to the Mexican
border.
It takes all our money to go back again.

Chorus

Goodbye to my friends,
Goodbye, Rosalita.
Adios, mes amigos
Jesus y Maria.
You won't have a name
When you fly the big aeroplane,
All they will call you
Will be deportee.

My father's own father did wade through the
Rio.
You took all the money he made in his life.
My sisters and brothers they worked in your
fruit fields,
Rode on your trucks, till they laid down and
died.

Chorus

Some of us are illegal, and all are not wanted;
Our work contracts out, we must move on
The six hundred miles to the Mexican border.
They drive us like outlaws, like rustlers, like
thieves.

Chorus

Our sky plane caught fire o'er the Los Gatos
canyon.
Like a fireball it fell to the ground.
Who are those friends lying there like dead
leaves?
The radio said they were just deportees.

Chorus

We died on your hills, and we died in your
valleys,
We died on your mountains, and we died in
your plains,
We died 'neath your trees and we died 'neath
your bushes.
Both sides of your border we died just the
same.

Chorus

JOE MC DONNELL

O me name is Joe McDonnell from Belfast town I
came
That city I will never see again
For in the town of Belfast I spent many happy
days
I love that town in oh so many ways
For it's there I spent my childhood and found for
me a wife
I then set out to make for her a life
But all my young ambitions met with bitterness
and hate
I soon found myself inside a prison gate.

CHORUS

And you dare to call me a terrorist, while you
looked down your gun
When I think of all the deeds that you had done
You had plundered many nations divided many
lands
You had terrorised their peoples you ruled with
an iron hand
And you brought this reign of terror to my land

Through those many months internment
In the Maidstone and the Maze
I thought about my land throughout those days
Why my country was divided why I was now in
jail
Imprisoned without crime or without trial
And though I love my country I am not a bitter
man
I've seen cruelty and injustice at first hand
So then one fateful morning I shook bold
freedom's hand
for right or wrong I'd try to free my land

CHORUS

Then one cold October morning trapped in a lions
den
I found myself in prison once again
I was committed to the H-blocks for fourteen
years or more
On the Blanket the conditions they were poor
Then a hunger strike we did commence for the
dignity of man
But it seemed to me that no one gave a damn
But now I am a saddened man I've watched my
comrades die
If only people cared or wondered why

CHORUS

May God shine on you Bobby Sands for the
courage you have shown
May your glory and your fame be widely known
And Francis Hughes and Ray McCreesh who died
unselfishly
and Patsy O' Hara and the next in line is me
And those who lie behind me may you're courage
be the same
And I pray to God my life is not in vain
Ah but sad and bitter was the year of 1981
For everything I've lost and nothing's won.

ONLY OUR RIVERS RUN FREE

When apples still grow in November
When blossoms still grow from each tree
When leaves are still green in December,
It's then that our land will be free.
I wander her hills and her valleys
And still through my sorrow I see
A land that has never known freedom
And only her rivers run free

I drink to the death of her manhood
Those men who would rather have died
Than to live in the cold chains of bondage
They'd bring back their rights where denied.
Oh, where are you now when we need you?
What burns where the flame used to be?
Are you gone like the snows of last winter
And will only our rivers run free?

How sweet is life, but we're crying
How mellow the wine, but we're dry
How fragrant the rose, but it's dying
How gentle the wind, but it sighs.
What good is youth when it's ageing?
What joy is in eyes that can't see?
When sorrow and sadness have flowers
And still only our rivers run free

TOM WILLIAMS

Time goes past and years roll onward
Still a memory fresh I'll keep
Of the night in Belfast prison
Unashamed, I saw men weep

As the time was fast approaching
A lad they sentenced for to die
On the second of September
He goes to meet his God on high

Now he's marching to the scaffold
Head erect, he shows no fear
And while standing on that scaffold
Ireland's cross he holds so dear

Brave Tom Williams, we salute you
And we never will forget
Those who planned your brutal murder
We vow we'll make them all regret

Now I say to Irish soldiers
If from Tom's path you chance to stray
Just keep memory of that morn
When Ireland's cross was proudly borne
By a lad who lies within the prison clay

THE TROOPS MUST GET OUT OF IRELAND NOW

Tune:- "She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain"

CHORUS :- The troops must get out of Ireland now,
The troops must get out of Ireland now
The troops must get out,
The troops must get out,
The troops must get out of Ireland now.

VERSES

1. They're shooting kids in Derry and Belfast
2. They're raiding houses at the crack of dawn.
3. They're torturing people in Castlereagh
4. They're dragging people through the show trials
5. They're throwing a fighting people into jail
6. Support political prisoners in the jails.
7. Strip-searching in Armagh must end.
8. We support the prisoners in English jails.
9. It must be self-determination now.
10. Irish Freedom will unite the working class.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH.....

Tune:- "Drunken Sailor"

1. What shall we do with Ian Paisley (3 times)
Early in the morning.
Put him in a club in Ballymurphy (3 times)
Early in the morning.
2. What shall we do with Hurd and King.....
Let them loose to prisoners' mothers.....
3. What shall we do with Gareth Fitzgerald.....
Give him concrete boots and shove him in the Liffey....
4. What shall we do with Margaret Thatcher.....
Sit her on a Land mine in Stormont Castle.....

No Time For Love

They call it the law; we call it apartheid, internment, conscription, partition and silence.
It's the law that they make to keep you and me where they think we belong.
They hide behind steel and bullet-proof glass, machine guns and spies,
And they tell us who suffer the tear gas and the torture that we're in the wrong.

Chorus

No time for love if they come in the morning,
No time to show tears or for fears in the morning,
No time for goodbye, no time to ask why,
And the sound of the siren's the cry of the morning.

They suffered the torture, they rotted in cells, went crazy, wrote letters and died.
The limits of pain they endured, but the loneliness got them instead
And the courts gave them justice as justice is given by well-mannered thugs.
Sometimes they fought for the will to survive, but more times they just wished they were dead

Chorus

They took away young Francis Hughes and his cousin Tom McIlwee as well.
They came for Patsy O'Hara and Bobby Sands and some of his friends.
In Boston, Chicago, Saigon, Santiago, Warsaw and Belfast
And places that never make headlines, the list never ends.

Chorus

The boys in blue are only a few of the everyday cops on the beat,
The C.I.D., Branchmen, the Blacks and the Gilmores do their jobs as well;
Behind them the men who tap phones, take photos, programme computers and files
And the man who tells them when to come and take you to your cell.

Chorus

Come all you people who give to your sisters and brothers the will to fight on,
They say you can get used to a war, that doesn't mean that the war isn't on.
The fish need the sea to survive just like your people need you
And the death squad can only get through to them if first they can get through to you.

Chorus

Yes the sound of the siren's the cry of the morning.
Oh the sound of the siren's the cry of the morning.

The Maintenance Engineer

One Friday night it happened, some years after we were wed,
When my old man came in from work as usual I said,
'Your tea is on the table, clean clothes are on the rack,
Your bath'll soon be ready, I'll come up and scrub your back.'
He kissed me very tenderly, and said, 'I tell you flat,
The service I give my machine ain't half as good as that!'

*(I said) 'I'm not your little woman, your sweetheart or your dear,
I'm a wage-slave without wages, I'm a maintenance engineer.'*

So then we got to talking, I told him how I felt,
How I keep him running just as smooth as some conveyor belt,
For after all it's I'm the one provides the power supply,
(He goes just like the clappers on my steak and kidney pie.)
His fittings are all shining cos I keep 'em nice and clean,
And he tells me his machine tool is the best I've ever seen...

The terms of my employment would make your hair turn grey,
I have to be on call, you see, for twenty-four hours a day,
I quite enjoy the perks though when I'm working through the night,
For I get job-satisfaction, well he does and then I might.
If I keep up full production I shall have a kid or two,
For some future boss to have another labour force to screw!

The truth began to dawn then how I keep him fit and trim
So the boss can make a nice fat profit out of me and him,
And as a solid union man he got in quite a rage
To think that we're both working hard and getting one man's wage.
I said, 'And what about the part-time packing job I do?
That's three men that I work for, love, my boss, your boss and you!'

He looked a little sheepish and he said, 'As from today,
The lads and me will see what we can do on equal pay.
Would you like a housewives' union? Do you think you should be paid
As a cook and as a cleaner, as a nurse and as a maid?'
I said, 'Don't jump the gun, love, if you did your share at home,
Perhaps I'd have some time to fight some battles of my own!'

I've often heard you tell me how you'll pull the bosses down;
You'll never do it, brother, while you're bossing me around.
Till women join the struggle — married, single, white and black,
You're fighting with a blindfold and one arm behind your back.'
The message has got over for he's realised at last,
That power to the sisters must mean power to the class!

Union Maid

(Tune: Red Wing)

(by Woody Guthrie; new third verse by Nancy Katz)

(first appearance in songbook)

There once was a union maid
Who never was afraid
Of the goons and the ginks and the company finks
And the deputy sheriff who made the raid.
She'd go to the union hall
When a meeting it was called,
And when the company guards came 'round
She always stood her ground.

*[Chorus] Oh you can't scare me, I'm stickin' to the union,
I'm stickin' to the union, I'm stickin' to the union,
Oh you can't scare me, I'm stickin' to the union,
I'm stickin' to the union 'til the day I die.*

This union maid was wise
To the tricks of the company spies,
She'd never be fooled by the company stools.
She'd always organize the guys.
She'd always get her way
When she struck for higher pay,
She'd show her card to the National Guard,
And this is what she'd say — *[chorus]*

A woman's struggle is hard
Even with a union card,
She's got to stand on her own two feet,
And not be a servant of a male elite.
It's time to take a stand,
Keep working hand in hand,
There is a job that's got to be done
And a fight that's got to be won. *[chorus]*

THE LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

Fare thee well to Prince's Landing Stage,
Anson Terrace and Park Lane.
It surely will be a long time
Ere I see you again.

So fare thee well my own true love
When I return united we will be.
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me
But my darling when I think of thee.

I am bound for Californiay,
By way of the stormy Cape Horn,
And I'll write to you a letter love
When I am homeward bound.

CHORUS:

Once I shipped aboard a clipper ship
Davy Crockett was her name.
Her captain's name was Burgess
And they say she's a floatin' shame.

CHORUS:

I'll ship again with Burgess,
He's a man I know quite well.
If a man's a sailor he can get afloat
And if not then he's sure of Hell.

CHORUS:

THE WILD ROVER

I've been a wild rover for many's a year,
And I spent all my money on whiskey & beer,
And now I'm returning with gold in grat store,
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

CHORUS

And it's no, nay, never, no, nay never no more,
Will I play the wild rover, no never, no more.

I went to an ale-house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me 'nay
Such a custom like yours I could have any day'.

Repeat Chorus:—

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She said 'I have whiskey and wines of the best
And the words that I spoke sure were only in jest'.

Repeat Chorus:—

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And if they caress me as oft times before
Sure I never will play the wild rover no more.

Repeat Chorus:—

SEAN SOUTH

(Air: Roddy McCorley)

'Twas on a dreary New Year's Day
As the shades of night came down
A lorry load of Volunteers
Approached a border town.
There were men from Dublin and from Cork,
Fermanagh and Tyrone,
But the leader was a Limerick man
Sean South from Garryowen

And as they moved along the street
Up to the barrack door,
They scorned the danger they would meet
The fate that lay in store.
They were fighting for old Ireland's cause
To claim our very own,
And the foremost of that gallant band
Was South from Garryowen

The sergeant foiled their daring plan,
He spied them through the door,
Then the sten guns and the rifles too
A hail of death did pour,
And when that awful night was o'er
Two men lay cold as stone.
There was one from near the border
And one from Garryowen

No more he'll hear the seagulls cry
O'er the murmuring Shannon tide.
For he fell beneath the Northern sky,
O'Hanlon by his side.
He's gone to join that gallant band
Of Plunkett, Pearse and Tone.
Another martyr for old Ireland
Sean South from Garryowen

THE TOWN I LOVED SO WELL

In memory I will always see
The town that I have loved so well
Where our school played ball
By the gasyard wall
And we laughed through the smoke and the smell
Going home in the rain, running up the dark lane
Past the jail and down behind the fountain
Those were happy days in so many, many ways
In the town I loved so well

In the early morn the shirt factory horn
Called the women from Creggan, The Moore and The Bog
While the men on the dole played the mother's role
Fed the children and then trained the dogs
And when times got tough there was just about enough
But they saw it through without complaining
For deep inside was a burning pride
In the town I loved so well

There was music there in the Derry air
Like a language that we all could understand
I remember the day that I earned my first pay
When I played with a small pick-up band
There I spent my youth and to tell you the truth
I was sad to leave it all behind me
For I'd learnt about life and I'd found me a wife
In the town I loved so well

But when I returned how my eyes had burned
To see how a town could be brought to its knees
By the armoured cars and the bombed out bars
And that gas that hangs onto every breeze
Now the army's installed by the old gasyard wall
And that damned barbed wire gets higher and higher
With their tanks and their guns oh my god what have they done
To the town I loved so well

Now the music's gone but they still carry on
For their spirit's been bruised never broken
They will not forget for their hearts are set
On tomorrow and peace once again
For what's done is done
And what's won is won
And what's lost is lost and gone forever
I can only pray for a bright brand new day
In the town I loved so well

THE REBEL RECORD PLAYER

Wee Willy John Mc Fadden was a loyal, orange prod,
He thought that Ian Paisley was just one step down from God,
He thought they ate the children in the backwoods of Ardoyne,
And he thought that history started with the Battle of the Boyne.(repeat)

One day he took a brick in his hands and he wandered up the Falls,
He was mumbling "up the Rangers" and humming "Derry's Walls",
He broke a big shop window to annoy the Pope of Rome,
And he took a record player out and then he staggered home.(repeat)

Next night they held a hooley in the local orange hall,
And Willie brought his player to make music for the ball,
He chose a stack of records of a very loyal kind,
But when the music started up he nearly lost his mind.

For this Fenian record player was a rebel to the core,
It played the songs the orange hall had never heard before,
For "Dolly's Grey" and "Derry's Walls" it didn't give a fig,
And it speeded up "God Save the Queen" til it sounded like a jig.(repeat)

It played "The Woods of Upton" and "The Wearing of the Green",
Such turmoil in and Orange Hall has never yet been seen,
It played "The Boys of Wexford" and "The men of '98",
But when it played "The Soldier's Song" it sealed poor Willie's fate.

For the boys went clean dimented, to the ground wee Will was thrown,
They kicked his ribs in one by one, to the sound of Garyowen,
They threw him out the window to a song about Sinn Fein,
And they kicked him all down Sandy row to "A Nation Once Again" (repeat)

This Rebel Record Player was heard no never more,
They pounded it with banner poles and threw it on the floor.
But yet it was not finished, it was the strangest sight you've seen,
For the flashes flying out of it were orange, white and green (repeat).

Now Willie's up in Purdisburn, as crazy as a coot,
He sits there in his padded cell and tootles on his flute,
And when he tries to play "The Sash" he always gets it wrong,
For half way through he always finds he's playing "The Soldier's Song" (repeat)

There's a moral to this story, what it is I cannot say,
It may be just the ancient one that crime will never pay,
If you ask wee Will McFadden he'll say "Ach ! Crime be blowed",
If you want to pinch a record player, do it up the Shankhill Road". (repeat)

WHEN YOU WERE SWEET SIXTEEN

When first I saw the lovelight in your eyes,
I thought the world held nought but joy for me,
And even though we've drifted far apart,
I never dreamed but what I dreamed of thee,

I love you as I've never loved before
Since first I saw you on the village green.
Come to me e'er my dreams of love are o'er
I love you as I loved you when you were sweet,
When you were sweet sixteen.

THE FOGGY DEW

(Old Irish Air)

As down by the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I,
There armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by;
No pipe did hum, no battle drum did sound its loud tattoo,
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell rang out through the Foggy Dew.

Right proudly high in Dublin Town they flung out the flag of war,
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Suvla or Sud El Bar;
And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hurrying through
While Britannia's Huns, with their great big guns, sailed in through the Foggy Dew

O' the night fell black, and the rifle's crack made "Parfidious Albion" reel,
'Mid the leaden rain seven tongues of flame did shine o'er the lines of steel;

By each shining blade a prayer was said that to Ireland her sons be true
And when morning broke still the war flag shook out its folds in the Foggy Dew.

'Twas England bade our Wild Geese go that small nations might be free,
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves or the fringe of the great North Sea.

O, had they died by Pearse's side, or had fought with Cathal Brugha,
Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep, 'neath the shroud of the Foggy Dew.

But the bravest fell, and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear,
For those who died that Eastertide in the springtime of the year;
While the world did gaze, with deep amaze, at those fearless men, but few,
Who bore the fight that Freedom's light might shine through the Foggy Dew.

Ah! back through the glen I rode again, and my heart with grief was sore,
For I parted then with valiant men whom I never shall see more;
But to and fro in my dreams I go, and I kneel and pray for you,
For slavery fled, O glorious dead! when you fell in the Foggy Dew.

COME OUT YOU BLACK AND TANS

I was born in a Dublin street, where the loyal drums do beat,
And the loving English feet tramped all over us,
And each and every night, when my father came home tight,
He'd invite the neighbours outside with this chorus

CHORUS

Come out you Black & Tans come out & fight me if you can,
Tell them all how you won medals down in Flanders,
Tell them how the I.R.A. made you run like hell away,
From the green and lovely lanes of Killishandra.

Come let me here you tell how you slew brave Parnell,
When you thought him well and truly persecuted,
Where are the sneers & jeers that you bravely let us hear,
When the leaders of '16 were executed.

Come tell us how you slew them old Arabs two by two,
Like the Zulus they had spears & bows and arrows,
How you bravely faced each one with your sixteen pounder gun,
And frightened those "Damn Natives" to their marrows.

The day is coming fast and the time will soon be near,
When each traitor will be cast aside before us,
And if there'll be a need the my kids will say Gods speed,
With a bar or two of this fine rousing chorus.....

HALLELUJAH I'M A BUM

Oh, why don't you work
Like others all do?
How in hell can I work
When there's no work to do?

Chorus;

Hallelujah, I'm a bum!
Hallelujah, bum again!
Hallelujah, give us a handout
To revive us again.

Oh, why don't you save
All the money you earn?
If I did not eat
I'd have money to burn.
Chorus;

Oh, I like my boss -
He's a good friend of mine;
That's why I am starving
Out in the breadline.
Chorus;

I can't buy a job
For I ain't got the dough,
So I ride in a box-car
For I'm a hobo.
Chorus;

Whenever I get
All the money I earn
The boss will be broke
And to work he must turn.
Chorus;

Home Soldier, Home

Anthem of the Troops Out Movement - written to the tune of the traditional sailor's song 'Home Boys Home'

A soldier being weary he laid down his head
He called for a knapsack to make himself a bed
He lay down on the street, aye as tramps have often done
And he swore and declared he was sorry he had come

CHORUS

And it's Home Soldier, Home! home you ought to be
Home far away in your own country
With your steel war machinery and your stinking CS gas
Your old rubber bullets you can stick them up your arse

And it's early the next morning the soldier he arose
The streets were full of broken glass, the walls with bullet holes
The sergeant he stood over him and he bellowed in his ear
You can do that over there my boy but you can't do that there 'ere!

So let's drink a toast to Belfast and the unemployment too
Get back to dear old England where there's work for you to do
The unemployed will rise when the time comes to fight
It's written on the wall just as the day follows night.

Children of Africa

We are the children of Africa
And it's for freedom that we're fighting (repeat both lines)

CHORUS

A heavy load, a heavy load, and it will take some real strength (repeat)

We're not afraid of the prison walls
It's for freedom that we go now (repeat both lines)

They took our land, they took our homes
How much longer will they bleed us? (repeat both lines)

In Soweto they shot us down
But we will rise up united (repeat both lines)

BELFAST BRIGADE

(Air: John Brown's Body)

Chorus:

Glory, glory to old Ireland
Glory, glory to this island
Glory to the memory of the men
Who fought and died,
'No surrender' is the war cry
Of the Belfast Brigade

Craigavon sent the Specials out
To shoot the people down,
He thought the IRA were dead
In dear old Belfast town,
But he got a rude awakening
With rifle and grenade
When he met the First Battalion
Of the Belfast Brigade

The soldiers came from Hollywood
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
And no armoured cars to show
But we're ready to defend ourselves
No matter where we go
We're out for the 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

JAMES LARKIN

In Dublin city in nineteen thirteen
The boss was rich and the poor were slaves
The women working and the children starving
Along came Larkin like a mighty wave

The workmen cringed when the bossman told us
Seventy hours was our weekly chore
We asked for little and less was granted
'less getting little we asked for more

The month of August the bossman told us
No union man for him could work
We stood by Larkin and told the bossman
We'd fight or die, but we would not shirk

Eight months we fought and eight months we starved
We stood by Larkin through thick and thin
But foodless homes and the cry of children
It broke our hearts and we could not win

Then Larkin left us, we seemed defeated
The night was black for the working man
Along came Connolly with new hope and council
His motto was that we'd rise again

In nineteen sixteen in Dublin city
The English soldiers, they burnt our town
They shot our leaders, they shelled our buildings
The harp was buried beneath the crown

They shot MacDermott and Pearse and Plunkett
They shot MacDonagh and Clarke the brave
From bleak Kilmainham they took their bodies
To Arbour Hill to a quick lime grave

But last of all of the seven leaders
I'll sing the praise of James Connolly
The voice of justice, the voice of freedom
He gave his life that men might be free

JAMES CONNOLLY

Many years have rolled by, since the Irish rebellion
When the guns of Britannia they loudly did speak
When the bold IRA battled shoulder to shoulder
While the blood from their bodies, flowed down Sackville Street

The Four Courts of Dublin the English bombarded
Our spirit of freedom they tried hard to quell
But amid all the din came a voice "No Surrender"
'Twas the voice of James Connolly the Irish rebel

A great crowd had gathered outside of Kilmainham
With heads all uncovered, they knelt on the ground
For inside that grim building, lay a true Irish soldier
His life for his country, about to lay down

He went to his death like a true son of Ireland
The firing party he bravely did face
Then the orders rang out "Present arms" and "Fire"
James Connolly fell into a ready-made grave

The black flag they hoisted, the cruel deed was over
Gone was the man who loved Ireland so well
There was many a sad heart in Dublin that morning
When they murdered James Connolly, the Irish rebel

God's curse on you, England, you cruel hearted monster
Your deeds they would shame all the devils in hell
There are no flowers blooming but the shamrock is growing
On the grave of James Connolly, the Irish rebel.

MINERS IN CLOVER

tune Coshier Bailey

Banner

Once coal mining was a trial
For conditions they wer vile
Now those bad old days are over,
The coal miner lives in clover.

Chorus

*Did you ever see, Did you ever see,
Did you ever see such a funny thing*

We start work at half past nine
Do a bit till breakfast time
Then it's buttered toast and tea
While we play cards and watch TV

Chorus

Once the dust was something chronic
Now the air is like a tonic,
Since the Coal Board has commissioned
That our pit be air conditioned.

Chorus

If you get a little grimy,
Well, the Manager says Blimey,
You just nip around the corner,
for a manicure and sauna.

Chorus

Fashions creeping into mining
High heeled pit boots bright and shining
But the overman went barmey
When the fireman wore gold lame'.

Chorus

So listen here McGregor,
Getting ulcers poor old beggar
If you want a life much finer,
Come and sign up as a miner.

Chorus

THE CAPITALIST GAME

(Air: The Patriot Game)

I am a school-leaver, just fifteen years old,
When I finished my schooling I went straight on the dole.
Now I'm disillusioned, my mates are the same,
'Cos till now we've been pawns in the capitalist game

But now we are marching from all parts of the land,
Comrades united, for socialism we stand,
We fight for our freedom, we fight till we win
To make big business pay for their imperialist sin

I was an apprentice, my time is now served,
What jobs do they offer? Well such is their nerve;
'It's the emigrant ship now — or join Donegan's troops!
Now you know why we're fighting the capitalist crooks

I've worked all my life, what rewards do I show?
Like my younger comrades, I'm rejected now.
Despondent and bitter, we'll make a fresh stand,
Never rest till we've banished the big business band

TAKE IT DOWN FROM THE MAST

Chorus:

Take it down from the mast, Irish traitors,
It's the flag we Republicans claim,
It can never belong to Free Staters
For you've brought on it nothing but shame

You have murdered our brave Liam and Rory
You've slaughtered young Richard and Joe
Your hands with their blood are all gory
Fulfilling the work of the foe

We stand with Sean and with Fergal
With McGrath and Russell so bold.
We'll break down the English connection
And bring back the nation you've sold

So leave it to those who are willing
To uphold it in war and in peace,
The men who intend to defend it
Till England's tyrannies cease

SAY HELLO TO THE PROVOS

Chorus:

Say hello to the Provos
Say hello to the brave,
Say hello to the Provos,
And Ireland will be saved

It all happened in '71
Internment it had just begun
Men taken at the point of a gun,
Remember! we shall remember!

Many a battle has been fought and won,
There's many a home has lost its son,
Long Kesh gates will soon be undone,
Remember! we shall remember!

WILL YOU GO, LASSIE, GO?

O, the summer time is coming,
And the trees are sweetly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather,
Will you go, lassie, go?

CHORUS:

And we'll all go together,
To pluck wild mountain thyme,
All around the blooming heather,
Will you go, lassie, go?

I will build my love a tower
Near yon pure crystal fountain,
And around it I will place
All the flowers of the mountain,
Will you go, lassie, go?

CHORUS:

If my true love she were gone,
I would surely find another
Where wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather.
Will you go, lassie, go?

CHORUS:

Ballad of Michael Gaughan

Take me home to Mayo
Back across the sea.
Take me home to Mayo
Where once I ran so free.
Take me home to Mayo
And let my body lie
Home in Mayo
Beneath the western sky.

My name is Michael Gaughan,
From Ballina I came.
I saw my people suffering,
I swore to break the chains.
I took the boat to England
Prepared to fight or die
Far away from Mayo
Beneath the western sky.

My body cold and hungry
In Parkhurst Jail I lie.
In my fight for freedom
On hunger strike I'll die.
I have one last request to make
I hope you'll not deny:
Take my body back to Mayo
Beneath the western sky.

Take me home to Mayo
Back across the sea.
Take me home to Mayo
Where once I ran so free.
Take me home to Mayo
And let my body lie
Home again in Mayo
Beneath the western sky.

Chorus:

We are women We are strong
We are fighting for our lives
Side by side with our men
Who work the nation's mines
United by the struggle
United by the past
And it's here we go Here we go
For the women of the working class.

We don't need government approval for
everything we do
We don't need their permission to
have a point of view
Don't need anyone to tell us what to
think or say
We've strength enough and wisdom of
our own to go our own way.

Chorus

THE PATRIOT GAME

Come all you young rebels and list while I sing
For love of one's land is a terrible thing.
It banishes fear with the speed of a flame
And it makes us all part of the Patriot Game.

My name is O'Hanlon, I've just turned sixteen
My home is in Monaghan, there I was weened.
I learned all my life cruel England to blame
And so I'm a part of the Patriot Game.

It's barely a year since I wandered away
With the local battalion of the bold IRA
I read of our heroes and wanted the same
To play up my part in the Patriot Game.

They told me how Connolly was shot in a chair
His wounds from the battle all bleeding & bare,
His fine body twisted, all battered and lame,
That soon made me part of the Patriot Game.

This Ireland of mine has for long been half free
Six Counties are under John Bull's monarchy.
But still De Valera is greatly to blame
For shirking his part in the Patriot Game.

I don't mind a bit if I shoot down police
They're lackeys for war, never guardians of peace.
But at deserters I'll never let aim
The rebels who sold out the Patriot Game.

And now as I lie with my body all holes,
I think of those traitors who bargained and sold.
I'm sorry my rifle has not done the same
For the quislings who sold out the Patriot Game.

Here We Go

They talk about statistics About the
price of coal
The cost is the communities Dying on the dole
In fighting for a future we find ways
to organise
Where women's liberation failed to
move this strike has mobilised.

Chorus

Ours is a unity that threatens can
never breach
Ours an education books and schools
could never teach
We face the taunts and the violence
of Maggie's thugs in blue
When you're fighting for survival
You've got nothing, nothing left to lose.

Chorus

THE LAUGHING POLICEMAN (Leg's version)

1. While standing on the picket line
I heard a colleague say
"We're cracking pickets on the head
to earn some extra pay
We're not completely stupid
Or daft as we appear;
We've learnt some tricks in Ulster
And we're trying them out here.

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha etc
2. We'll get our dogs and horses
And charge the pickets down
For every picket's head we hit
We get a hundred pounds.
We chuck them in the wagon
And cart them off to jails,
The rate that we're arresting them
There'll be none left in Wales.
3. We keep the pickets comfortable
Pinned down in the van
We bang their heads against the floor
As gently as we can;
They've no idea what they've done wrong
They cannot even guess;
But we find that our encouragement
Helps them to confess.
4. If they ask for a lawer
We tell them there's no hope;
And if we can't dream up a charge
Their pocket's filled with dope;
We find that nineteenth century law
Has some usefull quirks;
If all fails the magistrate's
Imagination works.
5. We hear the black communities
Support the miners cause;
Of course it's true that racialism's
Rife within the force;
Underground a miner's black
It's opened up our eyes
A miner on the surface is
A black man in disguise:
6. The picket's bail conditions
Mean virtual house arrest;
I've always held the view that
The judges know what's best;
But we're staring to get worried
As we thin the picket lines -
That if we're too effective
We sh'll lose our overtime."

AS SOON AS THIS PUB CLOSES

I could have done it yesterday,
If I hadn't had a cold
But since I've put this pint away
I've never felt so bold
So - as soon as this pub closes
As soon as this pub closes
As soon as this pub closes
The Revolution starts.

I'll shoot the aristocracy
And confiscate their brass
Create a fine democracy
That's truly working class.
As soon as this pub closes
As soon as this pub closes
As soon as this pub closes
I'll raise the banner high.

I'll fight the nasty racialists
And scrap the colour bar
And all fascist dictatorships
And every commissar
As soon as this pub closes
As soon as this pub closes
As soon as this pub closes
I'll man the barricades.

So raise your glasses everyone
For everything is planned
And each and every mother's son
Will see the promised land
As soon as this pub closes
As soon as this pub closes
As soon as this pub closes
... I think I'm gonna be sick.

The Women's Army Is Marching

*Mine eyes have seen the glory of the flame of women's rage,
Kept smouldering for centuries now burning in this age,
We no longer will be prisoners in that same gilded cage,
That's why we're marching on.*

Chorus
Glory Glory Halleluja, Glory Glory Halleluja,
Glory Glory Halleluja, for women's time has come.

*You think that you can buy us off with golden wedding rings,
You never give us half the profit that our labour brings,
Our anger eats into us we'll no longer bend to kings,
That's why we're marching on.*

Chorus
*It's we who've done your cooking done your cleaning
kept your rules.
We gave birth to your children and we taught them in your
schools,
We've kept this system running, now we're laying down the
rules,
That's why we're marching on.*

Chorus
*We've broken through our shackles,
Now we sing a battle song,
We march for liberation and we're many thousands strong,
We'll build a new society, we've waited far too long,
That's why we're marching on.*

Chorus

FREEDOM WALK

Cold and dark the morning
Just before the sun
A new day is breaking
Our struggle has begun.
The people are together
We shall be free,
In this land our homeland,
Our own democracy

On the road together
Walk hand in hand.
Ring the bells of justice
Over all the land.
All the world is waiting
Watching you and me,
In this land our homeland,
Our own democracy

Come all you lads and lassies
Rally to our cause.
Seek the abolition
Of those old-fashioned laws.
Let us open every eye,
Let the people see
What this land, our homeland,
Means to you and me

How long must we travel
Till our journey's done?
How long must we struggle
Till the fight is won?
May we live in peace again, May we live to see
This land of ours our homeland
A true democracy

MY LITTLE ARMALITE

(Air: It's Home, Boys, Home)

And it's down in the Bogside, that's where I long to be,
Lying in the dark with a Provo company,
A comrade on me left and another on me right
And a clip of ammunition for my little Armalite

I was stopped by a soldier, said he, 'You are a swine',
He beat me with his baton and he kicked me in the groin,
I bowed and I scraped, sure me manners were polite
But all the time I'm thinking of me little Armalite

And it's down in Crossmaglen, sure that's where I long to be,
Lying in the dark with a Provo company,
A comrade on me left and another on me right
And a clip of ammunition for my little Armalite

Sure a brave RUC man came up into our street
Six hundred British soldiers were gathered round his feet
'Come out, ye cowardly Fenians', said he, 'come out and fight'.
But he cried, 'I'm only joking', when he heard the Armalite

Sure it's down in Kilwilkie, that's where I long to be,
Lying in the dark with a Provo company,
A comrade on me left and another on me right
And a clip of ammunition for my little Armalite

Sure, the army came to visit me, 'twas in the early hours,
With Saladins and Saracens and Ferret armoured cars
They thought they had me cornered, but I gave them all a fright
With the armour piercing bullets of my little Armalite

And it's down in the Falls Road, that's where I long to be,
Lying in the dark with a Provo company,
A comrade on me left and another on me right
And a clip of ammunition for my little Armalite

When Tuzo came to Belfast, he said, 'The battle's won',
Said General Ford, 'We're winning sir, we have them on the run'.
But corporals and privates on patrol at night,
Said, 'Send for reinforcements, it's the bloody Armalite

And it's up in Ballymurphy, that's where I long to be,
Lying in the dark with a Provo company,
A comrade on me left and another on me right
And a clip of ammunition for my little Armalite

I Will Survive

At first I was afraid, I was petrified
Kept thinking I could never live without you by my side
But then I spent so many nights just thinking how you did me wrong
And I grew strong
And I learnt how to get along
And so you're back from outer space
I just walked in to find you here with that sad look upon your face
I should have changed that stupid lock
I should have made you leave your key
If I'd known for just one second you'd be back to bother me.

CHORUS:

Go on now, go
Walk out the door
Just turn around now
'Cos you're not welcome anymore
Weren't you the one who tried to break me
With goodbyes
Did I crumble, did I break down and die?
O no not I; I will survive
As long as I know how to love
I know I'll stay alive
I've got all my life to live
I've got all my life to give
And I'll survive; I will survive (Hey hey)

It took all the strength I had not to fall apart,
In trying so hard to mend the broken pieces of my heart
And I spent o so many nights just feeling sorry for myself
I used to cry but now I hold my head up high
And you see me
Somebody new
I'm not that chained up little person still in love with you
And so you felt like dropping in
And just expect me to be free
But now I'm saving all my loving for someone who's loving me

Chorus

I'M GONNA BE AN ENGINEER

When I was a little girl I wished I was a boy,
I lagged along behind the gang and wore my corduroys.
Everybody said I only did it to annoy,
But I was gonna be an engineer.
Momma told me 'Can't you be a Lady?
Your duty is to make me the mother of a pearl.
Wait until you're older, dear and maybe
You'll be glad that you're a girl.'
Dainty as a Dresden statue,
Gentle as a Jersey cow,
Smooth as silk,
Gives creamy milk.
Learn to coo,
Learn to moo;
That's what to do to be a lady now.

When I went to school I learned to write and how to read
Some history and geography and home economy;
And typing is a skill that every girl is sure to need,
To while away the extra time until the time to breed.
And then they had the nerve to say; 'What would you like to be?'
I says, 'I'm gonna be an engineer!'
'No, you only need to learn to be a lady
The duty isn't yours, for to try and run the world.
An engineer could never have a baby,
Remember, dear, that you're a girl.'

So I become a typist and I study on the sly,
Working out the day and night so I can qualify.
And every time the boss come in, he pinched me on the thigh,
Says; 'I've never had an engineer!'
You owe it to the job to be a lady
It's the duty of the staff for to give the boss a whirl
The wages that you get are crummy, maybe
But it's all you get, 'cause you're a girl.
She's smart! (for a woman)
I wonder how she got that way?
You get no choice
You get no voice
Just stay mum
Pretend you're dumb
That's how you come to be a lady today!

Then Jimmy come along and we set up a conjugation,
We were busy every night with loving recreation.
I spent my days at work so he could get his education,
And now he's an engineer!

He says; 'I know you'll always be a lady.
It's the duty of my darling to love me all her life.
Could an engineer look after or obey me?
Remember, dear, that you're my wife!

As soon as Jimmy got a job I studied hard again,
Then, busy at me turret lathe a year or so, and then,
The morning that the twins were born, Jimmy says to them,
'Kids, your mother was an engineer!'
You owe it to the kids to be a lady;
Dainty as a dishrag, faithful as a chow,
Stay at home you got to mind the baby,
Remember you're a mother now.

Every time I turn around there's something else to do,
Cook a meal or mend a sock or sweep a floor or two.
Listen in to Jimmy Young - it makes me want to spew
I was gonna be an engineer!
I really wish that I could be a lady,
I could do the lovely things that a lady's s'posed to do.
I wouldn't even mind if only they would pay me,
And I could be a person too.

What price - for a woman?
You can buy her for a ring of gold;
To love and obey,
(Without any pay)
You get a cook or a nurse
For better or worse
You don't need a purse when a lady is sold!

But now that times are harder, and my Jimmy's got the sack,
I went down to Vickers, they were glad to have me back,
I'm a third class citizen, my wages tell me that.
But I'm a first class engineer!
The boss he says; 'I pay you as a lady,
You only got the job 'cause I can't afford a man.
With you I keep the profits high as may be;
You're just a cheaper pair of hands!'

You got one fault! You're a woman.
You're not worth the equal pay.
A bitch or a tart,
You're nothing but heart
Shallow and vain,
You got no brain;
Go down the drain like a lady today!

I listened to my mother and I joined a typing pool,
I listened to my lover and I sent him through his school.
If I listen to the boss, I'm just a bloody fool;
And an underpaid engineer!
I've been a sucker ever since I was a baby.
As a daughter, as a wife, as a mother, and a dear -
But I'll fight them as a woman, not a lady,
I'll fight them as an engineer!

The Wicklow Boy

As I walked past Portlaoise Prison,
I'm innocent,' a voice was heard to say.
My frame-up is almost completed.
My people all look the other way.'

Seven years ago his torture started,
A forced confession he was made to sign.
Young Irish men specially trained and
chosen
Were on the heavy gang that made him
run the line.

Others in the Bridewell heard him
screaming.
Even prison doctors could see
His injuries were not self-inflicted.
Those who tipped the scales did not
agree.

Chorus

Give the Wicklow Boy his freedom,
Give him back his liberty,
Or are we going to leave him in chains
While those who framed him hold the
key?

Deprived of human rights by his own
people,
Sickened by injustice he jumped bail.
In the Appalachian Mountains found a
welcome
Till his co-accused were both released
from jail.

He came back home expecting to get
justice,
Special Branch took him from the plane.
For five years we've deprived him of his
freedom.
The guilty jeer the innocent again.

Chorus

The People versus Kelly was the title
Of the farce we staged at his appeal.
Puppets in well rehearsed collusion,
I often wonder how these men must feel.

As I walked past Portlaoise Prison
Through concrete and steel a whisper
came,
My frame-up is almost completed.
I'm innocent, Nicky Kelly is my name.'

Chorus

REVOLT AT HULL JAIL

(Can be sung to the tune of "The Wild Rover". Chords for the alternative version are in brackets).

And it's No, Nay, Never, No never no more,
Will we stand for oppression, No never no more.

1. Come all you lawbreakers, I'll tell you a tale
Of a glorious revolt that took place at Hull Jail
The month it was August of '76,
And the bullying screws had been up to their tricks.
2. It's there in the prison they forced them to toil
In a furniture factory known as "The Mill".
The dust it was choking, too noisy to speak
And the wages a fine 95 pence a week.
3. A prisoner named Clifford was attacked by four screws
For answering back to their taunts and abuse.
When word got around what the warders had done,
A block-full of prisoners united as one.
4. A hundred demanded the Governor to see
But to talk about Clifford he would not agree.
The prisoners got angry - the screws all took fright
And surrendered the building without any fight.
5. Now the prisoners in solitary were freed from their cells.
The broke down the doors and the windows as well.
They got in the office and found all the files
Where their lives were recorded in language so vile.
6. Three days they took over that dreary old jail,
And they laughed and they sang as they knocked it to hell
A million pounds worth of damage was found,
But they should have demolished it down to the ground.
7. Those unifromed sadists, those boot boys in blue,
Their wages are paid for by me and by you.
But one day the screws will all be unemployed,
On the day when the prisons are knocked down and destroyed.

THE WILD COLONIAL BOY

There was a wild colonial boy, Jack Duggan was his name,
He was born & raised in Ireland, in a place called Castlemaine.
He was his father's only son, His mother's pride and joy,
A credit to all Ireland, The Wild Colonial Boy.

At the early age of sixteen years he left his native home,
And to Australia's sunny shore he was inclined to roam.
He robbed the rich, he helped the poor, he shot James McAvoy
A terror to Australia was The Wild Colonial Boy.

One morning on the prairie as Jack he rode along
A-listening to the mocking bird a-singing a cheerful song
Out stepped a band of troopers, Kelly Davis and Fitzroy
They all set out to capture him, The Wild Colonial Boy.

"Surrender now, Jack Duggan, for you see we're three to one
Surrender in the Queen's high name for you're a plundering son."
Jack drew two pistols from his belt and proudly waved them high
"I'll fight, but not surrender," said The Wild Colonial Boy.

He fired a shot at Kelly which brought him to the ground
And turning 'round to Davis he received a fatal wound
A bullet pierced his proud young heart from the pistol of Fitzroy
And that was how they captured him, The Wild Colonial Boy.

BRING THEM HOME

A Ballad about the Price Sisters when they were on
hunger strike in Brixton Prison

CHORUS

Here it ring on the air,
It's the voice of the people so clear,
Can't you feel, can't you see,
That our sisters will be free.

In the jail that held MacSwiney, in the prison where he died
Lie two daughters of old Erin, and they fill my heart with pride,
For we know that England wishes that we'd let them die alone
But the voices of old Ireland cry for us to bring them home

It was the love of dear old Ireland brought them to a prison hell
But the ghosts of Pearse and Connolly fill their lonely prison cell.
Clarke and Plunkett stand beside them, MacDonagh, MacDermott and Wolfe Tone
All the voices of old Ireland cry for us to bring them home

And so I pray you, men of Ireland, don't betray our daughters true
Proudly stand behind our heroes, lest they die for me and you.
Although the tyrants would deny us, we can break their hearts of stone
And all of Ireland will be singing when we bring our daughters home

THE MERRY PLOUGHBOY

Oh I am a merry ploughboy,
And I ploughed the fields all day,
Til a sudden thought came to my mind,
That I should run away.
Well I'm sick and Tired of slavery,
Since the day that I was born,
So I'm off to join the I.R.A.
I'm off tomorrow morn.

CHORUS

And we're all off to Dublin
In the green, in the green,
Where the helmets glisten in the sun,
Where the bayonets clash & the rifles flash,
To the echo of a Thompson gun.

I'll take my short revolver,
And my bandolier of lead,
And live or die I can but try,
To avenge my comrade dead.
Well there's some that fight for silver,
And there's some that fight for gold,
But the I.R.A. are fighting for
The land de Valera sold.

I'll leave aside my pick & spade,
I'll leave aside my plough,
I'll leave aside my horse & yolk,
I'll no longer need them now.
And there's one that's right beside me,
She's the woman that I adore,
And we'll be fighting there together when
We hear the rifles roar.

THE BOYS OF THE OLD BRIGADE

Chorus:

Where are the lads who stood with me
When history was made?
Ó grá mo chroí I long to see
The boys of the Old Brigade

O, father, why are you so sad?
On this bright Easter morn
When Irishmen are proud and glad
Of the land where they were born?
O, son, I see in memory's view
A far-off distant day
When being just a boy like you
I joined the IRA

From hill and farm the call to arms
Was heard by one and all,
And from the glen came brave young men
To answer Ireland's call.
'Twas long ago we faced the foe
The Old Brigade and me,
And by my side they fought and died
That Ireland might be free

And now, my boy, I've told you why
On Easter morn I sigh
When I recall my comrades all
From dark old days gone by

THE SOLDIER'S SONG

We'll sing a song, a soldier's song, with cheering, rousing chorus,
As round our blazing fires we throng, the starry heavens o'er us.
Impatient for the coming fight and as we wait the morning's light,
Here in the silence of the night we'll chant a soldier's song

Chorus:

Soldier's are we, whose lives are pledged to Ireland;
Some have come from a land beyond the wave;
Sworn to be free, no more our ancient sireland
Shall shelter the despot or the slave.
Tonight we man the bearna baail
In Erin's cause, come woe or weal;
'Mid cannon's roar and rifle's peal
We'll chant a soldier's song

In valley green, on towering crag, our fathers fought before us,
And conquered 'neath the same old flag that's proudly floating o'er us.
We're children of a fighting race, that never yet has known disgrace,
And as we march the foe to face we'll chant a soldier's song

Sons of the Gael! Men of the Pale! The long-watched day is breaking;
The serried ranks of Innisfail shall set the tyrant quaking.
Our camp fires now are burning low; see, in the East a silvery glow,
Out yonder waits the Saxon foe, so chant a soldier's song

BROAD BLACK BRIMMER

Chorus:

It's just a broad black brimmer with ribbons frayed and torn
By the careless whisk of many a mountain breeze,
An old trench coat that's so battle-stained and worn
And breeches almost threadbare at the knees,
A Sam-Browne belt with the buckle big and strong
And a holster that's been empty many a day,
But when men claim Ireland's freedom
The ones they'll choose to lead 'em
'll wear the broad black brimmer of the IRA

There's a uniform that's hanging in what's known as father's room
A uniform so simple in its style
It has no braid of gold or silk, no hat with feathered plumes
But me mother has preserved it all the while
One day she made me try it on, the wish of mine for years
'In memory of your father, Sean', she said,
And when I put the Sam-Browne on she was smiling through her tears
As she placed the broad black brimmer on my head

It was the uniform was worn by my father long ago
When he reached my mother's homestead on the run,
It was the uniform my father wore in that little church below
When old Father MacKay blessed the pair as one,
And after Truce and Treaty and the parting of the ways
He wore it when he marched out with the rest,
And when they bore his body down that rugged heather brae
They placed the broad black brimmer on his breast

Class Struggle Widow

Every night he's out at a meeting
Except Fridays — that's reserved for drinking —
He says if he stays in for one single night
It would destroy the world revolutionary fight

CHORUS:

Oh/And I am a class struggle widow
Left minding the kids on my own,
'Cos he's out at meetings and campaigns,
I just wish he'd bring some of his politics home.

He says Engels is really worth reading
But the baby is crying, needs feeding,
He tells me the *Morning Star* is a must
But just get his dinner on the table first

He says him going out is more valuable
Than me 'cos he's read his *Das Kapital*
If he wants to make use of the things that he's read
He could stay in and talk to the kids instead

And he won't give his drinking up either
'Cos in pubs that's where the working class gather
And it's his comradely duty to have a few jars
With any possible recruits that are propping up the bar

He's been to classes on exploitation
Oppression and deprivation
If he hasn't time now to do his share at home
Is he gonna have time then when the revolution comes?

JOIN THE BRITISH ARMY

When I was young I had a twist
For punching babies with my fist
And so I thought I should enlist
To join the British Army.

Chorus:

Too-ra-loo-raloo-raloo
They're looking for monkeys in the zoo
And if I had a face like you
I'd join the British Army!

They taught me how to shoot at wogs
And treat the blackman like a dog
"It's just like pulling legs from frogs"
Inside the British Army!

Chorus:

Too-ra-loo-raloo-raloo
When I'm demobbed what shall I do?
I think I'll be a prison screw
And drive the convicts barmy.

So if you're young and in your prime
And fond of every type of crime
I promise you a damn good time
Inside the British Army!

Chorus:

Too-ra-loo-raloo-raloo
If you're strong and stupid too
A life in the Army's just for you.
Come join the British Army!

THE INTERNATIONAL

(English version)

Arise, ye pris'ners of starvation!
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,
For justice thunders condemnation,
A better world's in birth.
No more tradition's chain shall bind us.
Arise, ye slaves; No more in thrall!
The earth shall rise on new foundations,
We have been naught, we shall be all.

Chorus:

'Tis the final conflict,
Let each stand in his place,
The international party
Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviours,
To rule us from a judgment hall;
We workers ask not for their favors,
Let us consult for all.
To make the thief disgorge his boot,
To free the spirit from its cell,
We must ourselves decide our duty,
We must decide and do it well.

The law oppresses us and tricks us.
Taxation drains the victim's blood;
The rich are free from obligations,
The laws the poor delude.
Too long we've languished in subjection,
Equality has other laws:
'No right,' says she, 'without their duties,
No claim on equals without cause.'

Behold them seated in their glory,
The kings of mine and rail and soil!
What have you read in all their story,
But how they plundered toil?
Fruits of the people's toil are buried
In the strong coffers of a few;
In voting for their restitution,
The men will only ask their due.

Toilers from shops and fields united,
The party we of all who work;
The earth belongs to us, the people,
No room here for the shirk!
How many on our flesh have fattened!
But if the noisome birds of prey
Shall vanish from the sky some morning,
The blessed sunlight still will stay.

Arise ye starvelings from your slumbers;
Arise ye criminals of want.
For Reason in revolt now thunders,
And at last ends the age of cant.
Now away with all your superstitions,
Servile masses arise! Arise!
We'll change forthwith the old conditions,
And spurn the dust to win the prize.
Chorus:
Then comrades come rally,
And the last fight let us face.
The International
Unites the human race.
(Repeat)

We peasants, artisans and others;
Enrolled among the sons of toil.
Let's claim the earth henceforth for brothers,
Drive the indolent from the soil.
On our flesh too long has fed the raven;
We've too long been the vulture's prey.
But now, farewell the spirit craven,
The dawn brings in a brighter day.
Chorus:

No saviour from on high delivers;
No trust have we in prince or peer.
Our own right hand the chains must shiver;
Chains of hatred, of greed and fear.
Ere the thieves will out with their booty
And to all give a happier lot.
Each at his forge must do his duty
And strike the iron while it's hot.
Chorus:

THE ALDERGROVE PLANE

(Air: The Kerry Recruit)

I stood in the dole queue in dear old England
With a couple of quid and my cards in my hand,
I thought of the army and the dole clerk I asked
Never thinking I'd end up in bloody Belfast

Chorus:

With me tur-um-em-ya, we're winning again,
As the corpses fly out on the Aldergrove plane

Well, I went to the office, the Sergeant, says he,
"There's a place in the army for fellas like ye,
There'll be sport, there'll be travel if only you'll join",
But there's no bloody sport in the place called Ardoyne

Well the first thing they gave me they called it a gun,
Saying shooting down Paddies was bloody great fun.
They had cardboard targets all hung round the walls,
But there's no cardboard Paddies about in the Falls

The next thing they gave me they taught me to stick
In big balls of straw that hung up on stick.
I bayoneted up and I bayoneted down
But there's no men of straw around Andersonstown

Well they showed me their armour and said, 'never fear,
No Paddy'll get at you while you're safe in here'.
We went to the border and hadn't gone far
When a bloody great mine went off under me car

I've been shot in the arms, I've been shot in the legs,
I've been blown to pieces and blown back again,
They've burned me with petrol and filled me with lead —
But the papers won't even admit that I'm dead

Now all ye young fellas who are on the dole,
Don't change your life for an Irish patrol;
Just stay there in Manchester, Bristol or Crewe —
If you don't bother Paddy, sure he won't bother you

Bread & Roses

*As we go marching, marching
In the beauty of the day
A million darkened kitchens
A thousand mill lofts grey
Are touched with all the radiance
That a sudden sun discloses
For the people hear us singing,
Bread and roses, bread and roses.*

*As we go marching, marching,
We battle too for men
For they are women's children
And we mother them again.
Our lives shall not be sweated
From birth until life closes
Hearts starve as well as bodies
Give us bread but give us roses.*

*As we go marching, marching
Unnumbered women dead
Go crying through our singing
Their ancient cry for bread.
Small art and love and beauty
Their drudging spirits knew
Yes it is bread we fight for
But we fight for roses too.*

*As we go marching, marching
We bring the greater days
The rising of the women means
The rising of the race.
No more the drudge and idle
Ten that toil where one reposes
But a sharing of life's glories
Bread and Roses, bread and roses.*

THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN

In sixteen forty nine to St George's Hill
A ragged band they called the Diggers came to show the people's will.
They defied the landlords, they defied the laws,
They were the dispossessed re-claiming what was theirs.

We come in peace, they said, to dig and sow.
We come to work the land in common and
to make the waste ground grow
This earth divided, we will make whole
So it will be a common treasury for all.

The sin of property we do disdain.
No man has any right to buy and
sell the earth for private gain.
By theft and murder they took the land
Now everywhere the walls spring up
at their command.

They make the laws to chain us well.
The clergy dazzle us with heaven or they damn us into hell.
We will not worship the God they serve
The God of greed who feeds the rich while poor men starve.

We work, we eat together, we need no swords.
We will not bow to masters or pay rent to the lords.
We are free men, though we are poor,
You Diggers all stand up for Glory, stand up now.

From the men of property the orders came.
They sent the hired men and troopers to wipe
out the Diggers' claim.
Tear down their cottages, destroy their corn.
They were dispersed — only the vision lingers on.

You poor take courage, you rich take care.
This earth was made a common treasury
for everyone to share;
All things in common, all people one
We come in peace — the orders came to cut them down.

Lady Bus Driver

Picture me, I'm standing outside Sainsbury's
Me two big bags are hanging banging round me knees,
I've got four sliced loaves, tomatoes, spuds and marmalade,
And all me pips are squeaking from the Denis Healey squeeze.

Squeeze, squeeze, squeeze, squeeze.

You talk about a crisis, have you seen the state of prices?
Somebody is coining it it's very plain to see.
Cost six pound ninety for a couple of bags of groceries
And a little bit of haddock for the old man's tea.

Well here I go now, struggling to get across the road,
Me two big bags are hanging banging round me knees,
Blooming bus stop's nearly fifty yards away
And the traffic's going barmy though it's only half past three.

Just imagine what a nasty shock I got
When the bus comes shooting past me ear'ole none too slow (Oi!)
It pulls up sharp and all the queueing people climb aboard
And I'm left stranded with thirty yards to go.

The question now is whether to run or not to run, —
I've been caught out in this way before;
O how them buggers like to see you make a tit of yourself
And just as you arrive they shut the sliding door.

Now this particular time I think I'll chance it, so away I go,
Me two big bags are hanging banging round me knees,
Well, sure enough, all the people climb inside
And I'm not going to make it now as everyone can see.

But half a mo now, this is strange and wonderful,
The bus is waiting, though the way is clear to go!
The door's still open and I take me time to clamber in
And there as large as life, as if you didn't know,

*It was a lady bus driver,
She was a lady bus driver,
She was a lady bus driver!*

'Well bless you darling, aren't you the little champion,'
I says to her and sets me bags upon me knee,
'When you get home, I hope your old man's got the kettle on
And a little something special in the oven for your tea.'

FOUR GREEN FIELDS

"What did I have?" said the fine old woman
"What did I have?" this proud old woman did say
"I had four green fields, each one was a jewel
But strangers came and tried to take them from me
* I had fine strong sons, they fought to save my jewels:
They fought and died, and that was my grief" said she

"Long time ago" said the fine old woman
"Long time ago" this proud old woman did say
"There was war and death, plundering and pillage
My children starved, by mountain, valley and sea
And their wailing cries, they shook the very heavens
My four green fields ran red with their blood" said she

"What have I now?" said the fine old woman
"What have I now?" this proud old woman did say
"I have four green fields one of them's in bondage
In strangers' hand that tried to take it from me
** But my sons have sons as brave as were their fathers:
My fourth green field shall bloom once again" said she

Alternative lines

*And my children were strong, they fought etc.....

**But my children they fight, fight to gain
our freedom,

THE FIELDS OF ATHENRY

Beyond the prison wall, I heard a woman calling,
Michael, they are sending you away,
For you stole Trevelyan's corn,
So the young might see the morn,
Now the prison ship is waiting in the bay.

Chorus (after each verse)

Low lie the fields of Athenry,
Where once we watched the small free birds fly,
Our love was on the wing,
We had dreams and songs to sing,
Now it's lonely round the fields of Athenry.

Behind the prison wall, I heard a young man calling,
Nothing matters Mary when you're free:
Against the famine and the crown,
I rebelled, they dragged me down.
Now you must raise our child with dignity.

Beside a harbour wall she watched the last star falling,
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky.
She would live in hope and pray,
For her love in Botany Bay,
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

THE SNIPER'S PROMISE

The night was icy cold, I was alone
Waiting for an army foot patrol,
Then at last they came within my sights,
I squeezed the trigger of my Armalite

Chorus:

O Mama, O Mama, comfort me!
For I know these awful things have got to be,
But when the war for freedom has been won
I promise you I'll put away my gun

The shots rang out, I heard a soldier's cry,
"Please don't leave me here alone to die!"
I realised his patrol had gone away
And left the wounded comrade for me to slay

"There was nothing in this world I would not give —
If mercy's in your heart, you'll let me live".
For in his eyes I saw a begging plea,
As the muzzle of my gun moved towards his brain

The dawn was breaking when I reached my base,
I can't forget the look on that boy's face —
Fear, agony, torment were all there —
But to your Mama — "Mama, his life I spared"

PROVO LULLABY

Chorus:

Go to sleep my weary Provo
Let the time go drifting by,
Ah, can't you hear the bullets humming?
That's a Provo lullaby

I know your clothes are torn and ragged
And your hair is turning grey;
One day you'll die and go to heaven,
You'll find peace again some day

I know the peelers give you trouble,
They cause trouble everywhere;
One day you'll die and go to heaven,
And there'll be no policemen there

KEVIN BARRY

In Mountjoy Jail, one Monday morning
High upon the gallows tree,
Kevin Barry gave his young life
For the cause of liberty.
But a lad of eighteen Summers,
Yet no one can deny,
As he walked to death that morning,
He proudly held his head on high.

"Why not shoot me like a soldier
Do not hang me like a dog,
For I fought to free old Ireland,
On that bright September morn.
All round that little bakery,
Where we fought them hand to hand,
Why not shoot me like a soldier
For I fought to free Ireland."

Just before he faced the hangman
In his dreary prison cell,
British soldiers tortured Barry
Just because he would not tell
The names of his brave companions,
And other things they wished to know.
"Turn informer or we'll kill you!"
Kevin Barry answered: "No!"

Calmly standing to attention
While he bade his last farewell
To his broken-hearted mother,
Whose sad grief no one can tell.
For the cause he proudly cherished
That sad parting had to be;
Then to death walked, softly smiling,
That old Ireland might be free.

Another martyr for old Ireland,
Another murder for the crown,
Whose brutal laws may kill the Irish,
But can't keep their spirit down.
Lads like Barry are no cowards,
From the foe they will not fly;
Lads like Barry will free Ireland
For her sake they'll live and die.

MEN BEHIND THE WIRE

Chorus:

Armoured cars and tanks and guns
Came to take away our sons,
But every man will stand behind
The men behind the wire

Through the little streets of Belfast
In the dark of early morn
British soldiers came marauding
Wrecking little homes with scorn.
Heedless of the crying children,
Dragging fathers from their beds,
Beating sons while helpless mothers
Watched the blood pour from their heads

Not for them a judge and jury
Nor indeed a crime at all
Being Irish means they're guilty
So we're guilty one and all.
Round the world the truth will echo,
Cromwell's men are here again
England's name again is sullied
In the eyes of honest men

Proudly march behind our banner,
Firmly Stand behind our men.
We will have them free to help us
Build a nation once again.
On the people step together
Proudly, firmly on our way
Never fear and never falter
Till the boys come home to stay

THE BALLAD OF BILLY REID

Chorus:

All the radio said there was another shot dead
And he died with a gun in his hand,
But they didn't say why Billy Reid had to die
For he died to free Ireland

I'll sing you a song of a terrible wrong
When the flags they all flew at half mast,
And a man, he lay dead, he'd been riddled with lead,
And he died on the streets of Belfast

It happened one day when the bold IRA
Went out to fight for their land,
With an old Thompson gun, put the troops on the run
And return to their homes was their plan

While returning the guns, Billy met British huns,
And when the fight had begun
His position was dire when his gun wouldn't fire
So he died with that old Thompson gun

Although he lay dead, he was kicked in the head,
By the hair they dragged him around,
But they still fear him yet, and we can never forget
How brave Billy Reid stood his ground

If you think he was right, come and join in the fight
And help to free Belfast.
For the blood that he shed, and although he lies dead,
In our hearts his memory will last

ANN DEVLIN

In Dublin town they sing of a brave Wicklow woman:
Of her troubles and her times in cruel Kilmainham jail;
All the way from Butterfield Lane, Ann Devlin was her name.
A friend of Robert Emmet she served his cause in vain

Chorus:

And its low lie low, Liffey keep on flowing,
And its low lie low, Ann your legend's growing

Not torture or the bribe could sway Ann Devlin's purpose.
Three years of lonely hell in solitary shame,
How proud Emmet met his fate on the scaffold of the tyrant.
She saw her family passing like poor lilies in a storm

In 1851 Ann Devlin met her maker,
But her story's with us still as a lesson for the wise,
Not poverty nor fear can kill the heart of freedom,
Ann Devlin was a servant to the spirit of our land

WOMEN UNITE

(tune - "He's got the whole word in his hands")

CHORUS:-

We've got the whole world on our backs(x3)
Women of the world unite !

We work at home every day without pay(twice)
We shop and we mend and we wash clean.
We're just like the oil in the big machine.

We asked for equal pay ninety years ago(x3)
And we won't wait ninety more!

We have to work to have money to live (x3)
So we need nurseries for our kids.

We want our bodies to be in our control (x3)
We want abortion on demand!

It's some man's daughter or some man's wife(x2)
We're labelled like luggage the whole of our lives,
We want our independence now!

We want freedom to choose our sexuality (x2)
With sisters in the closets no sisters are free,
Women of the world unite!
We're not marching today for bread alone (x3)
We're marching for roses too.

THE RED FLAG

The people's flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft our martyred dead.
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold,
Their hearts' blood dyed to every fold.
Chorus;

Then raise the scarlet standard high;
Beneath its folds we'll live and die.
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

Look 'round, the Frenchman loves its blaze,
The sturdy German chants its praise;
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,
Chicago swells the surging throng.
Chorus;

It waved above our infant might
When all ahead seemed dark as night;
It witnessed many a deed and vow,
We must not change its colour now.
Chorus;

It well recalls the triumphs past;
It gives the hope of peace at last -
The banner bright, the symbol plain
Of human right and human gain.
Chorus;

It suits today the meek and base,
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place,
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,
And haul that sacred emblem down.
Chorus;

With heads uncovered swear we all
To bare it onward till we fall.
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn.
Chorus;

THE GREEN FIELDS OF FRANCE

Well how do you do young Willie McBride,
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside,
And rest for a while neath the warm summer sun,
I've been working all day and I'm nearly done.
I see by your gravestone you were only nineteen,
When you joined the great fallen in 1916.
I hope you died well and I hope you died clean,
Or young Willie McBride was it cold and obsene.

CHORUS

Did they beat the drum slowly, did they play the fife
Did they play the fife lowly,
Did they sound the death march
As they lowered you down
Did the band play the lasr post & chorus,
Did the pipes play the flowers of the forest.

And did you leave e'er a wife or a sweetheart behind
In some faithful heart is your memory enshrined,
Although you died back in nineteen sixteen
In some faithful heart are you forever nineteen?
Or are you a stranger without even a name
Enclosed in forever behind a glass frame
In an old photograph torn, battered and stained
And faded to yellow in a brown leather frame.

The sun now it shines o'er the green fields of France
There's a warm summer breeze makes the red poppies dance,
And look how the sun shines from under the clouds
There's no gas or barbed wire, there's no guns firing now.
But here in this graveyard it's still no-man's land
The countless white crosses stand mute in the sand
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man
To a whole generation who were butchered and damned.

Now young Willie McBride, I can't help wonder why
Do all those who lie here know why did they die.
And did they believe when they answered the call
Did they really believe that this war would end wars.
Well the sorrow, the suffering, the glory, the pain,
The killing, the dying was all done in vain
For young Willie McBride it all happened again
And again and again and again.

CARRICKFERGUS

I wish I was in Carrickfergus,
Only for nights in Ballygrand,
I would swim over the deepest ocean,
The deepest ocean my love to find,
But the sea is wide and I cannot swim over,
Neither have I the wings to fly,
If I could find handsom boatman,
To ferry me over my love and die.

In Kilkenny, it is reported,
they have marble stones there as black as ink,
with gold and silver I would support her,
but I'll sing no more, till I get a drink.
I'm drunk today and I'm seldom sober,
A handsome rover from town to town,
ah, but I'm sick now, my days are numbered,
come all you young men, and lay me down.

NINETY MILES FROM DUBLIN

I'm ninety miles from Dublin town
I'm in my H-Block cell.
To help you understand my plight
My story I will tell
I'm on the blanket protest,
My efforts must not fail
For I'm joined by men and women
In the Kesh and Armagh jail

It all began one morning
I was dragged to Castlereagh
And though it was five years ago
It seems like yesterday.
For three days kicked and beaten
I then was forced to sign
Confessions that convicted me
Of deeds that were not mine

Sentenced in a Diplock Court
My protest it began.
I could not wear their prison gear
I was a Blanket Man,
I'll not accept their status
I'll not be criminalised.
That's the issue in the Blocks
For which we'd give our lives

Over there in London town
How they'd laugh and sneer
If only they could make us wear
Their loathsome prison gear.
Prisoners of war is what we are
And that we must remain.
The blanket protest must not end
Till status is regained

I've been beaten round the romper room
Because I'll not say "Sir".
I've been frogmarched down the landing
And dragged back by the hair.
I've suffered degradation
Humility and shame,
Still the spirit does not falter
British torture is in vain

I've been held in scalding water
While my skin with deckscrubs is torn.
I've been scratched and kicked from head to foot
And thrown out on the floor.
I've suffered mirror searches
Been probed by drunken 'bears'.
I've heard my comrades cry and scream
And utter useless prayers

Now with the news that's coming in
Our protest must not fail
For now we're joined by thirty girls
In Armagh women's jail.
So pay attention Irish men
And Irish women too,
And show the freestate rulers that
Their silence will not do

Oh it's ninety miles from Dublin town
It seems so far away.
There's more attention to our plight
in the USA.
Now you've heard the story
Of this filthy living hell,
Remember ninety miles away,
I'm still in my H-Block cell

THE LID OF MY GRANNY'S BIN

As I was climbing into bed, my poor old granny sighed
I looked out of the window, the army had arrived
The house was soon surrounded, they smashed the front door in
I knew they'd come to take away
The lid of my granny's bin

Chorus:

Well, it was scream, bang, shout, raise an awful din
We've got to spread a warning when the army they come in

She opened up the window and she clambered down the spout
Soon her bin was rattlin' for to call the neighbours out
She then took out her whistle and blew away like hell
And soon we heard an echo as the neighbours blew as well

A soldier came right up the stairs, a rifle in his hand
She kicked him with her button boots along the hall she ran
Up and stepped another one, some medal for to win
But all he got, right on the gob, was the lid of my granny's bin

The music rose like thunder, as the bins and whistles played
The army soon retreated, they knew they'd overstayed.
It wasn't made of silver, it was only made of tin
But once again it saved us all, the lid of my granny's bin

Come all kind friends, and go to bed and sleep as best you can
But if there's trouble, come along, go out and give a hand,
To all you fair young ladies, if trouble does begin,
Run out into your backyard, love, and rattle away your bin

H-BLOCK SONG

I am a proud young Irishman
In Ulster's hills my life began
A happy boy through green fields ran
And kept God's and man's laws.
But when my age was barely ten
My country's wrongs were told again
By tens of thousands marching then
And my heart stirred to the cause.

Chorus:

So I'll wear no convict's uniform
Nor meekly serve my time
That Britain might brand Ireland's fight
Eight hundred years of crime

I learnt of centuries of strife
Of cruel laws, injustice rife.
I saw now in my own young life
The fruits of foreign sway,
Protested threatened, tortured, maimed,
Division nurtured, passions flamed.
Outrage provoked, right's cause defamed—
This is the conquerer's way

Descendant of proud Connaught clan.
Concannon serves cruel Britain's plan.
Man's inhumanity to man
Has found a trusty slave.
No strangers are these bolts and locks
No new design these dark H-Blocks.
Cruel Cromwell walks while Thatcher stalks.
The bully taunts the brave

Does Britain need a thousand years
Of protest, riot, death and tears
Or will this past decade of fears
To eighty decades spell
An end to Ireland's agony.
New hope for human dignity
And will the last obscenity
Be this grim H-Block cell?

THE REASON I LEFT MULLINGAR

I walked through this city a stranger,
In the land I can never call home.
I curse the sad notion that caused me,
In search of my fortune to roam,
I'm weary of working and drinking,
And a weeks wages left in the bar,
And God it's a shame for to use a friend's name,
Just to beg for the price of a jar.

CHORUS

I remember that bright April morning,
When I left home to travel afar,
But to work til you're dead,
For one room and a bed,
Is not the reason I left Mullingar.

This London's a city of heartbreak
On Friday there's friends by the score,
But when the pay's finished on Monday
A friend's not a friend anymore.
For the working day seems never ending
From the shovel and pick there's no break
And when you're not working, you're spending
The fortune you left home to make.

And for every man here that finds fortune
And comes home to tell of the tale,
Each morning the Broadway is crowded
With many the thousands who fail.
So young men of Ireland take warning
In London you never will find
The gold at the end of the rainbow
You might just have left it behind.

STAND FIRM AND FIGHT

(Tune: Blowing in
The Wind)

How many times can McGregor close down
Before we stop him in his tracks?
How many valleys and villages must die
Before they send McGregor back?
How many miners must rot on the dole
Before McGregor gets the sack?

Chorus: The answer my friend is stand firm and fight
The miners are resisting and they're right.

How many industries will Thatcher close down
Before the workers turf her out?
How many lies can the Press Barons print
Before we expropriate the louts?
How many songs do these buskers have to sing
Before the people have no doubt .. that.. Chorus

How many constables must pound their riot shields
Or truncheon down the miners and their wives?
How many roadblocks and phone -taps can they set
To stop you going where you want to drive?
How many horses or dogs must they unleash
Before you say that Fascism's arrived? ..Chorus

Viva La Quince Brigada

Ten years before I saw the light of morning
A comradeship of heroes was laid.
From every corner of the world came sailing
The Fifteenth International Brigade.

They came to stand beside the Spanish people,
To try and stem the rising Fascist tide.
Franco's allies were the powerful and wealthy.
Frank Ryan's men came from the other side.

Even the olives were bleeding
As the battle for Madrid it thundered on.
Truth and love against the force of evil,
Brotherhood against the Fascist clan.

Vive La Quince Brigada!
"No Paseran" the pledge that made them fight.
"Adelante" was the cry around the hillside.
Let us all remember them tonight.

Bob Hillard was a Church of Ireland pastor;
From Killarney across the Pyrenees he came.
From Derry came a brave young Christian Brother.
Side by side they fought and died in Spain.

Tommy Woods, aged seventeen, died in Cordoba.
With Na Fianna he learned to hold his gun.
From Dublin to the Villa del Rio
Where he fought and died beneath the Spanish sun.

Many Irishmen heard the call of Franco,
Joined Hitler and Mussolini too.
Propaganda from the pulpit and newspapers
Helped O'Duffy to enlist his crew.

The word came from Maynooth: 'Support the Fascists.'
The men of cloth failed yet again
When the bishops blessed the blueshirts in Dun Laoghaire
As they sailed beneath the swastika to Spain.

This song is a tribute to Frank Ryan,
Kit Conway and Dinny Coady too,
Peter Daly, Charlie Regan and Hugh Bonar.
Though many died I can but name a few.

Danny Doyle, Blaser-Brown and Charlie Donnelly,
Liam Tumilson and Jim Straney from the Falls,
Jack Nalty, Tommy Patton and Frank Conroy,
Jim Foley, Tony Fox and Dick O'Neill.

THE SOCIALIST A.B.C.

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
Me daddy said to me,
'The time has come, me bonny, bonny bairn
To learn your ABC.'

Now Daddy was a Lodge Chairman
In the coalfields of the Tyne,
And that ABC was different
From the Enid Blyton kind.
He sang;

A is for Alienation that made me the man that I am and B's for the Boss,
who's a bastard, a bourgeois who don't give a damn.
C is for Capitalism, the boss's reactionary creed and D's for Dictatorship,
laddie, but the best proletarian breed.
E is for Exploitation, that the workers have suffered so long;
and F is for old Ludwig Feuerbach, the first one to see it was wrong,
G is for all Gerrymanderers, like Lord Muck and Sir Whatsisname,
and H is the Hell that they'll go to, when the workers have kindled the flame.
I is for Imperialism, and America's kind is the worst,
and J is for sweet Jingoism, that the Tories all think of first.
K is for good old Keir Hardie, who fought out the working class fight
and L is for Vladimir Lenin, who showed him the Left was all right.
M is of course for Karl Marx, the daddy and the mammy of them all,
and N is for Nationalisation, without it we'd crumble and fall.
O is for Overproduction that capitalist economy brings,
and P is for all Private Property, the greatest of all of the sins.
Q is for the Quid pro quo, that we'll deal out so well and so soon,
when R for Revolution is shouted and the Red Flag becomes the top tune.
S is for sad Stalinism, that gave us all such a bad name,
and T is for Trotsky the hero, who had to take all of the blame.
U's for the Union of workers, the Union will stand to the end,
and V is for Vodka, yes, Vodka, the one drink that don't bring the bends.
W is for all Willing workers, and that's where the memory fades,
for X, Y and Z, me dear daddy said, will be written on the street barricades.

But now that I'm not a little tiny boy,
Me daddy says to me,
'Please try to forget the things I said,
Especially the ABC.'
For Daddy's no longer a Union man,
And he's had to change his plea.
His alphabet is different now;
Since they made him a Labour MP.

BALLYMURPHY

Air: She'll be coming round the mountain
If you hate the British army clap your hands
If you hate the British army clap your hands
If you hate the British army
Hate the British army
If you hate the British army clap your hands

They come down from Ballymurphy when they come
They come down from Ballymurphy when they come
Sure the children won the day
When they all ran away
They were only little childer every one

We don't want the British army here to stay
We don't want the British army here to stay
We don't want to be defended
By an army that surrendered
When the kids of Ballymurphy came to play

Oh the General he has fainted - is he dead?
Oh the General he has fainted - is he dead?
For if the women join the fight
We'll wipe the army out tonight
For them women are all Ballymurphy bred

A coded message came from nowhere, it did say
A coded message came from nowhere, it did say
At the peril of your lives
If you stay, don't be surprised but Turf Lodge has
organised

And a double decker bus is on its way

The British army they will never be the same
The British army they will never be the same
The bravest of them fighting men
They were beat by kids of ten
Aye, Ballymurphy put the army all to shame

If you hate the RUC clap your hands
If you hate the RUC clap your hands
If you hate the RUC
Hate the RUC
If you hate the RUC clap your hands

OVER THE WALL

In Crumlin Road jail all the prisoners one day
Took out a football and started to play
And while all the warders were watching the ball
Nine of the prisoners jumped over the wall

Chorus:

Over the wall, over the wall,
Who would believe they jumped over the wall?
Over the wall, over the wall,
It's hard to believe they jumped over the wall

Now the warders looked on with greatest surprise
And the sight that they saw brought tears to their eyes
For one of the teams was not there at all
They all got transferred and jumped over the wall

Now the governor came down with his face in a twist
Said, "Line up these lads while I check out me list",
But nine of the lads didn't answer at all
And the warder said, "Please sir, they're over the wall"

The security forces were shook to the core
So they barred every window and bolted each door
But all their precautions were no use at all
For another three prisoners jumped over the wall

Then the news reached old Stormont, Brian Faulkner turned pale
When he heard that more men had escaped from his jail,
Said he, "Now we'll have an enquiry to call",
And we'll get Edmund Compton to whitewash the wall

GRESFORD DISASTER

You've heard of the Gresford disaster
And the terrible price that was paid.
Two hundred & fifty six colliers were lost
And three men of the rescue brigade.

It occurred in the month of September
At three in the morning, that pit
Was wracked by a violent explosion
In the Dennis where gas lay so thick.

The gas in the Dennis deep section
Was heaped there like snow in a drift,
And many a man had to leave the coal face
Before he had worked out his shift.

Now a fortnight before the explosion
To the shotfirer Tomlinson cried
If you fire that shot we'll be all blown
to hell
And no-one can say that he lied.

The firemen's reports they are missing,
The record of forty-two days:
The colliery manager had them destroyed
To cover his criminal ways.

Down there in the dark they are lying
They died for nine shillings a day
They have worked out their shift
and now they must lie
In the darkness until judgement day.

The Lord Mayor of London's collecting
To help out our children and wives.
The owners have sent some white lilies
To pay for the poor collier's lives.

Farewell all our dear wives & children,
Farewell our old comrades as well,
Saying, don't send your sons down the
dark dreary pit,
They'll be damned like the sinners
in Hell.

44.

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