

## Long Kesh

The Wolfe Tones

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There's[G] a place just[C] outside[G] Lisburn  
It's a place that's[D] known to[G] few  
Where a[C] group of[D] Irish re[G]bels  
Are[C] held by[D] Faulkner's[G] crew  
They are forced to[D] live in[G] cages  
Like the inmates[D] of Belle[G]vue  
But the sperit of[D] 19[G]16  
Will always[D] see them[G] through  
The men in this vile place  
They come from far and near  
Some from the Derry Bogside  
And Omagh town so near  
And some of them from Belfast  
From the markets and the Falls  
From the narrow streets of Ardoyne  
And all around Tyrone  
On that black day in August  
When Faulkner showed his hand  
He thought that by internment  
He could break our gallant band  
But the boys from Ballymurphy  
How they showed the way that night  
How they thaught those English soldiers  
How Irish men could fight