

Rifles Of The I.R.A.

The Wolfe Tones

In nineteen hundred and sixteen
The forces of the crown
For to take Orange, White, and Green
Bombarded Dublin Town
But in '21, Britannia's sons
Were forced earn their pay, when
The black and tans, like lightening ran
From the Rifles of the IRA!
They burned their way through Munster
Then laid Leinster on the rack
Through Connacht, and through Ulster
Marched the men in brown and black
They shot down wives and children
In their own heroic way, but
The black and tans, like lightening ran
From the Rifles of the IRA!
They hanged young Kevin Barry high
Just a lad of eighteen years
Cork City's flames lit up in the sky
But our brave lads new no fear
The Cork brigade with hand-grenades
In ambush wait and lay, and
The black and tans, like lightening ran
From the Rifles of the IRA!
The tans were got, taken out and shot
By a brave and valiant few
Sean Treacy, Dinny Lacey
And Tom Barry's gallant crew
Though we're not free yet
We won't forget
Until our dying day, how
The black and tans, like lightening ran
From the Rifles of the IRA!