

Black and Tans

Irish Folk

Am G

I was born on a Dun-l-in Street where the loyal-ist drums do beat And those

Am C

lov-ing Eng-lish feet they tramp-led ov-er us And each and ev-ry night when my

G Am G Am G Am

Dad would come home tight He'd in-vite the neigh-bors out-side with this cho-rus:

G

O come out you Black and Tans come out and fight me like a man Show your

Am C

wives how you won med-als down in Flan-ders Show them how the I-R-A made you

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run like hell a - way From the green and love - ly fields of Kil - le - shan - dra.

*O come tell us how you slew them poor Arabs two by two
 Like the Zulu they had spear and bows and arrows
 How you bravely faced each one with your sixteen pounder gun
 Till you frightened them poor natives to their marrow.*

*O come let us hear you tell how you saved the great Parnell
 When you thought him well and truly persecuted
 Where are the cheers and jeers that you bravely let us hear
 When our heroes of '16 were executed.*

*Allen, Larkin and O'Brien how they sung and called you swine
 Robert Emmet who you hung and drew and quartered
 High upon the scaffold high how you butchered Henry Joy
 And the Wexford boys of Corry did you slaughter.*

*Well the time is coming fast and we'll surely come at last
 When each yeoman shall be cut aside before us
 And if we feel the need we shall bravely say, "Godspeed"
 With a verse or two of Steven Beehan's chorus:*