

Come Out Ye Black and Tans

I was born on a Dublin street where the Royal drums did beat,
And the loving English feet, they walked all over us.
And each night, when me da' would come home tight,
He'd invite the neighbors outside with this chorus.

Chorus:

Come all you black and tans, come out and fight me like a man.
Show your wife how you won medals down in Flanders.
Tell her how the IRA made you run like hell away,
From the green and lovely lanes of Killashandra.

Come let me hear you tell, how you slandered the great Parnell,
When you thought us well and truly persecuted.
Where are the smears and jeers that you bravely let us hear,
When our heroes of sixteen were executed.

Come tell us how you slew those brave Arabs two by two,
Like the Zulus they had spears and bows and arrows.
How you bravely faced each one with your sixteen pounder gun,
And you frightened them poor natives to their marrow.

The day is coming fast and the time is here at last,
When each Yoeman will be cast aside before us.
And if their be a need, sure my kids will sing God speed,
With a verse or two of Steven Behan's chorus.