

# **COME OUT YOU BLACK AND TAN**

I WAS BORN ON A DUBLIN STREET  
WHERE THE LOYAL HEARTS DID BEAT  
AND THE LOVING ENGLISH FEET  
WALKED ALL OVER US  
AND EVERY SINGLE NIGHT  
WHEN ME FATHER'D COME HOME TIGHT  
HE'D INVITE THE NEIGHBORS OUTSIDE  
WITH THIS CHORUS:

*OH, COME OUT 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 A GREEN AND LEAFY LANE  
IN KILLESHANDRA!*

COME TELL US HOW YOU SLEW  
ALL THOSE 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 THOSE POOR NATIVES  
TO THE MARROW!

COME LET US HEAR YOU TELL  
HOW YOU SLANDERED GREAT PARNELL,  
WHEN YOU THOUGHT HIM  
WELL AND TRULY PERSECUTED -  
WHERE ARE THE SNEERS AND JEERS  
THAT YOU BRAVELY LET US HEAR  
WHEN OUR HEROES OF SIXTEEN WERE EXECUTED?

THE DAY IS COMING FAST  
AND THE TIME IS HERE AT LAST,  
WHEN EACH SHONEEN  
WILL BE CAST ASIDE BEFORE US,  
AND IF THERE BE A NEED  
SURE MY KIDS WILL SING "GODSPEED!"  
WITH A BAR OR TWO  
OF STEPHEN BEHAN'S CHORUS!