

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!