

**The Radical Belfast Brigade
June, 2004**

The most radical Irish band ever seen

Go On Home British Soldiers

*Go on home British soldiers go on home
have you got no fuck'in homes of your own
for eight hundred years we've fought you without fear
and we will fight you for eight hundred more.*

If you stay British soldiers if you stay
you'll never ever beat the IRA
the fourteen men in Derry are the last that you will bury
so take a tip and leave us while you may.

No! we're not British we're not Saxon we're not English
we're Irish! and proud we are to be
so fuck your union jack we want our country back
we want to see old Ireland free once more.

Well we're fighting British soldiers for the cause
we'll never bow to soldiers because
throughout our history we were born to be free
so get out British soldiers leave us be.

Belfast Brigade

Craigavon sent the Specials out,
To shoot the people down,
He thought the IRA were dead,
In dear old Belfast town,
But he got a rude awakening,
With cannon and grenade,
When he met the first Battalion,
Of the Belfast Brigade.

Glory, glory to old Ireland,
Glory, glory to this island,
Glory to the memory of the men
Who fought and died,
"No surrender" is the war cry of
The Belfast Brigade.

The soldiers came from Holywood,
Equipped with English guns,
There were men by the thousand,
Ammunition by the ton,
But when they got to Belfast,
They were seriously delayed,
By the fighting First Battalion
Of the Belfast Brigade.

We have no ammunition,
Or no armoured tanks to show,
But we're ready to defend ourselves,
No matter where we go,
We're out for our Republic,
And to hell with your Free State,
"No surrender" is the War cry
Of the Belfast Brigade.

Come all you gallant Irishmen,
And join the IRA
We'll strike a blow for freedom,
When it comes a certain day,
You know your country's History,
And the sacrifice it made,
Come join the First Battalion
Of the Belfast Brigade.

The Rifles of the IRA

In 19 hundred and 16, the forces of the crown,
To take the orange, white, and green, bombarded Dublin town,
But in '21, Britannia's hounds were forced to earn their pay,
And the Black and Tans like lightning ran from
The rifles of the IRA.

They burned their way through Munster and laid Leinster on the rack,
In Connaught and in Ulster marched the men of brown and black,
They shot down wives and children in their own heroic way,
And the Black and Tans like lightning ran from
The rifles of the IRA.

They hanged young Kevin Barry high, a lad of eighteen years,
Cork City's flames lit up the sky but our brave boys knew no fear.
The Cork brigade with hand grenades in ambush waiting lay,
And the Black and Tans like lightning ran from
The rifles of the IRA.

The Tans were caught, taken out and shot by the brave and valiant few,
Sean Treacy, Denny 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 lightning ran from
The rifles of the IRA.

Come Out Ye Black And Tans

I was born in a Dublin street where the loyal drums do beat
And those loving English feet, they walked all over us
And every single night when me Da would come home tight
He'd invite the neighbours out with this chorus:

*Come out ye 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 and tell her how you slew them out 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 damn 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 your sneers and jeers would you loudly let us hear
When our leaders of 16 were executed?

FREEDOM'S SONS

At Easter time, nineteen-sixteen
When flowers bloomed and leaves were green
There dawned a day when freedom's cry
Called out brave men to fight and die

*They were the men with a vision, the men with a cause
The men who defied their oppressor's laws
The men who traded their chains for guns
Born into slav'ry, they were Freedom's Sons*

In Dublin town, they fought and died
With Pearse, McDermott and McBride
"Ourselves alone!" their battle cry
And freedom sang to the Easter sky

A poet's dream had sparked a flame
A raging fire, it soon became
And from that fire of destiny
There rose a nation proud and free

Six counties are in bondage still
They died brave men, was this their will?
When they are free and oppressions cease
Only then brave men can rest in peace

Erin Go Bragh

I'll tell you a story of a row in the town,
When the green flag went up and the Crown rag came down,
'Twas the neatest and sweetest thing ever you saw,
And they played the best games played in Erin Go Bragh.

One of our comrades was down at Ring's end,
For the honor of Ireland to hold and defend,
He had no veteran soldiers but volunteers raw,
Playing sweet Mauser music for Erin Go Bragh.

Now here's to Pat Pearse and our comrades who died
Tom Clark, MacDonagh, MacDiarmada, McBryde,
And here's to James Connolly who gave one hurrah,
And placed the machine guns for Erin Go Bragh.

One brave English captain was ranting that day,
Saying, "Give me one hour and I'll blow you away,"
But a big Mauser bullet got stuck in his craw,
And he died of lead poisoning in Erin Go Bragh.

Old Ceannt and his comrades like lions at bay,
From the South Dublin Union poured death and dismay,
And what was their horror when the Englishmen saw
All the dead khaki soldiers in Erin Go Bragh.

Now here's to old Dublin, and here's her renown,
In the long generation her fame will go down,
And our children will tell how their forefathers saw,
The red blaze of freedom in Erin Go Bragh.

A Nation Once Again

When boyhood's fire was in my blood
I read of ancient freemen,
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
Three hundred men and three men;
And then I prayed I yet might see
Our fetters rent in twain,
And Ireland, long a province, be
A Nation once again!

A nation once again,
A nation once again,
And Ireland, long a province, be
A Nation once again!

And from that time, through wildest woe,
That hope has shown a far light,
Nor could love's brightest summer glow
Outshine that solemn starlight;
It seemed to watch above my head
In forum, field and fame,
Its angel voice sang round my bed,
A Nation once again.

It whisper'd too, that freedom's ark,
And service high and holy,
Would be profaned by feeling dark
And passions vain or lowly;
For, Freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a godly train;
And righteous men must make our land
A nation once again!