

Come out Ye Black and Tans

Wolfe Tones

I was born on a Dublin street where the Royal drums do beat
And the loving English feet they walked all over us,
And every single night when me da 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 fown in Flanders
Tell them how the IRA
Made you run like hell away,
From the green and lovely lanes in Killashandra.
(chorus)

Come tell us how you slew
Those old Arabs two by two
Like the Zulus they had spears and bows and arrows,
How you bravely slew each one
With your sixteen pounder gun
And you frightened them damn natives to their marrow.
(chorus)

Come let us hear you tell
How you slammed the great Pernell,
When you fought them well and truly persecuted,
Where are the smears and jeers
That you loudly let us hear
When our heroes of sixteen were executed.
(chorus)

now the time is coming fast
And i think them days are here
When each yeoman will be cast aside before us,
And if there be a need
im sure our kids will sin god speed
With a verse or two of Steven Beehan's chorus.

Lyrics submitted by Anton.

Lyrics provided by

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