

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Helicopter Song

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Chorus: It's up like a bird and over the City,
'Three men are a missing', I heard a warder cry
'Sure it must have been a bird that flew into the prison
Or one of these new ministers', says the warder in the Joy. [Mountjoy Jail]

Early one evening when the Branchmen they were sleeping
A little helicopter flew across the sky
Down in the yard where some prisoners were walking,
'Get ready for inspection', said the warder in the Joy.

Down in the yard through the pushing and the shoving
Three of the prisoners they climbed upon the bird
And up and away they went into the great skies,
'I think, there's someone escaping', said the warder in the Joy.

Over in the Dail [parliament] they were drinking gin and brandy,
The Minister for Justice was soaking up the sun,
When came this little message that some prisoners had escaped them,
'I think it's three of the Provo's [provisional IRA], said the warder in the Joy.

Search every hole, search every nook and cranny,
Let no man rest until these men are found,
For this cannot happen to a law and order government,
'I think, you'll never find them', says the warder in the Joy.

Here it is from a Sinn Féin songbook. Neither author nor tune are given.

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