

# Irish Song Lyrics

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Pick Up Your Rifle  
Mark Westphal

In 1916, in the year of our Lord  
Fighting came to Ireland like it never had before  
For freedom comes to those who fight for its day  
So I picked up my rifle and joined the IRA

A free and united Ireland was our only desire  
And the best of the British Army couldn't put out that fire  
But a deal with the devil was soon put forth  
Freedom for the South and nothing for the North

Well this didn't seem really right with me  
For Ireland is one from sea to sea  
And the IRA said our job's not done  
So off to the North I went with my gun

We fought in the fields, we fought in the streets  
And the English knew we couldn't be beat  
We fought with rifles, we fought with rocks  
And sent many a soldier home in a box

The fight has been long and many have fell  
And we weep for the rebels who starved alone in a cell  
For the price of our freedom is paid with blood  
of those IRA men who have died in the mud

Is life so sweet or is peace so dear?  
That the weight of chains are easy to bear  
For freedom comes to those who fight for its day  
So pick up your rifle and join the IRA