

# Irish Song Lyrics

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Rifles of the I.R.A, The

In nineteen hundred and sixteen,  
The Forces of the Crown,  
For to Capture Orange, White and Green,  
Bombarded Dublin Town,  
But in twenty one, Britannia's sons,  
Began to earn their pay,  
When the Black and Tans, Like lightning ran  
From the rifles of the IRA

They burned their way through Munster  
Laid Leinster on the rack,  
Through Connaught and through Ulster,  
Marched the men in brown and black,  
Well, they cut down wives and children,  
In their own horrific way,  
The black and tans, like lightning ran  
From the rifles of the IRA