

The Black And Tan Gun,

G **Em** **D**
It was down in the town of old Bantry,
C **D** **G**
Where most of the fighting was done,
Em **D**
It was there that a young Irish soldier,
C **D** **G**
Was shot by a Black and Tan gun.
As he raised himself up to his elbow,
As the blood from his wounds ran red,
He turned to his comrades beside him,
And these are the words he said:

Won't you bury me out on the mountains,
So that I can see where the battle was won
So they buried him out on the mountains,
Neath a cross that stood facing the sun.
They wrote: "Here lies a true Irish soldier,
Who was shot by a Black-and-Tan gun,
And now we are back in old Dublin, our victory over and won,
We think of our comrades we buried under God's rising