

## Belfast Brigade

Christy Moore

the black and tans from London  
came to shoot the people down  
they thought the IRA was dead  
in dear old Belfast town  
those cruel English soldiers  
they were seriously dismayed  
"no Surrender" was the war cry of the Belfast brigade  
Glory, glory to old Ireland,  
Glory, glory to this island,  
Glory to the memory of the men  
Who found their grave,  
"No surrender" is the war cry of  
The Belfast Brigade.  
The soldiers came from Holywood,  
Equipped with English guns,  
There were men by the thousand,  
Ammunition by the ton,  
But when they got to Belfast,  
They were seriously delayed,  
By the fighting First Battalion  
Of the Belfast Brigade.  
We have no ammunition,  
Or no armoured tanks to show,  
But we're ready to defend ourselves,  
No matter where we go,  
We're out for our Republic,  
And to hell with your Free State,  
"No surrender" is the war cry  
Of the Belfast Brigade.  
Come all you gallant Irishmen,  
And join the IRA  
We'll strike a blow for freedom,  
When it comes a certain day,  
You know your country's history,  
And the sacrifice it made,  
Come join the First Battalion  
Of the Belfast Brigade.