

**Give Ireland back to the Irish**  
**Paul McCartney - 1972**

Give Ireland back to the Irish  
Don't make them have to take it away  
Give Ireland back to the Irish  
Make Ireland Irish today  
Great Britain you are tremendous  
And nobody knows like me  
But really, what are you doing  
In the land across the sea?  
Tell me, how would you like it  
If on your way to work  
You were stopped by Irish soldiers?  
Would you lie down, do nothing?  
Would you give in, or go berserk?  
Give Ireland back to the Irish  
Don't make them have to take it away  
Give Ireland back to the Irish  
Make Ireland Irish today  
Great Britain and all the people  
Say that people must be free  
And meanwhile, back in Ireland  
There's a man who looks like me  
And he dreams of God and country  
And he's feeling really bad  
And he's sitting in a prison  
Say, should he lie down, do nothing?  
Should he give in or go mad?  
Give Ireland back to the Irish  
Don't make them have to take it away  
Give Ireland back to the Irish  
Make Ireland Irish today  
Give Ireland back to the Irish  
Don't make them have to take it away  
Give Ireland back to the Irish  
Make Ireland Irish today

**The Town I'd Loved so Well**  
**Phil Coulter**

In my memory I will always see  
the town that I have loved so well  
where our school played ball by the gasyard wall  
and we laughed through the smoke and the smell.  
Going home in the rain running up the dark lane  
past the jail and down behind the fountain  
Those were happy days in so many many ways  
in the town I have loves so well.

In the early morning the shirt-factory horn  
called women from Creggan, the Moor and the Bog

while the man on the dole played the mother`s role  
fed the children and then trained the dogs.  
And when times got rough there was just about enough  
but they saw it through without complaining  
for deep inside was a burning pride  
for the town I loved so well.

There was music there in the Derry air  
like a language that we could all understand  
I remember the day when I earned my first pay  
as I played in the small pick-up band.  
There I spent my youth and to tell you the truth  
I was sad to leave it all behind me  
for I`d learned `bout life and I`ve found me a wife  
in the town I loved so well.

But when I returned how my eyes have burned  
to see how a town could be brought ti its knees  
by the armered cars and the bombed-out bars  
and the gas that hangs on to every breathe.  
Now the army`s installed by that old gasyard wall  
and the damned barbwire gets high and higher  
with their tanks and their bombs, oh my god what have they done  
to the town I loved so well.

Now the music`s gone but I still carry on  
for their spirit`s been gone but never broken  
they will not forget for their hearts are all set  
on tomorrow and peace once again.  
For what`s done is done and what`s won is won  
and what`s lost is lost and gone forever  
I can only pray for a bright brand-new day  
to the town I lived so well.

### **Alternative Ulster** **Little Fingers - 1979**

There's nothin' for us in Belfast  
The Pound's old and that's a pity  
Ok so there's the Trident in Bangor  
And then you walk back to the city  
We ain't got nothin' but they don't really care  
They don't even know, you know  
They just want money  
We can take it or leave it  
What we need

Is an alternative Ulster  
Grab it and change it—it's yours!  
Get an alternative Ulster  
Ignore the bores and their laws  
Get an alternative Ulster

Be an anti-security force  
Alter your native Ulster  
Alter your native land

Take a look where you're livin'  
You got the Army on the street  
And the RUC dog of repression  
Is barkin' at your feet  
Is this the kind of place you wanna live?  
Is this where you wanna be?  
Is this the only life we're gonna have?  
What we need  
See Stiff Little Fingers Live  
Get tickets as low as \$170

You might also like  
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Taylor Swift  
i wish i hated you  
Ariana Grande  
eternal sunshine  
Ariana Grande

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And they say they're a part of you  
And that's not true, you know  
They say they've got control of you  
And that's a lie, you know  
They say you will never be free  
Free  
Free

Alternative Ulster  
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Alternative Ulster

Invisible Sun  
The Police - 1981

I don't want to spend the rest of my life  
Looking at the barrel of an ArmaLite  
I don't want to spend the rest of my days  
Keeping out of trouble like the soldiers say

I don't want to spend my time in hell  
Looking at the walls of a prison cell  
I don't ever want to play the part  
Of a statistic on a government chart

There has to be an invisible sun  
It gives its heat to everyone  
There has to be an invisible sun  
It gives us hope when the whole day's done

It's dark all day and it glows all night  
Factory smoke and acetylene light  
I face the day with my head caved in  
Looking like something that the cat brought in

There has to be an invisible sun  
It gives its heat to everyone  
There has to be an invisible sun  
It gives us hope when the whole day's done

And they're only gonna change this place  
By killing everybody in the human race  
And they would kill me for a cigarette  
But I don't even want to die just yet

There has to be an invisible sun  
It gives its heat to everyone  
There has to be an invisible sun  
It gives us hope when the whole day's done

Sunday, Bloody Sunday  
U2 - 1983

I can't believe the news today  
Oh, I can't close my eyes and make it go away  
How long, how long must we sing this song?  
How long? How long?  
'Cause tonight  
We can be as one  
Tonight  
Broken bottles under children's feet  
Bodies strewn across the dead-end street  
But I won't heed the battle call  
It puts my back up, puts my back up against the wall  
Sunday, Bloody Sunday  
Sunday, Bloody Sunday  
Sunday, Bloody Sunday  
Sunday, Bloody Sunday  
Alright, let's go  
And the battle's just begun  
There's many lost, but tell me who has won?  
The trenches dug within our hearts

And mothers, children, brothers, sisters torn apart  
Sunday, Bloody Sunday  
Sunday, Bloody Sunday  
How long, how long must we sing this song?  
How long? How long?  
'Cause tonight we can be as one, tonight  
Tonight, tonight (Sunday, Bloody Sunday)  
Tonight, tonight (Sunday, Bloody Sunday)  
Alright, let's go  
Wipe the tears from your eyes  
Wipe your tears away  
I'll wipe your tears away  
I'll wipe your tears away (Sunday, Bloody Sunday)  
I'll wipe your bloodshot eyes (Sunday, Bloody Sunday)  
Sunday, Bloody Sunday  
Sunday, Bloody Sunday  
Sunday, Bloody Sunday  
Sunday, Bloody Sunday  
Yeah, let's go  
And it's true we are immune  
When fact is fiction and TV reality  
And today the millions cry (Sunday, Bloody Sunday)  
We eat and drink while tomorrow they die (Sunday, Bloody Sunday)  
The real battle just begun (Sunday, Bloody Sunday)  
To claim the victory Jesus won (Sunday, Bloody Sunday)  
On Sunday, Bloody Sunday, yeah  
Sunday, Bloody Sunday

**There Were Roses**  
**Tommy Sands - 1985**

My song for you this evening, it's not to make you sad,  
Nor for adding to the sorrows of this troubled Northern land.  
But lately I've been thinking and it just won't leave my mind,  
I'll tell you of two friends one time who were both good friends of mine.

Allan Bell from Banagh, he lived just across the fields,  
A great man for the music and the dancing and the reels.  
O'Malley came from South Armagh to court young Alice fair,  
And we'd often meet on the Ryan Road and the laughter filled the air.

There were roses, roses  
There were roses  
And the tears of the people  
Ran together

Though Allan, he was Protestant, and Sean was Catholic born,  
It never made a difference for the friendship, it was strong.  
And sometimes in the evening when we heard the sound of drums  
We said, "It won't divide us. We will always be the one."

For the ground our fathers ploughed in, the soil, it is the same,

And the places where we'd say our prayers have just got different names.  
We talked about the friends who died, and we hoped there'd be no more.  
It's little then we realized the tragedy in store.

There were roses, roses  
There were roses  
And the tears of the people  
Ran together

It was on a Sunday morning when the awful news came round,  
Another killing has been done just outside Newry Town.  
We knew that Allan danced up there, we knew he liked the band,  
But when we heard that he was dead we just could not understand.

We gathered at the graveside on that cold and rainy day,  
And the minister he closed his eyes and he prayed for no revenge.  
And all the ones who knew him from along the Ryan Road,  
They bowed their heads and they said a prayer for the resting of his soul.

There were roses, roses  
There were roses  
And the tears of the people  
Ran together

Well fear, it filled the countryside, there was fear in every home,  
When a car of death came prowling round the lonely Ryan Road.  
A Catholic would be killed tonight to even up the score,  
"Oh, Christ! It's young O'Malley that they've taken from the door."

"Allan was my friend," he cried. He begged them with his fear,  
But centuries of hatred have ears that cannot hear.  
An eye for an eye was all that filled their minds,  
And another eye for another eye till everyone is blind.

There were roses, roses  
There were roses  
And the tears of the people  
Ran together

So my song for you this evening, it's not to make you sad,  
Nor for adding to the sorrows of this troubled Northern land,  
But lately I've been thinking and it just won't leave my mind,  
I'll tell you of two friends one time who were both good friends of mine.

I don't know where the moral is or where this song should end,  
But I wondered just how many wars are fought between good friends.  
And those who give the orders are not the ones to die,  
It's Bell and O'Malley and the likes of you and I.

There were roses, roses  
There were roses  
And the tears of the people

Ran together

There were roses, roses  
There were roses

### **Ordinary Man**

**Canção de Christy Moore • 1985**

**Compositores: Peter Hames**

I'm an ordinary man, nothing special nothing grand  
I've had to work for everything I own  
I never asked for a lot, I was happy with what I got  
Enough to keep my family and my home

They say that times are hard and they've handed me my cards  
They say there's not the work to go around  
But when the whistle blows, the gates will finally close  
Tonight they're going to shut this factory down  
Then they'll tear it down

I never missed a day nor went on strike for better pay  
For twenty years I served them best I could  
Now with a handshake and a cheque it seems so easy to forget  
Loyalty through the bad times and through good  
The owner says he's sad to see that things have got so bad  
But the captains of industry won't let him lose  
He still smokes his cigar and he drives a brand new car  
And still he takes his family on a cruise, he'll never lose

It seems to me such a cruel irony  
He's richer now than he ever was before  
And now my cheque is spent, I can't afford the rent  
There's one law for the rich, one law for the poor  
Every day I've tried to salvage some of my pride  
To find some work so's I might pay my way  
Oh but everywhere I go, the answer's always no  
No work for anyone here today, no work today  
No work today

And so condemned I stand, an ordinary man  
Like thousands beside me in the queue  
I watch my darling wife trying to make the best of life  
And God knows what the kids are going to do  
Now we are faced with this human waste  
A generation cast aside  
For as long as I live, I never will forgive  
You've stripped me of my dignity and pride, you've stripped me bare  
You've stripped me bare

No work today  
No work today

**Zombie**  
**The Cranberries • 1994**

Another head hangs lowly  
Child is slowly taken  
And the violence caused such silence  
Who are we mistaken?  
But you see, it's not me, it's not my family  
In your head, in your head, they are fightin'  
With their tanks and their bombs  
And their bombs and their guns  
In your head, in your head, they are cryin'  
In your head, in your head  
Zombie, zombie, zombie-ie-ie  
What's in your head, in your head?  
Zombie, zombie, zombie-ie-ie-ie, oh  
Doo, doo, doo-doo, doo  
Doo, doo, doo-doo, doo  
Doo, doo, doo-doo, doo  
Doo, doo, doo-doo, doo  
Another mother's breakin'  
Heart is taking over  
When the violence causes silence  
We must be mistaken

It's the same old theme, since 1916  
In your head, in your head, they're still fightin'  
With their tanks and their bombs  
And their bombs and their guns  
In your head, in your head, they are dyin'  
In your head, in your head  
Zombie, zombie, zombie-ie-ie  
What's in your head, in your head?  
Zombie, zombie, zombie-ie-ie-ie  
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh  
Eh-eh, oh, ya-ya

**No Frontiers**  
**Mary Black - 2008**

If life is a river and your heart is a boat  
And just like a water baby, baby born to float  
And if life is a wild wind that blows way on high  
And your heart is Amelia dying to fly  
Heaven knows no frontiers  
And I've seen heaven in your eyes  
And if life is a bar room in which we must wait  
'Round the man with his fingers on the ivory gates  
Where we sing until dawn of our fears and our fates



And we stack all the deadmen in self addressed crates  
In your eyes faint as the singing of a lark  
That somehow this black night  
Feels warmer for the spark  
Warmer for the spark  
To hold us 'til the day  
When fear will lose its grip  
And heaven has its way  
Heaven knows no frontiers  
And I've seen heaven in your eyes  
If your life is a rough bed of brambles and nails  
And your spirit's a slave to man's whips and man's jails  
Where you thirst and you hunger for justice and right  
Then your heart is a pure flame of man's constant night  
In your eyes faint as the singing of a lark  
That somehow this black night  
Feels warmer for the spark  
Warmer for the spark  
To hold us 'til the day when fear will lose its grip  
And heaven has its way  
And heaven has its way  
When all will harmonise  
And know it's in our hearts  
The dream will realise  
Heaven knows no frontiers  
And I've seen heaven in your eyes  
Heaven knows no frontiers  
And I've seen heaven in your eyes

### **Shipbuilding**

**Canção de Robert Wyatt • 1984**

**Compositores: Elvis Costello / Clive Langer**

Is it worth it?  
A new winter coat, and shoes for the wife  
And a bicycle on the boy's birthday  
It's just a rumor that was spread around town  
By the women and children  
Soon we'll be shipbuilding  
Well, I ask you  
The boy said, "Dad, they're going to take me to task  
But I'll be back by Christmas"  
It's just a rumor, that was spread around town  
Somebody said that someone got filled in  
For saying that people get killed  
In the results of their shipbuilding  
With all the will in the world  
Diving for dear life  
When we could be diving for pearls  
It's just a rumor that was spread around town  
A telegram for a picture postcard

Within weeks, they'll be reopening the shipyard  
And notifying the next of kin once again  
It's all we're skilled in  
We will be shipbuilding  
With all the will in the world  
Diving for dear life  
When we could be diving for pearls

**The Island**  
**Paul Brady -1985**

They say the skies of Lebanon are burning  
Those mighty cedars bleeding in the heat  
They're showing pictures on the television  
Women and children dying in the street  
And we're still at it in our own place  
Still trying to reach the future through the past  
Still trying to carve tomorrow from a tombstone...

Chorus

But Hey! Don't listen to me!  
This wasn't meant to be no sad song  
We've heard too much of that before  
Right now I only want to be here with you  
Till the morning dew comes falling  
I want to take you to the island  
And trace your footprints in the sand  
And in the evening when the sun goes down  
We'll make love to the sound of the ocean

They're raising banners over by the markets  
Whitewashing slogans on the shipyard walls  
Witchdoctors praying for a mighty showdown  
No way our holy flag is gonna fall  
Up here we sacrifice our children  
To feed the worn-out dreams of yesterday  
And teach them dying will lead us into glory...

Repeat chorus

Now I know us plain folks don't see all the story  
And I know this peace and love's just copping out  
And I guess these young boys dying in the ditches  
Is just what being free is all about  
And how this twisted wreckage down on main street  
Will bring us all together in the end  
And we'll go marching down the road to freedom...  
Freedom