

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 to its knees
by the armored 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

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Ariana Grande
eternal sunshine
Ariana Grande

Is an alternative Ulster
Grab it and change it—it's yours!
Get an alternative Ulster
Ignore the bores and their laws
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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
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 dont even want to die just yet

There has to be an invisible sun
It gives its heat to everyone
There has to be and 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 then 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