

Long Kesh

The Wolfe Tones

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There's[G] a place just[C] outside[G] Lisburn
It's a place that's[D] known to[G] few
Where a[C] group of[D] Irish re[G]bels
Are[C] held by[D] Faulkner's[G] crew
They are forced to[D] live in[G] cages
Like the inmates[D] of Belle[G]vue
But the sperit of[D] 19[G]16
Will always[D] see them[G] through
The men in this vile place
They come from far and near
Some from the Derry Bogside
And Omagh town so near
And some of them from Belfast
From the markets and the Falls
From the narrow streets of Ardoyne
And all around Tyrone
On that black day in August
When Faulkner showed his hand
He thought that by internment
He could break our gallant band
But the boys from Ballymurphy
How they showed the way that night
How they thaught those English soldiers
How Irish men could fight