

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FH 5409

THE NORTH BEGAN, THE NORTH  
HELD ON, GOD BLESS THE GAL-  
LANT NORTH. The Red Hand,  
legendary symbol of Ireland's North-  
ern Province, Ulster, clutches the  
Shamrock of Ireland, United and Free.  
Humorous, satirical, poignant and  
defiant, the songs by The Men of No  
Property, natives of Ulster, voice the  
unceasing resistance by the freedom-  
seeking Irish against the Armies of the  
English Invader.

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**ENGLAND'S VIETNAM**  
Irish Songs of Resistance  
sung by  
**THE MEN OF NO  
PROPERTY**

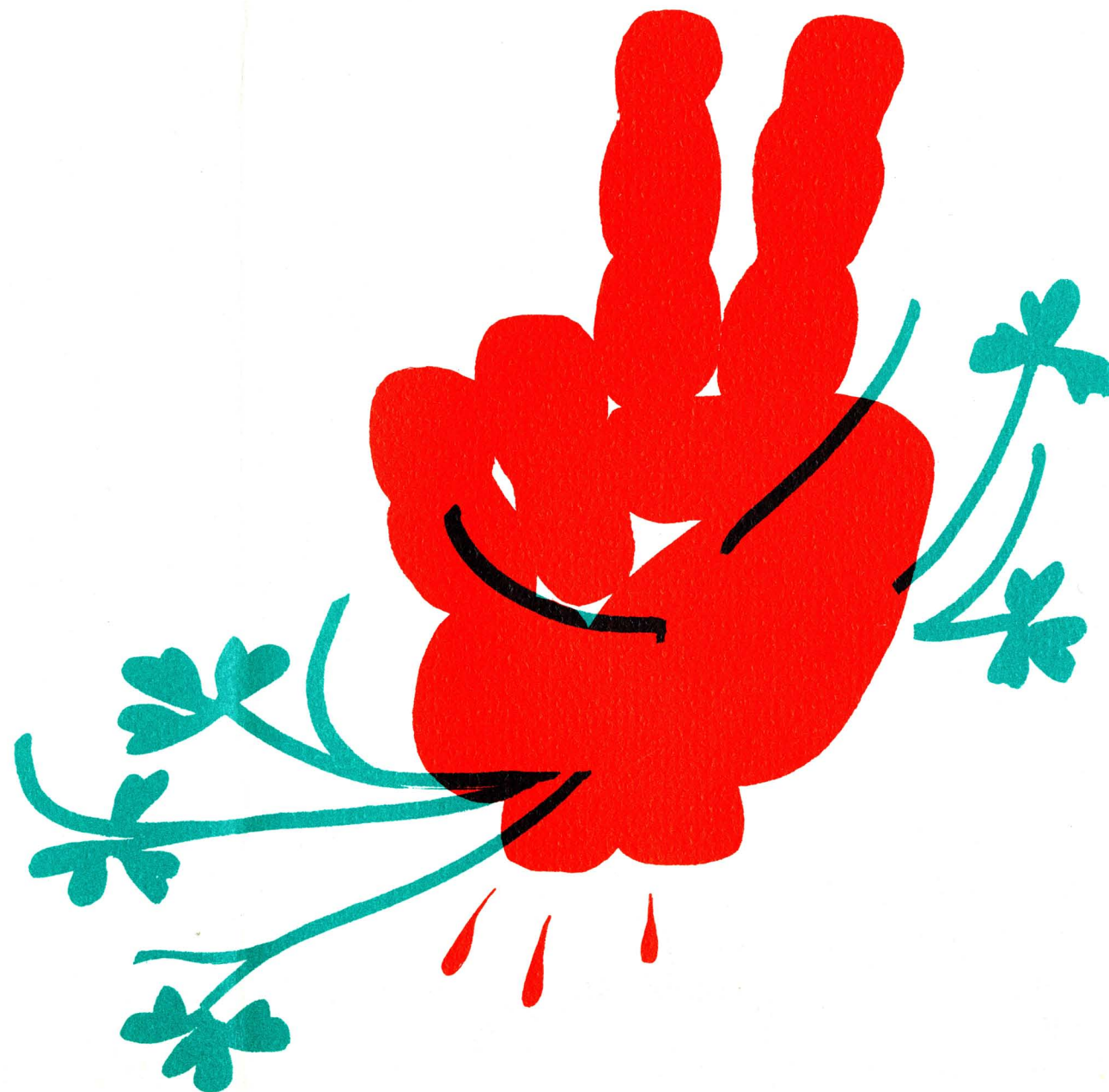
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# ENGLAND'S VIETNAM

## Irish Songs of Resistance sung by THE MEN OF NO PROPERTY

The title—"Men of No Property"—is a quotation from the statement by Wolfe Tone, the Father of Irish Republicanism: "The Men of No Property shall liberate Ireland."

Belfast born Barney Mc Ilvogue, Brian Whoriskey and Irene Clarke, Belfast college students in 1969, took part in civil rights protests and marches in Northern Ireland and later saw action behind the barricades at New Lodge, Ardoyne and Short Strand in Belfast against the sectarian police force and the British Army.

Writing and singing songs of the Resistance, The Men of No Property try to tell the story of the people under the Terror.

Artists are the following:

Barney Mc Ilvogue—Singer

Brian Whoriskey—Singer

Irene Clarke—Singer

Sandra Kelly—Guitar, Concertina, Whistle

John Fallen—Fiddle, Basouki, Guitar

Gordon Mc Caffery—Banjo, Mouth Organ

Other Records by The Men of No Property:

1) This is Free Belfast. Historic tracks from the barricades of 1970-71

2) Ireland, The Fight Goes On. New Irish Political Ballads

Men of No Property

Box 21 c/o Siopa an Phobail

Avoca Park

Andersonstown,

Belfast 11, Ireland.

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SIDE A—1.

### **The Falls Road Taximan**

The Peoples' Taxis first appeared on the Falls Road, Belfast, when the Corporation withdrew public transport from routes through Republican areas where a riot or a gun battle was a daily occurrence. The gap was quickly filled by a group of local taxi men. At 10p per person it must be the cheapest adventure trip in Western Europe. This song is dedicated to Tony, one of our political prisoners in Long Kesh.

As I roved out through Belfast town, around by Castle Street,

Seeking transportation, a young man I did meet.

They said his name was Cosgrove, some called him

Desperate Dan,

For he risked his life ten times a day as a Falls Road taxi man.

Well, I put two bob into his hand and I climbed inside the car,

Well, that was all they charged us for traveling near or far,  
With fourteen other passengers, we made a noble band  
As we set out from Sawyers with the Falls Road taxi man.

On board an expectant mother with not too long to wait,  
We hit the ramps at Hastings Street, well, I knew it was too late,

But Cosgrove, he was smiling with a baby in his hand,  
"We've just delivered a rebel boy!" cried the Falls Road taxi man.

Well, when we got to Divis Street, he said, "Now bar your door,

The twelve apostles in the back, well, you'd better get on the floor."

For an armoured car was across the road, he said, "We'll have to ram

With my bumpers stole from Macky's," said the Falls Road taxi man.

Well, when we reached the White Rock Road, on the floor we had to lie.

The tracer bullets from the tanks they were lighting up the sky.

Well, above the din a man called out, "Oh, please stop if you can."

"You'll have to use your parachute," cried the Falls Road taxi man.

Well, when we got to Kennedy Way, the night was growing dark,

We dropped another passenger just outside Casement Park.

There was a riot going on, we upset the soldiers' plan,

"Oh, we've just run over the major," cried the Falls Road taxi man.

We reached our destination just west of Lenadoon.

We knew that we would all be safe in God's own country soon

Where the pigs did not adventure and where the para-troops ran,

So we all shook hands and said farewell to the Falls Road taxi man.



SIDE A—2.

### **The Internee**

The song tells of the anguish of the internee's wife, as she watches her husband being dragged from their bed and brought to Long Kesh, there to be held in a barbed wire cage without charge or trial for an indefinite period. As she watches the politicians selling out she comes to the conclusion that it will take more than words to end the repression of a State guilty of such inhuman behaviour. Now, in May 1975 despite Merlyn Rees' pathetic lies, over 300 Republicans are in Long Kesh.

It was four o'clock in the morning when they dragged him  
from his bed,  
They dragged him to their lorry, and not a word they said,  
They brought him to their barracks, they tortured him for  
days  
To break his mind and body, they tried many awful ways.

He lies behind a barbed wire fence in a concentration  
camp,  
He's guarded there by men and dogs a foreign country  
sent.  
No judge or jury tried him, of no crime he is accused,  
How long they hold him prisoner, to tell me they've  
refused.

Each time I make the journey to the place where he is held,  
By rough hands of foreign soldiers to the search I am  
compelled.  
I watch him growing weaker, his strength fades every day,  
To free him and his brothers we'll have to find a way.

I watch the politicians as they use him like a pawn,  
Furthering their own careers, how long must it go on?  
I've come to know his jailers, I know what must be done,  
The only voice they'll listen to is from behind a gun.

SIDE A—3.

### **England's Vietnam**

The people of Vietnam fought for 30 years  
before achieving their independence. The  
path to freedom may be long and hard but  
for England the simple message is that the  
days of the colonists are over, and, for all  
her military might, she cannot forever  
deny the Irish people their freedom.

Well, good morning, friends, it's good to be back in the  
good old U.S.A.  
Where they make damn sure to keep all their wars  
thousands of miles away.  
For I've just been across the ocean, to see my family home,  
And after what I saw there I never more will roam.

Chorus:

Well, give me a home where the Panthers roam, and the  
Weathermen so free  
Take a walk in the dark around Central Park, it does not  
bother me.

Tear the country in two, but whatever you do, I'll stay  
right where I am  
For I do not want another trip to England's Vietnam.

We arrived at Aldergrove, that's where the planes do go,  
It used to be Nutts Corner, why they changed it, I just  
don't know.

I was wearing an army jacket, from Vietnam it came,  
When a soldier stuck a gun in my ribs and says, "I know  
your game."

"Oh, where is your black beret?" he cried, "and your  
hurley stick as well?"

I hit him with my camera and like a stone he fell.  
I sent for a policeman to take this poor man away,  
Saying, this could never happen in the good old U.S.A.

The policeman grabbed me by the arm saying, "Come  
along with me,  
For I can tell by the gleam in your eye that you hate  
democracy,  
You're a Trotskyist from the Kremlin, you're a Vatican  
anarchist spy,  
A communist from China, a commie from the F.B.I."

Well, you know I had to leave there, I'll tell you what  
I done,  
I slipped five dollars in his hand, and I began to run.  
I walk the streets of Belfast, from the New Lodge to the  
Falls,  
Watching the rubber bullets goin' a bouncing off the walls.

SIDE A—4.

### **Tuten Carson's Tomb**

After the revolution, I often wondered  
about the impressions of explorers when  
they came into a jungle clearing and dis-  
covered Stormont, the ancient seat of  
power of the Orange monolith. What  
priceless pieces of booty will the Fer-  
managh Pharaoh Harry West and the Sun  
King Twisted-Mouth Faulkner leave  
posterity when the old regime crumbles  
into the dustbin of history?

Deep in the jungle near Kerryduff  
We came to a clearing, and sure enough,  
There it was: Tuten Carson's hidden tomb—Stormount.  
We found an ancient statue at the gate,  
Tuten Carson himself, all full of hate.  
We wandered up that concrete road  
Where the winds of change had long since blow'd.  
We could tell by the bullet holes in the door  
The assembly in there wasn't meeting no more.  
We walked across that great big room  
In the middle of the chamber was the pharaoh's tomb.  
On a Cyril Lord carpet three feet deep  
His possessions were piled in a great big heap.  
You'd never believe what we did find  
There were stocks and shares of every kind.  
A bullet-proof vest made of solid jade—  
A personal gift that Whitelaw made.  
But as we opened up the top,  
Holy God, says I, for we got a shock.  
He was wearing a bowler hat made of solid gold,



A twist on his lips, but his feet were cold.  
 Up on the wall was the mummy's curse:  
 Here lies Pharaoh Faulkner, one of the worst.  
 The foreign speculator's pride,  
 They were making a fortune till he died.  
 Overthrown by the people in '71 A.D.  
 After the demonstrations.  
 Those hieroglyphics on the wall  
 Told the story of the great downfall.  
 Every year when the 12th did come  
 They put on a sash and beat a Cambeg drum.  
 Remember 190 were the cries,  
 The last time the workers in Belfast got a rise.  
 For fifty years they'd had their fun  
 Till Stormount fell in '71.  
 They tried again in '73,  
 But the people said no, we want to be free.  
 And they made it.  
 We'd solved the mystery of that ancient race.  
 Drowned like Atlantis without a trace.  
 The answer there was plain to see,  
 One land that enslaves another  
 Itself can never be free.

SIDE A—5.

### **The Freedom Fighter**

The small back street ghettoes of Belfast  
 have been the setting for so many of the  
 battles in the present struggle. They have  
 suffered most of the direct oppression  
 of British imperialism and in return have  
 produced many of the leaders and sadly  
 but inevitably the martyrs who have paid  
 with their lives to see this country free.  
 People who will be remembered when  
 the names of the generals and the pol-  
 iticians have long been forgotten, this  
 is a song about them.

JOE Mc CANN

From the back streets of the city, from the darkness came  
 a man  
 Dressed in a battle jacket, with a carbine in his hand.  
 He came to lead the people, told them, "Do not be afraid,  
 If working people organise, we'll win," that's what  
 he said.

Through Belfast he would wander, with a big price on  
 his head,  
 The poor did not betray him, for in their homes he stayed.  
 Internment came, they did not take him, "Go to the  
 South," they said.  
 No more we'll run, but hold our guns at the barricades  
 instead.

Came the night I well remember, the night of the  
 market raid,  
 The people's army in the street, outnumbered, unafraid.  
 With a small band of his comrades, a regiment he held  
 at bay,  
 All night he fought to hold them off that his men might  
 get away.

Down Joy Street he was walking, the Branch men laid  
 their plan.  
 The soldiers shot him down unarmed, they feared that  
 brave young man.  
 They shot him in the Markets, the People's friend was  
 lying dead,  
 We'll not forget the words he spoke, "Organise now,"  
 big Joe said.

SIDE A—6.

### **Paddy Reilly**

There is no one Paddy Reilly, there are  
 hundreds. Now that they are off, they're  
 not about to crawl back into their ghetto.

Well, have you heard the story  
 That is going round today,  
 For me good mate Paddy Reilly  
 Up and joined the IRA  
 And he's off with a rifle in his hand  
 And he's fighting with that gallant band,  
 They're fighting for the freedom of the people.

He wears no fancy uniform,  
 He learnt no clever drill,  
 But he trained with his rifle  
 And he uses it to kill.  
 And he moves with the cunning of a fox  
 He's firing lead, no longer rocks,  
 Well, here's to the men like Paddy Reilly.

He used to work on a building site,  
 He was shop steward there.  
 Now there's a ban on overtime  
 So he's got time to spare.  
 And so he's learned a different trade  
 And when the army makes a raid  
 They have to face the men like Paddy Reilly.

He doesn't care who fought for what  
 At the Battle of the Beyne,  
 But he knows what it's like to live  
 On the Falls Road and Ardoyne.  
 For religion's not his cup of tea  
 But he's got a thing about liberty,  
 Fighting now for freedom, Paddy Reilly.

For liberals and moderates  
 He does not give a straw,  
 They let us rot for fifty years  
 And said, now keep the law.  
 They say, now wait another hundred years  
 And help to allay these right-wing fears,  
 Crawl back in your gutter, Paddy Reilly.

But Paddy now is off his knees  
 And standing on his feet.  
 And the people there behind him  
 Weave an empire's winding sheet.  
 For dodging among the tanks and cars  
 He whiles away the night time hours  
 Planting bombs for freedom, Paddy Reilly.



### **The Leaving of Belfast**

An immigration ballad composed in 1970 in the early days of the struggle when CS gas and RUC brutality made many a man despair of trying to raise a family in such conditions. Was the price worth it and could things ever really be changed? Fortunately many did stay to fight for a better life for their kids.

I lived my life in Belfast town, and oft times I've  
asked why  
That evil men and orders were allowed to bleed us dry.  
I was born in a dirty tenement in a district falling down  
And I tell you, John, it won't be long till I leave Belfast  
town.

Belfast's a northern city where decent men are few,  
Where drums and flags have hid the eyes of working men,  
it's true.  
Where democracy means hypocrisy, and corruption does  
abound,  
Oh, I tell you John, it won't be long till I leave Belfast  
town.

Oh, now tell me John, you've been and gone all round this  
world to see,  
And have you found a country where a poor man might  
be free?  
Where there are no greedy landlords, or forces of  
the crown,  
Oh, tell me John, and I'll be gone far from old Belfast  
town.

They have the minds with poison, and I fear it is too late,  
To wash these walls for ever of the words that speak of  
hate.  
All freedom has been banished and honest men put down,  
And I tell you John, it won't be long till I leave Belfast  
town.

There's barricades and burning now, and soldiers walk the  
street,  
There's C.S. gas from England that the hungry kids  
can eat.  
Our town's an old sand castle, and the waves begin to  
pound,  
And I tell you John, it won't be long till I leave Belfast  
town.

### **SIDE B**

#### **Crossmaglen**

Once described as the 'Dien Bien Phu' of the British Army, the village of Crossmaglen has become a legend in the struggle for Independence. Situated on the border of South Armagh its local IRA units roam at will, inflicting heavy casualties on the occupying forces. Its rugged terrain has proved to be ideal training ground for a new generation of rural guerrillas. Michael McVerrey was the leader of these men. Even today the Republican flag, which the Paratroopers failed to lower, flies proudly over the village in his honour.

#### **Jesus and Jesse**

The last person to write surrealist fantasies like this in Ireland was Oliver St. John Gogarty — and he's dead. If you're not from Belfast you'll have difficulty in understanding Brian Whoriskey's song.

Don't worry, so does he. Anyway, it's dedicated to the Belfast Lumberjacks who, we are informed, Rule OK!

#### **Twomey's Escape**

I don't think there was a man or woman in Ireland — apart from Patrick Cooney — who didn't shake their head in admiration when three IRA leaders escaped from Mountjoy Jail in Dublin in a hijacked helicopter.

#### **Princess Anne**

The armed services appear to be a favourite dumping ground for the male members of the British Royal family, but when the young daughter of our gracious Queen married recently, few Belfast punters were giving a price about seeing the new son-in-law in a flak jacket on the Falls Road. With four month tours of duty every regiment in the British army has served in Ulster, but still we wait in vain for the gallant Mark to weigh in.

#### **The Multi-Storey**

When housing allocation in Ulster was in the hands of the local authorities, graft and corruption was so rampant and discrimination so blatant that the people finally took to the streets. The barbed humour of the song is not restricted to Belfast but will be appreciated by any family forced to live in a multi-storey with the lifts constantly out of order.

#### **The Island Men**

With high unemployment, emigration has been the only answer for many an Irishman for the last 150 years. The 'Island Men' of the song are the workers of Harland and Wolff shipyards on the Queens Island in Belfast. They too have known what it is to be laid off without warning and forced to take the boat to England.

#### **Bloody Sunday**

They marched from the Creggan to the Bogside and stood at Free Derry corner, in the shadow of the Rosville flats listening to the speakers demanding justice and civil rights for all. Before they would return to their homes their banner would be bloodstained, thirteen innocent men would be dead, dozens would be wounded. The perpetrators of the massacre, the officers and men of the Paratroop Regiment, were quickly acquitted by Lord Widgery; no more than the Irish people have come to expect from "Impartial British Justice". And her Britannic Majesty Elizabeth Regina was so pleased she graciously awarded butcher Wilford the OBE in 1974.

#### **THE MEN OF NO PROPERTY**

Barney McIlvogue, Brian Whoriskey, Irene Clarke, Sandra Kelly, John Fallon and Gordon McCaffrey.

All songs on this LP are (c) copyright of the authors and Resistance Records. This LP is dedicated to Rita, who knows where it's at, even if she can't always get there.

**May 1975.**