

PAREDON RECORDS P - 1006

# This Is Free Belfast!

Irish Rebel Songs of the Six Counties recorded in Belfast by

THE MEN OF NO PROPERTY



## WE ARE NOT SLAVES

by Bernadette Devlin

I don't know who you are and you may know who I am, but you don't exactly know what's happening in the part of the world I came from. There is a school of thought prevalent in the U. S. and everywhere else in the world outside Northern Ireland. That is, that we have, in our small beleaguered country, religious prejudice. That seems to shock most people.

But we don't have religious prejudice really. You're getting much too sophisticated in America for that, in this country, and so you sort of look back at our less technological, less complex, much smaller, less rich, more ignorant country. You say, "They're still fighting over religion."

We have the international press in a dilemma. What is to be done? What is to be done about this religious problem that refuses to solve itself? What is to be done by these people in the 20th Century who insist on having medieval arguments about theology, when religion is a dying art in the rest of the world. And they don't understand what's happening. . .

But let me try to explain therefore what's happening in our country and why I consider it's exactly the same thing that's happening in your country and whether you like to admit it or not, it's very easy to see what's happening on the other side of the Atlantic because it doesn't hurt any of you to accept the truth when it's very far away.

Just in case any of you had any misconceptions, I've been told by the white liberals of America that there are no working class whites. They're all affluent; they're all in the trade unions getting far too much money.

It would appear to me that up in Seattle, (Wash.) there's a lot of working class people who have suddenly discovered they're not affluent at all. They belong to the 15% unemployed. But if you will take your ethnic minorities, you've got the blacks, you've got the reds, I don't mean the communists at this stage, I mean the people who owned America before your lot arrived. . . you've got the yellows and the browns and somehow you call them ethnic minorities because you're afraid to face up to a simple fact. If you add them all up, you come to the old American concept of democratic majority. There is more of them than there are of you -- more blacks and browns and reds and whites who are ordinary people, who suffer from the problems of America, than there are great white liberals trying to solve those problems.

Now apart from the statistics of a million and a half of a population in our six counties of Northern Ireland, we have statistics that are much more relevant to the ordinary lives of ordinary people. Because you see, we're not really two-dimensional. We don't live in the papers. We weren't invented in 1968. We're not just sort of casualties, in figures of two soldiers, three Catholics and four Protestants, in the headlines of the national news.

We're people who live in houses and rear families and go to work when we can get some; and we feel that in order to be able to do that, it requires a certain amount of power, a certain amount of acceptance of our dignity and of our right to live in decent houses and do a decent day's work and be able to feed our children on it.

That appears to me a certain amount of reason to ask of anybody. At this stage we're not about to frighten anyone with any thoughts of revolution. We're just talking about ordinary people living in ordinary houses wanting ordinary things. In Northern Ireland we don't have them. In America you don't have them.

We have 10% of our male population unemployed throughout the whole of Northern Ireland. When you go away from the industrial east, the unemployment figures rise. We have 28% unemployment in the center of Northern Ireland. As you go further west into the more rural communities, we have 40% male unemployment. And in areas of the city of Derry, like the Catholic ghettos, we have 50% and higher than that unemployment.

Now you see, those things aren't interesting. They don't make for good newspaper reading. It's much better to tell the people of America that we're fighting over religion. In the ghettos where you've got 50% unemployment, the Catholics and the Protestants are given to fighting.

They are not given to defending Papal infallibility, the Virgin Birth, or the 34 Articles. They don't care about what the bishop is preaching. What they're fighting about is not their differences of religion but the fact that they both need houses. Both sections of the community need work, both sections of the community need more money and neither section of the community is getting it. That would appear to relate to the American situation. It would appear to relate to the European situation.

Then you come to the next stage in the vicious circle. Because we have high unemployment and therefore low wages and no security, those people who are in power

keep the working class fighting among itself.

Again it's the same situation you have. You have the discrimination between blacks and whites, between Chicanos and Puerto Ricans. You have a sort of graded system of who came in on the last banana boat, as to where his or her turn on the very bottom of the ladder is and that person gets the end of everything. You've got discrimination. So have we, you see, so it's not an Irish problem. Because again, whether you like it or not, whether you think there's no working class in America, it's a myth. To be working class means to be that class of person who produces the wealth of the world. And none of us produce it all on our own.

Five percent who own and control the wealth of the world have more to do with their time than come down here and listen to me -- because they've heard it all before. My kind of body's been running about for a long time, getting above their station, thinking the working class is actually going to assert this right of theirs to own the means of production.

We have a government statistic in Britain. I am quite sure if you look at the same government statistics in America it works out just the same. Five percent of our population in Britain owns and controls 85% of the private wealth (which) comes out of the taxpayer's pockets (and) comes from our work. But if this 5% owns and controls 85% of the wealth, then it would appear that 95% of us who constitute the workers of the world are surviving on 15% of it. And that doesn't seem to be democratic or fair at all. That's real discrimination.

We have lived under the system of capitalism for several hundred years. And we the working class have been told that that is the system under which we must live. But our history tells us (and in most countries, in Ireland as with the black people of America) our history is unwritten. We know what capitalism has done for us. We have become the fodder in its wars in profit-making in its fighting against itself. We're the cog wheels that keep humanity working in order to make money, to make power. We don't like that. I think it's quite reasonable that we shouldn't like it, 'cause we are human beings, we're not cog wheels.

There wasn't one of us born on the earth to be somebody's slave. And we're not prepared to accept that we're not people's slaves while they control our lives. And we know we cannot control our own lives, until we control the wealth and the power of the world. . . We say to our people that we have power and we're such a big majority -- we have power!

And so you have in August 1969 an attack by the police on the Catholic community. Catholic working class ghetto.

People defended themselves. The British army was "brought in to defend the people." I've never heard of a military army being brought in to keep the peace before; that's impossible.

We all know what soldiers are for. That's why most young kids today don't want to join armies. We don't want to be trained to kill. We don't think killing is a very nice idea. We're the violent revolutionaries, you know, the blood's going to be flowing down the street.

I don't think we're doing anything peculiar. We just organize, educate, struggle. And anytime we look like we're getting anywhere near winning, somebody's jack boot comes down on our throat. It's the police, then the Ulster Defense Regiment, or the National Guard, then the British army or the American army -- it's happened all through our history everytime we've tried to assert our right to survival.

When you start off, as I started off, the little liberal student, who became part of a civil rights movement and you apply your mind to solving the problems, you've got to face the facts, the problems of the working class people. In case you never noticed, the rich don't die of starvation. I've never heard of it happening. It's the poor who die of starvation. You'll never end that situation until you end the system which exists. The system which exists is capitalism.

Text of a speech by Bernadette Devlin delivered at Oregon State University, Corvallis, Oregon, during her tour of the United States in the spring of 1971. (From the *Grass Roots Forum*)



Bernadette Devlin and Bogside demonstrators

## Side 1, Band 1: CRY MURDER!

Words: Wlyd  
Sung by: McHenry  
Accompaniment: Whistle, Guitar

DEDICATION: To the memory of PATRICK ROONEY' aged nine, killed by a stray bullet, Divis Street, Belfast, during the fighting on the night of 14th August, 1969.

On that night, Northern Ireland's 90% Protestant police force, the Royal Ulster Constabulary (RUC), rioted throughout the Catholic ghettos of Belfast. They savagely attacked innocent people and drove through the streets indiscriminately firing their weapons. One result of this demonstration of the RUC's fascist and racist interpretation of law and order was the murder of little Patrick Rooney while he lay in his bed.

One wonders if Patrick's father could view his little boy's body with part of his head blown off, the room awash with Patrick's blood, and then dismiss this horror from his mind with a "manly" shrug of his shoulders and the utterance of some bromide such as "War is hell!"

One wonders how Irish-Americans would react if somehow the policeman who murdered Patrick was convicted, but later freed and made a hero of by the Prime Minister or the Premier.

The street lamp light is fading now,  
The sun begins to rise,  
Armoured police, like beetles creep,  
As factory whistles blow,  
Workers scurry to the mills, another day begun,  
In Belfast, August, '69, 'midst the terror  
Of the gun.

Rows of red-bricked houses, soulless,  
Charred and burnt,  
Stand face to face and back to back,  
There's no lace curtains now  
An echo from the distant past,  
Impervious to pain,  
Cement and bricks and human skull  
Will raise them up again.

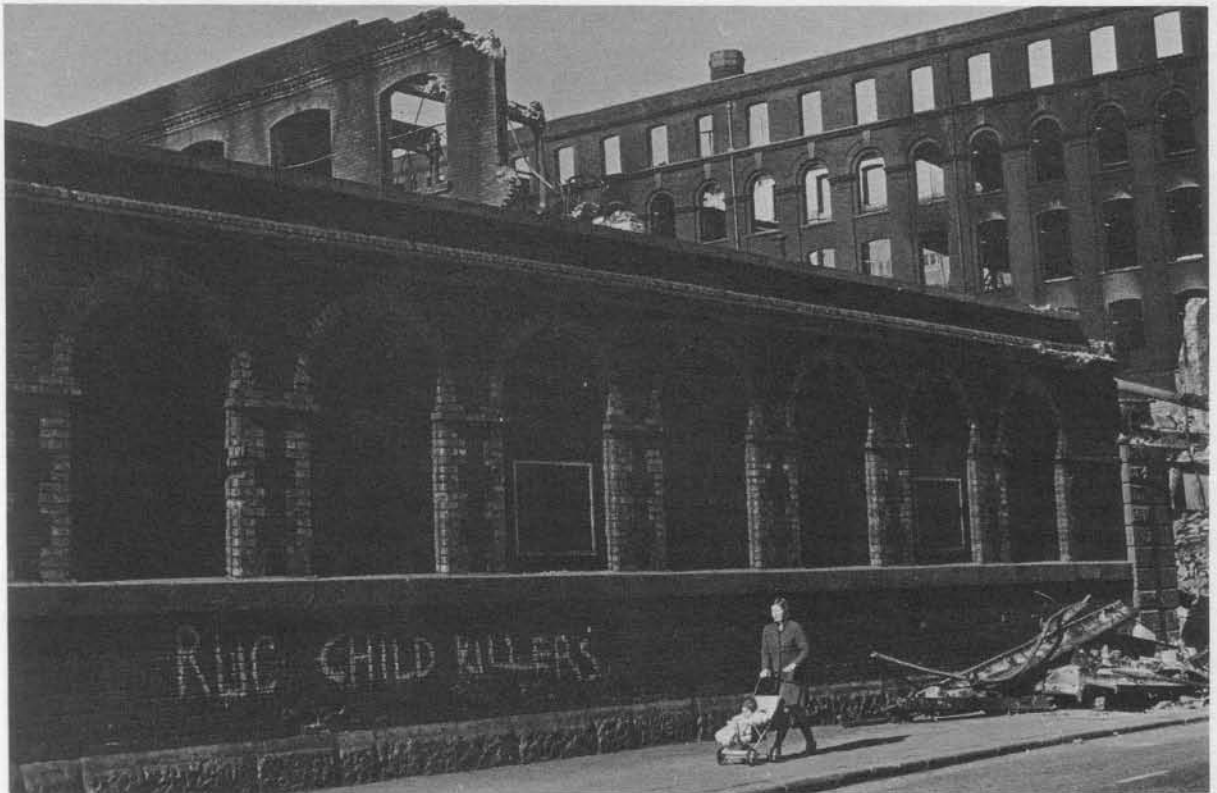
From my flat above the streets I stare,  
I curse my new found home,  
No human skill will raise my love,  
To bloom into a man,

Shot by cowards in his bed  
At the tender age of nine,  
CRY MURDER! my child Patrick's dead  
In Belfast '69.

## Side 1, Band 2: WHY ARE THE BRITISH TROOPS HERE?

Why are the British troops here? To police the "new solutions" for the more efficient exploitation of Catholic and Protestant workers in Ireland. We are opposed to British Troops, not particularly because they are British, but because they have come as the policemen for a society run by the British, German and American industrialists, a society in which Protestants and Catholics will be expected to work quietly together for minimal wages, in modern factories, which will amass for their foreign shareholders profits far greater than those ever extracted from Ireland before...

If the battle cries of the coming months are to be "I hate the Prods," "I hate the British" and "I hate the Catholics," and if those who fight have no wider understanding of what they are involved in, the workers of Belfast -- Protestant and Catholic -- face a tragic blood



bath, while their masters, the Unionist ruling class, and the foreign industrialists, face, by contrast, a temporary inconvenience, followed by decades of supremacy over an impoverished and confused pool of cheap labour...

That is why it's not enough to say "Fight British troops." Some in the IRA may well claim that to do so is to fight the true fight against British Imperialism. But remember this: for every family happy to sleep under the tricolor, there is another living without a decent roof over its' head in the Fianna Fail puppet state of the South... In 1916, Connolly fought in an alliance with middle-class nationalists; he did not live to see the southern workers betrayed by the Sinn Fein. He fought in circumstances far more favorable than those in the North today. It would be a tragedy indeed, for the North, if the best and most militant of its Socialists were to meet their fate fighting behind barricades in Catholic areas, faced by the British Army and most Protestant workers, simply because they had failed to understand the real requirements for a Revolutionary movement in the North until it was too late. Every time an Anti-Imperialist movement has developed in the North, the forces of Imperialism have relied on sectarianism to divide the working class to defeat revolt. Why hand them the weapons of victory yet again? When working class people march because they have no jobs, when tenants in slums go on rent strike, when workers demand fair wages, or control of their factories, when fisherman seize their fisheries from foreign business interests, when small farmers rise up against the great land-owners, then the British Army will intervene as always, but then we will be fighting the true struggle against Imperialism in Ireland.

We must fight the British troops on our own ground, when they are actively defending British economic interests in Ireland, and not when they are merely standing between warring sections of the Irish working class.

*Excerpts from "Soldiers of the Empire" by John Gray, read by an Irish rebel.*

### Side 1, Band 3: BURNTOLLET BRIDGE AMBUSH

Words: Wyld

Air: "Boys of Sandy Row"

Sung by: Wyld

Accompaniment: Accordion, guitar, percussion

This ballad commemorates an incident in which police and civilian enemies of the civil rights movement conspired to attack a peaceful demonstration at Burntollet Bridge during a march from Belfast to Londonderry.

"A horde of people appeared, armed with iron bars, clubs, and bottles. Many were wearing white arm-bands and helmets. Six men with clubs jumped out from the right and began, indiscriminately, to club people round me... I was struck four times on the head and several times on the shoulders..."

"Standing on the side of the bridge... was a large, middle-aged, well-dressed man...he whipped what seemed like a police baton out of his overcoat pocket and smashed it on the back of the nearest marcher. Boys and girls went down, one after another."

Extract from "Unholy Smoke" by G.W. Target.

Come all who fight for liberty,  
And hear me tell my tale,  
Think on the first January,  
In dear old Granuaile,  
Resolved to march to Derry  
We left old Belfast town,  
Burntollet we'll remember  
Where they tried to club us down.

The gentry organized thugs  
To halt the march at Antrim,  
Advised by Major Bunting,  
The Orange poet pilgrim,  
As darkness fell more hostile groups  
Came from the county manse,  
With black thorn sticks and cudgels,  
*Honi soit qui' mal y pense.*

We slept that night at Whitehall,  
Wakened by a bomb scare,  
The second day of January  
To Toome we did repair,  
But Randalstown proved difficult,  
Harrassed along the way,  
Chichester Clarke and Robin  
Came out to see fair play.

BUT FREEDOM SHINES BEFORE US LADS ,  
WE'LL SEEK IT DAY BY DAY,  
AND IF WE STRIVE AND PERSEVERE;  
SHE'LL MEET US HALF THE WAY.

We were cheered on at Galladuff  
And heard with great dismay,  
That Orangemen at Maghera  
Had cudgels on display,  
T'was council given by the cops,  
Those men of great renown,  
So in Brackaghreilly Hall  
That night we slept, outside the town.

The bleak Glenshane we crossed o'er,  
Farrell took command,  
Dungiven town was cordoned off,  
The police bid us to stand,  
We formed in ranks with arms linked,  
The cordon broke in twain,  
To Feeney marched victorious,  
Our ranks we did maintain.

We slept that night at Claudy,  
Sixty miles from Belfast,  
Abused and harrassed every mile,  
We suffered for our protest,  
Non-violence our slogan,  
One family, one house,  
One man, one job, one man, one vote,  
Repeat repressive laws.

THEN COURAGE BOYS, THE DAY WILL COME,  
TO SOOTHE OUR TOIL AND PAIN,  
WE'LL LIFT NO HAND OR WEAPON,  
THEIR ANGER TO INFLAME.

January Fourth, Paisley, Paisley was the cry,  
Burntollet we had reached,

Attackers and police waiting in ambush together on the high ground at Burntollet. Photo from: "Burntollet," a special investigatory report by Bowes Egan and Vincent MacCormack.



Bricks and bottles from the sky,  
Get the bastards, fenian whores,  
Club the students down,  
Make sure their skulls are cracked  
Before they reach Derry town.

With long spiked clubs beat their legs,  
Throw them in the river,  
Drag them over broken glass,  
For Paisley, our deliverer.  
Save the police, help them run,  
Get them to their tenders,  
Iron bars, clubs and bottles;  
Christ, they won't defend us.

Spencer Road in Derry,  
We've made it with our blood,  
More bricks and bottles, from the crown,  
Came from the friends of God,  
Over the Craigavon Bridge  
And into Guildhall Square,  
The downfall of the police  
Began in Derry's city fair.

SO JOIN WITH HEAD,  
WITH HEART AND HAND  
AND DRIVE DESPAIR AWAY,  
BETTER TIMES ARE COMING FRIENDS,  
WE'LL MARCH AND WIN THE DAY.

#### Side 1, Band 4:

#### IT'S A MAN'S LIFE IN THE ARMY

Words: Wyld  
Air: "Rocks of Baun"  
Sung by: Wyld  
Accompaniment: Guitar

When I was five my mother died,  
At twelve I left my home,  
At eighteen years I took the shilling,  
My career had begun,  
For fifteen years I've slogged on foot,  
A soldier of the crown  
Now I curse the unemployment  
Made me leave old Belfast town.

As a soldier of foot brigade,  
I've been to foreign parts,  
I've seen the sun rise in the East,  
Broke many a girlie's heart,  
I've left them in the streets to mourn,  
While I marched off to play,  
My part in keeping riots down  
At two pounds ten a day.

I'd a mate was killed in Germany in 1965,  
It's a man's life in the Army  
For those that stay alive,  
He was crushed below a lorry  
As he staggered down the street,  
Cheap drink was never mentioned  
On the Army report sheet.

They've used me as a blackleg  
When the dockers go on strike,  
Sometimes I think desertion  
Should be a squaddies right,  
The sergeant says it's Bolshie now,  
To dream of civvy life,  
So they've sent me back to Belfast town,  
To teach me wrong from right.

It's right to be a soldier in the military role,  
But it's wrong to be a civvy cause you  
Might be on the dole,  
And it's right to earn your living  
As a soldier of the crown,  
To be unemployed since leaving school  
Is wrong in Belfast town.

So I think of the Queen of England,  
And I'm glad that I'm employed,  
Pumping CS gas at children,  
'Till their parents get annoyed,  
I'm glad I joined the Army now,  
To teach me wrong from right,  
To hell with your unemployment now,  
Like me you'll have to fight.

Side 1, Band 5:

**CRAIG'S DRAGOONS**

Words: Wyld

Air: "Dolly's Brae"

Sung by: Lavery

Accompaniment: Guitar, whistle, mandolin.

Come all you Ulster Protestants  
And in full chorus join,  
Think on the deed's of Craig's Dragoons,  
Who struck below the groin,  
And drink a toast to the truncheon  
And the armoured water hose,  
That mowed a path through civil rights  
And spat on papish clothes.

We've gerrymandered Derry,  
But Croppy won't lie down,  
He calls himself a citizen  
And wants votes in the town,  
But that Saturday in Duke Street,  
We slipped the velvet glove,  
The iron hands of Craig's Dragoons  
Soon crunched a Croppy dove.

MacAteer and Curry, Gerry Fitt and others too,  
Were fool enough to lead the van  
Expecting to get through,  
But our hero commandos, let loose at last to play,  
Did annihilate the rights of man  
In the noon time of the day.

They downed women and children  
For Teagues all overbreed,  
They used the baton on men's heads,  
For Craig would pay no heed,  
And then the boys placed in plain clothes,  
They lent a loyal hand,  
To massacre those Derry boys  
Behind the Crossley van.

Oh, William Craig, you are our love,  
Our lily and our sash,  
You have the boys who fear no noise,  
Who'll batter and who'll bash,  
They'll cordon and they'll baton charge,  
They'll silence protest tunes,  
They are the hounds of Ulster boys,  
Sweet William Craig's Dragoons.

Side 1, Band 6:

**HUGHES' BAKERY VAN**

Monologue written and performed by McIlvogue,  
with drum and flute.

In recognition of its outstanding service in defense of the Catholics of the Falls Road, Hughes Bakery Van takes a place of honor next to Johnson's motor car as one of the principle vehicles of Irish freedom.

However, intelligence reports coming into the Falls indicate that the Scotch-Irish of the Shankill Road Department of Defense are developing something they call Annie's Lorry. If Annie's Lorry is as good as it's cracked up to be, its encounter with Hughes' Bakery Van should make the great battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac look like a pillow fight in comparison.

I remember the time not too long in the past,  
When it was easier to get a gun than a drink  
in Belfast,  
When the B-Specials came and the people all ran,  
Sure my life it was saved by the oul' bakery van.

CHORUS.

IT WAS HUGHES  
AYE BARNEY HUGHES  
AH! GOD REST BARNEY HUGHES  
AND HJS OUL' BAKERY VAN.

The day it was passing down by Dover Street,  
When the victory of Bogside was turned bitter  
sweet,  
They came from the Shankill and fired as they ran,  
But the bullets just bounced off my oul' bakery van.

CHORUS.

Our armoured division it was led by McKee,  
In charge of an oul' bakery van and an oul' J.C.B.  
But if Rommel had seen him he'd have turned up  
and smiled,  
Firing baps by the dozen, cement by the pile.

CHORUS.

Then mounted machine guns on turret cars came,  
Bullets three inches long whistled down like the  
rain,  
And the oul' bakery van it was pierced front and  
back,  
But the baps in the van, they repelled the attack.

CHORUS

You'll hear variations and most of them lies,  
The people of the Falls Road were took by surprise,  
So we fired Hughes' baps and we fired Hughes' rolls,  
And we buried those Specials all down the  
manholes.

CHORUS.

Come all of you women take warning by me,  
Don't go buying your pan loaf or Hovis so free,  
But stand on the corner and wait on the man,  
He'll be around sure as God in his oul' bakery van.

CHORUS.

Side 1, Band 7:

**BALLAD OF DANNY O'HAGAN**

Words: McIlvogue

Air: "Jamie Foyers"

Sung by: McIlvogue

Danny O'Hagan, a nineteen-year old apprentice electrician, was cold-bloodedly shot to death at twenty yards by British soldiers under the command of General Ian Freeland, while standing on a Belfast street corner. In the report, the British claim O'Hagan was throwing a petrol bomb: the people who were with him said he was unarmed. O'Hagan's

death was followed by a march of tribute by 5,000 people, and six days of rioting with increased use of petrol bombs. As Liam McMillan, a Republican leader of the North, said, "The history of Ireland shows that the more repression that is used against the Irish people, the more they will resist it."

Cry murder, cry murder, for that's all it was,  
They shot young O'Hagan without any cause,  
He walked to the corner,  
Searching for his young friend,  
When a gunman in khaki, his young life did end.

He was only nineteen, and completely unarmed,  
As down by the New Lodge,  
The British troops stormed,  
Pick targets, aim, fire, the officer said.  
They fired from point blank range,  
O'Hagan fell dead.

We threw bricks and threw bottles,  
But what was the use,  
They used more bloody gas  
Than used on the Jews,  
But we fought on regardless,  
Every man to the last,  
For we saw them do murder  
That night in Belfast.

Bad luck to you Freeland,  
You gave the command,  
It's you that we blame,  
Putting guns in their hands,  
You bowed to the pressure of  
Stormont's right wing,  
But revenge on your Empire,  
One day we will bring.

# Barricade

## Belfast edition

# TWO NIGHTS

## Chichester-Clark's murder gangs in Belfast

**ON THURSDAY, 14 August the Bogside defenders drove the RUC and B-Specials right back to their barracks in Strand Road. By 6 o'clock British troops had moved in and cleared Stormont's uniformed thugs off the streets of Derry. The Bogside had won. The Unionist regime's attempt to conquer them had failed.**

To compensate his bigoted followers for this defeat, Chichester-Clark called out the B-Specials. By early evening the Shankill Road was filling up with this Orange militia carrying sub-machine guns. Mobs of Unionist extremists surged around openly brandishing weapons and some were given guns by the B-men.

That night the mobs surged down the side-streets leading to the Falls, wrecking and burning Catholic houses. They were escorted by the B-men. Most of the frightened Catholics fled, but some put up a brave but futile resistance with stones and petrol-bombs. The Specials opened fire with sub-machine guns.

As the night wore on gangs of Specials, on foot or in private cars, roamed the Falls, firing into houses and burning and looting shops. They were followed by RUC armoured cars with heavy machine guns strafing streets and houses. Snipers mounted on high buildings raked the Falls and Springfield roads. Only after all this were a few guns produced and the invaders driven back.

### Fired into crowd

The results next morning: Rows of burnt out houses in Conway Street, Cupar Street and Dover Street, four people killed and 127 wounded. Ardoyne had also been invaded on Thursday night and one man was killed in his own home. In Armagh, a line of specials had fired without warning into a crowd and killed one man and wounded two. In Belfast the invasion of Catholic ghettos by Unionist mobs aided by B-Specials and RUC in armoured cars, and well-positioned snipers, all pointed to a co-ordinated attack.



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# Barricades \* Bulletin

at least 1d

# NIGHTS OF TERROR

Chichester-Clark spoke at Stormont and gave the official version. It was an IRA insurrection which had to be put down. Apparently the IRA had burnt down Catholic houses and spent the night shooting into homes on the Falls Road. Clark had not a word of sympathy for the innocent victims his private army had murdered.

On Friday the terror continued. Bombay Street and Kashmir Road were burnt down and sprayed with bullets in broad daylight. A youth was killed. Snipers continued firing into the Falls and Ardoyne, but by evening the Falls was barricaded off and the British troops were on the streets. That night the Falls was quiet. So much for Clark's 'IRA insurrection'.

Meanwhile women and children were moving out of Ardoyne. There were desperate appeals for troops there as well. Military head quarters announced they couldn't go in without permission from Stormont. Stormont refused. They said all was quiet on the Crumlin and well under control. Another night of terror was necessary to satisfy their followers.

That night the mobs of Unionist extremists backed by Specials and the RUC invaded Ardoyne. They burnt Brookfield Street, parts of Hooker Street, Butler Street and the front of the Crumlin Road. Another man was killed and many wounded. On Saturday the troops moved in and all was quiet.

## Fanatical gang

For two nights Catholic areas in Belfast underwent a reign of terror. Eight people were killed - one a nine years

old child - and hundreds wounded. Five hundred houses and many pubs were burnt and thousands rendered homeless.

Chichester-Clark knows what the Specials are like. His father was one of their first commanders. He knew that to loose this fanatical gang of Orange thugs on Belfast would lead to wholesale murder and destruction.

Why did Clark unleash this murder gang? The Unionist Party have preached arrogance and hatred for so long that they could not afford to admit defeat in the Bogside. To appease the blood lust of their supporters they had to compensate them for this disappointment. What better compensation than licence to pillage and burn the Catholic ghettos with the Specials at their back to help them? The Unionists have incited pogroms before this to serve their selfish ends. Why not another one? A few lives had to be sacrificed for the good of the Unionist regime.

The people to blame for the two nights of terror in Belfast are not the hate-crazed mobs or even the brutal fanatical Specials. The guilty ones are the Unionist bosses who by their bigoted, lying speeches have stirred the mobs up to this pitch of hate and then turned them loose, the cruel and cynical liars like Chichester-Clark who, having caused the murder and bloodshed of Thursday night, can blame it on the IRA and stir up yet more hate.

The blood of those killed and wounded on Thursday and Friday is on the hands of Chichester-Clark, Faulkner, Porter and the rest. They are the real murderers.

## OUR DEMANDS

THE PEOPLE behind the barricades have four immediate demands:

Disband and disarm the B-Specials

Disarm the RUC and sack their senior officers

Release the internees and repeal the Special Powers Act

Westminster must act over the head of the Stormont junta

Until these demands are granted the barricades must stay up.

The barricades are there to defend the people. While the B-Special force is in existence -

no matter who "controls" their areas - and while the RUC are armed and under their present leadership, the people in the Bogside and the Falls areas are in danger and must protect themselves.

If the barricades come down while the Special Powers Act is still in use then many people now behind the barricades will join those already interned in Crumlin Road jail.

In the last two weeks the Stormont junta have shown themselves to be a gang of callous,

lying bigots prepared to sacrifice the lives of innocent people to preserve the unity of their party and their system of corruption and patronage. The people who have been under attack can never trust the word of this gang of thieves again.

The British government finances the Stormont gang and arms their thuggish Specials and RUC. They are ultimately responsible for their puppets' crimes. It is time they acted over Stormont's head. The people behind the barricades will accept nothing less.

## THE BOGSIDE DOODLE BUG

Words: McIlvogue  
Sung by: McIlvogue, with group  
Accompaniment: Guitar

They came down the Bann in war ships,  
Sailing out from Belfast town,  
The R.U.C. and Specials, to put the riots down,  
They flattened out like lemons,  
And the ground they had to hug,  
When there came a loud explosion  
From the Bogside Doodle Bug.

### CHORUS:

RUN BACK, RUN BACK,  
WE'RE UNDER FIERCE ATTACK,  
HOIST THE WHITE FLAG WILLIAM,  
THE SERGEANT SADLY CRIED,  
IT WAS THE BOGSIDE DOODLE BUG,  
THE POOR MAN HE HAD SPIED.

Now this missile of the people  
Was invented by a man,  
Unemployed for fourteen years  
When his good work he began,  
Says he, it's no use begging  
And for work we'll have to fight,  
So I'll invent a weapon that will  
Make the peelers sh-i-

### CHORUS:

Now the doodle bug's a weapon  
Quite easy for to make,  
Just get yourself some petrol  
And soap powder and some paint,  
It's the pride of the bogside warrior,  
The fear of the men in blue,  
For when it hits the armoured car,  
It sticks to the side like glue.

### CHORUS:

Now the peelers used their batons  
And the Specials used their guns,  
They came roaring through the Bogside  
Like the bloody German Huns,  
They all ran back like cowards,  
For they knew what lay in fate,  
When the music of the Doodle Bug  
Was heard at Butcher's Gate.

### CHORUS:

Now to conclude this truthful story,  
Look up to the sky at night,  
You'll see an object passing by,  
Going at the speed of light,  
It's not a Lunar Module or Aladdin's magic rug,  
It's the discrimination wiper-out,  
The Bogside Doodle Bug.

## Side 1, Band 9:

### THE BALLAD OF CARRICK HILL

Words: McIlvogue  
Air: "Take it Down From the Mast"  
Sung by: Lavery  
Accompaniment: Drums, whistle, mandolin

Up in Tennant Street, the Orangemen assembled,  
Their drums made a terrible din,  
They came down Peter's Hill in their thousands,  
Determined to cross Carrick Hill.

Annie Largy was the first one to see them,  
On her bugle she gave a loud blast,  
From the houses the people came tumbling,  
Swearing that no Orangemen would get past.

Father Bradley ran out of St. Patrick's,  
Gave three chimes on the old chapel bell,  
And the wine victims of Milfield assembled,  
Swearing to give all the Orangemen hell.

Josie Meekin that hero fought so bravely,  
He's a man we never can thank,  
He came out of the scrapyard like Rommel,  
Firing shells from an old German tank.

But at last poor Buxie Drummond was  
Surrounded, outnumbered by forty to one,  
His hatchet with blood was all blunted,  
And the ammunition was done.

But then down from Turf Lodge Reservation,  
Sure the Carrick Hill Arabs did come,  
Bogie Bradley was there with his father,  
And both of them carried a gun.

Tommy Murray he saddled his old piebald,  
Diddler McCann sure he stole a van,  
And Punter O'Donnel came on horseback,  
And the rest of the troops they just ran.

The dawn it was breaking on Belfast,  
Carrick Hill was all covered in red,  
Lenny Deighon was hiring out handcarts,  
For the Orangemen to take home their dead.

## Side 2, Band 1:

### LEAVING BELFAST TOWN

Words: McIlvogue  
Air: "The Hero"  
Sung by: Wyld  
Accompaniment: Guitar, dulcimer

I have lived me life in Belfast town  
And oft times I've asked why,  
That evil men and orders  
Were allowed to bleed us dry,  
Born in a dirty tenement,  
In a district falling down,  
And I tell you John I've often longed  
To leave ould 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,  
And I tell you John I've often longed  
To leave ould Belfast town.

Ah, well now, 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 ould Belfast town.

They have filled the minds with poison,  
And I fear it is too late,  
To wash those walls of hatred  
And the words that speak of hate,  
All freedom has been banished  
And honest men put down,  
And I tell you John, I've oft times longed  
To leave ould Belfast town.

There's barricades and burning now,  
And gunmen walk the street,  
There's CS gas from England  
That the hungry kids can eat,  
Our town's an old sandcastle  
And the waves begin to pound,  
And I tell you John, I've often longed  
To leave ould Belfast town.

Side 2, Band 2:

## THE GREAT EEL ROBBERY

Words: Brown  
Air: "Star of the County Down"  
Sung by: Wyld  
Accompaniment: Harmonica

Northern Ireland's great Lough Neagh is the richest fishing ground of Western Europe. Instead of this natural treasure being the heritage and property of all the people, the fishing rights to its greatest catch, eels, are controlled exclusively by one company, the Dutch-controlled Toome Eel Fisheries (N.I.) Ltd. This company makes the laws, issues licenses, hires bailiffs, prosecutes the fishermen, and can revoke their licenses.

Come all you gallant Ulstermen  
And listen what I say,  
I was a hardworking fisherman  
From the shores of sweet Lough Neagh,  
My father fished the deep at Doss  
And knew it's rocky shores,  
But I have lost my livelihood  
And cannot fish no more.

The cruel decision the judges made  
In Belfast town one day,  
Caused woe and misery for the fishers  
Of Lough Neagh,  
The decision that those judges made  
Our fishing then was doomed,  
When they found in favor of the men  
From the fisheries at Toome.



Now we contend King Charles gave away  
What was not his own,  
A gift that scheming lawyers traced  
To the fishery at Toome,  
They've stolen away what should belong  
To each and every man,  
And for our fate cruel England's law,  
Well, she does not give one damn.

They called our fishing poaching  
And they held us up to scorn,  
Even though it was a heritage  
To which we all were born,  
The waters of Lough Neagh we fished  
As our fathers did before,  
But because of the Toome Eel Fishery  
We cannot fish no more.

For they have a great monopoly  
That stretches Europe round,  
From the Baltic, Scandinavia,  
Even to our own Lough Erne,  
They now control the markets and  
The prices that you pay,  
For nature's bounteous harvest  
Of our inland sea, Lough Neagh.

But though we've had a setback  
The decision we'll reverse,  
For Irishmen they must possess  
What is given them by birth,  
We'll smash that great monopoly  
On Lough Neagh's rocky shore,  
And Irishmen will gain their right  
To fish there evermore.

## Side 2, Band 3:

### THE SMUGGLING MEN

Words: David Hammond  
Air: "Limerick Rake"  
Sung by: Wyld  
Accompaniment: Guitar, mandolin, whistle

Come all you young fellows  
That's bound to a trade,  
Lay down your spanner,  
Your pen and your spade,  
Join in with me now ere  
Your bloom starts to fade,  
And I'll show you a life that's worth living.  
The law is against us and dangers we'll find,  
Over roads, lakes, and valleys  
Your engines will whine,  
So forsake your safe job  
And throw care to the wind,  
-- Run as free as the hare on the mountain.

I'll show you a life in the dead of the night,  
When the rain's lashing down  
And the wind's like a knife,  
And many's the dawn you will spend  
In full flight,  
As the mists curling over the mountain.

The roads unapproved  
And the country looks dead,  
Reliable sources say the rats are in bed,  
Stamp your foot on the brake,  
Douse your lights, look ahead,  
-- Their flashlamps are out to destroy you

You've all heard of traitors  
And spies of ill-fame,  
Informers who don't know  
The meaning of shame,  
To outwit these pimps in the smuggling game,  
You work in secret and quite single-handed,  
They're sleekit, they're greedy,  
It's no respect for the law,  
(For Queen's regulations they  
Don't give a straw)  
But they're snooping around for a  
Stray word to fall,  
--For a few dirty shillings they'd sink you.

The story is finished, the old days are done,  
For smuggling declines like the late-setting sun,  
The tariffs are threatened,  
Free trades nearly won,  
And soon there won't be any customs,  
I sigh for the times when my pulses ran high,  
Lady Luck by my side and the customs close by.  
A tinker, a tailor, or a poor man I'll die,  
For they've spiked our old roads o'er the border. \*

\* Note: During the summer of 1970, the British Army "spiked" 25 roads which crossed the border between Eire and Northern Ireland, in an effort to curtail the support given to the liberation forces in the South.

## Side 2, Band 4:

### THE BOGSIDE MAN

Words: McIlvogue  
Air: "Hogseye Man"  
Sung by: McIlvogue with group

The Bogside man is the man for me,  
He's cut the recruiting in the R.U.C. \*  
He was the Bogside man.

#### CHORUS:

Steady on your aim with the petrol bomb,  
Don't throw it son, till the peelers come.  
I am the Bogside man.

From Belfast town now the Specials came,  
They looked at the sky, it started to rain,  
---- With gratings. (Chorus.)

The Specials came in brown and black,  
Your granny ran out and they all run back,  
She married the Bogside man. (Chorus.)

We're all browned off with the midnight raids,  
Every man to the barricades.  
---- We are the Bogside men. (Chorus.)

The Bogside now has been set free  
The rats have left with the R.U.C.  
---We are the Bogside men. (Chorus.)

In to each room they'll make you cram,  
Less to a room in Pakistan,  
---You are the Bogside man. (Chorus.)

For a house they'll tell you all to save,  
You'll get a tent or a bloody cave,  
--- In the Bogside. (Chorus.)

I haven't the change of a shirt or coat,  
There'll be a change when I get me vote,  
---I am the Bogside man.

\* RUC - Royal Ulster Constabulary

## Side 2, Band 5:

### RUBBER BULLETS

Words: Wyld  
Air: "Football Crazy"  
Sung by: Wyld  
Accompaniment: Guitar, Mandolin

One of the riot control weapons devised by the British Army to maintain the military occupation of Ulster is the rubber bullet. Presumably, this more "humane" tool of warfare will demonstrate the "kindliness" of the authorities in the Six Counties, although its success in achieving that objective has been nil.

#### CHORUS:

Rubber bullets for the ladies,  
Catch them in a CS can,  
Three inches wide, six inches long,  
Take it home to your old man,  
It's an instrument of torture  
To break your legs in two,  
It'll stop you feeling lonely,  
But leave you black and blue.

When you've had your fill of CS gas  
Behind the barricade,  
And served your time with half bricks,  
You've learned a brand new trade,  
Fighting for your freedom,  
The dignity of man,  
Look out for rubber bullets,  
The Army's latest plan.

#### CHORUS

If your family's going hungry,  
Curfew needn't break your heart,  
The Army's solved your problem,  
You can bake a rubber tart,  
When you're under house arrest,  
And your nerves are getting frayed,  
The prescription's rubber bullets  
Fired from underneath the bed.

#### CHORUS

Don't forget the highway code  
When crossing of the street,  
A bullet doing ninety  
Could leave you obsolete,  
Watch when stepping off the kerb,  
I'm being quite sincere,  
A bullet in the proper place  
Could leave you feeling queer.

#### CHORUS

When a soldier says he loves you  
Behind the barricade,  
Look out for rubber bullets  
And grab his red cockade,  
The bullet's meant to stun you,  
Be careful how you bend,  
If it breaks a leg or two,  
The Army's sure to comprehend.

#### CHORUS

## Side 2, Band 6:

### BALLYMURPHY

Words: McIlvogue  
Air: "She'll Be Coming Round The Mountain"  
Sung by: Lavery  
Accompaniment: Guitar, Mandolin

If you hate the British Army, clap your hands,  
If you hate the British Army, clap your hands,  
If you hate the British Army,  
If you hate the British Army,  
If you hate the British Army, clap your hands.

They come down from Ballymurphy  
When they come,  
They come down from Ballymurphy  
When they come,  
Sure the children won the day,  
When they all ran away,  
They were only little childer, every one.

We don't want the British Army here to stay,  
We don't want the British Army here to stay,  
We don't want to be defended  
By an army that surrendered  
When the kids of Ballymurphy came to play.

Oh, the general he has fainted, is he dead?  
Oh, the general he has fainted, is he dead?  
For if the women join the fight,  
We'll wipe the Army out tonight,  
For them women are all Ballymurphy bred.

A coded message came from nowhere, it did say,  
At the peril of your lives, ah if you stay,  
Oh now men don't be surprised,  
But Turf Lodge has organized,  
And a doubledecker bus is on its way.

The British Army they will never be the same,  
The British Army they will never be the same,  
The bravest of them fighting men,  
They were beat by kids of ten,  
Aye, Ballymurphy put the army all to shame.

If you hate the R.U.C.\*, clap your hands,  
If you hate the R.U.C., then clap your hands,  
If you hate the R.U.C., if you hate the R.U.C.,  
If you hate the R.U.C., clap your hands.

\*Royal Ulster Constabulary

## Side 2, Band 7:

### BALLAD OF LYNCH'S ARMY

Words: McIlvogue

Air: "Let Him Go, Let Him Tarry"

Sung by: McIlvogue

Accompaniment: Accordion, guitar whistle

During the attempted pogrom against the Catholic masses in the North in the summer of 1969, Jack Lynch, the Fianna Fail leader of the government of the South, sent his troops to the border... and, no further. Although this gesture was to appease those of his constituency whose displeasure would be aroused if he should stand idly by, it actually exposed the pseudo nationalist pretenses of Lynch and his party. Eamonn McCann, a leader of the civil-rights struggle in the North, put it this way: "Instead of asking Fianna Fail to move troops into the North, they should have said that the Fianna Fail will not move troops in because it is a puppet of British Imperialism and puppets don't send troops to fight their masters.

Well Jack Lynch came out from Dublin  
And he had 10,000 men,  
He marched them up to the border  
And he marched them home again,  
But such an armoured column, lads,  
The like was never seen,  
500 mounted bicycles all wearing of the green.

#### CHORUS:

Let him go, let him tarry,  
Let him sink or let him swim,  
He doesn't give a damn for us  
Or we a damn for him,  
He sits on his ass in Dublin,  
And I hope he does enjoy,  
Selling out his country  
For he's England's little boy.

Well, the Special Branch in Dublin  
Are something for to see,  
They'll crawl out from the castle  
To inform on you and me,  
But the day is coming soon me boys,  
You'll hear those rifles bark,  
And the only snakes in Dublin  
Will be in the Phoenix Park.

#### CHORUS

Well, Jack, where were you last August,  
With all your merry men,  
Ah were you on the Falls Road or  
In the Bogside then?

No you were phoning London  
And squealing all you knew,  
On every Irish rebel  
That would hold a gun, it's true.

#### CHORUS

When we finally get our freedom  
We will make them understand,  
Scrap Fianna Fail Gestapo,  
And all their rotten band,  
But we want a true republic  
With the workers in command,  
That won't betray their countrymen  
Or sell them out of hand.

#### CHORUS

## Side 2, Band 8:

### UP IN THE ARMAGH PRISON (Bernadette Devlin)

Words: McIlvogue

Air: "The Old Triangle"

Sung by: Lavery

Accompaniment: Whistle

Up in the Armagh Prison,  
Where they keep the women,  
Young Devlin lies  
In a prison cell.

#### CHORUS:

And for the Bogside people  
There'll be no sleeping,  
Until young Devlin  
Has been set free.

Ah, the oul' Judge framed her,  
As they tried to shame her,  
But the world's acclaimed her,  
For all she's done. (Chorus)

Ah, did you see them running,  
From our petrol bombing?  
Sure they ran like rats,  
Instead of men. (Chorus)

For defending Bogside,  
That was why she was tried,  
She forced the policemen,  
All to fly. (Chorus.)

Ah, the day is coming,  
When we'll all stop running,  
And Connolly's cause  
Will call again.

#### FINAL CHORUS

Then the Irish People,  
Will stop their sleeping,  
And we'll set our country,  
All free again.

THE SPECIAL POWERS ACT - NORTHERN IRELAND.  
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Under the Act the Authorities are empowered to:

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- 8) Do any act involving interference with the rights of private property.
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- 10) Prohibit the holding of an inquest after a prisoner's death.
- 11) Arrest a person who "by word of mouth" spreads false reports or makes false statements.
- 12) Prohibit the circulation of any newspaper.
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