

Bhoys Against Bigotry

^D If you ^G come from Belfast Town, Derry ^D City, County Down,
The Calton Tullygally, or from ^A Bray
You can come along and see ^G Bhoys against ^D Bbigotry
But don't you sing ^A 'Boys ^D of the old Brigade'

Cos Fergus he said no, these tunes will have to go
These Rebel songs no longer can be played
So we've made our self's a pact, to polish up our act
So don't you sing 'Boys of the old Brigade'

You can sing of big Jock Brown, against the Famine and the Crown
'The Fields of Athenry' just makes the grade
You can sing Glen Daly's tone and 'you'll never walk alone'
But don't you sing 'Boys of the old Brigade'

The campaign's under way, Pete McLean has had a say
A loyalist through and through it has been said
He has made a lot of cash, as hides his Orange Sash
And he doesn't know 'Boys of the old Brigade'

So it's no more Crossmaglen, Up the Ra, or Fenian men
'Sean Sabhat of Garryowen' must not be played
'The broad black brimmer' has to go, 'Take it down' and 'Say hello'
And don't you sing 'Boys of the old Brigade'

So children, Mums and Dads, do not sing ' where are the lads
Who stood with me when history was made'
And don't sing old 'Gra mo chroi'and how you long to see
To see the 'Boys of the old brigade'