

The Irish Brigade

In America.

You gallant sons of Erin's isle, of high and low degree,
Who are fighting in the American states to put down slavery
Far from your native country and the friends you do adore,
In the loyal cause of freedom, on the American shore.

It is vain for to describe the undaunted bravery
Of the Irish brigade, led on by Maher, in North America,
Like their noble ancestors, as in ancient days gone by,
Led on by General Sarsfield at the siege of Fontenoy.

grave General Meagher inspected them, as you may understand,
Each man he wore the laurel green for Erin's lovely land;
Twelve thousand brave young Irishmen in armour array,
To fight for the freedom of the slave all in America.

The battle of Bull's Run they fought right manfully,
And likewise at Port Royal they faced the enemy;
At Fair Oaks, through fire and smoke, they made them for to
yield,
After twelve hours' engagement we were masters of the field.

The fearful scene at Richmond was dreadful to behold,
By shot and shell some thousands fell, and spread dismay
around;
At Mary's Heights near Fredericksburg recorded it shall be,
After three days' battle we gained the victory.

The thirteenth of December began this bloody fray,
The Irish brigade six charges made to die or win the day,
With bayonets fixed they charged the heights, and death soon
scattered round,
And thousands of the Southern lay dead upon thr

The 69th and 88th were first upon the field,
Led on by Col. Nugent, determined not to yield:
Their band played sweet Garry Owen likewise St. Patrick's
day,
And in six decisive charges they nobly cleared the way.

To see the dead and wounded it would grieve the heart full
sore,
And the moans of dying soldiers all bleeding in their gore.
Oh, many a sweetheart may lament, and mother for her son,
That fell that day at Mary's Heights, Port Royal, and Bull
Run.

It was the cursed landlords' tyranny that forced them from
their home,
To cross the fierce Atlantic, in foreign lands to roam.
John Bull's deception is found out, but he yet may see the day,
That Paddy's sons, with sword and gun, will show him
Irish play,

Now to conclude these verses and end my doleful tale,
The fallen sons of Erin's Isle, their loss we now bewail,
those who fell in battle on the American shore,
t their souls may shine in glory now and evermore