



The Irish Soldier.

As I roved out one evening in the Spring time of the year,
By the shady groves of sweet Clontarf my course I chanced
to steer,
Where I espied a young soldier with a charming fair maid,
And gazing on each other in a sequestered shade.

I was struck with amazement, when I saw her comely fair,
Her jet-black locks were hanging upon her shoulders bare,
Her fair form so majestic it caused me to delay,
And I stood awhile in ambush to hear what they would say.

At length he broke the silence and this to her did say
Cheer up my dearest Sally and don't be now dismayed,
Right well you know that I must go as here I cannot stay,
For I hear the bugle sounding and that call I must obey.

She says, my dearest Johnny how can you prove unkind
To go off to the battle-field and leave me behind,
For the Russians they are powerful on land or on the main,
So do not leave me, for I'm your slave, my love for to be slain.

You know my dearest Sally, the young soldier he did say,
Our Regiment they have got the route and shortly must
away,
With thousands of young Irish boys that joined as well as
me,
Who now must fly, to conquer or die, before the enemy.

But since you cannot stay at home this fair one did reply,
Along with you I'll venture let me either live or die,
And if you from the Russians, should by chance receive a
ball,
For to bandage up your bleeding wounds my love I'm at
your call.

He said my dearest Sally you cannot come with me,
For hardships in a foreign land with your health would not
agree,
But I hope I will return home with lots of gold in store,
And God will help our union till the war it is all o'er.

She says, my dearest Johnny when once you part from me,
I can't tell but the Russians may gain the victory,
I then wont know, but by the foe, my love you might be
slain,
And left stretched amongst the heaps of dead upon the bat-
tle plain.

As this couple they were parting down her cheeks the tears
did flow,
And they embraced each other with hearts oppressed with
woe,
She says may fortune favour you, and victory crown your
joy,
My fervent prayer for your welfare, my brave young soldier
boy.

