



THE ENNISKILLEN DRAGOON.

A beautiful damsel of fame and renown,
A gentleman's daughter near Monaghan
town,
As she rode by the barracks, this beautiful
maid,
She stood in her coach to see dragons on
parade.

They were all dressed like gentlemen's sons,
With their bright shining swords and their
carabine guns,
With their silver-mounted pistols she ob-
served them all soon,
Because she loved her Enniskillen dragoon.

You bright sons of Mars that stand on the
right,
Outshines the ~~sun~~ of bright stars by
night,
Saying Willy, dearest Willy, you have listed
full soon,
To serve in the Royal Enniskillen dragoons.

O beautiful Flora, your pardon I crave,
Now and for ever I will be your slave,
Your parents have slighted you morning and
noon,
For ear that you'd wed your Enniskillen
dragoon.

O Willy, dearest Willy, never mind what they
say,
For children are bound their parents to
obey,
When we're leaving Ireland they'll change
their tune,
Saying the Lord may be with the Enniskillen
dragoon.

Farewell Enniskillen, farewell for a while,
And all round the borders of Erin's green
isle,
When the war is over we'll return in full
bloom,
And they'll all welcome home the Enniskillen
dragoon.

