

# FIGHTING ON THE RHINE.

The "Dogs of War" they are let loose, and Europe's  
in a flame,  
The sound of cannon it is heard, o'er Continent and  
main,  
To aggrandise his vast estate, the Prussians flushed  
with wine,  
Commenced the play, but they'll rue the day, their  
army crossed the Rhine.  
To aggrandise, &c.

The first engagement that took place, the Prussians  
suffered sore,  
And Saarbruck town of high renown, we left them in  
their gore,  
The next attack was at strong Forbach, when we  
crushed the Prussian line.  
And the French so true, fought seven to that day up-  
on the Rhine.  
The next attack, &c.

The next advance the Prussians made, Woerth it was  
the scene,  
Where MacMahon's corps weary and sore, were rest-  
ing on the green,  
They were surprised just at sunset, by the enemy  
forming line,  
And the bugle sounded battle, boys, that morn upon  
the Rhine.  
They were surprised, &c.

One hundred thousand of the foe, their shot and shell  
did pour  
Into our noble little band in thousands thirty-four,  
But our brave boys, Zouaves and Turcos, ten times  
they broke their line,  
And their blood flow through valleys low, that day  
into the Rhine.  
But our brave boys, &c.

But the tide of battle quick did turn, as soon I will  
relate,  
On the 18th day of August, most glorious to relate,  
The Prussians marched from Borony wood in a doub-  
le formed line,  
Revenge we'll have, MacMahon did cry, for our loss  
upon the Rhine.  
The Prussians marched, &c.

But the victory could not be ours, their numbers  
were so great,  
So after fighting fifteen hours, we were ordered to  
retreat,  
'Twas here our corps, they suffered sore, before they  
gained their line,  
By Prussian balls and cavalry, that day upon the  
Rhine.  
'Twas here our our corps, &c.

One hundred and forty thousand of the Prussians did  
advance,  
Against our little army, seventy thousand sons of  
France,  
At Metz, 'tis true we made them rue, for their blood  
did flow like wine,  
And forty thousand Prussians fell while crossing o'er  
the Rhine,  
At Metz, &c.

The struggles of that awful day, to paint I never can,  
Or MacMahon's acts of bravery, our noble Irishman,  
His soldiers filled a glass to him of sparkling  
Moselle wine,  
And loudly swore to avenge the gore shed that day  
upon the Rhine.  
His soldiers filled, &c.

