



SONS OF GLORIOUS FRANCE

AIR MY BOAT IS ON THE SHORE

The Prussians we cast of victorious won by cannon sword & lance
But tell them they're not yet done with the gallant sons of France
While a Frenchman lives upon the soil where first he drew his breath
He will fight for France & liberty till he's in the arms of death

CHORUS—

When raise your flag of liberty let your watchword be advance
And drive back your tyrant foes from the glorious land of France

At Saarbrück & Wissemburg you done your duty well
But many a gallant comrade on the battle field they fell
You nobly did avenge their death though your lives were ten to one
And midst' deathly showers of shot & shell you gallantly march'd on

On the 18th day of August at the battle of Sedan
You nobly stood the Prussian fire led on by brave MacMahon
With the Irish blood flowing thro' his veins he fought the prussians sore
But France to day with deep dismay his loss she does deplore

There's Filz the old Prussian King he is not yet content
He wants three hundred million pound on Paris he is bent
Likewise the halt of the French fleet there are his terms of peace
But six feet of ground they will surely get before the war will cease

Now France you know what to expect for the foe is at your walls
Receive them well with Chassepots mitraille & salis
The thousands of your comrades now lie in their silent graves
Just let them know while Cremona lives they never will be slaves

We sincerely wish his horrid work was near'y at an end
For there's many wives & mothers dear now left without a friend
And orphans will have cause to mourn the way the Prussians did advance
But they will see the day they cross'd the Rhine & fought with glorious France

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