



CLARE'S DRAGOONS.

Air—"Viva la."

When on Ramillies' bloody field,
The baffled French were forced to yield,
The victor Saxon backward reeled,
Before the charge of Clare's dragoons.
The flags we conquered in that fray
Look lone in Ypres' choir, they say,
We'll win them company to-day,
Or bravely die like Clare's dragoons.

CHORUS.

Viva la for Ireland's wrong,
Viva la for Ireland's right,
Viva la in battle throng,
For a Spanish steed, and sabre bright.

The brave old lord died near the fight,
But for each drop he lost that night,
A Saxon cavalier shall bite
The dust before Lord Clare's Dragoons.
For, never, when our spurs were set,
And never, when our sabres met,
Could we the Saxon soldiers get
To stand the shock of Clare's Dragoons.

CHORUS.

Viva la the New Brigade,
Viva la the Old One, too,
Viva la the Rose shall fade,
And the Shamrock shine for ever new.

Another Clare is here to lead—
The worthy son of such a breed ;
The French expect some famous deed,
When Clare leads on his bold Dragoons.
Our colobel comes from Brian's race,
His wounds are in his breast and face,
The gap of danger is still his place,
The foremost of his bold Dragoons.

CHORUS.

Viva la the New Brigade,
Viva la the Old One, too,
Viva la the Rose shall fade,
And the Shamrock shine for ever new.

There's not a man in squadron here
Was ever known to flinch or fear ;
Though first in charge and last in reer,
Have ever been Lord Clare's Dragoons ;
But, see, we'll soon have work to do,
To shame our boasts, or prove them true,
For hither comes the English crew,
To sweep away Lord Clare's Dragoons.

CHORUS.

Viva la for Ireland's wrong,
Viva la for Ireland's right,
Viva la in battle throng,
For a Spanish steed and sabre bright.

Oh, comrades think how Ireland pines,
Her exiled lord, her rifled shrines,
Her dearest hope, the ordered lines,
And bursting charge of Clare's Dragoons
Then fling your Green Flag to the sky,
Be Limerick your battle-cry,
And charge, till blood floats fetlock-high,
Around the track of Clare's Dragoons.

CHORUS.

Viva la the New Brigade,
Viva la the Old One, too,
Viva la the Rose shall fade,
And the Shamrock shine for ever new.

