

SURRENDER OF NAPOLEON AND FRANCE DETERMINED

You sons of Erin, bold and brave,
Unto me lend an ear,
For sad and dismal is the news
This day I bring you here.
By this War with France and Prussia,
There are thousands left to mourn,
For their husbands, sons, and fathers dear,
Who'll never more return.

We blame the King of Prussia
For commencing this great War,
He intruded on the soil of France,
And did the Frenchmen dare,
For the boundary of their country,
And their honour to maintain,
They had to fight the Prussians
In thousands on the Rhine.

When first these two great armies met
It was a glorious sight,
Each man he was determined
And eager for the fight
When the bugle sounded the advance
Their power they did display,
But the Prussians they were six to one
Against the French that day.

Commanded by M'Machon bravely,
Canrobert and Bazaine,
The Frenchmen fought like heroes bold
And Victories great did gain,
They'll make them for to rue the day
That e'er they cross the Rhine,
And mourn the loss of thousands
That they will leave behind.

Theres plenty of brave Irishmen
Fighting on French soil
Who by appression had to leave
Their homes in Erin's Isle,
They've volunteered their services
For France to live or die,
Like their ancestors brave of old
Who ne'er were known to fly.

Patrick Maurice M'Mahon
Is a hero of great fame,
Of an ancient Irish family,
Who ne'er disgraced his name.
He has proved himself victorious
Upon the battle field,
In many a fierce engagement
He caused the foe to yield.

M'Mahon he is wounded,
But we hope it's not severe,
Encased in every Irish heart
His name is held most dear.
And the deeds of his ancestors
Is in history's page enrolled,
And his shall be inserted there,
In letters of bright gold.

Tho' Napoleon has surrendered
This Wars not at an end
The French have men and money left
Their honour to defend
On the strong Forts of Paris,
The Republic flag display
To the last they will defend it,
Or each Frenchmen swears he'll die.

