



A New Song called

The Irish Brigade in Battle.

Air—"Dream of Napoleon."

You true Roman sons of old Erin's green isle, your attention I
 crave for a moment,
 I am going to sing those deep thrilling lines in praise of my
 bold gallant soldiers.
 On Italy's plains most glorious they fell in defence of their
 Church, its joys I do tell,
 They are gone now to heaven for ever to dwell— the souls of the
 brave Irish heroes.
 Hibernia's true sons long remembered shall be when they sailed
 from the land of their fathers,
 Went to fight in defence of the Holy See as soldiers - aye, like
 the brave Spartans.
 "Go, conquer or die, or return no more!" each Irish mother
 did say as her son left the shore,
 "May the great God of armies protect you evermore, my dal-
 gashing bold Roman heroes."
 September the 18th it was the great day when full forty
 thousand Sardinians,
 Debouched in dense masses across the green plains, our small
 army they thought would not meet them.
 The trumpets did sound, then the battle we gave, eleven
 thousand bold Romans with their gold green cockades,
 Supported the charge of the Irish brigade, and drove those
 cursed demons before them.
 I viewed the plains all around from a rising ground, the Roman
 troops I could see them defiling,
 As they marched in close squares both in front and in rear, each
 man seemed with victory smiling.
 Saint Peter's grand banner went soaring o'er the plains, and the
 enemy's guns like thunder did rage,
 With shouts rent the air, on came our Irish brigade, and dashed
 at their foes - aye, most glorious.
 The charge it was grand—most majestic to see—as they broke
 through the enemy's centre,
 The Sardinians' dense columns were forced to give way, with
 our bayonets we rent them asunder.
 "Sons of Saint Patrick," brave O'Reilly did cry, as our cheers
 most deafening ascended the sky,
 "For the faith of our fathers we'll conquer or die, it's the pride
 of old Ireland's glory."
 When we came to close quarters it was grand for to see, though
 with numbers we were overpowered,
 The gallant brave sons of old Erin the green, and the enemy's
 balls came in showers.
 Then the steel went to work of our Irish brigade, the plains
 strewed with dead all around they were laid,
 While our bands at a distance played sweet "Patrick's Day"
 for Hibernia's bold conquering heroes.
 The guns loud did roar and the earth seemed to quake as the
 cavalry charged by me flying,
 The trumpet's shrill blast in mournful strains did weep for the
 dead and the dying.
 May the souls of those heroes who fell on the plains in defence
 of our Church her rights to maintain,
 Will be ranked with the blessed in heaven, I pray, and crowned
 with immortal glory.
 They fought for the faith of our dear father land, and on Italy's
 plains now are lying,
 Saint Patrick's battalion is a real Spartan band, not a murmur
 was heard from one dying
 They fought as their fathers did at Fontenoy, and the enemy
 there before them did fly,
 Alas! if it was for old Ireland they died, oh! it was for her faith
 and her glory.
 Your prayers now I crave for the bold and the brave, who in a
 far distant land are now lying,
 Though the foe and the stranger may tread o'er their grave, in
 history and song we'll enshrine them.
 They conquered and died, their hearts' blood gave free in defence
 of our blessed Pope and the Holy See,
 May they shine like bright stars for all eternity, the souls of my
 brave Irish heroes.

