

The Irish Volunteer - song lyrics

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THE IRISH VOLUNTEER.

Tune- "The Yankee Man of-War."

Ye daughters of old Ireland,
These lines to you I write,
Concerning your true lovers,
Who have volunteered to fight
For their country's standard,
To face their rebel peers;
Its pretty dame will see again
Our Irish volunteers.

The worthy son of liberty
Who's got the heart to go,
To sustain his country's dignity
And face the rebel foe-
He's worthy of a lady's love,
We'll call them our dears,
They're strong and bold, And uncontrolled,
Our Irish volunteers.

The cymbals are sounding,
The trumpet shrill doth blow,
For each platoon to form,
We've got orders for to go.
Each pretty girl says to her love:
"My darling never fear,
You will always find us true and kind
To the Irish volunteer."

In the fearful hour of battle.
When the cannons loud do roar,
We'll think upon our loves
That we left to see no more;
And if grim death appears to us,
Its terrors and its fears
Can never scare in freedom's war
Our Irish volunteers.

Come all ye worthy gentlemen
Who have the heart and means,
Be kind unto the soldier's wife,
They hold your country's reins.
They will come back victorious,
Those gallant fusiliers,
And bring again the flag unstained.
Our Irish volunteers.