

The Brigade At Fontenoy - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE BRIGADE AT FONTENOY.

By our camp fires rose a murmur
At the dawning of the day,
And the tread of many footsteps
Spoke the advent of the fray;
And as we took our places,
Few and stern were our words,
While some were tightening horse-girths,
And some were girding swords.

The trumpet-blast has sounded
Our footmen to array,
The willing steed has bounded
Impatient for the fray;
The green flag is unfolded,
While rose the cry of joy:
"Heaven speed dear Ireland's banner
To-day at Fontenoy!"

We looked upon that banner,
And the memory arose
Of our homes and perished kindred,
Where the Lee or Shannon flows;
We looked upon that banner
And we swore to God on high,
To smite to-day the Saxon's might,
To conquer or to die.

Loud swells the charging trumpet,
'Tis a voice from our own land;
God of battles, God of vengeance,
Guide to-day the patriots brand;
There are stains to wash away,
There are memories to destroy
In the best blood of the Briton
To-day at Fontenoy.

Plunge deep the fiery rowels
In a thousand reeking flunks;
Down chivalry of Ireland,
Down on the British ranks;
Now shall their serried columns
Beneath our sabres reel;
Through their ranks, then, with the war-horse.
Through their bosoms with the steel.

With one shout for King Louis
And the fair land of the vine.
Like the wrathful Alpine tempest
We swept upon their line;
Then rang along the battlefield
Triumphant our hurrah.
And we smote them down, still cheering:
"Erin, slanthalgal go bragh!"

As prized as is the blessing
From an aged father's lip,
As welcome as the haven
To the tempest-driven ship.
As dear as to the lover
The smile of gentle maid,
Is this day of long-sought vengeance
To the "swords of the Brigade.

See their shattered forces flying,
A broken, routed line:

From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

See. England, what brave laurels
For your brow to-day we twine;
Oh, thrice blessed the hour that witnessed
The Briton turned to flee
From the chivalry of Erin
And France's " fleur de lis!"

As we lay beside our camp-fires,
When the sun had passed away,
And thought upon our brethren
Who had perished in the fray,
We prayed to God to grant us,
And then we'd die with joy.
One day upon our own dear land
Like this of Fontenoy!