

The Irish Dragoon - song lyrics

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THE IRISH DRAGOON.

Oh! love is the soul of an Irish dragoon
In battle, in bivouac, or in saloon;
From the tip of his spur to his bright sabre-tasche.
With his soldierly gate and his bearing so high,
His gay laughing look and his light sparkling eye,
He frowns at his rival and ogles his wench;
He springs on his saddle and chases the French,
With his jingling spur And his bright sabre-tasche.

His spirits are high and he little knows care;
When sipping his claret or charging a square,
With his jingling spur and his bright sabre-tasche.
As ready to sing or to skirmish he's found,
To take off his wine or up take his ground;
When the bugle may call him how little he fears,
To charge forth in column and beat them mounseers,
With his jingling spur And his bright sabre-tasche.

When the battle is over he gaily rides back
To cheer every soul in the night bivouac,
with his jingling spur And his bright sabre-tasche.
Oh! there you may see him in full glory crowned;
And he sits with his 'mid friends on the hardly won ground,
And hear with what feeling the toast he will give,
And he drinks to the land where all Irishmen live,
With his jingling spur And his bright sabre-tasche.