

# The Charge At Roanoke - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

THE CHARGE AT ROANOKE.

Oh: see you not yonder the foe in his might?  
The dark battlements rise like dim shadows before us;  
But, oh! we are eager and long for the fight.  
With raith in our hearts and the flag streaming o'er us.  
When the first streak of morn o'er the waters shall dawn.  
With high-throbbing bosoms we'll brave every storm.  
And this be our watchword: Our dear Liberty,  
The country' that bore us, the land of the free!

Up! onward: Zouaves, through the battle and smoke.  
Mid the thunder of cannon, straight into the breach!  
Charge, Blue Devils! see how the Rebels have broke.  
Advance then-their columns you swiftly will reach.  
Bright bayonets flash as we furiously dash  
With splendid precision and nothing done rash;  
Our brave Kimball leads us, the victory is won.  
Our flag's on the ramparts, the battle is done!

But, ah! we must stop and relate how we sighed  
For the brave, the adored and lamented Montell,  
Chargez mes enrants: and a true soldier died.  
With the soul or a patriot, and heart firm as steel!  
His praise will tie sung upon every tongue.  
While the hearts that are now with their anguish wrung  
Will be proud or the Zouave who died in the van,  
The hero and Christian rellow comrade, and man.