

THE
IRISH BOBRIGADE
A
Patriotic Song

AS SUNG BY

MR GEORGE REED.

at the Banquet given in honor of

GENERAL THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER

at the Astor House New York

June 18th 1869.

WORDS BY

B. O'CONNOR, ESQ.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY

GEO. F. BRISTOW.

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NEW YORK

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THE IRISH BRIGADE

Words by B. O'CONNOR Esq.

Music by GEO. F. BRISTOW.

VOICE.

PIANO

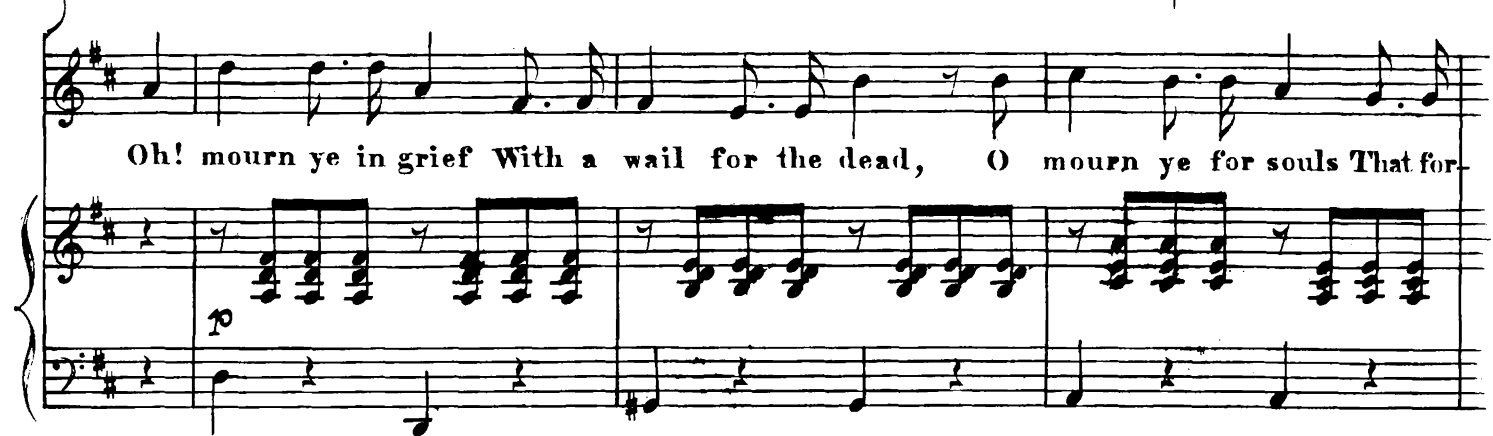
FORTE.

Marziale.



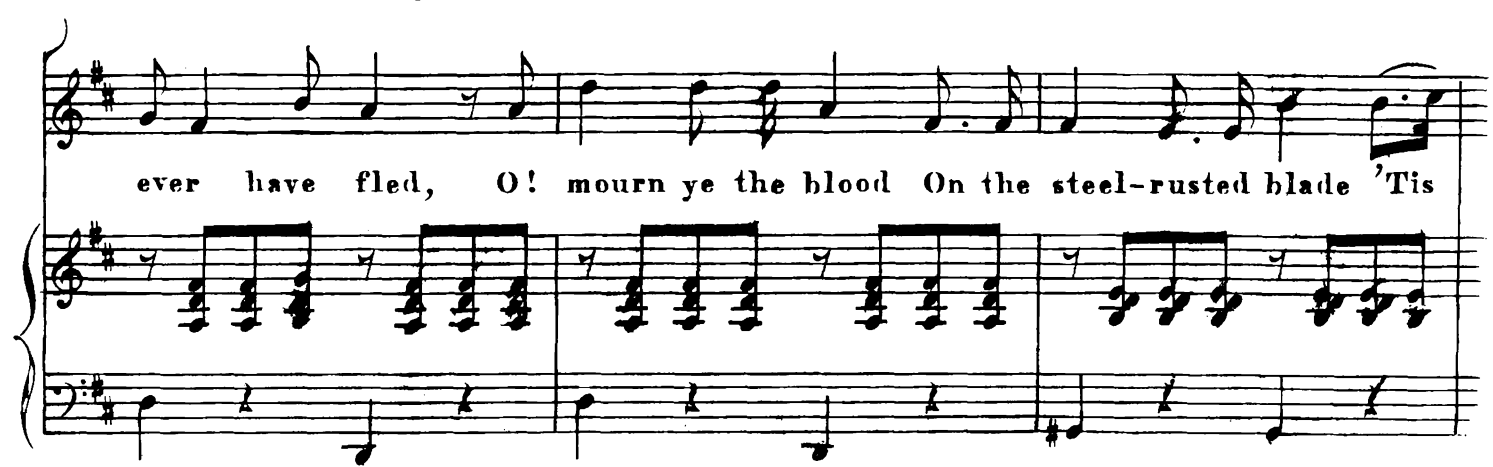
The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The tempo is marked 'Marziale.' The piano part includes triplets and octaves. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

Oh! mourn ye in grief With a wail for the dead, O mourn ye for souls That for-



The second system of the musical score, corresponding to the first line of lyrics. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system.

ever have fled, O! mourn ye the blood On the steel-rusted blade 'Tis



The third system of the musical score, corresponding to the second line of lyrics. It continues the vocal and piano parts.

all that is left Of the I-rish Brigade. Exiles from home, Leaving

kin_dred to sigh For the land of their love They went forth to die In the

swamps of the south And in green sunny glade, Lie the soldiers who fought In the

I - rish Brigade.

2

When death-dealing batteries
 Swept legions away,
 And havoc and ruin
 Were winning the day,
 When the stout-hearted quail'd,
 And were shrinking dismay'd,
 With a shout on the foe
 Dashed the Irish Brigade.
 With the green flag of Erin
 They follow'd brave Meagher,
 Mid the carnage of battle
 A bright shining star,—
 Who, fearless of danger
 The onward charge made,
 And led to fresh glory
 The Irish Brigade.

3

Oh! grieve not their banners
 Are shatter'd and torn,
 That bullets have pierc'd them
 And battles have worn,
 The hearts that upheld them
 Have never betrayed,
 The name nor the fame
 Of the Irish Brigade.
 The fields where they rest,
 Are the fields of their fame,
 Where their warm blood was shed
 In Fidelity's name;
 Where, cold in the grave,
 Their trophies are laid,
 'Till the Archangel's voice
 Wakes the Irish Brigade.