

Unknown

"Clare's Dragoons"

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CLARE'S DRAGOONS

When, on Ramillies' bloody field,
The baffled French were forced to yield,
The victor Saxon backward reeled
Before the charge of Clare's dragoons.
The flags we conquered in that fray,
Look lone in Ypres' choir, they say,
We'll win them company today,
Or bravely die like Clare's dragoons.

Viva la, for Ireland's wrong!
Viva la, for Ireland's right!
Viva la, in battle throng,
For a Spanish steed and sabre bright!

Another Clare is here to lead,
The worthy son of such a breed
The French expect some famous deed,
When Clare leads on his bold dragoons.
Our colonel comes from Brian's race,
His wounds are in his breast and face,
The bearna baoghil is still his place,
The foremost of his bold dragoon,

Viva la, the new brigade!
Viva la, the old one too!
Viva la, the rose shall fade
And the shamrock shine forever new!

Oh! comrades, think how Ireland pines,
Her exiled lords, her rifled shrines,
Her dearest hope, the ordered lines,
And bursting charge of Clare's dragoons.
Then fling your green flag to the sky,
Be "Limerick!" your battle-cry,,
And charge, till blood floats fetlock-high
Around the track of Clare's dragoons.

Viva la, the new brigade!
Viva la, the old one too!

Viva la, the rose shall fade
And the shamrock shine forever new!

Note: The Irish Brigades ---including Clare's Dragoons--
- were

the most famed and formidable soldiers of all Europe.

To

quote George II : "Cursed be the laws which deprive
me of

such subjects!"

@Irish @rebel @soldier @war

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