

Gerhard Schone

"Soliders Song"

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VERSE 1

We'll sing a song, a soldier's song
With cheering, rousing chorus
As round our blazing fires we throng,
The starry heavens o'er us;
Impatient for the coming fight,
And as we wait the morning's light
Here in the silence of the night
We'll chant a soldiers song.

REFRAIN

Soldiers are we,
Whose lives are pladged to Ireland
Some have come from a land beyond
the wave
Sworn to be free,
No more or ancient sireland
Shall shelter the despot or the slave;
Tonight we man the bearna baoghal
In Erin's cause, come woe or weal;
'Mid cannon's roar and rifles peal
We'll chant a soldier's song

VERSE 2

In valley green or towering crag
Our farthers fought before us,
And conquered 'neath the same old flag
That's proudly floating o'er us,
We're childern of a fighting race
That never yet has known disgrace,
And as we march the foe to face,
We'll chant a soldier's song

CHORUS

VERSE 3

Sons of Gael! Men of the Pale!
The long watched day is breaking:
The serried ranks of innisfail
Shall set the tyrant quaking,
Our camp fires now are burning low;

See in the east a silv'ry glow,
Out yonder waits a Saxon foe,
So chant a soldier's song.

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