The 18th Royal Irish Brigade - song lyrics

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The 18th Royal Irish Brigade.
Sung by Walter Munroe with great success.

The soldiers were marching through the little Irish town,
And the women were weeping, dismayed;
To add to the laurels of a band of great renown-
'Twas the 18th Royal Irish Brigade.
The standard-hearer was a true-born Irish boy,
With curly hair and dancing eyes so full of joy;
He sighed as he wished his girl and parents, old, good-bye;
Then said, "By my flag I will stand till I die."

Chorus.
Holding the standard of England high.
He meant to conquer or to nobly die;
One of the boys who were never afraid;
One of the 18th Royal Irish Brigade.

The battle is raging and beneath the burning sun.
The foe charged I'll thousands untold;
The boys of the 18th drive them back, and then they rise
Their captain so true and so bold.
The foe had captured him-they seek for him in vain;
But see, the standard bearer flies across the plain;
His captain he rescues from a dark and wily foe.
But, ah: as he turns see they deal him a blow.-Chorus.

The boys are searching the battle field for the hero who bore their flag;
They find him, grasping the standard firm, though it is but a tattered rag;
Not dead but dying, they raise him up: he gently gives a sigh And says:
I've done my duty, boys, for Ireland ere I die;
Farewell, dear parents. 'tis the death a man would choose.
Boys, seek my girl and to her gently break the news."
He died, but his regiment he'd honored, not disgraced;
And one more brave deed on their record was placed.-Chorus.