The Irish 69th

Moderately and flexibly, in $\frac{2}{4}$ = 80

1. Ye Er - in sons of hill and plain, Come listen to my fee ble strain; Per - haps you'll think it all a dream, Though every line is true.
2. It was in Au - gust, 'Six - ty - one, When Colon - e l O - wens took com - mand, And brought us in - to Mar - y - land Where let it rain or shine. He told our foes we would pur - sue And Rich - mond o - ver - throw.
3. In Feb - ru - ary, 'Six - ty - two, While pass - ing in a grand re - view We were ordered up to York - town, Our strength there to com - bine. To sing to you of our long cam - paign Through sum - mer sun and win - ter's rain, To drilled us ev - ry day we rose To learn us how to thrash our foes, And Wash - ing - ton we went straight way, And sailed in steam - ers down the bay Un - there we worked both night and day, And drove the Reb - bel hordes a - way, And Rich - mond's gates and back a - gain we will re - late to you.
4. At Hamp - ton then we camped a - round, Un - til brave Lit - tle Mac came down And more than once they felt the blows Of the Irish Six - ty - ninth.
5. From Yorktown then we sailed away, Had picket fighting night and day, And landed at West Point next day, I've seen our brave boys borne away
And gaily marched along the way, And some in death grow pale.
And there we stayed three weeks or more, And in that seven days' fight, going back
Until we heard the cannons roar Over bloody fields we left our track
And musketry come like a shower Where other regiments they fell back,
Along the Rebel lines. We stood as at Glendale.
6. Then double quick away we went Across the river we were sent To drive the Rebels back we meant, 9. Next day out on the battle field, Old veterans they were forced to yield, Across the river we were sent For the Rebels had a stone wall shield
No man fell out of line. Protecting front and rear. Where Philadelphia's noble sons They gave us constant shot and shell.
Where Philadelphia's noble sons It was like the gaping jaws of hell.
Had nobly spotted Pickett's guns. And many's the brave man round us fell.
And when away the Rebels run, We boldly did our share.
Cheered the gallant Sixty-ninth.
7. Then on Antietam's field again We boldly faced the iron rain. Some of our boys upon the plain They found a bloody grave, Though Philadelphia's sons were proud
We found a bloody grave, Where our brave general, Little Mac, And many got a bloody shroud,
Made boastingly to clear the track Though Philadelphia's sons were proud
And to send the ragged Rebels back And sang of deeds in praises loud
Across the Potomac's waves. Of the gallant Sixty-ninth.
8. At Fairoaks then long weeks we lay, 10. O'Keen, our colonel, nobly stood
Had picket fighting night and day, Where the grass was turning red with blood,
I've seen our brave boys borne away And growing to a crimson flood.
And some in death grow pale. We still kept in our line,
And in that seven days' fight, going back And many got a bloody shroud,
Over bloody fields we left our track Though Philadelphia's sons were proud.
Where other regiments they fell back, And sang of deeds in praises loud
We stood as at Glendale. Of the gallant Sixty-ninth.
9. Next day out on the battle field, We boldly did our share.
Old veterans they were forced to yield, Where the grass was turning red with blood,
For the Rebels had a stone wall shield And growing to a crimson flood.
Protecting front and rear. We still kept in our line,
They gave us constant shot and shell. And many got a bloody shroud,
It was like the gaping jaws of hell. Though Philadelphia's sons were proud.
And many's the brave man round us fell. And sang of deeds in praises loud
We boldly did our share. Of the gallant Sixty-ninth.

Be flexible rhythmically in singing this song. A rhythm written as eighth - dotted quarter could be sung as dotted quarter - eighth or perhaps even quarters in subsequent verses. Go with the flow of the lyrics and sing what feels natural.