

# The Irish 69th

Moderately and flexibly, in 2  $\text{♩} = 80$

As sung by John Galusha

1. Ye Er - in sons of hill and plain, Come lis - ten to my fee - ble strain; Per -  
 2. It was in Au - gust, 'Six - ty - one, When Colon - el O - wens took com - mand, And  
 3. In Feb - ru - ar - y, 'Six - ty - two, While pass - ing in a grand re - view We were  
 4. At Hamp - ton then we camped a - round, Un - til brave Lit - tle Mac came down And  
 haps you'll think it all a dream, Though 'ev - 'ry line is true. We'll  
 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. To  
 or - dered us up to York - town, Our strength there to com - bine. And  
 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.  
 more than once they felt the blows Of the I - rish Six - ty - ninth.  
 til we were forced next day To land at Fort Mon - roe.  
 march - ing through the town next day Went the gal - lant Six - ty - ninth.

5. From Yorktown then we sailed away,  
 And landed at West Point next day,  
 And gaily marched along the way,  
 And camped among the pines.  
 And there we stayed three weeks or more,  
 Until we heard the cannons roar  
 And musketry come like a shower  
 Along the Rebel lines.

6. Then double quick away we went  
 Across the river we were sent  
 To drive the Rebels back we meant,  
 No man fell out of line.  
 Where Philadelphia's noble sons  
 Had nobly spotted Pickett's guns,  
 And when away the Rebels run,  
 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,  
 Where our brave general, Little Mac,  
 Made boastingly to clear the track  
 And to send the ragged Rebels back  
 Across the Potomac's waves.

8. At Fair Oaks then long weeks we lay,  
 Had picket fighting night and day,  
 I've seen our brave boys borne away  
 And some in death grow pale.  
 And in that seven days' fight, going back  
 Over bloody fields we left our track  
 Where other regiments they fell back,  
 We stood as at Glendale.

9. Next day out on the battle field,  
 Old veterans they were forced to yield,  
 For the Rebels had a stone wall shield  
 Protecting front and rear.  
 They gave us constant shot and shell.  
 It was like the gaping jaws of hell,  
 And many's the brave man round us fell.  
 We boldly did our share.

10. O'Keen, our colonel, nobly stood  
 Where the grass was turning red with blood,  
 And growing to a crimson flood.  
 We still kept in our line,  
 And many got a bloody shroud,  
 Though Philadelphia's sons were proud  
 And sang of deeds in praises loud  
 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.