

If, in that far-off battle,
I and my comrade fall,
Then, in that far-off battle
We answered our country's call.
Dying, we both shall whisper,
After we both shall pray:
"We don't know where we're going,
But we are on our way!"

THE GREAT CLANCY

The daring Irish reached the battle's marge,
Storming the trenches in a gallant charge,
When front and flank the hidden batteries
roared

Thick as hail the iron tempest poured.

The rifles rattle on the breastworks' crown
When Doherty, the Major, yells "Lie down!"
The men lay down hugging the quaking
earth,
Above them bombshells shrieked in fiendish
mirth.

They stirred not, moved not, scarce their
breath they drew,
Till all at once a sassy bugle blew,
Upward and onward, deathless fame to find.
Alas! they left a comrade brave behind.
Clancy it was, so famed for divilment,
The joy, the pride of his fine regiment.