

But O! that tale of glory  
Told of these Munster men  
Who dammed the German torrent,  
Within a Flanders Glen,

When the "Little British Army",  
Gave ground before the foe;  
Out-numbered by divisions,  
That came like mountain snow.

They stood at rear guard orders,  
Waiting the word retire,  
While Southward went the army,  
Amidst a hell of fire.

The rider, with the order  
Was captured by the Hun;  
But still the Munsters waited,  
For a word that could not come.

For seven hours surrounded  
With guns on every side—  
Down went their gallant colonel—  
The Bayonet then replied.

Back reeled the Hun in wonder  
Before the Munster's steel—  
To think that one small regiment,  
Should make these Brigades reel.

Down went their gallant leaders,  
Of all this gallant Corps,  
While still the Munsters waited,  
As a rock upon the shore.

Their little band was wasting—  
Haig's orders never came,  
They died for English honor,  
They fought for Ireland's fame.