



The Munster Fusiliers.

By G. Mullane

John Buchan tells in Nelson's series of the war, how the Munster Regiment, forming a part of the rear guard in the retreat from Mons, was left behind to die; the despatch rider with the order to retire having lost his way, and was captured by the Germans.

They'll see their Celtic Hills no more,
From the wide plain where they are laid;
The bitterns cry in Flanders Sky,
Shall wake no more each parted shade.

Beside the green glens of Shannon,
O'r the sweet Blackwater's Stream,
Their feet no more shall wander
In the dewy twilight gleam.

For they are dead in Flanders,
Their Celtic blue eyes dim;
And Nora weeps for Michael,
And Mary sighs for Tim.