



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.

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.