To Col. M. Corcoran
AND THE GALLANT 69 REG. N.Y.S.M.
THE DEATH of SARSFIELD

MUSIC BY
GUSTAVUS GEARY.
THE DEATH OF SARSFIELD.

A

LYRIC FOR THE BRIGADE.

Words by THOMAS DAVIS.

Music by GUSTAVUS GEARY.

Sarsfield was slain on the 29th of July, 1693, at Landon (France) heading his countrymen in the van of victory—King William flying. He could not have died better. His last thoughts were for his Country. As he lay on the field, unhemmed and dying, he put his hand to his breast—when he took it away, it was full of his best blood. Looking at it sadly, with an eye in which victory shone a moment before—he said faintly: "Oh! that this were for Ireland!" He said no more.

Maestoso.

Sarsfield has sail'd from Limerick Town,
He held it long for Country and Crown;
And ere he yielded, the Saxon swore, To spoil our
Homes and our Shrines no more! Sarsfield and all his chivalry,
Are fighting for Fance, in the "Low Country" At his
feiry charge the Saxons reel, They learn'd at Limerick to dread his steel!...
Sarsfield has sail'd from Limerick Town,  He held it long for

Country and Crown; And ere he yielded the Saxon

swore To spoil our Homes and our Shrines no more!

Colla Voce.
Minore Dolente.

Sarsfield is dying on Landour's plain, His corslet has met the

ball... in vain:............. As his life-blood gushes into his hand, He

Cresc. Ad Lib.

Minore Espressione.

says: 'Oh! that this was for Ireland! Sarsfield is dead! yet no tears shed

we, For he died in the arms of Victory! And his dying words shalledge the

Con Spirito,
brand. When we chase, we chase the foe from our Native Land!.... Sarsfield has

sail'd from Limerick Town. He held it long for Country and Crown;....

A Tempo e Spirito.

............ And ere he yielded the Saxon swore To spoil our Homes and our

A Tempo.

Shrines no more!