

St Patrick Battalion

David Rovics

My name is John Ri - ley I'll have your ear on - ly a

while I left my dear home in I - re - land It was death, star -

va - tion or ex - ile And when I got to A - me - ri - ca It was

my du - ty to go En - ter the Ar - my and slog a - cross Te - xas to

join in the war a - gainst Me - xi - co From Dub - lin Ci - ty to San Di - e - go

We wit - nessed free - dom de - nied So we formed - the Saint Pat - rick Bat -

ta - li - on And we fought on the Me - xi - can side We formed the Saint

Pat - rick Bat - ta - li - on And we fought on the Me - xi - can side

It was there in the pueblos and hillsides
That I saw the mistake I had made
Part of a conquering army
With the morals of a bayonet blade
So in the midst of these poor, dying Catholics
Screaming children, the burning stench of it all
Myself and two hundred Irishmen
Decided to rise to the call

Chorus

We marched 'neath the green flag of Saint Patrick
Emblazoned with "Erin Go Bragh"
Bright with the harp and the shamrock
And "Libertad para la Republica"
Just fifty years after Wolf Tone
Five thousand miles away
The Yanks called us a Legion of Strangers
And they can talk as they may

Chorus

We fought them in Matamoros
While their volunteers were raping the nuns
In Monterey and Cerro Gordo
We fought on as Ireland's sons
We were the red-headed fighters for freedom
Amidst these brown-skinned women and men
Side by side we fought against tyranny
And I daresay we'd do it again

Chorus

We fought them in five major battles
Churobusco was the last
Overwhelmed by the cannons from Boston
We fell after each mortar blast
Most of us died on that hillside
In the service of the Mexican state
So far from our occupied homeland
We were heroes and victims of fate

Chorus