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LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

*RECRUITING SONG for  
the IRISH BRIGADE.*

# COME TO THE COLOURS.

Song

Written and  
Composed by

ST. JOHN LACY.

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# "COME TO THE COLOURS."

WAR - TIME.

Words and Music by

St. JOHN LACY

*Allegro marziale. M. ♩ = 112.*

PIANO.

*f marcato*

*cresc.*

1. Rings forth the blast of the  
2. Hear ye the cry of the

*sostenuto*

bu - gle, Hark to the beat of the drum,  
peo - ple, Slaughtered and robbed and un - done,

Sound - ing the call of a  
On - ly to feed the am

sum-mons to all, Say-ing, "I-rish-men, I-rish-men, come!"  
-bi-tion and greed Of the thiev-ing and mur-der-ous Hun,

Dire is the need of the na-tions, Free-dom is crush'd and un-done, Then—  
Tremb-ling, there lies in the bal-ance All that our sires have won; Then,—

come all ye men of true cour-age, Right ye the wrong that's been  
I-rish-men all, give ye heed to the call, Fall in, ye men, one by

done— Hark to the tap of the drum!  
one, Hark to the tap of the drum!

## REFRAIN.

Loud the cry of "war" en - thralls you, I - rish-men, your coun - try calls you;

Fight for your Sire - land, Fight for old Ire - land, Ral - ly a-round the dear old flag;—

Fight for your Sire - land, Fight for old Ire - land, and Come— Come to the

Colours!

*marcato*

*D.C. al  $\text{\textcircled{S}}$  for 2nd Verse.*

3. Say, then, oh man-hood of Ire - land, Is it not now up to you,

*sostenuto*

Jus - tice and Right ov - er - thrown in a night - What are you go - ing to do?

Now that we're gain - ing our free - dom Gain it for oth - ers, too, Step

forth from your clan with the soul of a man To bring back their freedom a - new -

Hark how the drums beat true!

## REFRAIN.

Loud the cry of "war" en - thralls you, I - rish - men, your coun - try — calls you;

Fight for your Sire - land, Fight for old Ire - land, Ral - ly a - round the dear old flag;—

Fight for your Sire - land, Fight for old Ire - land, And Come—

Come—

MALE CHORUS. *ad lib.*

Come to the Colours.

March - ing straight a-long the path to glo - ry,

*marcato*

Seek - ing fame in I - rish song and sto - ry, Fall in,

men, be-hind the band, Come and fight for home and land, And the

hon - our and glo - ry of Ire - land.

*sempre ff*

*R.H.*

*sfz*