

CANADIAN

STARS

PERFORMED IN CANADA.

LEAD



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Ont

THE CANADIAN BARD.

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# CANADIAN BORDER SONGS.

## THE IRISHMEN OF CANADA.

The Irishmen of Canada  
Still love old Ireland true,  
Yet live as friends with every man,  
And love this country too.  
Tho' England did their fathers wrong,  
And curb'd their nation's powers,  
They would not act so base a part  
As take revenge on ours.

### *Chorus.*

The Irishmen of Canada,  
Are loyal, brave, and true,  
They measure by the golden rule,  
And do as others do.

The man who spurns his fatherland,  
And masks his creed and race,  
Should be at once swept off the earth,  
To hide his treach'rous face.  
But Irishmen of Canada  
Their honor proudly claim,  
Nor would they for the world deny  
Their country, creed, and name.

*Chorus*—The Irishmen of Canada, &c.

In literature and politics,  
 In science, trade, and art,  
 They show the power of intellect,  
 The feelings of the heart.  
 As every race has bottom-dregs,  
 So Ireland has them, too,  
 But with Canadian Irishmen,  
 We find but very few.

*Chorus*—The Irishmen of Canada, &c.

They spurn those vagabonds who came  
 To trample on our soil,  
 And crush our country and our homes,  
 Enrich themselves with spoil.  
 They love to dwell in friendly peace,  
 And do the thing that's right,  
 But when the tug of war comes on,  
 They are the boys to fight.

*Chorus.*

The Irishmen of Canada,  
 Are loyal, brave, and true,  
 They measure by the golden rule,  
 And do as others do.

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## GENERAL O'NEILL'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY

*Previous to their advance upon Canada, May 25, 1870.*

—○—

Ye Fenian Braves, I proudly hail,  
 Who come to fight with brave O'Nale,  
 Whose mighty arm shall never fail,  
 Nor fall ingloriously.  
 The vile Kanucks, those savage hordes,  
 Shall fall beneath our Irish swords,  
 That soon shall cut the British cords  
 Which bind our liberty.

A thousand years our nation's braves  
 In chains have crawl'd like Egypt's slaves,  
 But Pharaoh's hosts to Red Sea graves  
 Shall sink ingloriously.

Our swords shall suck the bloody veins  
 Of British Power that proudly reigns,  
 And break Oppression's tyrant-chains,  
 Which bind our liberty.

Our nation's flags are now unfurl'd,  
 Our thunder-bolts shall soon be hurl'd,  
 Their mighty power shall shake the world,  
 And strike victoriously ;

Our glorious isle shall soon be free,  
 When tyrant foes are forced to flee,  
 And Britain's Queen on bended knee  
 Will beg her liberty.

Now Ireland's heart with vigor swells,  
 Her sons enchain'd in British hells,  
 Shall burst exulting from their cells,  
 To glorious liberty.

Advance upon the cowardly foe,  
 A thousand slay at every blow,  
 And let the whelps of England know,  
 Our valiant chivalry.

But lo, the sneaking foe appears,  
 Then draw your swords, your guns and spears,  
 Our deeds shall live eternal years,  
 With Ireland's liberty.

Then fight like men, my heroes brave,  
 Your verdant banners soon shall wave  
 O'er many a cowardly tyrant's grave,  
 In glorious liberty.



## O'NEILL'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS

*After their inglorious Retreat, urging them to rally again, and strike a death-blow to the enemy, and establish the Irish Republic in Canada at once and forever.—May 25, 1870.*

My countrymen, owld Ireland's sons,  
 Whose sires were bold and true,  
 Ye have disgraced yerselves to-day,  
 And I'm ashamed of you.  
 I towld ye, sirs, to face the foe,  
 Until the fight was done,  
 And when I urg'd ye to advance,  
 Ye turn'd yer backs to run.

### *Chorus.*

Come now, my boys, we'll try agin,  
 But, faith, ye must not yield,  
 Or I, meself, will fight and die  
 Upon the battle-field.

Bedad, I think from what I've seen,  
 Ye'r hearts should all be steel'd,  
 But, shure, I'll try ye once again,  
 To face the battle-field.  
 Now brave yer hearts and showlder arms,  
 And come along wid me,  
 To meet the foe and strike the blow  
 That sets owld Ireland free.

*Chorus—Come now my boys, &c.*

The nations of the mighty earth  
 Who hate the British crown,  
 Look up to ye wid friendly eyes  
 And wish ye'd pull it down.  
 Now load yer guns, unsheathe yer swords,  
 Unfurl yer banners high,  
 To crush the foe with deadly blow,  
 And fight until ye die.

*Chorus—Come now my boys, &c.*

Now think of Erin's valiant sons,  
 Who for a thousand years  
 For Ireland's sake have fought and died,  
 And wept a world of tears.  
 Think of the wrongs which gall yer hearts,  
 The captive's dungeon sigh,  
 Think of the deeds yer fathers did,  
 An' faith ye'll fight and die.

*Chorus*—Come now, my boys, &c.

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## OUR CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS.

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The bugle sounds the martial call,  
 It gives no false alarms ;  
 Our Volunteers and Yeomanry  
 At once spring forth to arms.  
 Across the LINE, in rank and file,  
 The Fenian foe appears,  
 To take our country and our homes,  
 And thrash our Volunteers.

*Chorus.*

Hip, hip, hurrah—hurrah, hurrah !  
 We'll give three hearty cheers  
 To all our country's loyal sons,—  
 Our gallant volunteers.

To Pigeon Hill and Frelighsville,  
 The Fenians came in swarms,  
 But found themselves on dang'rous ground,  
 To fight by force of arms.  
 The great O'Neill, with glittering steel,  
 In glorious form appears,  
 With Fenian hordes, with guns and swords,  
 To slay our Volunteers.

*Chorus*—Hip, hip, hurrah, &c.

Our valiant *braves* withstood the fire  
 That flared the battle field ;  
 Their volleys raked the Fenian ranks,  
 Which in disorder reel'd.  
 To make them feel the force of steel,  
 They drew their rifle spears ;  
 At double-quick the cowards fled  
 Before our Volunteers.

*Chorus*—Hip, hip, hurrah, &c.

But General Starr was bent on war,  
 To try his luck with arms ;  
 Trout River banks, in martial ranks,  
 Were filled with Fenian swarms.  
 They bragg'd, they bluster'd; and they cheer'd,  
 But showed their cowardly fears,  
 By taking flight when forced to fight  
 Before our Volunteers.

*Chorus*—Hip, hip, hurrah, &c.

The victors rush'd in hot pursuit,  
 Their balls still faster flew ;  
 But quite as fast the Fenians fled,  
 In wild disorder too.  
 They reached Malone before they stopped,  
 To cool their cowardly fears ;  
 " *Bedad,*" they swore, " *we'll come no more*  
*To face such Volunteers.*"

*Chorus*—Hip, hip, hurrah, &c.

No hirelings fill our martial ranks,  
 Nor those of lordly birth ;  
 Our soldiers are our loyal men  
 Who love their home and hearth.  
 Our country in its trying hour,  
 When danger's front appears,  
 Depends upon those loyal men,—  
 The gallant Volunteers.

*Chorus*—Hip, hip, hurrah, &c.

# THE BATTLE OF TROUT RIVER;

*Or, The Flight of the Fenians, May 27, 1870.*

—o—

From the town of Malone and the valley of Burke,  
 The Fenians in hundreds came over the Border,  
 With knapsack and banner, sword, rifle, and dirk,  
 Advancing *en route* in the finest of order.  
 The "SUNBURST" was flauntingly sweeping the breeze,  
 Inscribed with the motto, "*Owld Ireland for ever* ;"  
 All clad in the *green*, like a forest of trees,  
 They proudly advanced to the banks of Trout River.

They halted at Holbrook's and tore down the wires,  
 Then ate up his biscuits and drank down his whisky ;  
 As spirits grow brave when the liquor inspires,  
 So every *owld* Fenian grew valiant and frisky.  
 Old England was damn'd to the regions of woe,  
 And boldly they shouted "*Owld Ireland for ever* ;"  
 Our country was doom'd, and the blood of their foe  
 Would very soon redden the streams of Trout River.

"Three cheers for *owld* Ireland," their leader exclaimed,  
 While strutting in front in his stripes and his garters ;  
 "Then onward my hearties, like true heroes famed,  
 To drive out the REDS from their Huntingdon quarters."  
 They cowardly sneak'd forward to Hendersonville,  
 And halting they shouted "*Owld Ireland for ever*,"  
 But finding no whisky their ardor grew chill,  
 And so they encamp'd by the side of Trout River.

"Arrah now, my brave boys, ye shall rest here awhile,  
 The half of yer work is already completed,  
 This country is ours, arrah, look at the soil,  
 No counthry on earth but *owld* Ireland could beat it.  
 Every man of ye, troth, will get farms such as these,  
 And Canada, shüre, is our country for ever,  
 Then the flag of "Young Ireland" shall float on the breeze,  
 As green as the banks of this lovely Trout River."



Thus spake the bowld leader—his heroes then cheer'd,  
 And pickets were placed in the front for protection,  
 Intrenchments were made, and the flagstuffs were rear'd,  
 And soldiers, *et cetera*, received an inspection.  
 Next day pass'd away, but no "red coats" appear'd,  
 And the Fenians stood blustering as loudly as ever,  
 Assured that the country of troops would be clear'd,  
 By the terror produced from the banks of Trout  
 River.

In the district surrounding the men flew to arms,  
 And soldier and yeoman were ready at order,  
 Determin'd in force to suppress the alarms,  
 And drive back the Fenians at once o'er the border.  
 "March on to the foe," the commander then cried,  
 The war-cry was sounded, "Now, *boys, or Never* ;"  
 "To a man we are ready," the heroes replied,  
 "To drive back the foe from the banks of Trout  
 River."

The morning was bright and the weather was cool,  
 And Fenians were still crossing over the borders,  
 While numbers were drilling, like children at school,  
 And others lay quietly waiting for orders.  
 When, lo, in the distance the red-coats were seen,  
 They flew to their arms shouting "*Erin for ever*,"  
 Determined to show them a sight of the "*green*,"  
 And give them a grave on the banks of Trout River.

The signal was given, the shots were return'd,  
 And the roar of the battle was heard thro' the border,  
 The enemy's balls were indignantly spurn'd,  
 While bravely our soldiers rush'd forth in good order.  
 To give them a taste of the true British steel,  
 Our heroes leapt forward more boldly than ever,  
 But the Fenians at once took their flight by the heel,  
 And fled from their foe on the banks of Trout  
 River.

Still firing upon them the victors gave chase,  
 The Fenians still flying in wildest disorder,  
 They gave them a mile of a terrible race,  
 And drove them at gallop step over the border.  
 To rake up the spoilage our heroes return'd,  
 Unscathed by the fight and as hearty as ever ;  
 Three groans for the Fenians indignantly spurn'd,  
 Three cheers for the heroes who fought at Trout River.

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## THE WOUNDED FENIAN.

—o—

The battle's roar, the warring shout,  
 Resounded thro' the dell,  
 And in that shower of fire and shot,  
 A wounded Fenian fell.  
 He crept among the friendly woods,  
 Which hid him from the foe,  
 The blood was oozing from his wounds,  
 His heart was fill'd with woe.

He strove to stem the crimson tide,  
 That stain'd his broken limb,  
 No friendly heart or gentle hand  
 Was there to comfort him.  
 The dreamy shades of night, at length  
 Had closed that fearful day,  
 And still within those lonely woods  
 The wounded Fenian lay.

The battle's din, the victors' cheers,  
 Were hush'd in calm repose,  
 Yet still those woods and battle-fields  
 Surrounded were by foes.  
 There was no moon to cheer the skies,  
 And every star was dim,  
 But zephyrs fann'd the verdant trees,  
 And breath'd their vesper-hymn.

"My parents dear," he weeping cried,  
 "I ne'er again shall see,  
 Nor shall my arms embrace the form  
 Of her who breathes for me.  
 Oh! would but some kind angel come,  
 To soothe my troubled breast,  
 Or bear me home to those dear friends,  
 Where I could die at rest."

The chilling damp was on his brow,  
 His eyes at length grew dim,  
 With quiv'ring lips in whispers low,  
 He breathed his dying hymn.  
 No friend was there to bathe his wounds,  
 Or cool his fever'd breath,  
 And ere the sun had reach'd the sky,  
 His eyes were closed in death.

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## THE FENIAN'S RETURN.

—o—

Shure I mesilf did bowldly go,  
 To Canada to fight;  
 To show the foe that Fenian boys  
 Could taich 'em what was right.  
 Obadient to O'Nale's command,  
 Our hearties flew to arms,  
 He towld us 'twas a glorious land,  
 And that we'd all git farms.

### *Chorus.*

But should I git my weight in gold,  
 An' live a thousand years,  
 I'll nare go back to Canada  
 To fight her Volunteers.

In Plattsburg-town I left my wife,\*  
 To keep her safe from harm,  
 Assured that I would soon return  
 To take her to our farm.  
 I towld her 'twas a gintleman  
 That I mesilf would be,  
 That she would be a lady then,  
 An' of a high degree.

*Chorus*—Tho' I should get my weight in gold, &c.

In rank and file we cross'd the Line,  
 And gave three hearty cheers,  
 But soon we found the very ground  
 Was red wid Volunteers.  
 From woods and hills the fiery balls  
 Wid thund'ring vengeance flew,  
 They tore our flags, an' all our ranks,  
 Became disorder'd too.

*Chorus*—Tho' I should get my weight in gold, &c.

“ Fire on, my boys,” O'Nale exclaimed,  
 “ Let not yer courage fail ; ”  
 But still the shot, so blist'ring hot,  
 Came on like showers of hail.  
 But whin we found that from the ground  
 O'Nale began to run,  
 Our courage fail'd, an' faith we fled  
 Afore the fight wus done.

*Chorus*—Tho' I should get my weight in gold, &c.

We curs'd our cowardly officers,  
 An' would have lynch'd O'Nale,  
 Had Foster not arrested him,  
 An' lodg'd him safe in jail.  
 I hurried home wid both my legs,  
 But, shure, I lost an arm,  
 Yet glad I was to save my life,  
 But faith I got no farm.

*Chorus*—Tho' I should get my weight in gold, &c.

# AN ADDRESS TO THE FENIANS

*Who attempted to invade Canada.*

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Ye reckless Yankee Fishmen,  
 Who boast the Fenian name,  
 Our land to flood with our own blood,  
 In barb'rous horde you came.

Ye came to storm the Battlement  
 Which guards our peaceful land,  
 Ye came to crush our Government,  
 With blood-revengeful hands.

'Twas not in mercy that you came,  
 Nor yet for freedom's cause;  
 Ye came to gratify revenge,  
 And break our British laws.

Ye came to wipe us from the earth,  
 Or make our people slaves,  
 Because the British Union-flag  
 Still o'er our country waves.

With cruel hate in deep revenge,  
 Ye spurn the British powers;  
 But if old England did you wrong,  
 That is no fault of ours.

That Ireland's sons have suffered much,  
 We all admit as true,  
 But why should we for England's faults  
 Be forced to suffer too.

Your countrymen in Canada,  
 Still love their country dear,  
 But want no Yankee-Fenian roughs  
 To fight for Ireland here.

Nor do they want such cowardly dupes  
 To teach them how to fight ;  
 Nor do they need your barb'rous aid  
 To justify their right.

They are industrious, shrewd and brave,  
 And free as men can be,  
 For men of every race and creed  
 In Canada are free.

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## OUR SONG OF TRIUMPH.

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The red cloud of danger  
 Hung over our land,  
 And the foes of our nation,  
 With weapon in hand,  
 Were threat'ning to deluge  
 Our country with blood,  
 And sweep us forever  
 Away in that flood.  
 'Midst war's gloomy horrors,  
 And danger's alarms,  
 Our yeomen and soldiers  
 At once flew to arms,  
 And rush'd to the border,  
 With wild battle cry,  
 Determin'd and ready  
 To conquer or die.

### *Chorus.*

In triumph of vict'ry,  
 Our voices we'll raise,  
 With loud hallelujahs,  
 And give God the praise.

The foe with their weapons  
 And banners unfurl'd,  
 Came forth like that hero  
 Who conquer'd the world ;  
 But heroes to cowards  
 Were quickly transform'd,  
 Who fled from the bulwarks  
 That were to be storm'd.  
 A glimpse of the *scarlet*  
 Soon dazzled the *green*,  
 Whose *shadow* departed  
 When *substance* was seen.  
 The arms of our heroes  
 Were powerful and brave,  
 But the hand of Jehovah  
 Was mighty to save.

*Chorus*—In triumph of victory, &c.

Our nation is mighty,  
 Our soldiers are brave,  
 Our banners with vict'ry  
 Exultingly wave,  
 The voice of our nation  
 Triumphantly cheers,  
 Inwreathing with glory  
 Our brave volunteers.  
 But let us remember,  
 When triumphs we raise,  
 That God for His goodness  
 Is worthy of praise :  
 The arm of Jehovah  
 Directed the blow,  
 Which gave us the vict'ry,  
 And scatter'd our foe.

*Chorus*—In triumph of vict'ry, &c.