

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.