

THE FENIAN BLOOD-HOUNDS.

Dedicated to Sweeny & O'Mahony, by
W. CASE.

Come on, ye poor deluded dupes,
And listen to this song ;
Come on—and one good flogging get—
It will not take us long.

Because our Volunteers turn'd out
Like Lions! from the den ;
Not like the coward, Fenian hearts,
But with the hearts of men.

Come on—come on—we anxious wait
To meet you on our shore ;
Where you will soon be satisfied
That " Fenians " are no more !

It is our blood these wretches seek,
Their looks are mark'd with murder—
They march—and march—towards the lines,
But darsn't come—no furdur !

No Fenian dupes shall own our soil—
Our flag still waves on high ;
And never shall that flag fall down
Until we all shall die !

Why loiter on the other side ?
Or do you want more aid ?
The weather likely is too cold
As yet, to make a " raid !"

The Fenians here in Canada
Await the time to join—
To get a perfect drilling—like
The " Battle of the Boyne !"

And only wait like lurking wolves
That prowl around by night,
To murder—burn up children—wives—
Whose men are gone to fight.

They have collected mammoth funds,
And dupes—blood-thirsty scum—
With cannon, rifles, pikes, and swords—
Why don't the cowards come ?

But should the battle day arrive,
Then onward to the field ;
Let guardian angels bear the flag,
And God will be our shield.

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