

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.

OUR CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS.

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.