

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.