

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.

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.

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