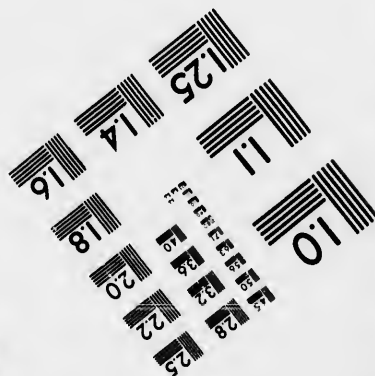
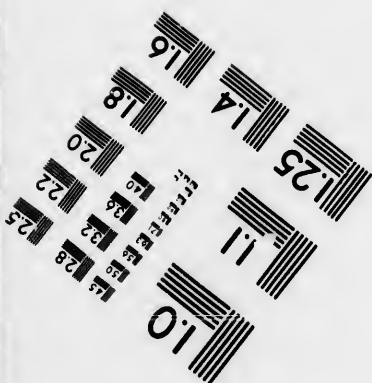
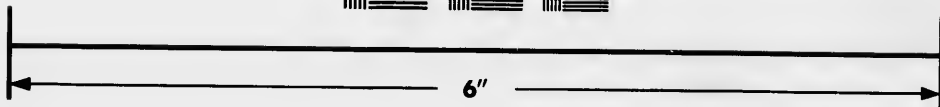
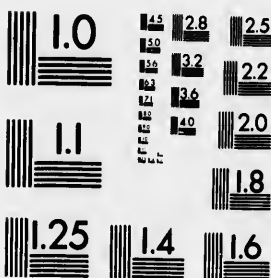


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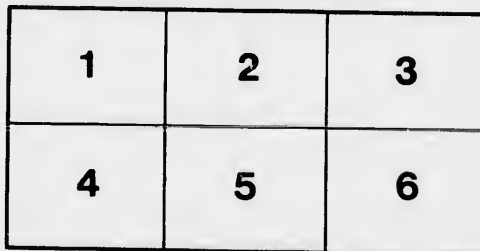
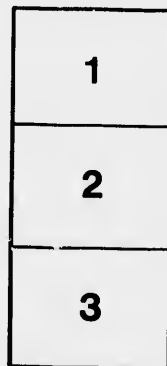
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THE

FENIAN RAID!!

L. H. Masson

THE QUEEN'S OWN!

POEMS

ON THE EVENTS OF THE HOUR.

BY THE CANADIAN POET

J. T. BREEZE.

NAPANEE:

PRINTED AT THE "WEEKLY EXPRESS" PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT:

1866.

J. O. B.

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B745 fr

B. Q. R.
NO. _____*

The Fenian Raid.

*A Poem on the events of the hour, with
an appeal to Canadians to be united, firm,
resolute and patriotic.*

BY THE CANADIAN PORT,

J. T. BREEZE.

Loyal pen, awake ! awake !!
Stroke immortal words of fire,
Chant them for thy country's sake ;
Gladly from the poet's lyre,
Strike the law of sentiment,
That lies in Canadian breasts,
Let thy genius now be lent,
Where blood of the patriot rests.

Wave Canadian forests, weel
Drop your dew drops ever down,
Weep o'er bones of veteran brave,
Whose brows wear a laurel crown.
Many years have flown away ;
Gladly o'er Canadian soil,
Since her sons have seen the day,
Their steel did on foes recoil.

Still blood courses through their veins,
Kin to ancient hero's gone,
That renews their hearts again,
As the fatal ball has flown.
Maple leaf thy tears must fall,
O'er the noble patriots grave,
Who proud at their country's call,
Died as noble veteran's brave,

Sacred blood is shed, is shed!
 Homes of peaceful men disturbed,
 By the foulest miscreant's brood,
 Whose most stubborn front is curled
 Union Jack wave prouder still,
 Gilted by thy ancient pride,
 All our hopes they did fulfill
 As the valient brave have died.

And our land is all inspired,
 By the patriots sentiment,
 Every heart as one is fired,
 Vile invaders to resent.
 In the name of patriot fire,
 I invoke your royal love
 Swear to your eternal sire,
 Swear by heaven's high throne above.

That your hand be guiless now,
 Let its muscular strength be given,
 On your country's alter low,
 Right in front of earth and heaven.
 Let the traitors brand confront,
 Every brow that is defiled,
 Let him ever hear the taunt,
 Hurl'd upon the miscreants wild.

Let them feel Canadian steel,
 Play around the traitors brow,
 Let him with the foe take weal,
 Fore Canadian valor bow,
 Hundreds of the free and brave,
 That have left their native soil,
 Flee their country's flag to save,
 And Barbarians purpose foil.

They have left both wealth and fame,
 Glad to shed their sacred blood;
 Proud to augment the British name,
 Leaning on the patriot's God,
 If the hearts thus far away,
 Love us still in other lands,
 What of those who wish the fray,
 In our volunteer bands.

We are ready, come the day,
 When these heathen horde shall rage,
 Glad our country to obey,
 And the desperate battle wage.
 We must run through centuries far,
 Down the labyrinth of time,
 For their equal to compare
 And to black the poets rhyme.

Light they have and yet they wage
 War against all progress, fie,
 With their guilt no other age,
 Can compare for kindred dye.
 Fie O Fenians is the sense,
 Sense of shame forever gone;
 Can they reap no recompense,
 Whose labours thick on thee were strewn.

Let the conscience of the world
 Record thy foul acts of shame,
 With black Nero be thou hurled,
 Bear his ignominious name.
 Then let earth thine equal know,
 Ne'er through cycles of all time,
 Let its parallel ne'er flow,
 Even in the poet's rhyme.

Ne'er let genius more ascend,
 To portray so dark a hue,
 Never let his honor bend
 To describe so base a crew.
 Even Rome can blush for thee,
 Sorrowing that thou art her son,
 Reveling in depravity,
 And repown thy sins have won.

Living in a land of light,
 Yet ye seek us to enslave,
 By the principle of might,
 Think'st thou that John Bull's a knave,
 Shall we join our royal state,
 For that tyranny of thine,
 No by all that's good and great,
 No by every thought divine.

First let rivers run of blood,
 First let stars from heaven fall,
 First let England's love of God,
 Die around our heart strings all,
 First let all that's sacred true,
 Perish from our breasts of fire,
 And our conscience blacken, too ;
 Like thy own demoniac sire.

Sire ! O did I say thou son,
 Son of Belial Sweeney thou
 Come we'll love no better better fan,
 Than thy own proud head to bow,
 Shall we change our freedom too,
 By which now we worship God,
 And be guided by the crew,
 To old Smithfield martyr'd blood.

Rather let my brow of care,
 Perish by the Tiger's jaw,
 Fall beneath the Lion's snare,
 Than observe a Fenian law ;
 Now the Poet's pen is diped,
 In the hue of every heart,
 Yea ! The hearts of boys that whip'd,
 And made Fenian cowards smart.

England's right, her laws alone,
 Bear the high behest of heaven,
 And the seed her hand hath sown,
 Was by minist'ring angels given,
 Let her throne forever stand,
 Firm as Giberalter's Rocks,
 That when hellish hosts command,
 She may stand the earthquake shocks.

"THE QUEEN'S OWN."

AIR:—*Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, &c.*

In this happy land of love,
On which heaven's smile above,
Falls in holy sunshine on us,
E'er in peace.
Then the din of war was heard,
'Fore we gave one angry word,
And they vowed it should not short'y
With us cease.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp ye noble Britouers,
Cheer up, let the Fenians come,
For beneath Victoria's Throne,
Ye are fondly called her own,
And ye'll die for our beloved
Canadian home.

Now McEachran's blood is shed,
Laid with all the honored dead,
And his blood calls loud for vengeance
On the foe.

By the noble death he died,
Wave your Union Jack of pride,
And beneath Britania's banner
Onward go.

CHORUS,—*Tramp, tramp, &c.*

O! They desecrate our soil,
And they murder, plunder, spoil,
Cursed crew they come our country
To defame

This our holy land of pride,
For which noble men have died ;
To augment of yore our ancient
British name.

CHORUS,—*Tramp, tramp, &c.*

Your proud valour made them flee,
 And the wildest jubilee,
 Sound o'er our loved land again
 In deep pride.
 Ah, ye noblest band of men,
 Sink deep in our hearts again,
 As your valiant comrades now have
 For us died.

CHORUS.—Tramp, tramp, &c.

O, live in our hearts of love,
 Till your spirits soar above,
 On the downy wings of Angels
 To the sky.
 And then o'er your hallowed grave;
 Old Britannia's flag shall wave,
 In proud freedom as of yore them
 To defy.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp ye noble Britoner's,
 Cheer up, let the Fenians come,
 For beneath Victoria's throne,
 Ye are fondly called her own,
 And ye'll die for our beloved
 Canadian home.





