



THE: FENIANS WELCOME TO IRELAND

COMPOSED BY THE OLD POET J. W.

Air—the Limrick Rake

The Fenians are coming without more delay
Their brave ships are ready to cross o'er the sea
They will tatter John Bull if he be met on the way,
They are made to brave every storm
Their guns are well loaded with Powder & ball
Their Pikes are pure steel & as bright as the stars,
The shop boys for certain must join in the war
The moment the trumpet gives warning :

The American fleet now will shortly appear
The Fenians will bid a happy new-year
John Bull is in terror & shakking with fear
And closely he is watching each harbour
Now believe me for certain there is an old spleen
We are to long in bondage most plain to be seen
They will come in thousands to Erin the green
And we will welcome the boys in the morning

There will be money like sawdust the truth I declare
Cheer up lads & lasses and do not despair
John Bull will be runing just like a mad hare
To save both his head and his horns
That is not the question but where will he face
The Fenians will give him the hell of a chase
They will banish all tyrants of Lutens black race
A long time they held them in scorn

This war will be greater than great Waterloo
The Saxons at present are all in a stew
They Yankeys & Paddies will cause them to rue
In thousands they'll fall in slaughter
The Devil is ready his fire-men & all
The gates will be open no humbug at all
The moment that John Bull will give the first call
They will welcome him straight home to his quarters

Now to conclude and to finish my song
Come toast to the Fenians their numbers are strong
You will see no fun here til they are marching along
Til that will be shortly some morning
The Cross on our banners most plain to be seen
We are true sons of Paddy and Erin the green
There is long life to the Pope & the same to the queen
And to Hell with John Bull for fresh orders

