



A New Song called

John Morrissy Again in the Field?

Who he is to fight on the 1st of November, 1864.

AIR—Theolleen Bawn."

Draw near you sons of Granuaile attend unto my song,
I'll sing for you a verse or two—I'll not detain you long
'Tis of a valliant Iri-hman his praises I will sing—
For £10,000 on the 1st of June he has now challenged King.

'Tis true I am an Irishman from the town of Templemore,
And many a better man than King I left all in his gore,
'Tis not for money I'm going to fight, its plainly to be seen,
But for old Ireland's credit and the dear old shamrock green.

John Morrissy it is my name—my age is forty-three,
Some people say I am too old to gain the victory.
But on the first of November when I stand in the Ring,
I'm sure I will play Patrick's Day upon the ribs of King.

When I was joined in wedlock bands the truth I will relate,
A promise to my wedded wife I was obliged to make,
That fighting for the future I certainly would hun—
But I must have satisfaction for what John Heenan done.

The first man that I ever fought it was the Buffalow Boy.
The Yankees all were sure that day my life he would destroy,
But John gained the victory and that without much noise,
I played for him that favou ite tune the brave Tipperary Boys.

Then Sam the Black he was the next I own I did subdue
The Russian Sailor and Shepherd I have killed 'tis true
I never feared an Engli hman or Yankie in the Bing,
But I tell you true I will subdue the English bully King

John Heenan to his country eh is now a di g ace—
And to America what's more he dare not show his face—
He has chosed the Orange for evermore as you may under-
stand,
For a thousand pounds in ready gold he sold his native land.

'Tis not for the sake of money nor any other wealth,
Nor neither is it for the sake of the English Belt,
But for the honour of old Ireland as you may plainly see,
I'll fight or die all in the Ring or gain the victory.
Now to conclude those verses I have no moae to say,
That courage may not fail him and may he gain the day,
Come fill the glasses to the top until they do flow o'er,
And toast to gallant Morissy the pride of Erin's shore.

