

THE IRISH BRIGADE.

Albion's sweet Harp from your slumber awaken,
Once more send your sound round old Erin's
green Shore,

Silent I as one Bard, of bright nature's creation,
To sing a just praise of my fond brain I explore
Take up my pen stimulated by pleasure,
To paint these encomiums I'm no way dismay'd,
On our young Irish heroes excell beyond measure
Are gone to the Pope, named his Irish Brigade.

These brave Volunteers for to write on their merit,
It baffles my muse their just praise to portray,
A religious impulse their heart do inherit,
They flock round their Pope without pension nor
Christ's Vicar on earth to the last will defend him,
Of cursed Garibaldi there no way afraid,
Whilst their fame through all Europe will long be
extending,

Nine cheers for the Pope and his Irish Brigade.
This Irish Brigade will come off most victorious,
They will represent a delightful grand scene,
And for to behold them the sight will be glorious,
Their pure regimentals of the Marshal Green;
The Shamrock and harp on their cap illustrated,
The Cross on their breast-plate most artful dis-
played,

With inflexible courage each youth is completed,
Hurra, for the Pope and his Irish Brigade.

Our grand Metropolitan youths of distinction,
Inspired by the God of Creation and Birth,
Went off congregated with hearts most elated,
To fight for Christ's holy Vicar on earth;
The Sardinian devil they'll make him be civil,
With his Rebble Angles of Antichrists Brand,
With three Irish cheers for the Volunteers,
The Victory is sure under Heavens command.

This Lucifer fiend with his black falling angels,
Abandon'd by Heaven and mark'd with a stain,
Cut off from the Church by the Pope's execration,
This Sardinian infidel-off-cast of shame;
The Austrian troops are each day concentrating,
With American youths that the laurels wont fade,
And the Sons of St. Patrick with fire-locks a blaze—
Three cheers for the charge of the Irish Brigade.

This noble Brigade heretofore was recorded,
For dauntless achievements and glories of war,
At the point of the bayonet their acts were ap-
plauded,

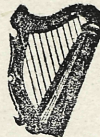
Regardless of danger or blood crimsoned scar;
The present young hero's from here emigrated,
Unite in a cause that from Heaven got birth,
By the powers of hell they cannot be defeated,
Defending Christ's holy pure vicar on earth.

So worthy Napoleon step forth from your slumber,
With your floating Eagles just now is your time,
Let our French cannonade make your enemy won-
der,

Whilst the blaze of true victory round you shall
shine;

Make the bright swords of Paris cut off these in-
vaders.

Tha our sanctified Pontiff by them is betray'd
You'll be prompt in your ranks by the pride of the
nation,
Patrick's true dauntless young Irish Brigade.



The Fenian Men.

One who comes over the red blossomed
heather,
Their green banners kissing the pale
mountain air,
Heads erect, eyes to front, stepping proud-
ly together,
Sure freedom sits throned on each proud
spirit there,

Down the hills twining
Their blessed steels shining
Like rivers of of beauty they flow from
each glen,

From mountain and valley
'Tis liberty's rally—
Out and make way for the bold Fenian
men!

Our prayers and our tears they have scoo-
fed and derided,
They've shut out God's sunlight from
spirit and mind,
Our foes were united, and we were divided
We met and they scattered us all to the
wind.

But once more returning,
Within our veins burning
The fire that illumined dark Aherlow's
glen,

We'll raise the old cry anew,
Slogan and Con Hugh—
Out, and way for the fenian men.

We've men from the West, from the Suir,
and the Shannon,
Let the tyrant come forth, we'll bring force
against force;
Our pen is the sword, and our voice the
cannon—

Rife for rifle, and horse against horse,
We've made the false saxon yield,
Many a red battle field,
God on our side, we shall do so again—
Pay them back woe for woe,
Give them back blow for blow—
Out and made way for the fenian men!

Side by side for this cause have our fore-
fathers battled—
When our hills never echoed the tread of a
slave—
In many a green field where leaden hail
rattled,
Through the red gap of glory they march-
ed to the grave.

And they who inherit
Their names and their spirit,
Will march 'neath the standard of liberty
then

Those who love Saxon ways
Native and Sassenagh,
Out, and make way for the fenian men!
Up for the cause, men! fling forth your
green banners,
From East to the West, from the South
to the North,
Irish men! Irish land! Irish mirth! Irish
manners!
From mansion and cot let the Slogan go
forth,

Sons of Old Ireland now,
Love ye your sireland now?
Come from the Kirk, from the Chapel
and Glen,
Down with all faction old—