

Shout! Shout! Shout!
A CANADIAN VOLUNTEER SONG.

TUNE.—Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.

In a cottage by my side sits the darling of my
pride,
And our happy children round us are at play;
But the news spread through the land,
That the Fenians are at hand,
And our country's call we cheerfully obey.

Chorus—Shout, shout, shout, ye loyal
Britons!

Cheer up, let the rabble come;
For beneath the Union Jack
We will drive the Fenians back,
And we'll fight for our beloved Can-
nadian home.

O'Mahoney, wanting cash, may be, contem-
plates a dash
With his dupes upon our tills to make a raid;
But they'll prove to their dismay,
That the thing will never pay.
And, perhaps, of British ground they'll wish
they'd stayed.

Shout, shout, shout, &c.

Should the poor deluded band e'er set foot up-
upon our land,
To menace the rights of England's noble
Queen,
They will meet true British pluck—
English, Irish, Scotch, Conuck—
And will wish themselves at home again I
ween.

Shout, shout, shout, &c.

Now, as British volun'ees, for the Queen we
give three cheers—
For her army and her navy o'er the seas;
On each heart her name's engrav'd
With the good old flag that's braved
For 'a thousand years the battle and 'he
breeze."

Shout, shout, shout, &c.



In the pri-son cell I sit, Think- ing Moth- er dear of you, And our



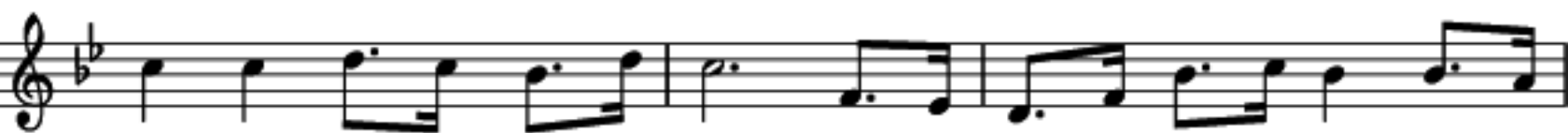
bright and hap- py house so far a- way; And the tears they fill my eyes, Spite of



all that I can do, Tho' I try to cheer my com- rades and be



gay. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! The boys are march- ing.



Cheer up com- rades, they will come; And be- neath the star- ry flag, we will



breathe the air a- gain, Of the free land in our own be- lov- ed home.