

# The Fenians

From The Grand River Sagem  
Chord suggestions by Ian Bell

D G D

Och Mur - ther the Fen - ians are com - ing I'm fright - ened clean out of my

Bm A D G D A

4  
life If there's one thing I hate more than an - oth er 'Tis blood - shed and pil - lage and

D D G A D Bm A

8  
strife Our coun - try is pros - sperous and hap - py We don't want the spal - peens at all But

D G D A D

13  
if they must come we will give them A feast up - on pow - der and ball.

Sing the chorus to the last two lines of the verse

Chorus:

Then up my brave boys and be ready

Let them our just vengeance feel The first time we meet, we'll give them

A taste of the true British steel

The Fenians.

Och mur! er the Fenians are coming  
I'm frightened clean out of my life  
If there is one thing I hate more than another  
Tis bloodshed, pillage and strife  
Our country is prosperous and happy  
We dont want the spalpeens at all ;  
But if they must come, we will give them  
A feast upon powder and ball.

Chorus— Then up my brave boys and be ready  
Let them our just vengeance feel,  
The first time we meet, we'll give them,  
A taste of the true British steel.

Oct. Pat your a gullable creature  
To be cheated by such worthless trash  
Who flatter and coax and caress you  
While they slyly pocket your cash.  
They say that they want to give freedom  
To sweet Ireland the gem of the sea ;  
More likely they want to live easy  
On poor Paddy's like you and me.

Chorus— Then up my brave boys, &c.

Maybe Sweeny and Roberts are thinking  
That it will be such a grand feat,  
To come over here some fine morning  
And humble us all at their feet.  
I'm afraid the sunburst will get bursted  
At sight of the old Union Jack ;  
While a growl from the bold British lion  
Will make them turn tail in a crack.

Chorus— Then up my brave boys, &c.

Let the Fenians cross if they wish to,  
With their boasted numbers and might ;  
Like the cowardly curs that we read of  
Their bark is worse than their bite  
If success would attend their endeavors  
And old Ireland was under their care,  
What a glorious Republic for fighting  
A monstrous Donnybrook fair.

Chorus— Then up my brave boys, &c.

Canadians now up and be ready  
Our cause is both just and right,  
In thousands flow round the old standard  
For the Queen and our country to fight ;  
With the red coated sodgers to back us  
We don't care for the Fenians a pin,  
We're ready, and able and willing  
To luther them out of their skin.

Chorus— Then up my brave boys, &c.

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