

When every brave man's every heart shall ring,
 A shout shall rise from every breast, and
 At the same instant an shout was made,
 When each man's hand on the British cannon
 Their grenadiers in company took the Shannon,
 Led by brave Captain Rogers, who with fame
 Plung'd in the middle of the rapid stream:
 He led them on, and with undaunted ire,
 He gain'd the bank in spite of all our fire;
 Being bravely followed by his grenadiers,
 The bullets flew like hail about their ears,
 And by this time they enter uncontrol'd.

St. Ruth—Dare all the forces of England be so

To attempt to storm so brave a town when I,
 With all Hibernia's sons of war are nigh?
 Return, and if the Britons dare pursue,
 Tell them St. Ruth is near, and that will do.

Post—Your aid would do much better than
 your name.

St. Ruth—Bear back this answer, friend,
 from whence you came. [Exit Post.

Sars—Send speedy succours and their fate
 prevent.

You know not yet what Britons dare attempt,
 I know the English fortitude is such,
 To boast of nothing, tho' they have enough,
 No force on earth their fury would resist,
 Nor would they fly from all the devils in hell.

St. Ruth—Nay, nay, my lord, but
 pray forbear.

I would not aid them by my name I swear;
 'Tis but a scoff, a ridicule to say,

Would I outbrave them in the victory,
 Dare British force attempt to make them yield,

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