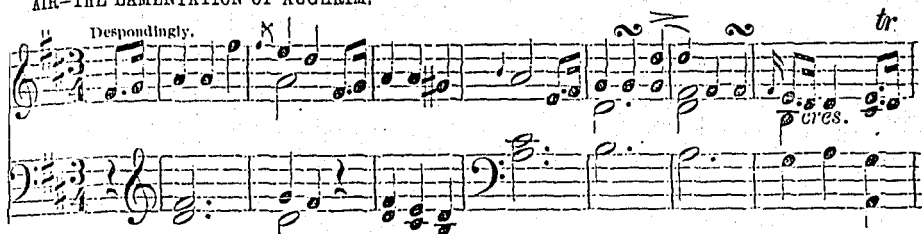


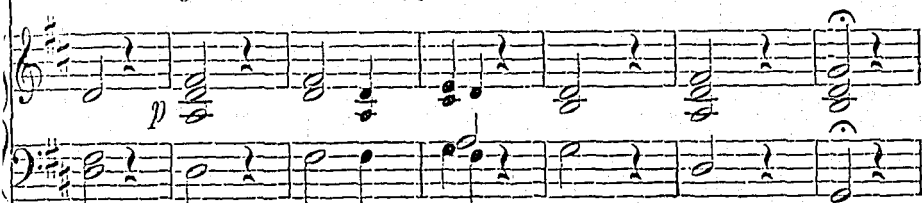
FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

AIR—THE LAMENTATION OF AUGHRIM.

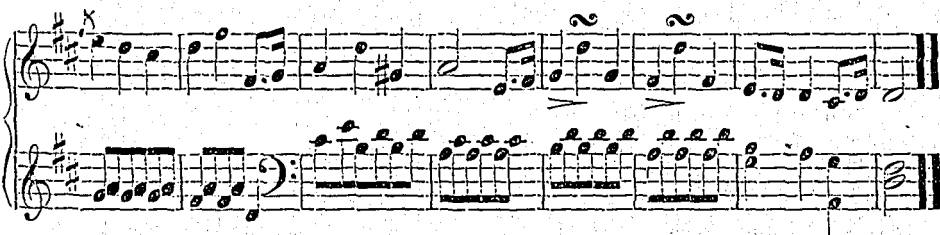
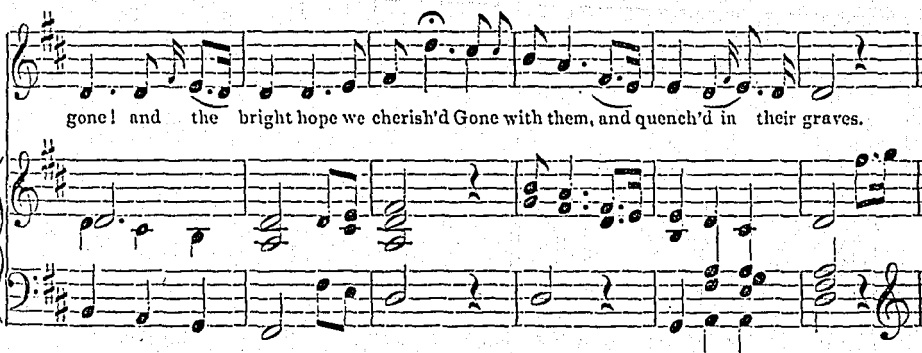
Despondingly.



1. For - get not the field where they perish'd, The truest, the last of the brave—All



gone! and the bright hope we cherish'd Gone with them, and quench'd in their graves.



2 Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts, as they bounded before,
In the face of high heav'n to fight over
That combat for Freedom once more:—

3 Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then.
Oh! 'tis not in man, nor in Heaven,

4 But 'tis past, and tho' blazon'd in story,
The name of our Victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

5 Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illum'd by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruins, to fame!