

HEALTH TO LORD MELVILLE.

AIR — *Carrickfergus.*

Since here we are set in array round the table,
 Five hundred good fellows well met in a hall,
 Come listen, brave boys, and I'll sing as I'm able
 How innocence triumphed and pride got a fall.
 But push round the claret —
 Come, stewards, don't spare it —
 With rapture you'll drink to the toast that I give.
 Here, boys,
 Off with it merrily —
 MELVILLE forever, and long may he live!

What were the Whigs doing, when boldly pursuing,
 PITT banished Rebellion, gave Treason a string?
 Why, they swore, on their honor, for ARTHUR O'CONNOR,
 And fought hard for DESPARD against country and king.
 Well, then, we knew, boys,
 PITT and MELVILLE were true boys,
 And the tempest was raised by the friends of Reform.
 Ah, woe!
 Weep to his memory;
 Low lies the pilot that weathered the storm!

And pray, don't you mind when the Blues first were raising,
 And we scarcely could think the house safe o'er our heads?
 When villains and coxcombs, French politics praising,
 Drove peace from our tables and sleep from our beds?
 Our hearts they grew bolder
 When musket on shoulder,
 Stepp'd forth our old Statesmen example to give.
 Come, boys, never fear,
 Drink the Blue grenadier —
 Here's to old HARRY, and long may he live!

They would turn us adrift; though rely, sir, upon it —
 Our own faithful chronicles warrant us that
 The free mountaineer and his bonny blue bonnet
 Have oft gone as far as the regular's hat.
 We laugh at their taunting,
 For all we are wanting
 Is license our life for our country to give.
 Off with it merrily,
 Horse, foot, and artillery,
 Each loyal Volunteer, long may he live!