



2. Thereat enraged they vowed revenge  
Upon King William's forces,  
And often cried vehemently,  
That they would stop their courses;  
A bullet from the Irish came,  
Which grazed King William's arm,  
They thought his Majesty was slain,  
Yet it did him little harm.

3. Then Duke Schomberg he in friendly care  
His King would often caution,  
To shun the spot where bullets hot,  
Retained their rapid motion:  
But William says, "he don't deserve  
The name of Faith's Defender,  
That would not venture life and limb,  
To make a foe surrender."

4. When we the Boyne began to cross,  
The enemy they defended;  
But few of our brave men were lost,  
So stoutly we defended:  
The horse were first that marched o'er,  
The foot soon followed after;  
The brave Duke Schomberg was no more,  
By venturing over the water.

5. The vallant Schomberg he was slain,  
King William then accosted  
His warlike men for to march on,  
And he would be the foremost:  
"Brave boys," he says, "be not dismayed"  
"For the loss of one commander  
For God will be our King this day,  
And I'll be general under!"

6. Then stoutly we the Boyne did cross,  
To give our enemies battle;  
Our cannon, to our foe's great cost,  
Like thund'ring claps did rattle;  
In majestic meen our Prince rode o'er,  
His men soon followed after,  
With blows and shouts put the foes to rout,  
The day we crossed the Water.

7. The Protestants of Drogheda,  
Have reason to be thankful,  
That they were not to bondage brought,  
They being but a handful;  
First to the Tholsel they were brought,  
And tried at the Millmount after;  
But brave King William set them free,  
For venturing over the water.

8. The cunning French near to Duleek,  
Had taken up their quarters;  
And forced themselves on every side,  
Awaiting for new orders;  
But in the dead time of the night,  
They set the fields on fire;  
And long before the morning light,  
To Dublin they did retire.

9. Then said King William to his men,  
After the French departed,  
"I'm glad indeed that none of ye  
Seemed to be faint-hearted:  
So sheath your swords, and rest awhile,  
In time we'll follow after,"  
These words he uttered with a smile,  
The day he crossed the water.

10. Come let us all with heart and voice,  
Applaud our lives' defender,  
Who at the Boyne his valor shewed,  
And made his foe surrender.  
To God above the praise we'll give,  
Both now and ever after;  
And bless the glorious memory  
Of William that crossed the water.

\*As this celebrated battle may be said to have decided the fate of Ireland, we cannot do better than commence the volume with the sturdy old ballad which so truthfully commemorates that important event. There is not a spot in Ireland more hallowed than the Boyne. The history of our country might be written on its banks, where the earliest Irish Kings reigned, the earliest laws were framed, and the earliest poems sung. Through its sacred stream Christianity entered Ireland, and on its margin was proclaimed the triumph of civil and religious liberty.