

The day shall not fade while your bright deeds of valour,
As at famed Waterloo, where no mercy did crave ;
Though the *Rose* and the *Thistle* French hides well did LATHER,
It was left for the *Shanrock* their beards off to SHAVE.
Also at the Boyne, when Prince William he chose you
At that struggle for freedom to be his life guard,
At your head he rode forth, o'er the streams of Boyne's river ;
Your victorious advance no foeman could retard.

So it's famed Enniskillen, &c.

So its brave Enniskillen, your sons always willin'
To defend the old spot where your forefathers stood,
And bequeathed you a gem as their life core was spillin',
To be guarded unsullied, 'twas sealed with their blood ;
Six hundred and three faithfully still guard the treasure,
Its ranks strongly filled with high men of renown ;
Captain Archdall and Aceles, Bell, Somers and Trimble,
Buchanan and Irwin, they still can be found.

So it's famed Enniskillen, &c.

Now farewell, Enniskillen, I'll quick fill a bumper
Of genuine good whiskey and drink to you all ;
The gem you'll keep safe that your forefathers left you,
To be its guardians you're trained by Capt. Mervin Archdall.
We'll toast to the brave men of old Enniskillen,
May they never know want, as they never knew fear ;
A terror to foes, you oft gave them a millin',
And you'll do so again should they ever appear.

So it's brave Enniskillen, your sons always willin'
The temper of steel with all foes for to try ;
The deeds of your sages on history's pages,
Untarnished they stand o'er earth's space and the sky.

Toast.

To the brave men who lathered and shaved the French at Waterloo,
beat the Papists at the Boyne, and whom William was truly pleased to
style GENTLEMEN. T. R.

Toronto, February 20th, 1876.