

The twelve became three, three followed seven,  
 And when all united they numbered eleven,  
 I ascended the mount, hoping there to remain,  
 Where I espied Israel's camp all spread out on the  
 plain;  
 The Hittites in thousands marched out from the  
 town, [down."  
 But Israel's true bandmen played, "Croppies lie

The battle commenced from the left unto the right,  
 But the Protestant boys excelled in the fight,  
 They crossed o'er the brook without fear or dis-  
 guise,  
 With fife and drums playing "The Protestant  
 Boys."  
 From Orange to Scarlet marched out from the  
 town, [down."  
 And the band changed its music to "Croppies lie

Oh, the true sons of Levi looked glorious and fine,  
 As scarlet companions all formed into line,  
 Arrayed were they all in true Orange and Scarlet,  
 Which they had divided with Rahab and Harlot;  
 The Philistine Priests like demons did frown,  
 As the Israelites marched on to "Croppies lie  
 down."

The Philistines looked from the wall with affright,  
 But the men that passed over were filled with  
 delight,  
 Seven days they encompassed the city about,  
 Seven times the last day were commanded to shout;  
 The rams horns were sounded by men of renown,  
 And our true silver band struck up "Croppies lie  
 down."

Mrs. Rahab remembered the vows she had made  
 As she promised our secret she'd never betray,  
 So we dressed her in Orange, her father and brother,  
 And kindly arrayed in bright scarlet her mother,  
 Saying, "Our lives now for yours if we don't take  
 the town," [down."  
 While our fine Orange band will play "Croppies lie