

The hill of Tarah and the lofty Sreen;
 They cross'd the Boyne, and in the dead of night,
 Slew all his guards and put his troops to flight.
 Laid some as tigers welching all in gore,
 And drove the remnant to their frozen shore.
 Thus, like brave souls, by one courageous stroke,
 They freed Hibernia from the Danish yoke;
 Then shall a soul like yours be kept in awe
 By England's power or the proud Norman?
 No—stay—his crown shall fall——
 Nay, his dominions moulder by degrees,
 As leaves in autumn with ring off the trees:
 James shall return and with great pomp restore
 Our Roman worship to the land once more;
 And drown these heretics in crimson gore.

SARS.—When that day comes, which I most
 wish to see,

We'll strip the branches from the orange tree.
 Lop down his boughs, while this true Irish hand,
 Shall scourge these English vipers off the land;
 Then shall our monks and jesuits all return,
 And holy incense on our altars burn,
 Whose arduous smoke shall penetrate the air.

A Horn sounds within.

ST. RUTH.—Hark! a post arrives who does some
 message bear.

Enter a Post.

POST.—With important news from Athlone I'm
 sent,

Be pleased to shew me to the general's tent.

SARS.—Behold the general there your message
 tell,

ST. RUTH.—Declare your message, are our
 friends all well?

POST.—Pardon me, sir, the fatal news I bring.