

She's as keen for blood as ever,
All she wants is former times,
And all those massacres together
Are but sketches of her crimes.
Britain would not be admonished,
She was so puffed up with pride,
All ye nations be astonished,
And pray to God to be your guide.

Hark again, the beast is roaring,
That the scarlet lady rules,
See her blinded priests devouring
Many bibles from her schools ;
Don't you see the Irish dragon
Sowing poison through the land,
Wanting us to worship Dagon,
And to join them hand in hand.

The Papists still want us to join them,
But we'll remember forty-one,
And we'll never mix with Popery
When we think upon the Boyne.

CROPPIES LIE DOWN.

Oh, ye knights and companions, now hear me relate
My tale of adventures, if it be not too late,
Of the bright Orange colours, when I was made new,
In succession was followed by the purple and blue ;
I travelled the desert the best that I could
With two and two quarters across Jordan's flood.

I forded the stream, and there got to my mark.
I followed six Levites that carried the Ark,
I travelled my journey unto Jericho,
And next unto Gilgal where all marksmen must go ;
And there I saw lights twelve, seven, six and three
With star, sun and moon, and two sixes agree.