

The true sons of Levi looked gloriously fine,
 As the Scarlet companions all formed into line,
 They crossed o'er the brook without fear or disguise,
 With fifes and with drums playing "the Protestant Boys,"
 From Orange to Scarlet all marched on the town,
 And the band changed the music to Croppies lie down.
 Down, down, Croppies lie down.

The Philistines looked from the walls with affright,
 But the men that passed over were filled with delight.
 Seven days we encompassed the city about,
 Seven times the last day when commanded to shout,
 The Ram's horns were sounded by men of renown,
 While the silver trump't band struck up Croppies lie down.
 Down, down, Croppies lie down.

Mrs. Rahob remembered the vows she had made,
 And as promised, our secrets she never betrayed,
 So we dressed her with Orange, her father and brother,
 And we kindly arrayed in bright scarlet her mother,
 Saying our life now for yours, if we don't take the town,
 While our fine Orange Band will play Croppies, lie down.
 Down, down, Croppies lie down.

Neither out of the city nor in it we'd stay,
 Neither inside the house nor outside we'd pray,
 And yet we all offered a pious petition,
 That the bold sons of Levi be free from division,
 And then we advanced right up on the town,
 And the very first shot made the Croppies lie down.
 Down, down, Croppies lie down.

Sir William approached me with a bright sword in hand,
 Which he girded right on me, as the Lord gave command,
 The honour conferred brought me right to my knee,
 St. Andrew, St. Patrick, St. George then did see,
 How delighted I was when our boys took the town,
 While I still heard the notes sounding Croppies lie down.
 Down, down, Croppies lie down.

Arise said Sir William, Sir Anthony brave,
 Take the bright sword in hand your country to save,
 Use it only when lawful, in defence of the truth,
 And don't injure a hair of the Sons of Monouth,
 But remember this well, you are never to frown,
 As each twelfth of July we play Croppies lie down.
 Down, down, Croppies lie down.

I answered right meekly as well as I could,
 For I never desired to appear there as rude,
 I made him my manners and then I was done,
 For although "forty-nine" I own I'm a son,
 Of a good Orange Father who never did frown,
 When he saw his son marching to Croppies lie down.
 Down, down, Croppies lie down.

So now having finished my travels I'm done,
 When I hear Orange music my spirits will run,
 To "sixteen and ninety" on the twelfth of July,
 When the Israelite boys made the Hittites to fly,
 And the Philistine king fled away without hat,
 And the walls of the city by Ram's horns lay flat.
 So down, down, the Croppies lay down.