

Come let us all with heart and voice,
Applaud our lives' Defender ;
Who at the Boyne his valour showed,
And made his foes surrender.
To God above the praise we'll give,
Both now and ever after,
And bless the glorious memory
Of William who cross'd the water.

Toast.

Here's to King William, of honour and fame !
Who purchased our freedom, and supported the same.
Here's that his loyalty never lie by,
While our Orangemen walk on the 12th of July.

THE ROYAL ARCH.

When Israel by the Almighty God,
From Egypt's plains away ;
Enriched by their oppressors sore,
In bondage where they lay.
Through Israel's camp His orders went,
They straight obeyed His call ;
He ranged His army as He went,
That none of them should fall.
Old Levi's sons did bare the Ark,
As vanguards on the way ;
They marched thus on Jordan's bank,
As well as the Red Sea.
He smote the waves to let them pass,
He stayed the rising flood :
While piled on high on either side,
The swelling waters stood.
A wondrous pillar led them on,
Composed of shade and light—
A sheltering cloud it was by day,
A lightning fire by night.
The imperial Juda's tent was chose,
By the Almighty God ;
And in that royal mansion
Was placed a mystic rod.
That rod, He said, would testify,
To ages yet unborn :
All those who would God's law despise,
Should off the earth be shorn.
From all the wonders it has done,
There still remaineth one,
To clear the path through Jordan's stream,
And lead our armies on.