

NTED:

the English.
the English
y.

nels.

the Irish.
nerals.

nels.

English gentle-
me, in love
oot's daugh-
nteer in the

wards and

THE

BATTLE OF AUGHRIM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene—A Camp.

The play opens with a martial sound of kettle-drums and trumpets behind the scenes, after which the curtain goes up and discovers St. Ruth, Lord Sarsfield, and Col. Gordon O'Neill, all sitting in council; they rise and come forward.

ST. RUTH.

Secure, brave Sarsfield, in our camp we lie,
And from our lines the British force defy;
Tho' in their cause both Dutch and Danes do join,
To boast their dear bought conquest of the Borne.
From yonder hill, my Lord, I can survey
Some great rejoicing in their camp to-day.
For in the air I could behold afar,
Their ensigns wavering in the pomp of war,
Their cannon firing and a smok arise,
As with their acclamations reach the skies.
Believe me, sir, these whiggish winds do bring
Some lying packet from their orange king,
The vicious allies do some fort invest,
Or else the fleet has cannonaded Brest.
But let their arms in Flanders so proceed,
By us the fam'd Hibernia shall be freed.
Our Fleur de Luce and Harp we will display
To fright those wolves and lions cubs away;
Those non-combatants, that pollute the soil,
And grow both fat and waster with our spoil.