

CROPPIES LIE DOWN.

REPUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

Oh ye knights and Companions now hear me relate,
 My tale of adventure, if it be not too late,
 The bright Orange colour 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 Jordans flood,
 Singing, down, down, Croppies lie down.

I forded the stream and then got my mark,
 And followed six Levites that carried the Ark,
 I travelled my journey unto Jericho,
 And lodged near to Gilgal where all marksmen must go,
 And there I saw lights; twelve, seven, six, and three,
 Which with Sun, Moon, and Star and two sixes agree,
 In down, down, Croppies lie down.

The twelve became three and three followed the seven,
 As our twelve living marksmen once numbered eleven,
 I ascended the mount hoping there to remain,
 When I spied Israel's camps all spread out on the plain,
 The Hittites in thousands marched out from the town,
 But Israel's true handsmen played Croppies lie down,
 Down, down, Croppies lie down.

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

The battle commenced from left unto right,
 But the Protestant Boys excelled in the fight,
 Arrayed were they all in true Orange and Scarlet,
 Which they had divided with Bahob the harlot,
 The Philistine Priests like demons hid from sight,
 As the Israelites marched on to Croppies lie down,
 Down, down, Croppies lie down.

The Philistines looked from walls with afright,
 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 rams-horns were sounded by men of renown,
 And the silver trump'd band struck up Croppies lie down,
 Down, down, Croppies lie down.

*Harlots in olden times were those who kept public houses for entertainment, and was not necessarily a dishonorable name.