

XII.

There's Laneshorough, and Shannon, and
Leinster unite,
Brave Leinster, our patron, whom naught can
affright !
All their friends to the House in a hurry they
send,
Who, with Ponsonby join'd, may our free-
dom defend.

Derry down, &c.

XIII.

And Charelemont firm, may the Heavens
reward him !
Whose heart is still open to us, like his gar-
den ;
And Loftus * so powerful, and Longford so
true,
All bring up their squadrons the fight to re-
new.

Derry down, &c.

XIV.

O'Brien, and Bingham, and Hufley, and
Bushe,
With Flood at their head, the court parricides
push,

* since the first publication of the above ballad, this noble Lord, in contempt of every social tie, has deserted his country and his friends.