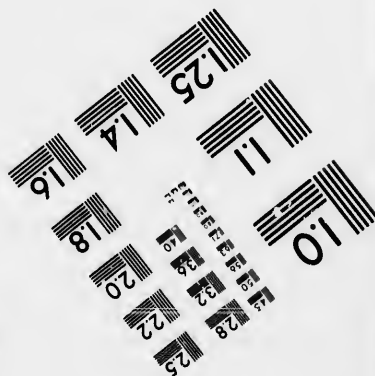
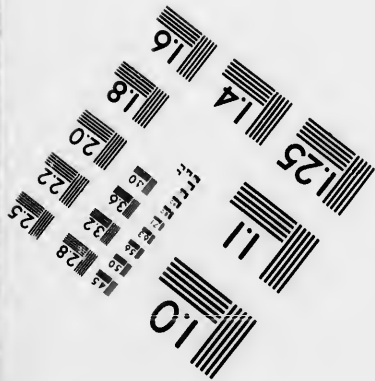
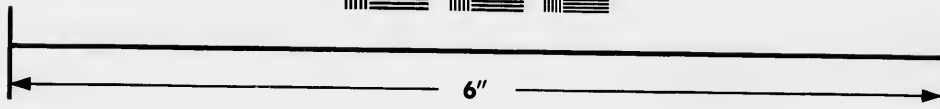
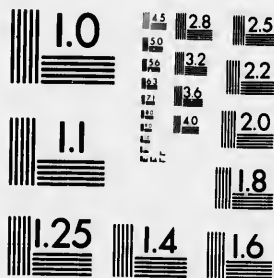


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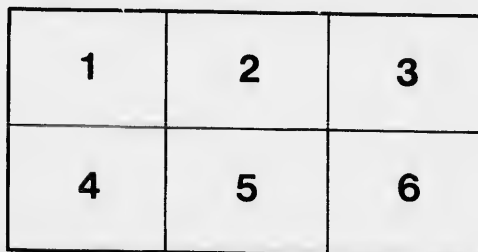
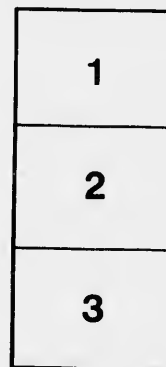
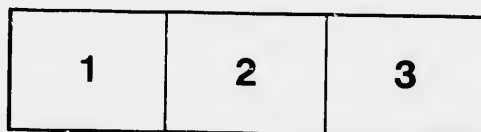
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THE
DERRY HARMONIST,

BEING A SELECTION OF THE BEST

NATIONAL, CONSTITUTIONAL,

AND OTHER

Loyal and Heroic Poems,

BY "A 'PRENTICE BOY"

—FROM—

DERRY WALLS AWAY.

1688.



1690.

*"Fenmanagh Cheers, Old Derry hears,
The echoes reach the Boyne."*

OTTAWA:

PRINTED AT "THE OTTAWA CITIZEN" PRINTING HOUSE.

1861

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BY "A 'PRENTICE BOY" FROM DERRY WALLS AWAY.  
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Ottawa:  
PRINTED AT "THE OTTAWA CITIZEN" PRINTING HOUSE.  
1864.

To the Officers and Members  
OF THE  
Loyal Orange Lodges in British North America,  
THIS SELECTION OF  
Songs and Poems

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

*With the warmest wishes that it may be the means of extending the Prosperity, Harmony and Usefulness of that*

Right Loyal Association,

By theirs faithfully, in the Bonds of Brotherhood,

THOMAS R. GIBSON.

---

“ Britannia's sons lift up your voice,  
Let all your harps with joy be strung,  
Let every hill and plain rejoice,  
And praises now employ each tongue;  
Religious freedom still shall reign,  
Through every part of your domain,  
For William gave to British laws,  
The fair impress of Freedom's cause.”

## PREFACE.

THE Title of the following work almost sufficiently explains itself without any Prefatory remarks respecting the Publisher, or many in reference to the nature and performance of the task he has undertaken. How far he has succeeded in performing that task, will be best proved by the work itself. As an excuse for its appearance, it may suffice, that finding a necessity existing for a work calculated to arouse the slumbering energies of the friends of the Bible, the Altar, and the Throne, in order that they might be stimulated to stand forward in their defence, and in preserving our religion, constitution, and laws, he has, at the request of many influential officers and members of the Orange Institution, and many others highly esteemed for their religion, loyalty, and attachment to the Protestant cause, been induced to take its publication in hand, and it is now presented to them, and to all those who desire to maintain the existing connexion between Great Britain and Ireland, and the Colonies thereunto belonging.

In Preparing the materials for the following pages the compiler trusts that the record of historical facts brought forward in them, will,



in some measure, be instrumental in producing a community of feeling and sympathy among Protestants of every denomination, who, at the present crisis, should, from the Peer to the Peasant, from the Governor to the Backwoodsman, be united as one man, in defence of what yet remains of our once glorious Constitution, assailed as it now is, both in the mother country and here, by the combined energy of Popery and infidelity; which, if not resisted, threaten at no very distant period, to annihilate both in Ireland and in Canada, not only the institutions of the country, but even the Protestant religion within this realm.

In selecting the matter for this publication care has been taken to select none but such as possess merit. In some, verbal alterations have been occasionally made in order to suit them more immediately to the times in which we live, and to remove any phrase or expression which might appear as having a tendency to give to the creature the praises due to the Creator, who alone giveth victory and crowns with success the exertions of those who love and fear him. The object of giving variety to these pages has been carefully watched, so as to meet the tastes of the different readers into whose hands the volume may chance to fall, while through the whole, the design is kept in view of inspiring love for the land in which we live, and the rights and privileges which we enjoy under the British Constitution. Nor has

the gallant soldier or sailor been forgotten, care has been taken to provide for them effusions suited to their various situations, and which, when adapted to the martial airs of England, will be found no unworthy stimulus to her bravest sons, and well calculated to encourage them on the battle plain, or on her mighty "field of fame,"—the blood-stained deck,—to exert themselves to the utmost in preserving untarnished the glory and honor of the British Empire.

As the events which occurred at Londonderry, Enniskillen, Aughrim, and the Boyne, occupy a prominent place in the history of the glorious Revolution of 1688-9, frequent allusion is made to them in these pages, particularly to Derry, as being the most conspicuous, from the length of time which the siege lasted, and the unparalleled sufferings and fortitude of its renowned defenders. What Marathon and Thermopylæ were to the Greeks, Londonderry and Enniskillen will ever be to the Protestants of Ireland, inspiring them with vigor should the fatal necessity ever come to call forth their energies in the same cause for which the heroes of 1688-9 fought, bled, and conquered.

It is not to be expected that this work should be free from errors; but whatever may be its faults in other respects, it is free from making an improper use of Scripture language, and with the exception of the airs, which in themselves cannot be considered sinful, it con-

tains nothing repugnant to the feelings of the most serious Christian. They are songs of deliverance, expressive of heartfelt gratitude and thankfulness.

Should he be assailed by critics of the Romish or Radical school,—who scruple not in the present day at attempting to blacken by calumny every man, no matter how exalted in station, or eminent for virtue, who has the manliness to speak or write on behalf of the Protestant religion,—he tells them before hand, that he despises their malignity, and can afford to treat their lucubrations with contempt and silence. He wishes, in the meantime, to observe, that he wars not with men, but with opinions and dogmas, which he considers to be subversive of civil and religious liberty, and proved by the experience of past ages to be incompatible with Protestantism and the laws of the British Empire.

Any man who carefully consider the workings of Romanism at the present day, and what it was when it had the ascendancy over Europe, will find it actuated by the same persevering and ambitious spirit of intolerance; with this exception, that circumstances have made it assume another guise under the semblance of liberal principles and toleration. To counteract the deep designs of this dangerous creed, requires the greatest possible vigilance on the part of Protestants; and to stimulate them to exert themselves in resisting its encroachments,

so that they may be enabled to transmit to posterity the freedom and privileges which were purchased for them by the blood and valor of the worthy and courageous men, whose noble and heroic achievements are recorded in these poems, is the object of the publisher who has no other ambition to gratify, beyond a wish to contribute his mite in defence of the cause of Protestantism, the Bible, and the Crown.

The materials to form the following pages have been selected from the productions of the Rev. JOHN GRAHAM, Rector of Magilligan, ROBERT YOUNG, Esq., the Fermanagh "True Blue," CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH, OGLE R. GOWAN, Colonel BLACKER, Lord MACAULAY, Wm. McCOMB, SHANNON, and others who have devoted much time and talent to the Protestant cause.

T. R. GIBSON,

CITY OF OTTAWA C. W., Nov. 10, 1864.

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THE  
DERRY HARMONIST.

---

THE BIBLE AND THE CROWN.

Awake to the combat, stout hearts to the strife—  
Each blow that we deal is for freedom and life;  
The vulture of bigotry screams on the blast—  
The foeman his leaguer around us has cast;  
And loud is his menace, and dark is his frown,  
As in vengeance he glares on the Bible and Crown.

No phantom illusive allures to the fight—  
No vision that flashes and fades in the sight—  
That fleets like the vapour of morning away,  
A moment deceptively gilt by its ray;  
No selfish ambition, the bubble renown,  
But the soul-stirring cause of the Bible and Crown.

Oh! yes, 'tis a cause every bosom to fill  
With the holiest ardour of chivalry's thrill,  
Because to ennoble the meanest, whose brand  
Gleams gallantly drawn for the weal of the land;  
In brotherhood linking—the prince and the crown—  
As they boldly rush on for the Bible and Crown.

Each minor dissention be lost at the call,  
 Absorbed in the peril impending o'er all;  
 Let the Presbyter strike by the Prelatist's side,  
 And stem in strong union fell Popery's tide,  
 Whose billows, unsparing, both quickly would drown;  
 Strike, Protestants all, for the Bible and Crown.

Oh! deem not the demon will pause in his ire,  
 Of Luther or Calvin the signs to enquire;  
 Enough, ye the fetters of errors have burst;  
 Alike ye have dared, and alike are accurs'd;  
 He heeds not the squabble of surplice and gown—  
 Woe, woe is your doom, with the Bible and Crown.

By the halo of glory, undying in fame,  
 That gilds with its lustre your forefathers' name—  
 By all that to freemen and loyal is dear,  
 Come, for hearths and for altars, and loud be the cheer,  
 That, waking the echoes in country and town—  
 On, on, gallant hearts, for the Bible and Crown.

Awake to the contest, and proudly and brave,  
 Let your banners of freedom and loyalty wave;  
 And keen be the blade, and unerring the blow,  
 And firm be your tread on the neck of the foe,  
 As tumbles the Dagon of Popery down  
 Before the bless'd look of the Bible and Crown.

---

### DERRY.

This was the place, whose martial sons alone  
 Supported freedom and the British throne;  
 Adored the parent stem from whence it grew,  
 Bled to support its rights—and conquered too.

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE SHUTTING OF  
THE GATES OF DERRY, DEC. 18, 1688. N. S.AIR.—“*Siege of Carrickfergus.*”

When the struggle for freedom took place in our nation,  
Which long had been trampled by bigoted sway,  
The brave men of Derry, for self-preservation,  
Made fast their strong gates on that threat'ning day.  
Though cowards might tremble and traitors dissemble,  
Those heroes stood forward all gallant and true,  
Foul thralldom for ever from Erin to sever,  
And up went their standard of Orange and Blue.

Oh! fair Londonderry, it makes my heart merry,  
To see your proud walls rising over the Foyle;  
May no Whig or Tory, despising your glory,  
Your sons or your daughters of honor despoil.

Then loudly their war cry o'er Ulster resounded,  
And called forth the Protestant chiefs of our land,  
Who, with zeal patriotic, and courage unbounded,  
On the Foyle for their freedom determined to stand;  
Then Mount-Alexander, that noble commander,  
With Skiffington, Rawdon, and Blaney so brave,  
Despising alarms, came down here in arms,  
Our liberty, laws, and religion to save.

Oh! fair Londonderry, &c.

George Walker and Murray rode here in a hurry,  
With Sanderson, Cairns, and Noble renown'd,  
Stout Canning and Rawson, with Downing and Dawson,  
Unmov'd on their posts here in Derry were found;  
With Knoxes and Rosses, Hills, Grahams and Crosses,  
And Beresford brave, from the town of Coleraine,  
Dunbars, Halls, and Rices, with Blairs, Brookes, and Prices,  
All faced the wild foe with a noble disdain.

Oh! fair Londonderry, &c.



## SHUTTING OF THE GATES OF DERRY.

Bold Mitchelburn, Baker, and Mackey, unbending,  
 Held out, through all dangers, our rights to maintain,  
 Resolving to die for their freedom contending,  
 Before the Vile Tyrant should over them reign.  
 To gain us our charters, they bled like true martyrs,  
 Regardless of fear, though by numbers assail'd ;  
 Because they confided in Him that divided  
 The waters that over proud Pharoah prevailed.

Oh! fair Londonderry, &c.

From ancient Dungannon, with horsemen and cannon,  
 Came Chichester, brave as Sir Arthur of old,  
 The Moores from old Aughter, the Mervyns from Clogher,  
 To Derry flock'd in with their soldiers and gold.  
 From rich Limavady, to puzzle poor Paddy,  
 Came Phillips, who fought in the year *forty-one*.  
 Through fair and foul weather they all stood together,  
 Till James was knock'd up, and the foemen were gone,

Oh! fair Londonderry, &c.,

Thus heaven protected these heroes undaunted,  
 Who fought and who bled in religion's bright cause,  
 And gain'd for the nation what long had been wanted,  
 A free Constitution and Protestant laws.  
 From bondage for ever our Isle they did sever.  
 Oh! may we, like them, be decided and true ;  
 May liberty flourish, and loyalty nourish  
 The principle sound of a 'Prentice Boy, Blue.

Oh! fair Londonderry, it makes my heart merry,  
 To see your proud walls rising over the Foyle.  
 May no Whig or Tory, despising your glory,  
 Your sons or your daughters of honor despoil.

## THE SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY.

AN HISTORICAL SONG.

AIR—" *The Boyne Water.*"*"Dignum laude virum,  
Musa vetat Mori."*—HOR.

## I.

In sixteen hundred and eighty-eight,  
 On the seventh day of December,  
 The men of Derry clos'd their gate,  
 And the day we will ever remember ;  
 While all around, on rising ground,  
 The foe was fast collecting,  
 Their pomp and pride, our Sires defied,  
 Kind Heaven their cause protecting.

## II.

Lord Antrim's red-shanks led the van.  
 In bright array of battle,  
 But here they dare not leave a man,  
 While musquet balls could rattle ;  
 Tho' some within, proclaim'd it sin,  
 And treason to repel them,  
 Our young men brave, their lives to save,  
 To fly did soon compel them.

## III.

Lord Galmoy's horse, with Ramsay's pranc'd,  
 Around Ballongry mountain,  
 Nugent and Eustace bold advanc'd,  
 To Columb-Kill's fair fountain ;  
 Lord Gormanstown his magazine  
 High o'er them all defended,  
 And Lord Clare's yellow flag was seen  
 O'er a Danish Fort extended.

## IV.

From Lucan issued Sarsfield's horse,  
 Their drums and trumpets sounding,  
 Down Tara-hill came Plunket's force,  
 Their hearts for fame high bounding ;  
 From Tredagh march Lord Dungan's band,  
 All rais'd by royal bounty,  
 Tyrconnel's from Fitzgerald's land,  
 And Luttrell's from King's County.

## V.

Young Talbot travell'd from Kildare,  
 Purcell from Tipperary,  
 Waucop and Buchan both were there,  
 From the wilds of Inverary ;  
 Dublin's Mayor did there repair,  
 The Butlers from the Barrow,  
 Roscommon sent Lord Dillon's heir,  
 The Derry walls to harrow.

## VI.

On steeds by all the army praised,  
 Came Parker's troop from Navan,  
 O'Reilly with the force he raised,  
 From the hills and the vales of Cavan ;  
 Clifford's troops advanc'd from Clare,  
 To join the Irish party,  
 Cottrell's dragoons came in for a share,  
 Of the glory with great Clancarty.

## VII.

From Cork's wide shore MacGartymore  
 The besieging force augmented,  
 Macmahon's men their standard bore,  
 In Clones regimented ;  
 Hagaus were seen, from Glenwood green,  
 To great O'Neill related,  
 And Gallaghers tall, from fair Donegal.  
 Were the last of the troops that retreated.

## VIII.

Bellew left Duleck and his ancient hall,  
 To see his monarch righted,  
 Fagan of Filtrim with Fingal  
 His cavalry united ;  
 'Twas part of the plan that Lord Strabane  
 Should give his neighbors warning,  
 But they packed him off with a shot and a scoff,  
 His hollow counsel scorning.

## IX.

At the murmuring rill, near Pennyburn-mill,  
 Were Bagnall's forces posted,  
 Fitzgerald's on the Chapel-hill,  
 Of faith and fealty boasted ;  
 The batteries of Culmore fort  
 With sod-works were surrounded,  
 And loud their culverin's report  
 O'er hills and vales resounded.

## X.

In the Sheriff's ground, near a new rais'd mound,  
 Lord Louth took a strong position,  
 And with Lord Slane did there remain,  
 Their troops in high condition ;  
 Bred on the flow'ry banks of Boyne,  
 Then unrenown'd in story,  
 They here the Irish ranks did join,  
 In vain pursuit of glory.

## XI.

Clancarty's troops round fair Brookhall,  
 A dangerous post demanded,  
 O'Neill's dragoons, both stout and tall,  
 The other shore commanded ;  
 Kilkenny Butler chose the spot  
 From which the Boom extended,  
 Across the FOYLE, where bullets hot,  
 That fearful pass defended.

## XII.

Cavenagh was seen, o'er Craggin burn,  
 His Wicklow warriors leading,  
 Whence few were fated to return,  
 Tho' now in pride parading ;  
 Ten thousand men round fair Prehen,  
 In trenches deep protected,  
 On every hill display'd their skill,  
 And batteries erected.

## XIII.

From Trough's green fields M'Kennas came,  
 In number high amounting,  
 And from the Baan's meandering stream  
 Came Bradley's past the counting ;  
 From Longford far to the field of war  
 O'Farrell's forces wander'd,  
 And did their best in Walker's nest,  
 To plant King James's standard.

## XIV.

When Bryan O'Neill, of Balnascreen,  
 An Alderman was chosen,  
 And when Broughshane our Mayor was seen,  
 Our hearts with fear were frozen ;  
 O'Rourke too was down for an Alderman's gown,  
 O'Sheills and MacConways clated,  
 MacAnallies from Tyrone and Con Baccagh's son.  
 On our magistrates bench were seated.

## XV.

From Caher's old throne in Ennishow'n  
 O'Doherty ran shouting,  
 And on the plane stood brave O'Cane,  
 A victory not doubting ;  
 Lough Erne's shore, with many more,  
 Sent forth Maguire boasting,  
 Of times that were gone—"old forty-one,"  
 In flowing bumpers toasting.

## XVI.

What could the maiden city do,  
 By all those troops invested ?  
 She rais'd her standard of TRUE BLUE,  
 By Freedom's foes detested ;  
 The goodly sign, like bow divine,  
 O'er Ulster brightly beaming,  
 Brought quickly forth the sons of the north,  
 The post of honor claiming.

## XVII.

At Lifford it was Hammel's care  
 That the foe should be obstructed,  
 And when at last the Finn they pass'd,  
 His men he here conducted ;  
 But when he was away, before the dawn of day,  
 Old Hansard was ill treated,  
 For to their shame some cowards came,  
 And his statue mutilated.

## XVIII.

Soon to the town Squire Forward came,  
 His bands from Burt preceeding,  
 And Stewart and Grove to the field of fame  
 Lough Swilly's heroes leading ;  
 On a meadow great, near Ballindrate,  
 Brave Rawdon join'd Lord Blaney.  
 Their trumpets' sound was echo'd round,  
 From the Foyle to the southern Slaney.

## XIX.

From Newtownstewart rode Lord Mountjoy,  
 In youthful beauty blooming,  
 Squire Moore o'er troops from Aughnacloy  
 The high command assuming ;  
 To aid the town, from warlike Down,  
 Hill came and cross'd our ferry,  
 Bearing a name that still holds claim  
 On the hearts of the men of Derry

## XX.

Great Skifflington, from Massarcon,  
 In this good cause was serving,  
 And valiant Cross from Dartan green,  
 From Omagh Audley Mervyn;  
 From Killyleagh George Maxwell gay  
 For gallant deeds was knighted,  
 CAIRNES of Knockmany shar'd the glory of the day,  
 When James's threats were slighted.

## XXI.

Glasslough sent a regiment in armour bright,  
 By Caledon's horsemen aided,  
 Johnson commanded, and led them to the fight,  
 From the ground where they first paraded;  
 GRAHAM's gallant hand did the foe withstand,  
 An Alderman wise and steady,  
 His purse and his store were open evermore,  
 For his townsmen's service ready.

## XXII.

BABINGTON was here, and amongst us did appear  
 MITCHELLBURN cover'd with glory,  
 ADAM MURRAY rare and valiant Jamie Blair,  
 And BAKER renown'd in story;  
 PONSONBY brave stood here the town to save,  
 SINCLAIR and SAUNDERSON assisting,  
 Horace Kennedy and Ash, and Vaughan bold and rash  
 The besiegers' troops resisting.

## XXIII.

DAWSON and Campsie nobly fought,  
 With Albert Hall and Barry,  
 Crookshank and Upton ever sought,  
 The foe's proud force to parry;  
 Gervais Squire led the way in ev'ry bloody fray,  
 James Curry for ardor was noted,  
 But Adams of Strabane, at our cannon was the man  
 To whom we the laurel voted.

## XXIV.

Lennox and Leeky to Scotland went,  
 For aid, a surrender loathing,  
 But ere they went, to the stores they sent  
 A large supply of clothing ;  
 Conyngham and Brooke great trouble took,  
 Major Phillips was the town's protector,  
 Godfrey from Coleraine did our noble cause sustain,  
 As did Jemmet our brave Collector.

## XXV.

Parker join'd us from Coleraine,  
 From Garvagh bravo GEORGE CANNING,  
 A noble soul without a stain,  
 No wily mischief planning ;  
 And well he might have felt some fright,  
 As here in arms he hasted,  
 For his father's town had been burn'd down,  
 And his fair plantation wasted.

## XXVI.

Alderman Tomkin promptly sent,  
 To the camp from his castle of Tirkearing,  
 A strong and a gallant regiment,  
 All our toils and our danger sharing ;  
 And on a lucky day they met Murray on the way,  
 And chose him their commander,  
 On Frenchmen's heads they sharpened their blades,  
 With the brave Mount Alexander.

## XXVII.

From Charlemont came Caulfield's force,  
 Chichester from Dungannon,  
 With horse and foot that from Dromore,  
 Escap'd the Irish cannon ;  
 Colhoun from Letterkenny came,  
 On angry foes proud frowning,  
 From Dawson's bridge, his fair abode,  
 Came gallant Adam Downing.



## XXVIII.

Jackson and Beatty from Slievégallen came across  
 Colonel Stuart, with Mulholland of Eden,  
 Cowan, Denniston, with Fleming Clark and Ross,  
 And Knox, from Glenfin and Kilkeadon;  
 Cummins fired the foremost gun, ere the foe began to run,  
 James Houston amaz'd each bystander,  
 When fainting on the wall, and with famine like to fall,  
 He brought down a proud French commander.

## XXIX.

Sir TRISTRAM BERESFORD's array,  
 Coleraine some days defended,  
 But here at last they found their way,  
 And vigor recommended;  
 Sir John Magill was ready still,  
 Both night and day for action,  
 And CARY sought and stoutly fought,  
 To crush King James's faction.

## XXX.

And last, not least, from Donaghmore,  
 GEORGE WAKERK came to guide us,  
 To join our cause for evermore,  
 Let weal or woe betide us;  
 When press'd with woe—in spirits low,  
 We heard his words endearing.  
 When he said go—we chased the foe,  
 His voice our spirits cheering.

## XXXI.

With hearts like these, what blood could freeze;  
 The dangers gather'd round us;  
 From morn till night we stood the fight,  
 The foe could ne'er confound us;  
 No famine pale could aught avail,  
 No feelings keen or tender,  
 Make us relent or once consent  
 To say the word—SURRENDER.

## XXXII.

At last, by all our suff'rings moved,  
 Kind Heaven its aid extended,  
 The tyrant's arts abortive prov'd,  
 And Derry's woe was ended ;  
 In one dark night the foe took flight,  
 Leek Patrick's old church burning,  
 And ere 'twas day—all far away,  
 They thought not of returning.

## THE SHUTTING OF THE GATES.

*For the Celebration of the 7th of December, 1821, (O. S.)*

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

*"Nec magis expressi vultus per aenea signa  
 Quam per vatis opus mores antmiquae virorum  
 Clarorum apparent."*—HOR.

## I.

Full many a long wild winter's night,  
 And sultry summer's day,  
 Are pass'd and gone since James took flight,  
 From Derry walls away :  
 Cold are the hands that clos'd that gate,  
 Against the wily foe,  
 But here to time's remotest date,  
 Their spirit still shall glow.

## CHORUS.

*Then here's a health to all good men,  
 Now fearless friends are few,  
 But when we close our gates again,  
 We'll then be all true blue.*

## II.

Lord Antrim's men came down yon glen,  
 With drums and trumpets gay,  
 The 'Prentice boys just heard the noise,  
 And then prepar'd for play :  
 While some oppos'd, the gates they clos'd,  
 And joining hand in hand,  
 Before the wall resolv'd to fall,  
 Or for their freedom stand.

## CHORUS.

*When honor calls to Derry's walls  
 The noble and the brave,  
 Oh, he that in the battle falls,  
 Must find a hero's grave.*

## III.

Then came the hot and doubtful fray,  
 With many a mortal wound,  
 While thousands in wild war's array,  
 Stood marshall'd all around :  
 Each hill and plain were strew'd with slain,  
 The Foyle ran red with blood,  
 But all was vain the town to gain,  
 Here William's standard stood.

## CHORUS.

*Then here's to those that meet their foes,  
 As men and heroes should,  
 And let the slave steal to his grave,  
 Who fears to shed his blood.*

## IV.

The matchless deeds of those who here  
 Defied the tyrant's frown,  
 On history's bright rolls appear,  
 Emblazon'd in renown :  
 Here deathless WALKER'S faithful word  
 Sent hosts against the foe,  
 And gallant MURRAY'S bloody sword  
 The Gallic chief laid low.

## CHORUS.

*Then here's to those—heroic dead,  
Their GLORIOUS MEMORY,  
May we who stand here in their stead  
As wise and valiant be.*

## V.

O, sure a heart of stone would melt,  
The scenes once here to see,  
And witness all our fathers felt,  
To leave their country free:  
They saw the lovely matron's cheek,  
With want and terror pale,  
They heard their child's expiring shriek  
Float on the passing gale.

## CHORUS.

*Yet here they stood—in fire and blood,  
As battle rag'd around,  
Resolv'd to die—till victory,  
Their purple standard crown'd.*

## VI.

The sacred rights these heroes gain'd  
In many a hard fought day  
Shall they by us be still maintain'd,  
Or basely cast away:  
Shall rebels vile rule o'er our Isle,  
And call it all their own,  
Oh surely no, the faithless foe,  
Must bend before the throne.

## CHORUS.

*Then here's a health to all good men,  
To all good men and true,  
And when we close our gates again,  
We'll then be all TRUE BLUE.*

## THE RELIEF.

*Written for the celebration of that event, on the 1st of  
August, 1822, (O. S.)*

AIR—"My ain kind Dearie O."

## I.

The gloomy hour of trial's o'er,  
No longer cannons rattle O,  
The tyrant's flay is seen no more,  
And James has lost the battle O,  
And here are we, renown'd and free,  
By maiden walls surrounded O,  
While all the knaves who'd make us slaves,  
Are baffled and confounded O.

## II.

The Dartmouth spreads her snow-white sail,  
Her purple pendant flying, O,  
While we the dauntless heroes hail,  
Who sav'd us all from dying, O;  
Like Noah's dove, sent from above,  
While foes would starve and grieve us, O,  
Thro' floods and flame, an angel came,  
To comfort and relieve us, O.

## III.

Oh when the vessel struck the boom,  
And pitch'd and reel'd and stranded, O,  
With shouts the foe denounc'd our doom,  
And open gates demanded, O;  
And shrill and high arose the cry,  
Of anguish, grief, and pity, O,  
While black with care and deep despair,  
We mourn'd our falling city, O.

## IV.

But Heav'n her guide, with one broadside,  
 The laden bark rebounded, O,  
 A fav'ring gale, soon fill'd the sail,  
 While hills and vales resounded, O,  
 The joy-bells ring—long live our king,  
 Adieu to grief and sadness, O,  
 To heav'n we raise our voice of praise,  
 In heartfelt joy and gladness, O,

## ON THE RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY.

AIR—*"Erin go Bragh."*

O'er proud Londonderry "the red flag is waving,  
 The old badge of freedom gay floats on the breeze,"  
 And far down the Foyle banks the joy-note is raving,  
 While the loud shout's returned from the hills and the [seas ;  
 Grown dear, doubly dear, when proud foemen revile us,  
 And with foul imputation attempt to defile us,  
 And monks, whigs and "bondsmen" combine to beguile us  
 Of the rights and the freedom our ancestors won.

We hail this bright day, to our comfort returning,  
 Which our fathers relieved in the depth of their woe,  
 When the trenches abandoned, their tents quickly burning,  
 From these walls fled, abashed and confounded the foe.  
 Melodious the bells in our high steeple ringing,  
 Their tribute of joy to our festival bringing.  
 Swell the deep sounding chorus of thousands, all singing  
 Our song to the "memory of William the Great."

The deeds once displayed here, and often related,  
 In fancy's fair vision recur to our sight;  
 Here Walker harangued, David Cairns debated,  
 And Murray, great Murray, rushed forth to the fight:  
 On that field near the strand, where all calm and unheeding,  
 The herds tend their flocks, on the green herbage feeding,  
 Pusignian the valiant, lay wounded and bleeding,  
 And gallant Maumont felt the cold hand of death.

O, shades of our sires! in the Ides of December  
 Your contest for liberty sacred began;  
 And your triumph in August your sons will remember,  
 While valor and truth shall be valued by man;  
 The bigot may stare—the Jacobin wonder,  
 The rebel with malice and rage burst asunder,  
 But to-day shall our fortress resound with the thunder,  
 That called forth a Brunswick to rule on our throne.

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INSCRIBED TO THE CONSERVATIVE LADIES OF  
 DERRY,

*Who, on the 18th December, 1839, renewed the colors captured from the French invaders, in one of the skirmishes that occurred during the memorable siege.*

AIR—"The Lass o' Gorie."

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Hail to Old Derry's daughters fair,  
 Who proudly in her glory share,  
 And now a part so nobly bear  
 In freedom's celebration!  
 The colors by their hands renew'd,  
 Shall be with deep emotion view'd,  
 On this fam'd day which James subdued,  
 And sav'd our faith and nation.

These banners bright recall to mind  
 When ruthless foes—fierce bigots blind,  
 'Gainst Londonderry stout combin'd,  
     In thousands had collected ;  
 And how her sons, a faithful band,  
 Rush'd forth and fought them on the Strand,  
 And from the French these trophies grand  
     *Secured and here erected.*

Meantime, while battle rag'd around,  
 And famine dire destructive frown'd,  
 Here female fortitude was found  
     Triumphantly appearing;  
 Like Amazonian dames of old,  
 Through sights appalling to behold,  
 Undaunted stood these matrons bold,  
     The men to conflict cheering.

Babes yet unborn shall bless the day,  
 The 'Prentice boys commenced the fray,  
 And caus'd the foemen to give way,  
     With dauntless resolution.  
 The valor by these heroes shown,  
 Now all historians must own,  
 To Britain Great preserv'd her throne  
     And glorious Constitution.

But human valor had in vain  
 The siege attempted to sustain,  
 And liberty and laws maintain,  
     When Derry was invaded,  
 Had not his hand which caus'd the waves  
 To prove the proud Egyptians' graves,  
 Discomfited Rome's cruel slaves,  
     And Protestants then aided.

The parents shall with pious care  
 Unto their children this declare,  
 And young and old in praise and pray'r  
     Their thanks to Him will render ;  
 Who, when that hope had almost flown,  
 And seem'd our city overthrown,  
 His mighty power to save made known,  
     And prov'd our sires' defender.



## THE MAIDEN CITY.

AIR—" *Le Petit Tambour.*"

Where Foyle his swelling waters  
 Rolls northward to the main,  
 Here, Queen of Erin's daughters,  
 Fair Derry fixed her reign :  
 A holy temple crowned her,  
 And commerce grace her street.  
 A rampart wall was around her,  
 The river at her feet.  
 And here she sate alone, boys,  
 And, looking from the hill,  
 Vow'd the maiden on her throne, boys,  
 Would be a maiden still.

From Antrim crossing over,  
 In famous eighty-eight,  
 A plumed and better lover  
 Came to the Ferry Gate :  
 She summon'd to defend her  
 Our Sires—A beardless race—  
 They shouted " No SURRENDER ?"  
 And slamm'd it in his face.  
 Then in a quiet tone, boys,  
 They told him 'twas their will  
 That the maiden on the hill, boys,  
 Should be a maiden still.

Next, crushing all before him,  
 A kingly wooer came,  
 (The royal banner o'er him,  
 Blushed Crimson deep for shame ;)  
 He show'd the Pope's commission,  
 Nor dream'd to be refused,  
 She pitied his condition  
 But begg'd to stand excused,

In short, the fact is known, boys,  
 She chased him from the hill,  
 For the maiden on the throne, boys,  
 Would be a maiden still.

On our brave sires descending,  
 'Twas then the tempest broke,  
 Their peaceful dwellings rending,  
 'Mid blood, and fire and smoke.  
 That hallow'd grave-yard yonder,  
 Swells with the slaughter'd dead,  
 Oh, brothers, pause and ponder,  
 It was for *us* they bled ;  
 And while their gifts we own, boys—  
 The fane that tops our hill,  
 Oh, the maiden on the hill, boys,  
 Shall be a maiden still.

Nor wily tongue shall move us,  
 Nor tyrant arm afright,  
 We'll look to ONE above us,  
 Who ne'er forsook the right ;  
 Who will, may crouch and tender  
 The birthright of the free,  
**BUT BROTHERS, NO SURRENDER**  
 No compromise for me,  
 We want no barrier-stone, boys,  
 No gates to guard the hill,  
 Yet the maiden on the hill boys  
*Shall* be a maiden still.

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FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE SHUTTING THE  
GATES OF LONDONDERRY.

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

The pealing bells—the cannons' roar,  
That echo wakes around,  
Proclaim the day renown'd of yore,  
Dear to this hallowed ground,  
When Derry's 'Prentice Boys stood forth  
In freedom's honor'd cause,  
And by their deeds inspired the North  
To fight for faith and laws  
Then Ulster's sons, with "swords and guns,"  
Came here in bold array,  
And side by side like brothers tried,  
Fought till they gain'd the day.

Like Gideon's few, those heroes true,  
A mighty host laid low,  
Who here had come, to fight for Rome,  
And Derry overthrow!  
But though fierce Gauls to scale our walls,  
Combined with Irish foes;  
Their efforts fail'd, full soon they quail'd,  
Beneath bold freemens' blows.  
Then England's throne and Altar shone,  
Their truth and light restored;  
While mercy's sway held on its way,  
And justice gained her sword.

Thus Derry held triumphant out,  
And Enniskillen town,  
Where fought Fermanagh's Yeomen stout,  
And won deserved renown,  
From Foyle's fair shore to Erin's wave  
The "No Surrender" cry  
Was echoed by those victors' brave,  
Who made their foemen fly,

King William's name they did proclaim,  
And flock'd his ranks to join ;  
When boldly he, to make us free,  
In armour crossed the Boyne.

The same revengeful, cruel creed,  
Which Europe drenched with gore,  
And caused our Ancestors to bleed,  
Is now at work once more,  
A full ascendancy to gain,  
And Protestants put down—  
Knaves, too, like Lundy, PLACE retain,  
Who would betray the crown.  
But let us like our sires of old,  
On Israel's guide depend,  
And should we treason's day behold,  
He will our cause defend.

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FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE SHUTTING OF  
THE GATES OF DERRY.

AIR—"Rose Tree in Full Bearing."

No gen'rous toil declining,  
The fair ones of Derry came,  
Arousing and refining  
In bold hearts the patriot flame.  
The soldier sternly pacing  
Yon rampart, well their magic knew,  
His eye and thought embracing  
These homes, shrining in souls so true.

But deeper darkness gathers,  
And wild raves the storm of death :  
Oh, then our gallant fathers,  
Could tell more of woman's faith.  
Their grasp the banners rending,  
That martial prize had won in vain ;  
But gentler hands defending,  
Secured them within the fane.

Still reign such influence o'er us,  
Confirming the good begun,  
Till, like our Sires before us,  
We hallow each trophy won.  
While pious, pure, and tender,  
Our lovely dames around us smile,  
We'll make our "No Surrender"  
Their safeguard through Erin's isle.

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE RELIEF  
OF LONDONDERRY IN 1689.

AIR—*“Rise, Sons of William, Rise.”*

Swell high the grateful lay!  
Ever hail the glorious day,  
Which made the foe, subdu'd give way,  
And Derry's triumph crown'd,  
Effected by the true and brave,  
Who rather chose an honored grave  
Than yield to Rome's proud sceptred slave,  
Who fiercely on them frown'd,

CHORUS.

Then let each gallant son  
Of those who freedom nobly won,  
Think on the deeds which they have done,  
And emulate their fame.

Greece or Rome, of Classic fame,  
Cannot braver heroes name,  
Than those who battled to proclaim  
Fair Londonderry free.  
Midst war and famine view them stand  
Unflinching, a devoted band,  
Till Heaven, with interposing hand,  
Compell'd their foes to flee.  
Then let each gallant son, &c.

France sent forth troops in vain,  
The crownless Monarch to sustain,  
Who hop'd that, should he Derry gain,  
To re-ascend the throne.  
But when the fatal boom gave way  
To Browning, on this joyful day,  
The tyrant felt with deep dismay,  
His prospects bright had flown.  
Then let each gallant son, &c.

Shades of the mighty dead !  
 Whilst upon the ground we tread,  
 Where for our liberties you bled,  
     And conquer'd here of yore,  
 The carnage which fired for England's weal  
 Your valiant hearts with martyr's zeal  
 Shall not to us in vain appeal,  
     Should foemen rise once more.  
 Then let each gallant son, &c.

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 ENNISKILLEN.

Hail ! Enniskillen, we explore—  
     But not without emotion—  
 The places where thy sires of yore,  
     Defended with devotion ;  
 The ground on which they fought and bled,  
     Till the result was glorious ;  
 On which—as if divinely led—  
     Through fear, they proved victorious.

But lo ! the despot's hosts that came,  
     By hope illusive flattered,  
 In quest of honor, finding shame,  
     Were in a moment scattered.  
 Keep thy progenitors in sight,  
     By their example learning  
 How valor's daring may unite  
     With wisdom's sage discerning.

They knew their Maker's cause was sure,  
     On which their own depended ;  
 Their rights were therefore most secure  
     When His were most defended,  
 Persuaded that the cause was God's,  
     In which they were engaging,  
 They fearless met apparent odds,  
     With wrath and havoc raging,

Heaven sent success ; their banners bright,  
 Appeared as angel pinions ;  
 But damp and darkness, fear and fright,  
 Came o'er the tyrant's minions.  
 Preserve these banners, for they teach  
 To every tongue and nation,  
 An element beyond the reach  
 Of bigot's penetration,

Then let thy sons in solemn state,  
 With these unfolded o'er them—  
 At seasons fit commemorate  
 The braves who went before them.  
 Then, let Enniskillen, persevere,  
 Thy principles extending ;  
 Night's course is waning, day is near,  
 And Erin's sun ascending.

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THE DEFENCE OF OLD ENNISKILLEN.

AIR—" *Boyne Water.* "

I.

Hail Enniskillen ! warlike town,  
 Long famed in ancient story ;  
 What place can rival thy renown,  
 Or boast of half thy glory ?  
 Here freedom raised her standard bright,  
 When James our rights invaded—  
 Here freemen put their foes to flight,  
 And tyranny impeded.

II.

Spirit of song, inspire my tongue,  
 Fill me with animation ;  
 Tune every harp, which hangs unstrung  
 Throughout this Irish nation ;



Let all in one vast chorus join,  
 To sing each brave defender  
 Of Enniskillen and the Boyne,  
 Who made their foes surrender.

## III.

If to these scenes we turn our eyes,  
 We view with admiration,  
 A band of heroes bold arise  
 To save a ruin'd nation ;  
 With mighty arm and glittering steel,  
 They met the host approaching,  
 And made their fiercest foemen feel  
 The danger of encroaching.

## IV,

The Protestants of Erin, then,  
 Were fiercely persecuted,  
 By monsters in the shape of men,  
 Who this fair Isle polluted ;  
 Their maidens violated were—  
 Their houses burn'd or plunder'd—  
 While shrieks of murder fill'd the air,  
 And Pity wept and wonder'd.

## V.

But Enniskillen's guardians brave,  
 On Heaven for aid depending,  
 Resolved their native land to save,  
 By that strong pass defending ;  
 And soon their great—their glorious name—  
 Their enemies affrighted,  
 For in the bloody field of fame  
 Their hopes they always blighted.

## VI.

Great Hamilton, in this just cause,  
 Stood forth the townsmen cheering ;  
 Creighton and Wolesley gain'd applause,  
 And Lloyde, no danger fearing ;

Stone, Cooper, Berry, Smith, and Gore,  
Galbraith and Vaughan steady,  
Stil. on renown'd Lough Erin's shore,  
To meet the foe were ready.

## VII.

On came the Irish flush'd with rage,  
The town to enter vaunting—  
But forth in battle to engage,  
With hearts for conflict panting,  
A band rushed out, at whose dread sight,  
The cowardly invaders,  
From Lisbellaw in haste took flight,  
With their ferocious leaders.

## VIII.

Then Lord Galmoy, with bigot zeal,  
And fierce determination,  
Against Crom Castle to prevail,  
Came bent on devastation :  
Mock cannon on the hill he plac'd,  
As if the walls to batter,  
But soon he and his troops were chas'd  
Like mists that strong winds scatter.

## IX.

Fair Ballyshannon to protect,  
From enemies surrounding,  
A chosen few now march'd direct,  
Their music sweetly sounding ;  
And at Beleek this gallant band  
Surprised the depredators,  
And rush'd to meet, with sword in hand,  
Their country's desolators.

## X.

Their weighty blows soon caus'd their foes.  
To fly in great confusion,  
While on the plain, one hundred slain,  
Repaid their rash intrusion ;

Their captur'd chief, with poignant grief,  
Beheld this sad disaster,  
Which seem'd to state the approaching fate  
Of his degraded master.

## XI.

Meantime the host, in Dublin town,  
Was rais'd in exultation—  
The crownless King to it bow'd down,  
In prostrate adoration :  
And, now against the valiant North,  
Across the Boyne's fair water,  
He hords of savage troops sent forth,  
The Protestants to slaughter.

## XII.

But gallant Enniskillen town,  
And Derry fam'd in story,  
Soon put his proud pretensions down,  
And marr'd his hope of glory ;  
Like rocks resisting Ocean's tide,  
In stormy winds high swelling,  
His power and pride they still defied—  
His utmost force repelling.

## XIII.

At Omagh and Bellurbet's gate,  
Intrepid Lloyd commanding,  
They promptly made the foe retreat,  
Their garrisons disbanding ;  
By this bold stroke the threaten'd yoke  
The victors brave obstruct'd,  
And to their town deck'd with renown,  
Rich spoils of war conducted.

## XIV.

Six thousand men, from Munster, then,  
Commanded by McCarty,  
Advanced to make Fermanagh shake,  
And join'd Maguire's fierce party—

Resolved it, southward to invest,  
 And suffer none to aid it,  
 While Berwick, North, and Sarsfield, West,  
 Conjointly should invade it.

## XV.

The wary Governor, discreet,  
 Their deep laid plan descreyng,  
 Gave notice to the English fleet,  
 In fair Lough Swilly lying,  
 Who to his aid great guns convey'd,  
 With timely expedition,  
 And better still, with men of skill,  
 A store of ammunition.

## XVI.

And now for battle-field preparcd,  
 All thoughts of danger spurning,  
 Our faith and liberties to guard  
 Each heart with ardor burning,  
 Resolv'd at once forth to advance,  
 Fermanagh's wrongs redressing,  
 And bravely drive the Irish hive,  
 From ground therein possessing.

## XVII.

To Lisnaskea they took their way,  
 The gallant Berry leading,  
 While Wolessley true, the troops forth drew  
 His movements promptly aiding,  
 Great Barry's word was fam'd "Oxford,"  
 At Narrowpass, when halting,  
 The causeway's end he did defend,  
 His standard high exalting.

## XVIII.

And quickly then McCarty's men  
 Came on, our troops engaging,  
 But strove in vain their ground to gain,  
 Though Hamilton was raging ;

In skirmish hot a true blue shot  
 To quarters sent him wounded ;  
 His friend fell dead—his army fled,  
 While Berry's trumpet sounded.

## XIX.

Old Newton butler in a blaze  
 Proclaimed the foe were flying,  
 While on the ridge, near Wattle-bridge,  
 Their wounded men were dying ;  
 Like base poltroons, Lord Clare's dragoons,  
 At safety only aiming,  
 In sorry plight, first took to flight,  
 Their yellow facings shaming.

## XX.

Bold Armstrong pursued them long,  
 Beside Fermanagh's border,  
 Leaving their foot to hot pursuit,  
 In terror and disorder ;  
 Who, press'd now sore, a bog ran o'er,  
 Away their muskets casting,  
 And through a wood, stain'd with their blood,  
 Mountcashel's laurels blasting.

## XXI.

In panic then, five hundred men  
 For safety took the water,  
 Lough Erin's wave soon proved their grave,  
 While all the rest found slaughter.  
 Through all this night the moon shone bright  
 On Enniskillen's glory ;  
 And many a slave without a grave,  
 Lay breathless, grim and gory.

## XXII.

Brave Smith's sharp sword, as rolls record,  
 Made all beholders wouder,  
 Whose one strong blow, at the frowning foe,  
 The forehead cut asunder.

Six thousand men were vanquished then,  
 By one-third of their number,  
 And James's cause that sham'd our laws,  
 In ruin sent to slumber.

## XXIII.

Of heroes fam'd not one is nam'd,  
 In Greece or Rome's bright pages,  
 Like Wilson strong, whose deeds in song,  
 Shall live through latest ages,  
 Twelve wounds could not his strength subdue,  
 A thirteenth only stunn'd him,  
 The weapon from his wound he drew,  
 And kill'd the foe that shunn'd him.

## XXIV.

Here Ensign Bell in glory fell,  
 With Captain Robert Corry,  
 Good me: and true as men could view,  
 And brave as Adam Murray;  
 Not many more, a single score  
 Were killed while guns did rattle,  
 Whilst of their host the Irish lost  
 Three thousand in this battle.

## XXV.

Mountcashel rode from shady wood,  
 To meet his death preparing,  
 Upon the spot his horse was shot;  
 But Cooper, kindly sparing  
 His worthless life, from scene of strife,  
 Led off this Lord, declaring  
 He scorn'd to fly but wished to die,  
 Of James's cause despairing.

## XXVI.

Thus those brave victors of renown,  
 By valiantly contending,  
 From ruin sav'd their faithful town,  
 At distance it defending;

## THE DEFENCE OF ENNISKILLEN.

The country round protection found,  
 Through their triumphant arms,  
 Which every where successful were  
 In quelling war's alarms.

## XXVII.

Then homeward, crown'd with laurels gay,  
 Our heroes march'd elated,  
 Berwick and Sarsfield in dismay,  
 To shun them now retreated;  
 With townsmen true, these soldiers few,  
 Who made their foes to tremble,  
 To hail the day, and grateful pray,  
 Devoutly did assemble.

## XXVIII.

Brave Dicky, Hazzard, Slack, and White,  
 With Cathcart, Ross, and Taylor.  
 Mitchel and Gibson, bold in fight,  
 Repell'd each proud assailer;  
 Hudson and Hart, like men took part,  
 Though each at first a stranger,  
 From Shannon side they both did ride,  
 To share our townsmen's danger.

## XXIX.

Irving, Cosbie, King, and Wood,  
 With Graham, Blair, and Browning,  
 At Enniskillen boldly stood,  
 While freedom's foes were frowning;  
 Johnston and Shore, with Wynn, and Moore,  
 Scot, Webster, French, and Dury,  
 Tiffin and Dean in arms were seen,  
 Resisting James's fury.

## XXX.

Frith, Lindsay, Russell, Price, and Ball,  
 At each parade attended,  
 With Bedell, Parsons, Hughes, and Hall,  
 They our good cause defended;

The Osborns here did soon appear,  
 Buchanan, Birny, Baily,  
 Against the foe, with Young and Crow,  
 To battle went forth daily.

## XXXI.

Ellis, Woodward, Clarke, and Wear,  
 Crosbie and Crozier, early,  
 For William here did all appear,  
 And fought the foemen fairly ;  
 Montgomery, of house renown'd  
 In French and English story,  
 Came to our aid, and quickly found  
 Companions in his glory.

## XXXII.

This worthy band, with heart and hand,  
 Rush'd forth on each occasion,  
 Disdaining fear, nor held life dear,  
 When checking fell invasion ;  
 Where battle rag'd they still engag'd,  
 The foe before them driving,  
 And by their zeal for England's weal,  
 Expiring hope reviving.

## XXXIII.

And at the Boyne behold them join  
 King William, honor gaining—  
 At Aughrim, too, these heroes view  
 The British cause maintaining.  
 By fame then crown'd for deeds renown'd,  
 And all their foes defeated,  
 Peace reign'd once more fair Ulster o'er,  
 In safety reinstated.



## XXXIV.

Hail Enniskillen fam'd of old,  
 For liberty defending,  
 Round thee we still a race behold  
 Of patriots unbending,  
 Who, should our faith invaded be,  
 Would rally to their station,  
 And die or leave their country free  
 From foreign domination.

---

 WRITTEN FOR THE BATTLE OF AUGHIRM.

AIR—“*The Boyne Water.*”

July the twelfth, on Aughrim's plain,  
 There was a grievous battle,  
 Where seven thousand men were slain,  
 While freedom's guns did rattle.  
 Oh, fearful odds existed, when  
 With arms on both sides plenty,  
 William's eighteen thousand men  
 Crushed James's five and twenty.

St. Ruth, who fought for James's throne,  
 Had lately made a blunder—  
 He lost the fortress of Athlone,  
 Subdued by British thunder.  
 Sarsfield grieved to see the day  
 When Ginckle, with his cannon,  
 Through fire and water made his way,  
 And boldly cross'd the Shannon.

Though Derry justly is renown'd  
 Like Boyne, in Irish story,  
 Success like Aughrim's never crown'd  
 Their heroes with its glory.  
 And Limerick, though high in fame  
 For many a brave defender,  
 To Aughrim's laurel has no claim,  
 Fam'd only for surrender.

The fight commenced at Urachree,  
 Where Portland's horsemen, fearless,  
 Compelled the Irish troops to flee,  
 And fought with valor peerless.  
 Both armies soon that afternoon  
 Were seen in conflict closing ;  
 In vengeful ire, through smoke and fire  
 Rush'd on, these foes opposing.

For full three hours the battle raged,  
 Nor either side did waver ;  
 And ne'er before in strife engaged,  
 Encountered soldiers braver.  
 But while the fray seemed doubtful still,  
 And man with man contended,  
 A shot at Kilcommoden Hill  
 St. Rath's existence ended.

The Irish, of their chief bereft,  
 And almost all surrounded,  
 The gory field in terror left,  
 And hurried off confounded.  
 With slaughter sore, five miles and more,  
 The British host pursued them ;  
 And only night secured their flight,  
 Had utterly subdued them.

## THE BOYNE WATER.

De Ginckle, on this glorious day,  
 Won laurels, never fading ;  
 Ruvigni did much skill display  
 While on his horsemen leading ;  
 Mackay, Erle and Gibson true,  
 The infantry commanded,  
 And many of their foemen slew  
 In battle, even-handed.

This victory, renowned and great,  
 With Limerick's surrender,  
 In Erin sealed King James's fate—  
 No more his troops could rend her.  
 Then Protestants, fam'd Aughrim's day  
 Should evermore remember ;  
 Likewise the twelfth of August gay,  
 And eighteenth of December.

---

 THE BOYNE WATER.

July the first, in Oldbridg town,  
 There was a grievous battle,  
 Where many a man lay on the ground  
 By the cannons that did rattle :  
 King James he pitched his tents between  
 The lines, for to retire ;  
 But King William threw his bomb-shells in  
 And set them all on fire.

Thereat enraged, they vowed revenge  
 Upon King William's forces ;  
 And oft did cry vehemently,  
 That they would stop their courses.  
 A bullet from the Irish came,  
 Which grazed King William's arm ;  
 They thought his Majesty was slain,  
 Yet it did him little harm.

Duke Schomberg then in friendly care,  
 His King would often caution,  
 To shun the spot were bullets hot,  
 Retain'd their rapid motion ;  
 But William said, " He don't deserve  
 The name of Faith's Defender,  
 That would not venture life and limb,  
 To make a foe surrender."

When we the Boyne began to cross,  
 The enemy descended ;  
 But few of our brave men were lost  
 So stoutly we defended :  
 The horse were the first that marched o'er  
 The foot soon followed after ;  
 But brave Duke Schomberg was no more,  
 By venturing o'er the water.

When valiant Schomberg he was slain,  
 King William then accosted  
 His warlike men for to march on,  
 And he would be the foremost ;  
 " Brave boys," he said, " be not dismayed,  
 For the losing of one commander,  
 For God will be our king this day,  
 And I'll be the general under."

Then stoutly we the Boyne did cross,  
 To give our enemies battle ;  
 Our cannon, to our foes great cost,  
 Like thunder-claps did rattle :  
 In majestic mien our Prince rode o'er,  
 His men soon followed after,  
 Then blows and shouts put foes to route  
 The day we crossed the water.

Then said King William to his men,  
 After the French departed,  
 " I'm glad, indeed, that none of you,  
 Seem'd to be faint hearted" ;

So sheath your swords and rest awhile,  
In time we'll follow after,  
These words he uttered with a smile,  
The day he crossed the water.

The cunning French near to Duleck,  
Had taken up their quarters,  
And fenced themselves on every side,  
Awaiting for new orders ;  
But in the dead time of the night,  
They set the fields on fire :  
And long before the morning light,  
To Dublin did retire.

The Protestants of Drogheda.  
Have reason to be thankful  
That they were not to bondage brought,  
They being but a handful :  
First to the Thosel they were brought,  
And tried at Millmount after ;  
But brave King William set them free,  
By venturing over the water.

Come, let us all with hears and voice,  
Applaud our lives defender ;  
Who at the Boyne his valor shew'd,  
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 that crossed the water.

FOR THE 169<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE  
OF THE BOYNE.AIR—" *Boyne Water.*"

One hundred years and sixty nine  
 Their course have terminated,  
 Since brave King William crossed the Boyne,  
 And promptly James defeated.  
 Rome's baneful sway he crushed that day,  
 Though high in expectation,  
 And sav'd our land from yoke and brand  
 Of foreign domination.

The river deep, back could not keep  
 Great Nassau from engaging  
 The Irish host, on the South coast,  
 Though fierce the fight was raging.  
 His soldiers true, the waves dashed through,  
 Led on by leaders daring,  
 And made the foe before them go,  
 Defeat and slaughter sharing.

Soon Heaven, with approving smile,  
 The victory awarded  
 To William, who preserved our Isle,  
 And faith and freedom guarded.  
 His conquering sword our laws restored,  
 And liberty protected ;  
 France fear'd his might, oft proved in flight,  
 And Britain's Crown respected,

Let Protestants, wherever met,  
 This day, which freemen made them,  
 The Guide of Israel ne'er forget,  
 Who William sent to aid them.  
 Rome would again, with tyrant chain,  
 Fast bind both strong and tender ;  
 But should she try, our battle cry  
 Shall still be No SURRENDER.

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF  
THE BOYNE.

AIR—" *Boyne Water.*"

Hail! dawn of freedom, brightest day  
In Erin's martial pages,  
Thy lustre sheds a glorious ray,  
And shall through future ages;  
On thee, the Prince of Orange brave,  
From Gallic usurpation,  
Which aim'd our country to enslave,  
Preserv'd this Irish nation.

The despot James, with tyrant hand,  
Our charters abrogated,  
And Rome's religion in the land  
Would soon have reinstated;  
Fierce persecution raged around,  
Whilst savage innovators,  
Who made destruction dire abound,  
Were Erin's legislators.

The patriotic flame that fired  
With dauntless resolution  
Fair Ulster's sons, whose deeds conspir'd  
To crown the revolution.  
Had strove in vain to break the chain  
Of tyranny assunder,  
Had William not through battle hot  
Directed Britain's thunder.

And many a hero fell that day  
At Boyne's immortal river,  
From domineering papal sway  
To set us free for ever;  
To emulate their actions great,  
Led by their bright example,  
Let us prepare, should foemen dare,  
Upon our rights to trample.

Full soon the jar of civil war  
 May shake the British nation,  
 When Whigs untrue too late will rue  
 Their cringing legislation ;  
 The Orange band, for faith and land  
 On heavenly aid depending,  
 Then firm must join, as at the Boyne,  
 And fight with hearts unbending.

Though gloomy clouds at present lower  
 Around our Constitution,  
 As in Tyrconnell's days of power  
 Before the revolution ;  
 The Statesmen base who would efface  
 Our laws, by bigots aided,  
 May also fail now to prevail.  
 And skulk from pow'r degraded.

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FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE LANDING OF  
 KING WILLIAM ON THE 5TH OF NOV., 1689.

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AIR—" *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.*"

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Britons brave for ever more,  
 Let your thund'ring cannon roar,  
 On the day when to your shore  
 The Prince of Orange came.  
 From Rome's foul chains to set you free,  
 He came with Lords of high degree.  
 'Twas he restored your liberty,  
 Your honor and your fame.

Oh ! why should we ungrateful be,  
 To William's "Glorious Memory,"  
 When each revolving day we see,  
 But proves his worth the more.



## THE LANDING OF KING WILLIAM.

The crafty foe's at work again,  
 Our sacred altars to profane,  
 Upon our land to bring a stain,  
 And drench it with our gore.

Our lawful rights the tyrant James  
 Assail'd by force and subtile schemes,  
 While bigots fierce to kindle flames,  
 In Smithfield stood prepared.

To drive religion from the land,  
 They rais'd again a threat'ning hand,  
 When William, with his gallant band,  
 Their trembling master scar'd.

Affrighted, James, in wild despair,  
 A victim to corroding care,  
 Fled off, by night, to France, and there  
 Obtained the wished for aid.  
 With Gaul's proud troops, for Erin's Isle  
 He sail'd, resolv'd, by force or guile,  
 To make us on his project smile,  
 And Briton's crown degrade.

But Londonderry, with a frown,  
 Despised the King without a crown,  
 And put him and his army down,  
 Upon the Foyle's fair side.  
 A shot sent from her lofty wall  
 Soon made him all his men recall,  
 And back to old St. Johnston fall,  
 With deeply wounded pride.

Fair Enniskillen stoutly stood,  
 Like Noah's Arc against the flood,  
 Until her heroes, drenched with blood,  
 No living foe could find.  
 Strong Carricksfergus yielded then,  
 In mountain, moore and shady glen,  
 No force withstood Duke Schomberg's men  
 With Derry boys combin'd.

At length upon green Antrim's plain  
King William landed with his train,  
When all resistance proving vain,  
The tyrant's forces fled.  
Crowds in flight we then might see,  
From Lagan's banks to proud Ardee,  
While Britons, undismayed and free,  
Held high their standard red.

Come now, my boys, in chorus join,  
And sing the glories of the Boyne,  
Where wooden shoes and brazen coin  
Felt freedom's fatal blow.  
While James aloof in terror stood,  
King William cross'd the foaming flood,  
And then, while flowed his royal blood,  
Pursued the flying foe.

Great Giracles troops reduced Athlone,  
On Aughrim's hills his valor shone,  
Where Rome's last hopes were overthrown,  
And fell, to rise no more.  
Then let not Pope or pagan say  
That we shall e'er forget the day,  
When William came to drive away  
The tyrant from our shore.

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## AN ADVICE TO ORANGEMEN.

AIR—“*The Rejected Mason.*”

All you who Orange colars wear,  
 And wish to be instructed,  
 Go place the Bible in the chair,  
 And by it be conducted ;  
 For, if Jehovah's voice ye hear,  
 And are by him directed,  
 Your enemies you need not fear,  
 For you will be protected.

Search through that volume and behold,  
 How His Almighty arm  
 Preserved the Israelites of old,  
 And kept them free from harm ;  
 He sent them Moses for their guide,  
 And fully him instructed  
 How Israel through the raging tide  
 By him should be conducted.

Next, Joshua was forward sent,  
 Fair Canaan to discover,  
 Across the Jordan first he went,  
 And brought all Israel oyer ;  
 The heathen fast before them fiew,  
 Convuls'd with fear and wonder,  
 For he, who sav'd his chosen few,  
 Oft spoke in tones of thunder.

While Israel to the law gave heed,  
 And on it meditated,  
 Peace, wealth and honor was their meed,  
 And Kings their hearts elated ;  
 But turning to idoiatry,  
 They met with desolation ;  
 A high decree caus'd them to be  
 Despis'd through every nation.

But still the Lord, in darkest age,  
 Had many true believers  
 Who lov'd to read his holy page,  
 In spite of all deceivers;  
 When guilty Rome would to the tomb  
 Consign his revelation,  
 A chosen few were still found true  
 In every Christian nation.

Now since from superstition's sway  
 The present generation  
 As yet is saved, let us to-day  
 Make steady preparation—  
 At Heaven's command to keep our land  
 From heathenish pollution,  
 From foreign yoke, and fatal stroke  
 Of Popish revolution.

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FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE RELIEF OF  
 LONDONDERRY.

ANN—“*The glorious First of August.*”

Behold once more, the day appear,  
 To Londonderry ever dear,  
 And which we'll celebrate each year,  
 With hearts from sorrow sever'd.  
 On it brave Browning broke the boom,  
 And from the death-presaging doom,  
 Which o'er them hung in awful gloom,  
 Our ancestors delivered.

By this intrepid warlike race,  
 Who then defied a tyrant base,  
 Our land was sav'd from deep disgrace,  
 And Gallic usurpation.

And shall not we their path pursue,  
To "Church and State," and Crown stand true,  
And rally, though in number few,  
For Erin's preservation.

Our charters, institutions bright,  
And schools diffusing Gospel light,  
Vain Statesmen, now endow'd with might,  
Have openly invaded.  
The blessings dauntless William gain'd,  
Are by these servile tools disdain'd,  
And dark idolatry sustain'd,  
And by them promptly aided.

But he who did our fathers shield,  
When in the bloody battle-field,  
And caus'd their haughty foes to yield,  
And be successful never,  
Can if we in His truth confide,  
As easy as the waves divide,  
Frustrate their plans, confound their pride,  
And safely us deliver.

For oft, when human aid seems vain,  
As in King Hezekiah's reign,  
He does the wrath of man restrain,  
And blights his expectation.  
The mighty Hamans of our day,  
Though were possessing boundles sway,  
He in the dust can prostrate lay,  
And save our church and nation.

---

ADDRESSED TO THE PROTESTANTS OF GREAT  
BRITAIN AND IRELAND,

AIR—“*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.*”

Free born Protestants attend  
To the counsels of a friend,  
Let your spirits never bend,  
    Preserve your liberty.  
If papal slaves should legislate  
For those they envy, dread and hate,  
We might cry, but cry too late,  
    Against their tyranny.

Clos'd would be, in shades of night,  
The sacred page of life and light;  
No more would shine the Gospel bright  
    On our degraded race.  
Overspread our land would be  
With cheerless infidelity;  
Superstition we would see  
    Usurp religion's place.

Backward if we cast our eye,  
Examples many we descry.  
To prove 'twere better far to die,  
    Than feel the bigot's hand.  
England's history can tell  
How many murder'd martyrs fell,  
When Bonner and his fiends of hell  
    Rul'd o'er the ruin'd land.

Think, oh! think, in time upon  
The dreadful days of “Forty-one,”  
When Rome's intrigues the mob set on,  
    To act their cruel part.  
Behold the Bann's polluted flood,  
Purpled o'er with British blood;  
There the persecutor stood  
    With unrelenting heart.

Remember well that fearful day,  
 When twenty thousand in array,  
 In vain attempted to dismay  
     The men of Derry brave.  
 See around her sacred wall,  
 Crowds of laurel'd heroes fall,  
 Ready still, at honor's call,  
     To fill the soldier's grave.

While Foyle's fair tide shall ebb and flow,  
 While fire shall burn or grass will grow,  
 We'll remember Derry's woe,  
     And Derry's deathless fame.  
 Across the Boyne, in battle hot,  
 Our ancesters the tyrant fought,  
 There with blood our freedom bought,  
     And sav'd the land from shame.

Remember too, the Spartan band,  
 Who made their patriotic stand,  
 Upon the little Island land,  
     Wash'd by Lough Erin's wave.  
 In vain did Berwick take the field,  
 And Sarsfield brave his truncheon wield,  
 To make stout Enniskillen yield,  
     To tyrant or to slave.

With such examples in our view,  
 With cause so good and hearts so true,  
 We will stand for the "true blue,"  
     And still undaunted be.  
 Firm as those who fought of old,  
 The tenor of our way we'll hold,  
 In peace resolv'd, in warfare bold,  
     We'll keep our country free,

## ON THE SUCCESS OF THE ALLIED ARMIES.

Here's to her who long  
 Shall flourish great and free,  
 Britannia, famed in song,  
 The Empress of the sea ;  
 For British soil was 'nade  
 For freedom's sons alone,  
 And here is bright displayed  
 A patriotic throne.

Then here's to her who long  
 Shall flourish great and free,  
 Britannia, fam'd in song,  
 The Empress of the sea.

When anarchy's wild reign  
 O'er half the world bore sway,  
 And life's-blood flow'd amain,  
 From millions in dismay.  
 The British Empire stood.  
 Undaunted in the storm,  
 Though traitors cried aloud  
 For plunder and reform.

Then here's to her who long, &c.

And when a tyrant rose  
 To consummate their woe,  
 The worst of human foes  
 To mortals here below ;  
 His fury flash'd and blaz'd,  
 Like lightning in the sky.  
 Till Britain proudly rais'd  
 Fair freedom's standard high.

Then here's to her who long, &c.

Her war blast, loud and long,  
 Woke those that slumbering lay,  
 And Europe's sons now throng  
 To chase the fiend away ;



From Russia's frozen fields  
 To Biscay's roaring bay,  
 The tyrant power yields,  
 And sinks in deep decay.

Then here's to her who long, &c,

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THE BOLD BRITISH TARS.

AIR—"Roast Beef of Old England."

Long time of the seas had Old England been queen  
 'Till republican France thought to alter the scene,  
 So they work'd day and night to make up a marine,  
 To fight with the tars of Old England  
 To fight with the bold British tars.

The day they met How on the seas they may rue,  
 For to show them the difference he very well knew,  
 'Twixt their colored cockades and the British true blue,  
 Huzza! for the tars of Old England!  
 Huzza! for the bold British tars.

They were drove from the seas on the land high and dry,  
 'Till they ventured their luck in a fog once to try,  
 But a storm drove them back, pleas'd in harbor to lie,  
 Secure from the tars of Old England,  
 Secure from the bold British tars,

Yet unwilling with Britain's domain to agree,  
 They made up some rods of a liberty tree.  
 And with them lash'd other folks out of the sea,  
 To meet the brave tars of Old England,  
 To fight with the bold British tars.

Spanish Dons in big ships of great force then were seen,  
 But Jervis and Nelson to fight them were keen ;  
 Lo! they fought and they beat twenty-seven with

[fifteen,  
 When mann'd with the tars of Old England,  
 When mann'd with the bold British tars.

And Mynheers were compell'd soon to alter their notes,  
 And promptly prepare all their ships and their boats,  
 To fight the brave tars of Old England,  
 To fight with the brave British tars.

To recover the Cape soon a squadron was found.  
 So they slipp'd us, and there they got safely and sound,  
 But Elphinstone shew'd that he could them confound,  
 With the manly brave tars of old England,  
 With the manly and bold British tars.

Then says Monsieur Mynheer, as your trade is quite lost  
 Rig a fleet to join ours to invade Britain's coast ;  
 But this reckoning they made without minding their  
 [host,  
 Forgetting the tars of Old England,  
 Forgetting the bold British tars.

To block up Brest harbor Lord Bridport set sail,  
 And the mouth of the Texel our fleet did not fail  
 To shut up, and keep the Dutch rogues in their jail,  
 Hemm'd in by the tars of Old England,  
 Hemm'd in by the bold British tars.

Our fleet to refit it had just sail'd away,  
 When the cat being gone, the mice came out to play,  
 But the play became direfully earnest that day,  
 Laid on by the tars of Old England,  
 Laid on by the bold British tars;

For news of their sailing had scarce reach'd our ears,  
 When our anchors flew up to the tune of three cheers,  
 And away to the Texel to fight the Mynheers,  
     Away went the tars of Old England,  
     Away went the bold British tars.

With their lubberly hulks to sheer off was in vain,  
 Nor (as we got between them) their ports could they  
                                                     [gain,  
 So they made their resolve a hard fight to maintain,  
     Against the brave tars of Old England,  
     Against the brave British tars.

It was twelve when the signal for action was given,  
 Then our guns ope'd their throats like the thunder from  
                                                     [heaven,  
 And by three the Dutch fleet off the waters was driven,  
     Destroyed by the tars of Old England,  
     Destroyed by the bold British tars.

Their hulks were a riddle, their canvas a rag,  
 Ten struck with their Vice and their Admiral's flag,  
 So on it they stor'd up no great matters to brag,  
     Of success against tars of Old England,  
     Of success against bold British tars.

Each landsman may now rest secure in bis bed,  
 For invasion no longer hangs over his head;  
 Who the Dutch fleet, the Spanish or French now  
                                                     would dread,  
     When guarded by tars of Old England,  
     When guarded by bold British tars.

But by night or by fog, should they give us the slip,  
 You are loyal stout soldiers, their wings who can clip,  
 Only fight but on shore as we fight aboard ship,  
     And copy the tars of Old England,  
     And copy the bold British tars.

Duncan's health, boys, fill up—may he fresh glory bring,  
 Fill the glass to Old England—a health to the Queen,  
 And may democrat Frenchmen and Dutchmen all swing,  
 Huzza! for the tars of Old England,  
 Huzza! for the bold British tars.

---

THE CRIMSON BANNER.

AIR—"Boyne Water."

Behold the crimson banner float  
 O'er yonder turrets hoary ;  
 It tells of days of mighty note,  
 And Derry's deathless glory ;  
 When her brave sons undaunted stood,  
 Embattled to defend her,  
 Indignant stemm'd oppression's flood,  
 And sung out—NO SURRENDER.

Old Derry's walls were firm and strong,  
 Well fenced in every quarter—  
 Each frowning bastion, grim along,  
 With culverin and mortar ;  
 But Derry had a surer guard  
 Than all that art could lend her,  
 Her 'Prentice hearts, the gates who barr'd,  
 And sung out—NO SURRENDER.

On came the foe, in bigot ire,  
 And fierce the assault was given,  
 By shot and shell, 'mid streams of fire,  
 Her fated roofs were riven ;  
 But baffled was the tyrant's wrath,  
 And vain his hopes to bend her,  
 For still 'mid famine, fire, and death,  
 They sung out—NO SURRENDER!

Again, when treason madden'd round,  
 And rebel hoards were swarming,  
 Were Derry's sons the foremost found,  
 For King and country arming ;  
 Forth, forth they rush'd at honor's call,  
 From age to boyhood tender,  
 Again to man their virgin wall,  
 And sing out—No SURRENDER!

Long may the crimson banner wave,  
 A meteor streaming airy,  
 Portentous of the free and brave,  
 Who man the walls of Derry ;  
 And Derry's sons alike defy  
 Pope, Traitor, or Pretender,  
 And peal to Heaven their 'Prentice cry,  
 Their patriot—No SURRENDER!

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FOR THE COMMEMORATION OF THE SHUTTING  
 OF THE GATES OF DERRY.

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Ye men of Derry, stont and bold,  
 Whose hearts are cast in honor's mould,  
 Oh, think to-day on days of old,  
 And Britain's Constitution ;  
 On this great day in William's year,  
 The 'prentice boys assembl'd here,  
 Hand in hand gave one grand cheer,  
 For the glorious Revolution.

Lord Antrim's troops compelled to wait,  
 Stood panic-struck before our gate,  
 Until we forced them to retreat,  
 In rapid evolution ;

All Europe heard the joyful sound,  
In vain the Pope's proud vassals frowned,  
William and Mary soon were crowned,  
And stopped the persecution.

And when again with opening spring,  
Back they came and brought their King,  
We made our bells for William ring,  
With Spartan resolution ;  
Though they fought us three to one,  
Still they sunk as we pressed on,  
Soon their coward King was gone,  
Afraid of execution.

So as like again come round,  
Here we stand on classic ground,  
Ever true to England found,  
And our glorious Constitution ;  
Proud our crimson flag shall fly,  
Waving in the azure sky,  
Here we conquer or we die,  
In the cause of the Revolution.

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THE MARKSMAN.

Come, all my worthy brethren  
That travel the globe around,  
Come, list awhile, till I relate  
How our order it was found :  
Many's the weary step we travelled  
The wilderness around,  
Till we found out the royal mark  
That led to the holy ground.

From Egypt's plains we marched,  
 Bound to the promised land ;  
 Full forty years we travell'd—  
 Moses had the command.  
 With rod of God he cleared the way,  
 The seas did back rebound,  
 And stood in heaps till we passed o'er,  
 But Pharaoh's host was drown'd.

Now we're all safe passed over,  
 Pray let us rest awhile  
 And give thanks unto our God,  
 Who saved us from exile ;  
 And also from a watery grave,  
 Where our enemies doth lie ;  
 We'll all kneel down and praise our God  
 Then march to Mount Sinai.

'Twas marching through the wilderness,  
 Some of them mourned for bread .  
 And more for water cried aloud,—  
 There was none to be had :  
 So, the Lord to quench their thirsty souls,  
 From a rock made waters flow ;  
 And every morning they were fed  
 With manna white as snow.

'Twas then, while at Mount Horeb,  
 The rock did Moses smite  
 And trav'ling for Mount Sinai,  
 Slew the proud Amorite  
 So when we came to Sinai's Mount,  
 We forty days abode ;  
 Then to find out the royal mark  
 March'd to the plains of Moab.

Twelve brethren were chosen  
 To view the promised land ;  
 Who, like the dove, returned,  
 With fruit all in their hand

To see the fruit of Canaan produced,  
Their hearts with joy did glow ;  
Then to find out the royal mark  
We march'd for Mount Nebo.

Here Moses to the Mount was call'd  
His last farewell to take ;  
Remember now the covenant  
You to the Lord did make :—  
'Twas to pull down all idol gods,  
Those carved, both great and small ;  
And all such vain idolatry,  
And worshippers of Baal.

Then Joshua called his brethren,  
And unto them did say :  
The streams of Jordan I'll divide.  
Like Moses the Red Sea ;  
The secret I will first unfold,  
Let none but Marksmen know ;  
So the Pass went round, and the mark was found  
That will lead to Jericho.

Now to conclude my Marksman's song,  
Let us thankful be and pray ;  
And keep in memory Jordan's plains,  
As likewise the Red Sea ;  
Take Great Jehovah for your guide,  
Your enemies he'll subdue ;  
And remember what a mighty host  
Three hundred overthrew.

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## THE BLACK MAN'S DREAM.

One night I thought a vision brought  
 Me to a spacious plain ;  
 Where on its centre stood a mount,  
 Whose top I wished to gain :  
 Orange, blue, and purple too,  
 Were given me to wear ;  
 And for to see the mystery,  
 They did me thus prepare :—

My guide, a pack placed on my back,  
 With pillars of an arch ;  
 A staff and scrip placed in my hand,  
 And thus I on did march :  
 Through desert lands I travelled o'er,  
 The narrow path I trod,  
 Till something did obstruct my path  
 In the form of a toad.

So then I saw what did me awe,  
 Though wandering in a dream—  
 A flaming bush, though unconsumed.  
 Before me did remain ;  
 And as I stood out of the wood,  
 I heard a heavenly sound,  
 Which bade me cast my shoes away,  
 For it was holy ground.

Two men I saw with weapons keen,  
 Which did me sore annoy ;  
 Unto a pyramid I ran,  
 That standing was hard by :  
 And as I climbed the rugged way,  
 A hand I there did see,  
 Which laid the lofty mountains  
 In the scale of equity.

Blue, gold, and black about my neck,  
 This apparition placed ;  
 Into a chariot I was put,  
 When we drove off in haste ;  
 Twelve dazzling lights of beauty bright  
 Were brought to guide my way,  
 And as we drove through cypress shades  
 One of them did decay.

Near to a mount I saw a fount  
 Of living waters flow ;  
 I being dry, they did reply,  
 To drink you there may go :  
 The mystic cup I then took up,  
 And drank a health to all  
 That were born free and kept their knee  
 From bowing unto Baal.

---

 ARCH MARKSMAN.

All ye Arch Marksmen attend to this great plan,  
 Jehovah first formed it and gave it unto man,  
 To improve our great system it was the design ;  
 Ye true sons of William your courage now join ;  
 They in view of our grand mystery would smile ;  
 And bless the great genius of our Emerald Isle.

When first I was raised to that noble degree,  
 A Royal Arch Marksman appeared unto me,  
 Saying my dearest brother you shall soon join the  
 [throng ;  
 I followed my fancy as they led me along  
 Through paths that were crooked, and bramble being  
 [there,  
 I was suddenly stopped by a lurking old tar.

What profane cometh here, and what is his name.  
 Where is he going, or what does he mean ?  
 From your outworks I'm coming, your lines inward to  
 [view.

Step on, my dear brother, your password is true.  
 Then slowly I entered, so great was the throng,  
 And so strongly was I guarded as they led me along.

Twelve dazzling bright lights shone around this great  
 [throng,  
 Supported by pillars that were stout and strong,  
 By wisdom first formed to keep all things sure ;  
 My master oft told me the workmen were pure ;  
 The sculpture was gothic, which the ancients approve,  
 And each stone was cemented and jointed with love.

Long may we all honor the true marks that we bear,—  
 Through William's glorious memory our souls rest in  
 [care ;

To unite our great Sovereign, her laws, and her crown,  
 By this may each Marksman still gain high renown,  
 For James was defeated, and King William did approve,  
 To unite every brother with a godly-like love.

---

### YE SONS OF THE WISE.

Ye sons of the wise, let your spirit now arise,  
 And scorn the smiles of temptation ;  
 Be faithful and true to the Orange and the Blue,  
 They will bring you through all tribulation.  
 Remember the guide that divided the tide  
 For Israel's happy protection ;  
 And over their foes made the billows to close,  
 Because they had no true direction.

In this present year, pale did appear,  
 To all who would not be united;  
 But down came the plan they had built on the sand,  
 And we live to see them all sore affrighted.  
 More cruel by far than the *forty-one* war,  
 Was the scheme of the vile revolution;  
 But we soon made our foes, by virtue of blows,  
 Submit to good our Constitution.

Our good British laws, they still merit applause.  
 Since blood purchased the Reformation;  
 Our church did not shine till that fortunate time  
 That William was King of the nation.  
 That happy reprieve did thousand relieve,  
 Who stood for the Protestant glory;  
 The Orange displayed soon made James afraid,  
 And routed each Jacobite Tory.

Dear brethren you know, 'tis a long time ago  
 Since the Orange was first propagated;  
 And those who stood true, be they ever so few,  
 You'll find they were never defeated.  
 So now let us fight for the cause that is right;  
 What rebel will dare to oppose us?  
 We show in the name of the Protestant fame,  
 And we care not one farthing who knows it.

Our secrets of old we will not unfold  
 To people not duly instructed;  
 Our good Orange cause, formed of holy laws,  
 By prophets of old were conducted;  
 And seems to succeed in our time of need—  
 Our members are daily increasing;  
 The "up" is pulled down our Queen wears the crown,  
 And the croppies, like hares, are a chasing.

That brotherly love, may never remove,  
 From the fellowship we have contracted ;  
 And wisdom may be in each Committee,  
 A witness to what is transacted.  
 Let each Orangeman take a full glass in hand,  
 And drink to the heart that won't waver.  
 Victoria on the throne, is a good Queen we own,  
 But the memory of William for ever.

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### THE ROYAL ARCH PURPLE MARKSMAN

Come, all my worthy brethren, in concord all around,  
 That's joined in our social bands, our enemies to  
 [confound ;  
 And I'll tell you of a secret, as yet you do not know,  
 So if you wish to see the light, another step you'll go :  
 Another step you'll go,  
 Another step you'll go :  
 So if you wish to see the light, another step you'll go.

I, hearing of a secret, and wishing for to see.  
 Enquired of my brother if admitted I could be ?  
 And he said, my dearest brother, you very soon shall  
 [know,  
 If you answer me one question before that you do go :  
 Before that you do go,  
 Before that you do go :  
 If you answer me one question before that you do go.

Were you in darkness, or crossed Jordan's streams ?  
 Or can you relate to me what the Ark it contains ?  
 I answered him right meekly, for that I could do so ;  
 Then he gave me a pass-word, to try if I could know ;  
 To try if I could know,  
 To try if I could know :  
 Then he gave me a pass-word, to try if I could know.

The pass-word being rehearsed, its cause he did define,  
Then said he would announce, to his brethren in a sign;  
The pass-word being rehearsed, and all was just and

Straight way he then prepared me to see that brilliant  
[right,  
]light;

To see that brilliant light,  
To see that brilliant light;  
Straight way he then prepared me, to see that brilliant  
]light.

He then took me by the hand and led me to a door,  
Where none could admitted be but those that were  
]pure;

Three gentle knocks he gave and I bended on my knee,  
And the answer was, that no profanes admitted there  
]should be;

Admitted there should be,  
Admitted there should be;  
And the answer was, that no profanes admitted there  
]should be.

"He's no profane, I'll answer for it," my conductor  
]here replied,

But a true and worthy Israelite—I have him safely tried;  
He has crossed Jordan's streams, and likewise Moab's  
]plains,

And is willing yet to travel, all our secrets to gain;  
All our secrets to gain,  
All our secrets to gain;

And is willing yet to travel, all our secrets to gain.

A door then being opened, I was admitted in,  
On rugged roads mysterious, my travels did begin;  
With my pack upon my back, my stall was in my hand,  
I travelled through the wilderness all o'er the desert  
]lands;

All o'er the desert lands,  
All o'er the desert lands;  
And I travelled through the wilderness all over desert  
]lands.

When I came to Mount Horeb, I could not here but  
 [blush,  
 With terror great I gazed upon the burning bush !  
 Moses was the cry, and he answered here and  
 Saying, cast the shoes from off your feet before that  
 [you draw nigh ;  
     Before that you draw nigh,  
     Before that you draw nigh ;  
 Saying, cast the shoes from off your feet before that  
 [you draw nigh.

Now, when they asked of me, what I held in my right  
 [hand,  
 I said it was a rod what the Lord he did command ;  
 Which when cast upon the ground, a serpent it became,  
 I was almost afrighted for to take it up again ;  
     For to take it up again,  
     For to take it up again ;  
 I was almost afrighted for to take it up again.

And as they asked of me from whence I had come,  
 I answered and said it was from Median's plains ;  
 From the plain of Median what were you doing there ?  
 I was feeding Jethro's flocks, which was all my care ;  
     Which was all my care,  
     Which was all my care ;  
 I was feeding Jethro's flocks, which was all my care.

And where are you going, he soft to me did say ;  
 Unto the land of Egypt, I'm now upon my way ;  
 Pray what is your mission, or what will you do there ?  
 To free all my brethren that now in bondage are ;  
     That now in bondage are,  
     That now in bondage are ;  
 To free all my brethren that now in bondage are.

They brought me to a mount, where I had to ascend  
 In search of our secrets, being led there by a friend ;

When I attained my object, unto the top did climb,  
 There I got the secret words that are so divine;  
     That are so divine,  
     That are so divine;  
 There I got the secret words that are so divine.

They were all standing around me, when I bended on  
     [my knee,  
 And what I stood in need of was demanded straight of  
     [me;  
 I said it was the light that I wish'd for most to see,  
 And they said, my dearest brother, we will give it  
     [unto thee.  
     We will give it unto thee,  
     We will give it unto thee,  
 And they said, my dearest brother, we will give it  
     unto thee.

Great light appear'd around me, no darkness there had  
     [been;  
 And I gaz'd with great amazement on all that I had  
     [seen;  
 So they filled me up a bumper, pledged in the mystic pot,  
 And they toasted to their brother, and the secrets he  
     [had got:  
     And the secrets he had got,  
     And the secrets he had got,  
 And they toasted to their brother, and the secrets he  
     [had got.

Now we have travelled over this mysterious foreign  
     [land,  
 And may our new-born brother firm in the faith long  
     [stand;  
 And may the purple order by Marksmen be revered,  
 And when we prove the Orange true, with them it  
     [shall be shared:  
     With them it shall be shared,  
     With them it shall be shared;  
 And when we prove the Orange true, with them it  
     [shall be shared.



## ON THE TIMES OF KING JAMES THE SECOND.

AIR—" *Vicar of Bray*."

When James, assuming right from God,  
 Enslav'd this freeborn nation,  
 His sceptre was an iron rod,  
 His reign a visitation.  
 High church men cried—"Obey, obey—  
 Let none resist a crown'd head;  
 He who gainsays what tyrants say,  
 Is a rebellious round head."  
 Then let us sing, while echoes ring,  
 The glorious Revolution,  
 And still proclaim King William's fame,  
 Who sav'd the constitution.

The Bible was no longer read,  
 But tales of sinners sainted;  
 The gods ador'd were gods of bread,  
 And sign posts carv'd and painted.  
 The priests and monks, with cowls and ropes,  
 Arriv'd here without number—  
 With racks and dagger bless'd by popes,  
 And loads of holy lumber.  
 Then let us sing, &c.

Our trade abroad, our wealth at home,  
 And all things worth desiring,  
 Were sacrific'd to France and Rome,  
 While Britons lay expiring.  
 The Monarch, a church-ridden ass,  
 Did whatever priests suggested,  
 And trotted on by day to mass,  
 The slave of slaves detested.  
 Then let us sing, &c.

By eruel Popish politics,  
 Were Protestants affrighted,  
 When to convert poor heretics,  
 New Smithfield fires were lighted,  
 But hope soon sprung out of despair,  
 So Providence commanded;  
 Our fears were all dispersed in air  
 When valiant William landed.

Then let us sing, &c.

Our church and state shook off the yoke,  
 And lawless power was banished;  
 The snares of priestcraft, too, were broke,  
 And superstition vanished;  
 The tyrant with his vassals fled,  
 By flight their guilt confessing,  
 To beg of France their daily bread,  
 Of Rome a worthless blessing.

Then let us sing, &c.

From all who dare to tyrannize,  
 May Heaven still defend us;  
 And should another James arise,  
 Another William send us.  
 May monarchs great o'er Britain reign,  
 The cause of truth defending,  
 And none like James our annals stain,  
 By Popery extending.

Then let us sing, while echoes ring,  
 The glorious Revolution.  
 And still proclaim King William's fame,  
 Who sav'd the Constitution.

## THE FIGHT OF CAMPERDOWN.

ENROLLED in our bright annals lives many a gallant name,  
But never British hearts conceived a prouder deed of fame,  
To shield our liberties and laws, to guard our Sovereign's  
Than noble Duncan's mighty arm achiev'd off <sup>[crown,</sup> Camperdown,  
To shield our liberties and laws, to guard our Sovereign's  
Immortal be the glorious deeds achiev'd, off <sup>[crown,</sup> Camperdown.

October the eleventh it was, he spy'd the Dutch at nine,  
The British signal flew, to break their close embattled line;  
Their line was broke, for all our tars, on that conspicuous day,  
All bitter mem'ry of the past, had vow'd to wipe away.  
Their lines was broke, &c.

At three o'clock, nine mighty ships had struck their colors  
And two brave Admirals at his feet, their vanquish'd flags  
Our Duncan's towering colors stream'd distinguish'd to the  
For in the battle's fiercest rage he nail'd them to the mast.  
Our Duncan's, &c.

The victory was now complete, the cannons ceas'd to roar,  
The scatter'd remnants of the foe slunk to their native shore;  
No power the pride of conquest, had his heart to lead astray,  
He summon'd his triumphant crew, and thus was heard to  
Let every man now bend the knee, and here in solemn  
Give thanks to God who in this fight has made our cause  
The victory was now complete, the cannons ceas'd to roar,

Then on the deck, the noble field of that proud day's renown,  
Brave Duncan, with his crew devout, before their God knelt  
Brave Duncan, with his crew devout, before their God knelt

And humbly bless'd his Providence, and hail'd his guardian  
 Who valor, strength, and skill inspir'd, in that dread battle's  
 [power,  
 And humbly, bless'd, &c. [hour.

The captive Dutch, this solemn scene survey'd with awe  
 And rued the day when Holland crouch'd to France's  
 [impious law ;  
 And mark'd how virtue, courage, faith, unite to form this land  
 For victory, for fame and power, just rule, and high  
 [command.

And mark'd, &c.

The Venerable was the ship that bore his flag to fame,  
 Our vet'ran hero well becomes his gallant vessel's name.  
 Behold his locks ! they speak the toil of many a stormy day ;  
 For fifty years and more, brave boys has fighting been his  
 [way.  
 The Venerable was the ship that bore his flag to fame,  
 And Venerable ever be our vet'ran Duncan's name.

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 GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God save our gracious Queen,  
 Long live our noble Queen,  
 God save the Queen !  
 Send her victorious,  
 Happy and glorious,  
 Long to reign over us,  
 God save the Queen !

O Lord, our God, arise,  
 Scatter her enemies,  
 And make them fall !  
 Confound their politics,  
 Frustrate their knavish tricks,  
 On her our hopes we fix,  
 God save us all !

Thy choicest gifts in store,  
 Deign on our Queen to pour,  
     Long may she reign !  
 May she defend our laws,  
 And ever give us cause  
 To sing with heart-applause,  
     God save the Queen !

Oh ! whilst the nation hails,  
 Our true-born PRINCE OF WALES,  
     May it be seen,  
 On Brunswick's royal line,  
 That still thy light divine  
 Its radiance sheds benign,  
     God save the Queen !

## NELSON.

When Trafalgar's tremendous fight was won,  
 And Freedom sacrificed her favorite son ;  
 Britannia, throned upon the heaving sea,  
 Stained with her tears the pomp of victory ;  
 And gladly would have flung away the fame  
 Her hero gained, his spirit to reclaim !

## ROYAL BLACK SONG.

One night as I lay on my bed I fell into a dream,  
Through rugged ways I had to pass—to a sheepfold I came;  
Nigh to a brook, with scrip and crook. a youth I there did

I asked his name, he did exclaim, I am a shepherd boy,—  
I am a shepherd boy—I am a shepherd boy,  
I asked his name, he did exclaim, I am a shepherd boy.

The sheepfold on a pleasant plain, near to a camp it lay,  
The lovely lambs, all round their dams, did skip and sport  
The fields were green, all things I seen, they yielded me  
But nothing there I could compare with the young  
But nothing, &c.

He got his pack placed on his back, a long staff in his hand  
And says this day I must obey my father's strict command;  
I asked him where he was bound for—he made me this  
To that camp there I must repair, although a shepherd boy.  
To that camp, &c.

My brethren they are in the camp, a fighting for their King,  
These presents here, their hearts to cheer, I unto them  
I ask'd him how he could get there? he made me this reply:  
A mark, said he, is left, you see, to guard the shepherd boy.  
A mark, said he, &c.

Then when he went into the camp I saw a curious sight,  
Both armies there they did prepare for to renew the fight;  
A man six cubits and a span, his brethren did defy;  
None in that place that man could face but the young  
None in that place, &c.

The King, he says, "this Philistine, that fills the camp  
[with awe;

Whoever does this monster kill shall be my son-in-law!"

"Then I will go and lay him low," the youth he did reply.

"Go," said he, "Lord be with thee, my valiant shepherd

"Go," said he, &c. [boy.

Out of a brook *five* stones he took, and put them in his scrip,  
And o'er the plain, undaunted he, right manfully did trip;  
At the first blow, he laid him low—cut off his head forby;  
He dropt his sling,—they made a king of the young Shep-  
He dropt his sling, &c. [herd boy.

Now to conclude and make an end, to this my simple dream,  
No man but he that's born free shall ever know the same:  
Fill up your glass, round let it pass, for I am getting dry,  
And toast with me the memory of the young shepherd boy.  
Of the young shepherd boy,—of the young shepherd boy,  
And toast with me the memory of the young shepherd boy.

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### SIRE OF WILLIAM'S GLORIOUS REIGN.

Air—"Rule Britannia."

Genius of Erin's Emerald Isle,

In all thine ancient glory rise!

And teach thy sons at death to smile,

While their proud strains ascend the skies.

Sires of William's glorious reign,

Triumphant in your sons again.

Awake, true sons of Erin, wake.

Attend your Queen and country's call;

Beneath your bands shall treason shake,

Beneath your arms shall treason fall!

Sires of William's glorious reign,

In their sons shall fight again.

Hark! down the Boyne's immortal flood,  
 Flows this sublime, triumphant sound,  
 Where, like yon column, firm they stood,  
 Till victory's self, their virtue crown'd,  
 Sires of William's glorious reign,  
 Bid their sons their rights maintain.

Hark! how from Aughrim's blood-stain'd field—  
 Stain'd with the blood that warms your heart—  
 The shades of those who ne'er could yield,  
 Thus prompt the Patriot's awful part:  
 Sires of William's glorious reign,  
 Trust their sons to guard this plain.

And, hark! from Derry's sacred walls,  
 That spurn'd the tyrant at their feet,  
 A guardian voice, inspiring calls,  
 And Derry's sons the strain repeat,  
 Sires of William's glorious reign,  
 Guard, in us, these walls again.

Again shall Enniskillen pour  
 Her heroes, for their rights to die;  
 Before them, as in days of yore,  
 Shall traitors, tyrants, Frenchmen, fly.  
 Sires of William's glorious reign,  
 Fought not for their sons in vain.

The men of Erin catch the flame,  
 The spirit of the Isles abroad;  
 They pant to share their father's fame,  
 Like them, in war or death, unawed.  
 Sires of William's glorious reign,  
 Ne'er can call their sons in vain.

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ORANGE AND BLUE—A SONG FOR THE  
SOLDIERS.

AIR—“ *Why should we quarrel for riches.*”

While over life's busy stage going,  
Where troubles we meet not a few,  
My heart with kind feelings o'erflowing,  
Still clings to the Orange and Blue—  
I like them in peer or in peasant,  
In high or in lowly degree,  
An Orangeman's company's pleasant,  
And ever was cheering to me.  
To throne and to Bible devoted,  
Though danger or safety accrue,  
Ungratefully used or promoted,  
He still is to principle true.

I like to see yeomanry gracing  
Our fields in a splendid review,  
To tunes in accordance all pacing,  
That mark them as Orange and Blue ;  
The sailor I love to see plighted  
To fight for Victoria alone,  
But more and much more I'm delighted  
To find the brave soldier our own.  
To throne and to Bible devoted, &c.

When James, who our liberty slighted,  
Essayed to make Protestants yield,  
One Lillibullero affrighted  
The priest-ridden Prince from the field ;  
A shout rais'd from Hyde-park like thunder,  
From bold British soldiers it came,  
Soon knocked the Pope's plans all asunder,  
And pack'd off his minions in shame.  
To throne and to Bible devoted, &c.

To idols, these heroes intrepid  
 Could never one moment forsec,  
 That soldiers in faithfulness tepid,  
 Would ever fall down on their knee,  
 In Malta, a wafer well salted  
 And pepper'd might musty become,  
 Before, whom for worship exalted,  
 A Briton would beat up his drum.  
 To throne and to Bible devoted, &c.

With sons of such fathers in battle,  
 No doubts could embarrass our mind,  
 The cannons of rebels might rattle,  
 But fear we would give to the wind ;  
 No half-held allegiance suspending  
 Their hearts between potentates two,  
 Their hands would be strong in defending  
 The cause of the Orange and Blue.  
 To throne and to Bible devoted, &c.

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 AN APPEAL TO ERIN.
 

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AIR—" *Crazy Jane.*"

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Emerald Island, verdant Erin,  
 Lo! along thy troubled shore,  
 Treason high its standard rearing,  
 Pants to dye the fields in gore,  
 Once endow'd with every blessing,  
 Free, united, loyal, brave ;  
 Now thy treacherous sons are pressing  
 Thee, their parent to enslave.

Freedom, sacred name assuming,  
 Basely they pervert its end;  
 To their dreadful plans presuming  
 Erin's gen'rous soul to bend.  
 But beneath the cloak of feeling,  
 Love and truth, and peace profess'd;  
 Treason thus its head concealing,  
 Points a dagger at thy breast.

Those for freedom truly fighting,  
 Ne'er would sell their native plains:  
 Nor the aid of France inviting,  
 Seek a foreign tyrant's chains.  
 Erin, ancient seat of learning,  
 Whilst o'er Europe darkness spread,  
 Cans't not thou, its wiles discerning,  
 Crush the spacious serpent's head.

Nurse of heroes, fam'd in story,  
 Oft confounding France and Spain;  
 May those miscreants cause thy glory,  
 As of old, to shine again.  
 See the sister-island standing,  
 Mark her calm majestic form;  
 All her ancient soul commanding,  
 Smiling at the threatened storm.

Round her Isles e'en now in motion,  
 See her circling navy draws;  
 Peerless empress of the Ocean,  
 Neptune's self supports her cause.  
 Then, in conscious strength elated,  
 Join with her to save the world;  
 Soon shall foes, to ruin fated,  
 At your conquering feet be hurl'd.

---

INSCRIBED TO GREAT BRITAIN BEFORE THE  
SURRENDER OF HER GLORIOUS CONSTITU-  
TION WAS EFFECTED.

AIR—" *The girl I left behind me.*"

Great Britain, Empress of the sea,  
By wooden walls surrounded,  
Which oft have made the foe give way,  
And all their hopes confounded ;  
High on the throne of fame full blown,  
With many trophies crowned,  
You sit supreme, the sovereign dame  
Of nations long renowned.

Beneath thy sceptre plenty smiles,  
And commerce spreads her pinions,  
Ships trade to the remotest Isles,  
Throughout thy vast dominions ;  
Here knowledge grows and money flows,  
The heart of man delighting ;  
Religion bright diffuses light,  
The soul to bliss inviting.

Yet, long thou wert the blinded slave  
Of Papal usurpation,  
Thy genius buried in the grave  
Of priestly domination ;  
Thy muse now slept, or silent wept,  
While learning, persecuted,  
Affrighted fled, and in its stead,  
Darkness the land polluted.

But when the Reformation's sun,  
On Europe long bedighted,  
With renovating lustre shone,  
And clouded reason lighted—  
Before its rays dark error's maze  
Fast from thy shores receded,  
And Christians broke the galling yoke  
Which thy renown impeded.

The Pope, enrag'd, then strove in vain,  
 By excommunication,  
 His lost ascendancy to gain,  
 And overawe the nation ;  
 But martyrs true, with death in view,  
 The Gospel cause defended,  
 And by their zeal made truth prevail,  
 And Rome's dominion ended.

In vain proud France and haughty Spain.  
 Against thy peace united,  
 Their fleets were shatter'd on the main,  
 And all their prospects blighted.  
 No foreign host could touch thy coast,  
 By Providence protected,  
 And nations proud soon to thee bow'd,  
 And thy decrees respected.

What country can such heroes name,  
 By sea and land victorious ;  
 Where'er they go they rise in fame,  
 By deeds of valor glorious.  
 When danger calls thy wooden walls  
 Appear in warlike motion ;  
 Kingdom and isle thee justly style,  
 Great "Empress of the Ocean."

---

ORANGE BOOVEN.

AIR—" *Erin go Bragh.*"

On Amsterdam's towers the Orange flag is waving,  
 The old badge of freedom gay floats on the breeze,  
 And far, loud and cheering, the war-pipe is raving,  
 While the joy notes returned by the Lords of the seas.  
 The tide of high glory is broadly extended,  
 And nobly around ev'ry pass is defended ;  
 Then shout, while the stormy war-music is blended,  
 On, on to the battle—Orange Boveen.

Oh! beauty is sweet as the mild beam of even,  
 While it plays on the Texel in midnight's wild hour;  
 Her smile has a charm like the mild beams of Heaven,  
 And the tear of her love is the kingdom of power.  
 Then ye maidens of Holland, sweet pleasures before you  
 Oh! whisper your lover's gay freedom's bold story,  
 In smiles of delight point the way to high glory,  
 And blend with your love sighs—Orange Booven.

The proud tri-color, that o'er half the world  
 Stream'd forth like a meteor, will soon be unknown;  
 From its high airy station it soon will be hurled,  
 And the red flag be waving from Brest to Bayonne.  
 The storm of the North in its wild fury sweeping;  
 Will yet sooth the mourner at tyranny weeping;  
 And in visions of midnight, the lone baby sleeping,  
 Shall lisp out the signal—Orange Booven.

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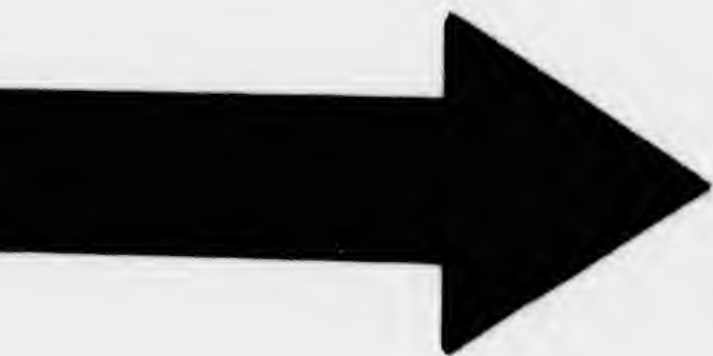
 RULE BRITANNIA.

When Britain first at Heaven's command,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter of the land,  
 And guardian angels sang the strain :  
 Rule Britannia—Britannia, rule the waves,  
 Britons never shall be slaves.

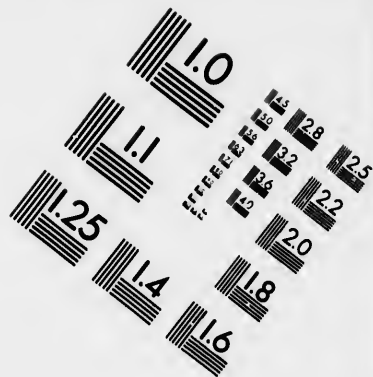
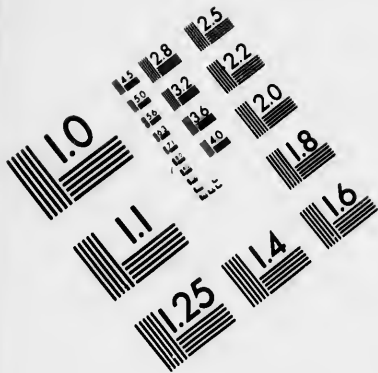
The nations not so blest as thee,  
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall,  
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,  
 The dread and envy of them all.

Rule Britannia, &c.

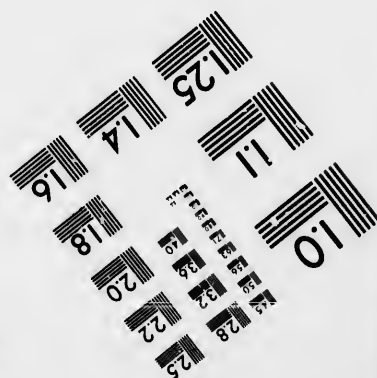
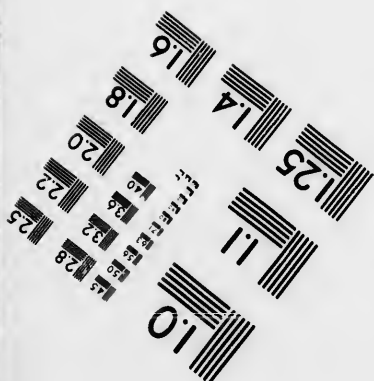
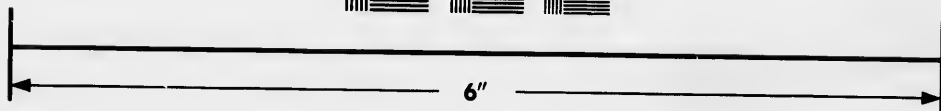
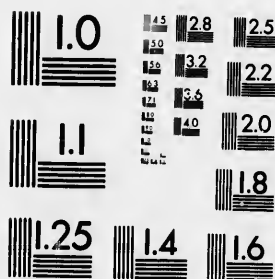








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Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;  
 As the loud blast that rends the skies,  
 Serves but to root thy native oak.  
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,  
 All their attempts to bend thee down,  
 Shall but arouse thy gen'rous flame ;  
 But work their woe and thy renown.  
 Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;  
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;  
 All thine shall be the subject main,  
 And ev'ry shore it circles, shine.  
 Rule Britannia, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,  
 Shall to thy happy coast repair ;  
 Blest Isle ! with matchless beauty crown'd,  
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.  
 Rule Britannia, &c.

---

TO CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH WITH AN IRISH  
 HARP.

AIR—" *Eile of Erin.*"

Dear harp of my country ! no longer thy numbers  
 Shall swell in the wild and tumultuous throng ;  
 We send thee to one who will waken thy slumbers  
 With the loftier notes of a holier song.  
 Anthems of peace shall flow from thy wires ;  
 Songs of our Zion shall breathe her desires ;  
 Whilst thus she shall hallow the themes of our sires.—  
 " Erin mavourneen—Erin go bragh !"

Vain breathes the lute in its sweet undulations,  
 And vain sounds the clarion, shrill, warlike, and clear :  
 Be thine, island harp ! with thy trembling vibrations  
 To whisper thy strain to the long deafen'd ear.  
 Chords of her heart in sympathy blending—  
 Tales of thy country, mournfully rending—  
 Shall call back remembrance to days of contending.  
 Glorious to Derry and Erin go Bragh.

Haste thee, dear island harp ! over the waters ;  
 Bear with thee melodies plaintive and wild,  
 Breathe thy own *Coolin* song, dear to thy daughters—  
 The lone mother's sweet cradle-song to her child.  
 Sing of thy green fields, thy cairns, and thy towers—  
 Bards who were wont to enliven thy bowers,  
 When this chorus arose in their rapturous hours—  
 " Erin mavourneen—Erin go bragh ! "

Bring flow'rs from the wild-wood—the loviest, the rarest—  
 Sweet blossoms from heather-clad mountain and glen—  
 For her who hath woven a chaplet, the fairest  
 That ever was pictured by pencil or pen.  
 Then flow'rs round the harp shall be gracefully twining.  
 And Poesy's numbers, their magic combining,  
 Our loves, our affections and feelings refining ;  
 " Erin mavourneen—Erin go bragh ! "

IRISH

Oh ! come, lady fair, to our Isle of the Ocean ;  
 Awaken the harp in our time-hallowed halls ;  
 Thousands will hail thee with heartfelt emotion,  
 From Boyne's flowing waters to fam'd Derry walls :  
 Wreaths of our shamrock for thee we are weaving ;  
 Warm hearts and loving for thee are now heaving ;  
 Come to our Island green—trusting—believing ;  
 Cead mille faultie--Erin go Bragh !

## A SONG.

AIR—" *Cruskeen Lawn.*"

You Williamites so true,  
Of the Orange and the Blue,  
'That dwell in this country all round, round, round.  
O! may you increase,  
And multiply in every place,  
And join to keep rebellion down, down, down,  
And join to keep rebellion down.

The twenty-third of May,  
Was to have been the fatal day,  
To assassinate all friends of the crown, crown, crown;  
But our kingly yeomen brave,  
Our country then did save,  
By keeping the rebellion down, down, down,  
By keeping the rebellion down.

O! well you may remember  
On the fourth day of November,  
The birth-day of William high in renown, nown, nown.  
What a glorious sight was seen  
That day in College-green,  
Of them that kept rebellion down, down, down,  
Of them that kept rebellion down.

The *Crops* were so dismay'd  
When our Orange was display'd,  
At our victory they were seen to frown, frown, frown,  
They also stopp'd their ears.  
Being much annoyed by cheers,  
And the bands playing Croppies lie down, down, down,  
And the bands playing Croppies lie down.

So fill high your glass to him,  
 Who made the Crops to swim,  
 In villages, in cities, and in towns, towns, town,  
 Lord Camden is his name,  
 May he shortly come again,  
 To keep the wild rebellion down, down, down,  
 And to keep the wild rebellion down.

ADDRESSED TO THE FRIENDS OF RELIGION  
 AND TRUE LIBERTY.

AIR—"Hearts of Oak."

You Protestants valiant, whose ancestors bold  
 Defeated oppressors and tyrants of old,  
 No longer inactive or silent remain,  
 Your rights are assail'd, and you must them maintain.  
 Remember the martyrs who died at the stake,  
 Your faith propagating,  
 And error defeating,  
 And shall ye the cause they defended forsake ?

In Statesmen controll'd by the tools of a Pope,  
 Disdain for the future to place any hope ;  
 These time-serving minions—Reformers untrue—  
 The Scriptures of truth would remodel anew,  
 To please those whose tenets on oath they abjure ;  
 And infidels jarring,  
 Impotently warring  
 Against sway celestial, and Gospel light pure.

Then rally in time, and respond. to the call  
 Of men ready by you to stand or to fall ;  
 And as future safety on unions depends,  
 Now promptly support your Conservative friends,  
 True patriots shielding religion and laws ;  
 Sedition repelling,  
 And turbulence quelling.  
 Oh ! who would not join in so glorious a cause !

## ON THE REVIVAL OF ORANGEISM IN IRELAND.

AIR—"Nancy Dawson."

Come let us meet in love and glee,  
 Ye Orange brethren, bold and free,  
 And toast in bumpers "three times three"  
     The Orange Institution.  
 May it again triumphant stand,  
 The shield of this our lovely land,  
 In spite of that malignant band,  
     Who hate our Constitution.

Come let us meet in love and glee,  
 Ye Orange brethren bold and free,  
 And toast in bumpers "three times three"  
     The Orange Institution.  
     Then let us meet &c.

Think on the year of "Ninety-eight,"  
 When thousands rose against the State.  
 What did their sanguine hopes defeat?  
     The Orange Institution.  
 For in defence of Britain's crown,  
 Our Orange yeomen of renown,  
 Put the insulting rebels down,  
     And saved our Constitution.  
     Then let us meet, &c.

Soon as the Orange system spread,  
 The popish persecution fled,  
 And disaffection hid her head,  
     Check'd by our Institution.  
 Peace was restored to this fair Isle,  
 Secur'd by freedom's cheering smile,  
 Thus Orange men, from traitors vile,  
     Preserv'd our Constitution.  
     Then let us meet, &c.

ELAND.

To counteract, by valor sound,  
 All hostile plots that might abound,  
 Brave Vernor did most wisely found  
     The Orange Institution,  
 Erected on a basis sure,  
 To keep us and our rights secure,  
 And guard from foes, of faith impure,  
     The Crown and Constitution.  
 Then let us meet in love and glee,  
 Ye Orange brethren bold and free,  
 And toast in bumpers "three times three."  
     The Orange Institution.

---

 FOR THE YEOMEN OF IRELAND.

Air—"There was a jolly Miller once."

A brave and jolly yeoman long  
     Lived on the the river Foyle,  
 When work was throng, a simple song  
     Beguiled his daily toil:  
 "This was the burthen of that song,  
     And ever used to be,"  
 \* My King, though all the world goes wrong,  
     Shall find a friend in me.  
     This was the burthen of that song, &c.

In Ninety-eight, when Erin's state  
     Was bad as bad could be;  
 When rebels rose, and England's foes  
     Cried loud for liberty;  
 The yeoman then, while other men  
     Shook in their boots for fear,  
 Undaunted stood and shed his blood,  
     Triumphant through the year.  
     This was the burthen of their song, &c.



## WALKER'S PILLAR.

O where! O where! while dull despair  
 Was stalking through the land,  
 Were all the prigs the brainless Whigs,  
 Who now assume command?  
 Some guil'd at home, some fought for Rome,  
 And others ran away;  
 While yeomen brave, the land to save,  
 Fought on and gained the day.  
 This was the burthen of their song, &c.

And as the gallant yeoman then  
 Stood forward for the throne,  
 With loyal men he'll stand again,  
 And slavery disown.  
 For Freeman's right undaunted fight,  
 While traitors bite the ground;  
 To England's laws and William's cause  
 For ever faithful found.  
 This was the burthen of his song, &c.

## WALKER'S PILLAR.

*On the Testimonial Pillar erected on "Derry Walls," to the  
 memory of Governor Walker, the foundation stone of  
 which was laid on the 18th of December, 1826.*

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

The patriot deserves the meed  
 Of honor and renown,  
 And to the hero is decreed  
 The blooming laurel crown.  
 Though both should suffer, bleed, and die  
 To save a falling state,  
 They flourish in the memory  
 Of all that's good and great.  
 The sculptor's toil, the painter's oil,  
 The bard's immortal page,  
 The honor'd name will still proclaim  
 Through each revolving age.

And just it is that when for all  
 A few resolve to stand,  
 That whether they survive or fall  
 Their praise should fill the land.  
 The deeds of those at Troy who fell  
 Are fresh in fame to-day,  
 And Pompey's Pillar still can tell  
 How once his sword bore sway.  
 The sculptor's toil, &c.

Their Marlborough, the Britons hold  
 In recollection dear;  
 Heroic Wallace fam'd of old,  
 Still claims a Scottish tear.  
 The Graeme who fell on Falkirk's plain  
 At Wallace's right hand,  
 And they at Killycrankie slain  
 Still high in honor stand  
 The sculptor's toil, &c.

But none of those by Homer sung,  
 Or live on Livy's page,  
 Or e'er made theme for Minstrel's tongue  
 Through time, from age to age,  
 Can higher stand on rolls of fame,  
 Distinguished and renown'd  
 Than stands George Walker's noble name,  
 With lasting laurels crown'd.  
 The sculptor's toil, &c.

Here Murray bold and Baker true,  
 And Mitchelburn, so brave,  
 Beneath their standard of true blue  
 Repell'd the royal slave;  
 Here Cairnes, great in camp or court,  
 With Schomberg, valor's son,  
 Maintained in fight their maiden fort,  
 And martial trophies won.  
 The sculptor's toil, &c.

Then on the spot where bullets hot  
 Flew forth to make us free,  
 A pillar high shall seek the sky,  
 A monument to be ;  
 The sons of those who foiled their foes  
 In bloody battle here,  
 Erect this pile to grace our Isle,  
 And future ages cheer.  
 The sculptor's toil, &c.

---

ON THE DEATH OF HIS R. H. THE LATE DUKE  
 OF YORK AND ALBY.

AIR—“*Roy's Wife of Aldevalloch.*”

Oppress'd with unavailing grief  
 Britannia now her harp may shiver ;  
 The gallant York—of soldiers chief—  
 An arrow wounds from death's dark quiver ;  
 An omen of sad wrath Divine,  
 For sin a nation proud besetting,  
 Above all others rais'd to shine,  
 And yet the ruler great forgetting.  
 Oh hapless empire to despise  
 The mighty hand your glory crowning,  
 And bring down anger from the skies,  
 In just resentment awful frowning.

Though vested in supreme command,  
 York bore the toils of war undaunted,  
 And to protect our happy land,  
 The soldier's life he shared contented ;  
 True fortitude inspired his breast,  
 Benign, compassionate, and tender  
 Though oft in battle closely prest,  
 His word was Derry's No SURRENDER.

Departed hero thy great name  
 Shall long embellish martial pages,  
 And blazon'd on the rolls of fame,  
 Thy deeds shall shine in future ages.

And foremost in the ranks of truth,  
 He education's cause promoted,  
 And to instruct the orphan youth,  
 His care and treasure both devoted.  
 The soldier's friend, the widow's stay,  
 Support and shield in times distressing,  
 His deeds of worth each passing day,  
 Proud enemies themselves confessing.

For still constant, firm, and brave,  
 Serenely wise and tender hearted,  
 The realm from ruin he would save,  
 And disaffected traitors thwarted.

His voice all loyal hearts reviv'd,  
 And stemmed the tide of revolution;  
 Proud demagogues, while he surviv'd,  
 In vain assail'd the Constitution;  
 But like his royal Sire rever'd,  
 When Statesmen thought their plans completed,  
 Soon to the Senate he repair'd,  
 And their destructive bill defeated.

His word soon hush'd sedition's roar,  
 And Whigs and Radicals confounded,  
 While his applause from shore to shore,  
 In strains of grateful joy resounded.

Hail dauntless Prince, though far remov'd  
 From earthly scenes that pass and perish,  
 The land thy Royal Highness lov'd,  
 Thy memory will ever cherish.

May Kings again in Britain reign,  
 And like thy Sire adorn their station,  
 Oh! may we see some Prince like thee,  
 Arise to save our sinking nation.

Farewell, oh York! renown'd and great,  
 Long shall thy loss keen pangs awaken;  
 Oh ne'er from us, by cruel fate,  
 Was kinder, braver, hero taken.

---

LAMENTATION FOR GEORGE III, ON THE 4TH  
 JULY, 1823.

AIR—“ *O say, pretty maid, have you form'd any notion?* ”

We weep for the King, now gone from us for ever,  
 Whose heart from our cause no vile faction could sever;  
 Who, from youth's early dawn to his dark night of sorrow,  
 Made us happy each day, with fair hopes of to-morrow

When in infancy's hour, the time sweetly beguiling,  
 On our fond parent's knee we sat lovingly smiling;  
 We well can remember how often they taught us,  
 To prize all the blessings King William had brought us.

On the dear Fourth of June, as the joy-bells were ringing,  
 And the National Anthem our fathers were singing,  
 Of Brunswick's brave race we exultingly boasted,  
 And George, our good King, we triumphantly toasted.

'The oath that he swore on the day of his crowning,  
 He kept till his death, while proud foemen were frowning;  
 No arts of the venal could ever deceive him,  
 Or of our affections one moment bereave him

In a tone at once manly, and candid, and steady,  
 To descend from the throne he declared himself ready ;  
 But honor and conscience, unsullied and tender,  
 Forbad him the Protestant rights to surrender

These words for his reign o'er the British dominions,  
 Had their happy results upon all men's opinions ;  
 No hope rais'd and crushed, caused dissension or malice,  
 And life was secure from the cot to the palace.

As dangers drew nigh, he a council provided,  
 Of principle pure, and of heart undivided ;  
 While Erin's brave Orangemen, wisely united—  
 The hope of the bigoted rebel soon blighted.

But alas! the scene's changed, and the loyal are mourning,  
 As the days of rebellion are quickly returning ;  
 The powers that they bled for, distrust and annoy them,  
 While those they subdued rise again to destroy them.

Convicted in vain is the plunderer hardened,  
 He rages, he threatens, and still he is pardoned ;  
 And those who had ventured to seize or detect him,  
 With his band of assassins may quickly expect him.

But whate'er be our fate, should we prosper or perish,  
 The cause of our Bible and truth we will cherish ;  
 No traitors our hearts from allegiance can sever—  
 The throne of a Brunswick we'll honor for ever.

---

 BATTLE OF THE NILE.

Arise, arise, Britannia's son's arise,  
 And join in the shouts of a patriotic throng.  
 Arise, arise, Brittannia's sons arise,  
 And let the heaven's echo with your song :

The genius of Albion, victory proclaiming,  
 Flies through the world its rights and deeds maintaining,  
 While the battle of the Nile will be foremost on the file;  
 And Nelson, gallant Nelson's name, recorded will be;  
 Then huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, boys,  
 Mars guards for us, what freedom did by charter  
 Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, boys, [gain,  
 Britannia still, Britannia rules the main.

The proud sons of France, with insulting haughty scorn,  
 Long time had oppressed our neighboring independence—  
 And vainly did hope their conquest would be borne [cies,  
 In harmony triumphant o'er the sea;  
 But Nelson soon taught them, in peals of British thunder,  
 To the flag of Royai George it was their duty to sur-  
 [render;

While the battle of the Nile shall be foremost on the file,  
 And Nelson, gallant Nelson's name recorded will be.  
 Then huzza, huzza, huzza, &c.

Then in councils above, rose the deities of war,  
 Determined to give unto valor due renown,  
 And soon, on the brow of each British tar,  
 Was planted a splendid laurel crown;  
 And the loud trump of fame through heaven and earth was  
 [sounding,  
 Howe, Jarvis, Duncan, and Nelson's name resounding,  
 While the battle of the Nile will be foremost on the file,  
 And Nelson's recorded will be.  
 Then huzza, huzza, huzza, &c.

Arouse, arouse, Britannia's sons arouse,  
 And meet your protectors with open arms returning,  
 And view the rich spoils by blood they have bought,  
 For the glory of this happy, happy isle.  
 And every British seaman hereafter shall be penned  
 As a terror to his foe, and an honor to his friend;  
 While the battle of the Nile shall be foremost on the file,  
 And Nelson, gallant Nelson's name recorded shall be,  
 Then huzza, huzza, huzza, &c.

## MOORE'S SONG ON THE BATTLE EVE.

AIR—"Cruiskeen Lawn."

To-morrow, comrade, we  
 On the battle plain must be,  
 There to conquer or both lie low, low, low ;  
 But there's wine still in the cup,  
 And the morning star is up,  
 So we'll take another quaff ere we go, boys, go,  
 So we'll take another quaff ere we go.

'Tis true, in manliest eyes  
 A passing tear may rise,  
 When we think of the friends we leave alone,  
 [lone, lone ;

But what can wailing do—  
 See our goblets weeping too—  
 With their tears we'll chase away our own, boys,  
 With their tears we'll chase away our own.

But daylight's stealing on ;  
 The last that o'er us shone  
 Saw our children around us at play, play, play ;  
 The next—O ! where shall we  
 And those rosy urchins be ;  
 But no matter—grasp the sword, and away,  
 [boys, away,  
 But no matter—grasp the sword and away.

Let those who brook the chain  
 Of Saxon or of Dane,  
 Ignobly by the fire-side stay, stay, stay.  
 One sigh to the home be given,  
 One heartfelt prayer to heaven,  
 Then for Erin and her cause, boys, hurra, hurra,  
 Then for Erin and her cause, boys, hurra.



A REPLY TO THE FOREGOING BY THE REV.  
J. GRAHAM.

The gauntlet down is hurl'd--  
And the standard is unfurl'd--  
Now comes at last the long expected day, day, day,  
For the glories of the Boyne ;  
In the Battle-field we'll join  
For William and his cause, boys, hurra, ra, ra,  
So for William and his cause boys, hurra.

We need no spur from wine,  
When we stand for truth Divine--  
We fear not for the friends we leave alone, lone, lone ;  
Our sisters and our wives,  
And our rosy urchins' lives,  
Will be shielded by the shielder of the throne, throne,  
[throne,  
Will be shielded by the shielder of the throne.

The rebels say they'll watch,  
To lift up our bed-room latch,  
And redden with our blood each hearth stone, &c.  
But they tried in days of yore  
The experiment before,  
And the wretchedness and ruin were their own, own,  
[own,  
And the wretchedness and ruin were their own.

In days now long since gone,  
By the sword in forty-one.  
They sought to put the Protestants all down, down.  
[down,

But confounded even then,  
They were baffled by the men  
Who battled for the Bible and th crown, crown,  
[crown,  
Who battled for the Bible and the crown.

## FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

AIR—"The Wounded Hussar."

Let each British soldier, whose heart pants for glory,  
 With laurel-deck'd brow hail this glorious day,  
 Which witness'd a battle unequal'd in story,  
 And gave peace to Europe, long fill'd with dismay.  
 Till time leaves this world envelop'd in flame,  
 The deeds of the Waterloo conquerors brave,  
 Still brightly will shine on the annals of fame,  
 And rouse British valor true freedom to save.

Both armies that morning to conquer aspiring,  
 And boldly determined against giving way,  
 Advanced to the conflict their guns briskly firing,  
 And soon hot and bloody commenc'd the affray.  
 The Cuirassiers, cased in their armour of steel,  
 The lines of the British oft strove to break through,  
 But our heavy cavalry back made them wheel,  
 Repulsed still with slaughter by those heroes true.

Then Wellington, Picton, and Uxbridge undaunted,  
 With their gallant soldiers stood fast on the field,  
 Against proud Napoleon, who haughtily vaunted,  
 He would cause the force of Great Britain to yield.  
 But though he commanded the chosen of France,  
 Superior in numbers to our heroes true,  
 Unshaken, against them our troops did advance,  
 Resolv'd all to die or their foes to subdue.

As chief of the leaders to England devoted,  
 Who gain'd fame immortal on that dreadful day,  
 Great Picton and Ponsonby fearless were noted,  
 For oftimes compelling the foe to give way.  
 But covered with glory they fell undismay'd  
 Where thousands lay dying or dead on the plain,  
 The grave of the victors with laurel array'd  
 Their lot was to fight for and valiantly gain.

The fate of the battle was long undecided,  
 At length Bonaparte thought the field was his own,  
 And sent forth his troops by tried officers guided,  
 But at that fierce charge he beheld them overthrown,  
 To crown his confusion, the Prussians so brave,  
 Led forward by Blucher, approach'd within view,  
 Then routed, he hasten'd a remnant to save,  
 And left to the British far-fam'd Waterloo.

This glorious victory happily ended  
 A war most destructive and dismal to see,  
 Which through most of Europe fierce ravage extended.  
 Great Britain alone from its scourge being free ;  
 But thanks be to Him that preserv'd England's crown,  
 Who rais'd up Great Wellington, prudent and brave,  
 To put the usurper of monarchy down,  
 And Europe from bloodshed and anarchy save.

---

#### AN ADDRESS TO ERIN.

AIR — "*Exile of Erin.*"

Alas ! lovely Erin, still torn and distracted  
 By dark superstition and bigotry's reign,  
 To think of the scenes that in you have been acted,  
 Creates indignation and heart-rending pain.  
 Crimes on a scale far beyond calculation,  
 O'er the land spread disaster and wild devastation,  
 While christians are doom'd to a prompt extirpation,  
 When Rome, guilty Rome, blows the trumpet for war.

In Munster, assassins in league are united,  
 The laws to resist and confusion create,  
 By priests of sedition to outrage excited,  
 To bring back the horrors of dark Ninety-eight ;  
 The teacher of truth to his mansion returning,  
 Meets bigots with thirst for his blood fiercely burning,  
 Who stone him to death, his entreaties all spurning,  
 While Rome, guilty Rome, blows the trumpet for war.

If o'er years gone by, retrospective we ponder,  
 If we look to the records on history's page,  
 We cannot but feel detestation and wonder  
 At Rome, guilty Rome ; more than heateh'nish rage :  
 Pikes with blood reeking, and fierce midnight blazes,  
 In fancy arise, and intense horror seizes  
 The mind, as it back reluctantly gazes,  
 When Rome, guilty Rome, blew the trumpet for war.

To what fatal source can we trace the disasters  
 Of Europe, broad Europe, for centuries three ?  
 To proud priests of Rome aiming still to be masters,  
 And rule over kingdoms resolv'd to be free ;  
 Hence plots without end through the nation extended,  
 The fagot prevail'd and society rended,  
 Pope's monarchs degraded, and armies contended,  
 When Rome, guilty Rome, blew the trumpet for war.

Oh ! when shall this blood-stain'd destroyer give over  
 Exciting rebellion, destruction, and woe,  
 And all Erin's sons and fair daughters discover  
 That Popery still is their most cruel foe :  
 Then love, peace and plenty, complacently smiling,  
 Would bless our green fields, man to man reconciling,  
 Fell discord would cease, and all party reviling,  
 And Rome here no more blow the trumpet of war.

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## SUBMISSION OF ORANGEMEN.

AIR—"Boyne Water."

We've furl'd the banner that wav'd so long  
 Its sunny fold around us ;  
 We've still'd the voice of our ancient song,  
 And burst the tie that bound us.  
 No, no, that tie, that sacred tie,  
 Cannot be loosed or broken ;  
 And thought will flash from eye to eye,  
 Though ne'er a word be spoken.

Go, raze old Derry's tell-tale wall—  
 Bid Enniskillen perish :  
 Choke up the Boyne—abolish all  
 That we too fondly cherish ;  
 'Twill be but as the pruning knife  
 Used by a skilful master,  
 To concentrate the sap of life,  
 And fix the strong root faster.

We love the throne—Oh ! deep you planned  
 The hateful will to prove us !  
 But firm in loyal truth we stand—  
 The Queen shall know and love us.  
 When William came to free the Isle  
 From galling chains that bound her,  
 Our fathers built, beneath his smile,  
 This living rampart round her.

We've ta'en the outer crust away,  
 But, secret strength supplying,  
 A spirit shrine within the clay,  
 Lives quenchless and undying—  
 A sparkle from the hallow'd flame  
 Of our insulted altars  
 Pure as the source from whence it came,  
 Our love nor fades nor falters.

Our love to thee, dear injured land,  
 By mocking foes derided;  
 Our duteous love to the royal hand,  
 By traitorous craft misguided.  
 Banner and badge, and name alone,  
 At our Monarch's call we tender;  
 The loyal truth that guards her throne  
 We'll keep—and No SURRENDER.

## THE PEAR TREE.

*Inscribed to the Pear Tree in the rear of the East wall, on  
 seeing it in full blossom, 28th of April, 1842. Although  
 known to be then upwards of 290 years old.*

Air—"A Rose Tree in Full Bearing."

Hail venerable Pear Tree,  
 Again with fragrant blossoms crown'd,  
 Time seems resolv'd to spare thee,  
 Though spreading marks of ruin round.  
 The wintry blast destructive,  
 Two centuries thou hast withstood,  
 And yet thou art productive—  
 By Spring's reviving breath renew'd.  
 Successive generations,  
 Who ate thy fruit, have passed away,  
 And some exalted nations,  
 Within thy time have lost their sway;  
 Yet nature's quick'ning powers  
 Make thee appear still fresh and fair,  
 Array'd in milk white flowers  
 Whose fragrance sweet perfumes the air.

When Derry was invaded,  
And bullets flying thick as hail,  
Although no wall thee shaded,  
No shot against thee did prevail;  
Couldst thou relate the story,  
How well our sires then played their part—  
Their sufferings and their glory,  
Would animate the coldest heart.

Their deeds were oft repeated  
In England, titled, merry, then,  
And freedom smil'd elated,  
While pointing to her Derry men;  
But now they are forgotten—  
The throne, established by their zeal,  
Is tarnish'd by Whigs rotten,  
Who care not for the nation's weal.

Long may thy branches flourish,  
Respected patriarchal tree,  
And dews refreshing nourish  
The fertile spot which nurtures thee;  
Nor hurricane against thee blow,  
Till nature's succour faileth thee,  
And Time himself thee overthrow.

## ADDRESS TO PROTESTANTS.

Air—" *God Save the Queen,*"

Protestants free from guile,  
Guardians of Erin's Isle,  
Loyal and true ;  
Let not your hearts divide,  
From that Almighty guide,  
Who through the foaming tide  
Led Israel's few.

Pharaoh and all his train  
Could not that band detain,  
On that great day ;  
And through the gloom of night,  
A flaming pillar bright,  
Giving heart-cheering light,  
Mark'd out their way.

Pharaoh pursued them there,  
Haughty and proud his air,  
Strong was his host ;  
Chariots and horses fine,  
Brightly in trappings shine,  
But by the arm divine,  
All soon were lost.

So shall it ever be  
With each vain enemy  
That may arise,  
To resist Heaven's will ;  
Vengeance awaits him still ;  
God, from his holy hill,  
Rules earth and skies.

Thus, too, in future days,  
Heaven again will raise  
An awful band ;  
Nations with one accord,  
May all unsheath the sword,  
But his unerring word  
Ever shall stand.



ON THE MASSACRE OF THE PROTESTANTS OF  
PARIS, ON ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE, 1572.

—  
AIR—*Logie of Buchan*  
—

Saint Bartholomew's day! we have noted the time,  
So fearfully dark in the annals of crime,  
When France saw her thousands who worshipp'd the Lord,  
Fall, hew'n to the ground by Rome's treacherous sword;  
When her blood-hounds rag'd fierce to unpeople the land,  
When a King on his flock turned his butchering hand,  
And the old and the young, and the timid and brave,  
Undistinguish'd were cast into one common grave.

Thou smilest, proud harlot--perchance at the thought  
Which Bartholomew's day to our memory has brought;  
And high on the throne, in thy purple and pride,  
The woes of our martyrs can'st calmly deride.  
But deep on thy head lies the guilt of that day--  
The shrieks of the dying have not passed away;  
The cry of their blood has ascended to heaven,  
And a day for dread vengeance will surely be giv'n.

Strangely flushed is thy cheek, but it is not with wine;  
Thine hand grasps a cup, and thy brow bears a sign;  
Thine eye glares with hatred, thy proud lip is curled  
With a smile of contempt which defies the whole world.  
But, mark it, thou drunken with holiest blood!  
The day of thy plague will come in as a flood;  
The year of the Lord's purchased people draws nigh,  
And the light of his coming will flash on thine eye.

We look on the blood which thy right hand hath spilt;  
We joy for our martyrs, we mourn for thy guilt;  
Though thy brow is as brass, and thine heart be as steel,  
Though thou laugh'st at our words--for thy woes we can feel.  
The smoke of thy flame to the sky will ascend,  
The shrieks of thy tortures the deep hell will rend;  
While loud hallelujahs triumphant proclaim,  
God hath punished thy guilt, and avenged his great name

## PROTECT THY BRITAIN'S TORTURED ISLE.

O Thou, of all, the Sovereign Lord,  
 Our altars to thy name we raise;  
 A name by worlds unknown ador'd,  
 Of gratitude we hymn the praise,  
 O still beneath thy fostering smile,  
 Protect thy Britain's favor'd Isle.

While ravag'd realms no more rejoice,  
 Whose hills with sounds of horror ring;  
 Of peace we hear the dove-like voice,  
 Defended by her guardian wing.  
 O still beneath thy fostering smile,  
 Protect thy favor'd Britain's isle.

From realms where mounts the orb of day,  
 To those that see his setting beam,  
 Our Britain holds a glorious sway,  
 Of Fame's loud trump the constant theme.  
 O still beneath thy fostering smile,  
 Protect thy favor'd Britain's Isle.

## THE BATTLE OF GLENOE.

It was on the thirteenth of July, in the year of twenty-nine,  
Two thousand Popish Ribbon-men together did combine  
To murder the Cool Orangemen as they would homeward go  
These Ribbonmen assembled at the Chapel of Glenoe.

From six o'clock this morning, till it was eight at night,  
They waited there like beasts of prey to vanquish us in fight;  
O'Neill, a young Goliath, came foaming down the hill,  
And swore he would not sleep that night till Orange blood  
[h'ed spill.

Our Orangemen not fearing them, although they were but  
[few,  
Advanced down towards the bridge, and soon did them  
[subdue;

When they smelt Orange powder, they quickly did retreat,  
But Richy caught an Orange pill which caused him to wait.

Beside him there were forty-six laid dead upon the plain,  
And sixty-five were wounded, far too tedious for to name!  
There were none of our Orangemen among the slain but two,  
Brave Williamson and Bartley, who fought at Waterloo.

This victory of our Orangemen, I cannot halt relate,—  
Oh! think how fourteen of us, two thousand Papists beat!  
They ran like hunted foxes; you'd laugh to see the chase  
Some wanting legs, some arms, and some part of the face.

Yes, every night and morning those Ribbonmen may pray  
That the Orangemen of Killyman were not there on that day;  
Had they stopp'd in Coalisland till the Orangemen came in,  
They'd have sent them down to Purgatory to purge them  
of their sin.

Oh! there was a noble Hanna, a hero of renown,  
That marched off' courageously that day from Stewartstown,  
He said, "Come on, my Orange Boys, their numbers we defy,  
We'll beat them as King William did on the first day of July."



ON WALKER'S TESTIMONIAL, ERECTED ON THE  
WEST WALL OF DERRY.

Here individual prowess peerless shone,  
 And courage in these modern days unknown,  
 By Grecian heroes only match'd of yore,  
 When Sparta's sons defied the Persian power,  
 And fam'd LEONIDAS, with his small band,  
 Against three millions made a gallant stand.  
 Murray and Noble ever at their post,  
 Were still victorious—in themselves a host,  
 And many a hero gained a deathless name.  
 Whose deeds are blazon'd in the scroll of fame.  
 Vain was the steel-clad Gallic soldier's hope,  
 In combat with the 'PRENTICE BOYS to cope.  
 As Gaza's mightiest fell before the hand  
 Of Sampson,—So the Gauls before our band.  
 God was to them a sword and buckler bright,  
 And they went forth and conquered in his might.

## PARTING THOUGHTS

*Of Charlotte Elizabeth as they occurred to her on the deck  
 of the steamer Robert Napier, during her passage from  
 Derry to Liverpool.*

'Tis past, like vision faded—the mountain swells between  
 To shroud thee from my lingering gaze, unconquered maiden

The eastern point is rounded of thy Foyle's retiring bay,  
 And Inishowen's giant troop in distance melt away.  
 Wild rocks with crumbling turrets topped are frowning

The headlands bold and beautiful successively sweep by,  
 And onward ploughs our gallant boat, too swiftly through

Oh when shall I revisit thee, mine own green isle, again!

I go where Albion, proudly rich, majestically leads  
 Tall lines of waving trees around her broad and fertile meads,  
 To see the glory and the wealth, the splendor and increase  
 Of 'cities that with commerce shine,' of hamlets robed in

Not such, thou torn and wearied one, alas! not such art thou;  
 Pain, poverty, and shame have pressed their signet on thy

Yet dearer to my bosom far, than Albion's gayest smile,  
 Is the saddest sigh that breathes from thee, my own loved isle.

When shall the joy again be mine to labor up the steep,  
 And from thy mountain's rugged crest look forth upon the

Or inland turning number o'er full many a fairy lough,  
 Each gleaming from its dark recess, a diamond in the rock;  
 Tyrconnel's wilderness of crags spread broad beneath mine

Rude spire and mimic battlement fantastic piled on high,  
 And the tall ridge that sternly smiles in purple heather drest;  
 And woes a thousand rock-born flowers to sparkle on its

While o'er the glen the plummy flax waves wild in lightsome

And the coy streamlet half revealed pursues its playful race,  
 And Swilly with his hundred arms roams idly on the shore,  
 And Foyle his song o'er the olden time still murmurs by

For he hath rolled his guardian wave round the grey  
 [Culmore.

And laved the honored feet of the maiden on her throne:  
 Oh when shall I again kneel down in Derry's hallowed pile,  
 That glory of thy thousand hills, my own bright isle!

The summer eve is closing—no more my tearful eye  
 Can trace the line of thy dear shore beneath the western sky  
 Save where they scalps of Mourne in towering grandeur

And Donard smiles across the wave a tender kind farewell,

And let the waves bring back to thee, as peacefully they roll,  
 The fondest greeting of my lip, the blessing of my soul.  
 I cannot stay the rapid keel that bears me on the while,  
 It does not bear my heart from thee, my own sweet isle.

The moon walks forth in splendor now, and brightly o'er  
 [the deep,

Rays of revolving beacon-fires in changeful beauty sweep.  
 And yonder comes the home-bound ship, I see her signal

Oh for that rocket's spring, to bound athwart the brow of  
 [light,  
 [night.

Right joyously I'd cleave the air, with her retrace my way,  
 And laugh to greet the laughing morn, on Antrim's

And nerve my very eye to brook the blaze of solar fire,  
 [headlands grey,  
 Might but that glory flash on me from Derry's sunlit spire.

Ah, vain as fond, I shall not find beneath to-morrow's ray,  
 Aught half so radiant as the looks that shone on me to-day.  
 Through hours of toilsome weariness, long tedious hours

I'll turn to the remembered light that cheered me and is  
 [and lone,  
 [gone.

Light of the hearts that love me well, beamed from the  
 [speaking eye,

Alike in welcome's glowing smile, and mid the parting sigh.  
 But mute be the repining thought, and hushed the bosom's

[swell,  
 My own loved isle, my Inisfail, vein of my heart, farewell!

## ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. GEO. WALKER.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee;  
 Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb;  
 The Savior has passed through the portals before thee,  
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,  
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side,  
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,  
 And the sinners may hope, since the sinless has died

Thou art gone to the grave—and its mansions forsaking,  
 Perchance thy tired spirit in doubt lingered long;  
 But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,  
 And the song which thou heardest was the Seraphim's  
 [song.

Thou art gone to the grave,—'twere wrong to deplore thee,  
 When God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide.  
 He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,  
 Where death has no sting, since the Savior has died.

THE ORANGEMEN'S APPEAL TO HIS ROYAL  
HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

BY MRS. W. L. WEIR, OF KINGSTON.

On Lake Ontario's tranquil breast  
 The early morning sun is gleaming;  
 While thousands gather on her shore,  
 With gorgeous flags and banners streaming.

And why this all exciting scene?  
 Why thunders forth the cannons roar?  
 He comes! all hail! our future king,  
 To visit our Canadian shore.

'Tis eve; but why is all so changed?  
 The sky is clouded; all is sadness,  
 Each heart is heavy—gloom prevails  
 Where late was naught but smiles and gladness



He came—he went ; none saw his face.  
 Though many looked with eager longing ;  
 And even bitter tears were shed,  
 Amid those thousands anxious thronging.

And many a loyal heart was there,  
 That gladly would have yielded all  
 To serve their Prince, aye, spilt their blood,  
 Save but to yield to Popish thrall.

And can it be, our gracious Prince,  
 Thou'lt deem devotion less sincere,  
 Because we stood in firm array,  
 'To guard a cause we hold so dear ?

No : what we seem thou know'st we are,  
 Owing in heart no other power ;  
 Our loyalty is no mere name,  
 The fawning homage of an hour.

“ God save the Queen,” we cry to-day,  
 Not with such polish to be sure,  
 As those who'll cry with equal grace  
 To-morrow, “ Vive L'Empereur.”

Ere yet life's shadow's on thy brow,  
 We fain thy fair young face had seen,  
 In all the glow of happy youth,  
 The son of our beloved Queen.

It may not be : but we can love  
 And pray that God may guard thee still ;  
 Direct thy youthful steps aright,  
 And guard thy manhood's steps from ill.”

Though when perchance, in future years,  
 The youth may talk of one so dear :  
 The sire must say with quivering lip,  
 “ My son, we never saw him here ! ”

Yet serving well with heart and hand,  
 "Our God, our country, and our Queen;"  
 We'll hope to meet thee on that shore,  
 Where no rude power can intervene."

And whatsoever thy lot while here,  
 Through life's tempestuous, changeful day;  
 At last a glorious crown be thine,  
 Whose brightness shall not fade away.

But still remember this, dear Prince,  
 While yet we live and still are free:  
 Should e'er the day of trouble come,  
 And evil menace thine or thee:

Then shall our Orange banners wave,  
 As they never waved before;  
 And bravely we'll maintain thy cause,  
 As did our veteran sires of yore!

## ADVICE.

Be thou like the first Apostles,  
 Be thou like heroic Paul,  
 If a free thought seeks for expression,  
 Speak it boldly, speak it all!  
 Face thine enemies—accusers;  
 Scorn the prison, rack, and rod;  
 And if thou hast truth to utter,  
 Speak—and leave the rest to God.

## THE BATTLE OF THE LEAGUE.

BY LORD MACAULAY.

The King is come to marshall us,  
 All in his armor drest,  
 And he has bound a snow-white plume  
 Upon his gallant crest.  
 He looked upon his people,  
 A tear was in his eye;  
 He look'd upon the traitors,  
 And his glance was stern and high.  
 Right graciously he smiled on us,  
 As roll'd from wing to wing,  
 Down all our line a deafening shout,  
 "God save our Lord the King!"  
 And if my standard bearer fall,  
 As fall full well he may,  
 For never saw I promise yet,  
 Of such a bloody fray,  
 Press where you see my bright plume shine,  
 Amidst the ranks of war,  
 And be your Oriflamme to-day  
 The helmet of Navarre.

Hurrah! the foes are coming:  
 Hark to the mingled din  
 Of fife, and steed, and trump and drum,  
 And roaring culverin!  
 The fiery Duke is pricking fast  
 Across St. Andrew's plain,  
 With all the hireling chivalry  
 Of Guelders and Almayne.  
 Now by the lips of those we love,  
 Fair gentlemen of France,  
 Charge for the Orange lilies,  
 Upon them with your lance!  
 A thousand spears are striking deep,  
 A thousand spears in rest,  
 A thousand knights are pressing close  
 Behind the snow-white crest;

And in they burst, and on they rush'd.  
 While like a guiding star,  
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed  
 The helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours!  
 Mayenne hath turned his rein,  
 D'Aumale hath cried for quarter,  
 The Flemish Count is slain.  
 Their ranks are breaking, like thin clouds  
 Before a Biscay gale;  
 The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds,  
 And flags and cloven knail.  
 And then we thought on vengeance  
 And all along our van,  
 "Remember St. Bartholomew's!"  
 Was passed from man to man:  
 But out spoke gentle Henry,  
 "No Frenchman is my foe;  
 Down, down with every foreigner!  
 But let your brethren go."  
 Oh! was there ever such a knight,  
 In friendship or in war,  
 As our Sovereign Lord King Henry,  
 The Soldier of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna;  
 Ho! matrons of Lucerne,  
 Weep, weep, and rent your hair for those  
 Who never shall return.  
 Ho! Phillip, send for charity  
 Thy Mexican pistoles,  
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass  
 For thy poor spearmen's, souls.  
 Ho! gallant nobles of the League,  
 Look that your arms be bright,  
 Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve,  
 Keep watch and ward to-night;  
 For our God hath crush'd the tyrant,

## THE ORANGE TREE.

Our God hath rais'd the slave,  
 And mock'd the counsel of the wise,  
 And the valor of the brave.  
 Then glory to his holy name,  
 From whom all glories are ;  
 And glory to our Sovereign Lord  
 King Henry of Navarre.

## THE ORANGE TREE.

When William came to England, the King of it to be,  
 He brought a plant along with him, called the old Orange  
 [tree ;  
 He planted it in London, most glorious for to see,  
 Soon it spread forth its branches and defeated Popery.

## CHORUS.

Come, let us join in chorus, and drink a toast all round,  
 To the memory of King William and the day that he was  
 [crowned.  
 Come, join with heart and hand, and evermore agree,  
 Because we are the branches of this old Orange tree.  
 When William came to Ireland, the Protestants to join,  
 He brought this tree along with him, and set it at the Boyne ;  
 He cross'd the Boyne courageously, and beat them one to  
 [three,  
 Proud Pharaoh's sons affrighted ran to see the Orange tree.  
 'Twas in the year of '98, priest Murphy gave command  
 To cut down the branches from off this holy land ;  
 To cut down the branches, the roots would soon decay,  
 Because they were unwilling to join idolatry.

## CHORUS.

Now the winter it is past, and the summer's drawing near,  
 Our Orange tree is budding in the spring-time of the year;  
 Our Orange tree is budding, and the roots are all alive,  
 And for every branch they have cut off we have engrafted  
 [five.

## THE CHESAPEAKE AND SHANNON.

At Boston one day, as the Chesapeake lay,  
 The Captain his crew thus began —  
 "See that ship out at sea! she our prize soon shall be;  
 'Tis the tight little frigate the Shannon.  
 Oh! 'twill be a good joke,  
 To take Commodore Broke,  
 And add to our navy the Shannon."

Then he made a great bluster, calling all hands to muster,  
 And said, "Now, my boys, stand firm to your cannon;  
 Let us get under weigh, without further delay,  
 And capture the insolent Shannon.  
 We soon shall bear down on the Shannon.  
 The Chesapeake's prize is the Shannon.  
 Within two hours' space  
 We'll return to this place,  
 And bring into harbor the Shannon."

Now alongside they range and broadsides they exchange;  
 But the Yankees soon flinch from their cannon.  
 When the Captain and crew, without further ado,  
 Are attacked sword in hand from the Shannon  
 By the tight little frigate Shannon,  
 The brave Commodore of the Shannon,  
 Fired a deadly salute just to end the dispute,  
 And the Chesapeake struck to the Shannon.

Let America know the respect he should show,  
 To our national flag and our cannon ;  
 And let her take heed, that the Flames and the Tweed,  
 Give us tars just as brave as the Shannon.  
 Here's to Commodore Broke of the Shannon ;  
     May the olive of peace  
     Soon bid enmity cease,  
 From the Chesapeake shore to the Shannon.

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FOR THE RADICALS,

OCCASIONED BY THE PASSING OF THE ACT IN 1832, PROHIBITING  
 ORANGE PROCESSIONS.

AIR—"Vive la the French are coming."

Hurra, hurra, the days are coming,  
 When the haughty Orange boys,  
 Who annoy'd us with their drumming,  
 Must give up their hateful noise ;  
 But for them a revolution,  
 Such as made King Charles flee,  
 And unling'd the Constitution,  
 Could with ease effected be.  
     If their day of might be ended,  
     Throne and altar down would go,  
     And to Turks and Jews extended,  
     Suffrage universal flow.

Slaves may honor birth and station,  
 Sycophants extol the great,  
 Men are men in every nation,  
 And as men should legislate.

Why should some have thousands yearly  
 To support paternal pride,  
 While for land the poor pay dearly,  
 Treated with contempt beside?  
 Yet the rich who feast and revel,  
 Civil war no distant day  
 May their splendid mansions level,  
 And their power prostrate lay.

Then hurra for agitation—  
 War and plunder be the cry,  
 Acts of timid legislation  
 Lofty spirits should defy.  
 Thanks to Grey and those who prais'd us  
 In St Stephen's ancient hall,  
 From obscurity they rais'd us,  
 Soon to triumph in their fall.  
 Tories long have rul'd the nation,  
 Whigs have also had their day.  
 Now's our time for exaltation—  
 Radicals, rejoice—hurra!!!

WHERE I WISH TO DIE.

Where BRUMHALL ruled, where GREAT GEORGE WALKER  
 [taught,  
 Where KING presided, and where MURRAY fought;  
 On classic ground, in station low or high—  
 There would I wish to live, and like to die:  
 There would I rest among the good and brave,  
 And find at last near DERRY'S WALLS—a grave.



## ENGLAND THE HOME OF THE WORLD.

Hail to thee! England, blest Isle of the ocean,  
 Thy proud deeds awaken the fondest emotion;  
 Whose name shall forever live famous in story,  
 The watch-word of freedom, the birth-place of glory;  
 Thy sons they are brave and true to their duty,  
 Thy daughters are fair, lovely emblems of beauty:  
 The joys that surround, but in England are found,  
 In England the home of the world.—

Couch'd is her Lion, Britannia reposes,  
 Encircled by laurels, amid her bright roses—  
 Her warriors at rest and her banners all furled.  
 Hail to thee England, &c.

Ye who inveigh 'gainst the land of the stranger,  
 Who would by disunion its blessings endanger,  
 Go seek foreign climes for a country so glorious  
 As England, old England, for ever victorious:  
 Her light was the beacon that guided to freedom,  
 When nations oppress'd call'd on England to aid them,  
 Her clarion she blew, stood steadfast and true,

And spread her shield over the world.—  
 Long may her navy, triumphantly sailing,  
 And army, still conquer with courage unailing,  
 Their thunder for ever 'gainst tyrants be hurld.  
 Hail to Thee England, &c.

## HARRY BLUFF.

When a boy, Harry Bluff left his friends and his home,  
 And his dear native land, o'er the ocean to roam:  
 Like a sapling he sprung, he was fair to the view,  
 And was true British oak, boys, when older he grew,  
 Though his body was weak and his hands they were soft,  
 When the signal was given, he first went aloft,  
 And the veterans all cried, he'll one day lead the van;  
 For though rated a boy, he'd the soul of a man,  
 And the heart of a true British sailor.

When in manhood promoted, and burning for fame,  
 Still in peace and in war Harry Bluff was the same;  
 So true to his love, and in battle so brave,  
 The myrtle and laurel entwined o'er his grave,  
 For his country he fell, when by victory crowned,  
 The flag shot away, fell in tatters around:  
 The foe thought he'd struck—but he sang out avast!  
 And the colors of England he nailed to the mast.  
 Then he died like a true British sailor.

## REMEMBRANCES.

Awake, my muse, from youthful dream,  
 Let by-gone days inspire a theme,  
 Oh! strike a note (mid cheering gleam)  
 For Britain's Constitution:  
 No longer slumber in the hour  
 When dark'ning clouds around us lower,  
 Portending Rome's approaching power,  
 With former persecution.

Bartholomew's, with mournful gloom,  
 Points forward to the day of doom,  
 Presaging wrath to heathen Rome,  
 And all on her depending.  
 Old forty-one tells tales of blood,  
 How Roe O'Neill, the brutal, stood,  
 While round him flowed a purple flood—  
 His base heart still unbending.

Hark! from old Derry's maiden wall  
 The 'Prentice Boys defiance bawl,  
 And "Roaring Meg" predicts the fall  
 Of James and the Pretender.  
 Then Enniskillen, and the Boyne,  
 With Aughrim, all in concert join,  
 Refusing James's brazen coin,  
 And shouting "No Surrender."

Next, ninety-eight doth plainly show,  
 What every Protestant should know,  
 That Rome shall ever be a foe  
     To England's crown and altar;  
 For why? it is her maxim still,  
 All heretics 'tis right to kill;  
 She wants the power,—but has the will  
     To treat us to a halter.

Then if required for Britain's weal,  
 With blood we will the compact seal  
 And swear, we never shall, Repeal  
     To Priest or Papist render:  
 Should foreign foe come o'er the wave,  
 To succor Erin's braggart knave,  
 For each vile slave we'll have a grave;  
     Then brothers, "No Surrender!"

---

THE GLORIOUS MEMORY.

Orangemen! we tribute owe,  
 Which we'll pay while blood shall flow,  
 Hearts in concord now echo  
     In joyous harmony:  
 Sing of William, just and true,  
 To whom our sacred rights are due,  
 And ne'er forget, ye chosen few,  
     His Glorious Memory!

Greet the days of happy yore—  
 Laud that era evermore  
 Which wafed Nassau to our shore,  
     To banish slavery:  
 Boundless thanks his deeds transcend,  
 Those in honor we'll defend,  
 And cowards hoot who dare suspend  
     The Glorious Memory!

Sires, who fell in battle brave,  
 Could you speak from the silent grave,  
 View your sons, how they enslave  
     Their ancient pedigree—  
 You'd cry, revere the blood once shed,  
 Support the cause for which we bled,  
 O, ne'er concede till life is fled,  
     The Glorious Memory!

Sanguine strife may swell and rage—  
 Traitors fierce may warfare wage,  
 Yet we'll hand to latest age  
     This crest in blazonry;  
 Loyal, ever be your boast,—  
 Mid the din of rebel host,  
 Undaunted give the charter toast—  
     The Glorious Memory!

## ADMIRAL NELSON.

Now listen, my hearers, awhile, if you please,  
 And a comical story I'll tell soon,  
 Of a tight little fellow well known on the seas,  
 And his name it was Admiral Nelson.  
 I'm sure you've all heard of his fame,  
 How he fought like a tiger wherever he came.

*Spoken.*—And maybe the Dutch, Spaniards, and  
 French don't? Well then, they won't  
 Have plenty of cause to remember the name  
     Of my tight little Admiral Nelson.

His arm having lost at the fam'd Teneriffe,  
 Never mind, says he, I shall get well soon ;  
 I shall catch them one day, as you see lads ; and if  
 They escape me, blame Admiral Nelson.  
 To doubt what I promise were mighty absurd,  
 For I left them my hand as a pledge of my word.

*Spoken.*—And so he did : arm and all, as good  
 Security ; for you know the old proverb says  
 That a bird in hand is worth two in the bush :  
 So success to brave Admiral Nelson.

At length (to conclude) it would make the dead smile,  
 Just to hear what Horatio befel soon ;  
 The French took a trip to the banks of the Nile,  
 To make work for brave Admiral Nelson ;  
 And there he fell in with them close to the land,  
 And he stuck to their skirts, as you may understand

*Spoken.*—And in truth his Satanic Majesty  
 himself would have laughed  
 To see how he lathered the French with one hand,—  
 O, the world for brave Admiral Nelson.

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### THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND NOT A NEW CHURCH.

The Popish Priest is at the door,  
 His lamb-like voice we hear ;  
 But we half detect the lion's roar,  
 Though we will not story to fear.

There's a spirit in old England  
 That cannot crouch to Rome ;  
 Our fathers liv'd the brave and free,  
 In their own, their island home.

The truths which ancient Britons knew  
 Unto our hearts are known ;  
 And we may not bend at the Popish Mass,  
 Nor kneel to gods of stone.

Our Church is not a new-sprung Church ;  
 It flourished in the land  
 Before the slaves of Papal Rome  
 Polluted England's strand.

We're of no sect ; our hearts are knit  
 With Jesus Christ the Lord ;  
 And we'll not change our ancient faith,  
 Apostate ! at thy word !

Our faith is truth—The truth of God ;  
 It blazes high and bright :  
 We'll stand to it as our fathers stood,  
 And may God defend the right.

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AN OLD SONG WITH TWO NEW VERSES.

BY THE REV. JOHN GRAHAM.

AIR.—“ *Colin is awa'.* ”

“ Fear not, my Peggy, stormy winds,  
 Nor dread the exulting foe,  
 'Tis honor calls, my King commands,  
 And Colin now must go :  
 He goes, but soon shall come again,  
 Enriched by spoils and fame :

Nay, dry these tears, my bonnie lass,  
 To weep it were a shame.  
 The anchor's weigh'd, the ship's unmoored,  
 Our conquering flag's unfurled,  
 And England's glory still shall be  
 The wonder of the world.

"Where'er from coast to coast we sail,  
 Our praises fly before,  
 And British valor is renowned  
 From Ind' to Afric's shore.  
 We shun no toil, no danger dread,  
 No vain alarms we feel,  
 Nor prize our lives, but as they may  
 Promote our country's weal.  
 The anchor's weigh'd, &c.

"Our gracious Prince! with one accord  
 We'll all join hand in hand,  
 To guard his throne, whose gentle sway  
 Protects this happy land;  
 With filial love and duty join'd,  
 His person we'll defend,  
 For every Briton finds in him  
 A father and a friend.  
 The anchor's weigh'd, &c.

We've rescued Spain, invaded France,  
 At Leipsic raised a flame,  
 Where babes unborn, as years advance,  
 Shall bless the British name.  
 Then here's to Stewart, in court or camp,  
 Or wheresoe'er he roam;  
 For those that fight for us abroad,  
 Should be revered at home.  
 The anchor's weigh'd, &c.

From Holland, 'tis remembered yet,  
 Our great King William came;  
 To Holland, now, to pay the debt,  
 We go with conquering Græme;

Barossa's field his deeds reports,  
Sebastian owns his fame,  
And Frenchmen, buried in Belgian forts,  
Shall find him still the same.  
The anchor's weigh'd, &c.

"Then fear not, Peggy, from the mast  
The signals wave in air,  
The boatswain pipes, 'All hands on deck,'  
And Colin is not there;  
My bonny lass, I love thee well,  
But love my honor more;"  
In haste he kissed her blushing cheek,  
The boat forsook the shore.  
The anchor's weigh'd, &c.

And Peggy wiped the pearly drops  
From eyes as black as sloes;  
"May Heaven protect my Colin's life!"  
She cried, "where'er he goes;  
For Heaven can turn the balls aside,  
When danger hovers near,  
And, trusting in its guardian care,  
I'll banish every fear.  
Yet gladly shall I see again,  
Our conquering flag unfurled,  
And hail our heroes bold returned,  
The wonder of the world."

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## THE CHOSEN FEW.

You Orangemen all around the globe, praise God, who did  
 [you send  
 The mighty William of Nassau, your rights for to defend;  
 Who confounded every Popish plot, and with vengeance  
 did pursue  
 That wicked band, throughout the land, all for his chosen  
 [few:

All for his chosen few—all for his chosen few;  
 That wicked band throughout the land, all for his chosen few.

When Popery in all its dread, arrayed against us was,  
 Designed and deemed by hell's intent our brethren to  
 ensnare;  
 But when King William did appear their schemes he  
 [overthrew,  
 And with bloody fight, put them to flight, all with his  
 [chosen few.

All for his chosen few, &c.

'Twas at the Boyne we plainly saw, as the hero rode along,  
 He viewed their lines, and cried, brave boys, we must fight  
 [them three to one;  
 So follow me, my Britons bold; their numbers we'll pursue,  
 And with bloody fight put them to flight, all with our  
 [chosen few.

All for his chosen few, &c.

At the hero's word, each Briton bold, like lions fought  
 their way,  
 And William's cry was, "Britons die, or else redeem  
 [the day;"  
 then we gave three loud huzzas—the word was to  
 pursue;  
 But the rebels' cry was, "run or die, for here's the  
 [chosen few."

All for his chosen few, &c.

At the hero's words, each Briton bold, like lions fought  
along,

And plunged into the rapid Boyne ; brave William led the

The glory of each Briton's soul is always to pursue, [van :  
And immortal fame we gain'd that day for William's  
[chosen few.

All for his chosen few, &c.

As we then are the chosen few, brave boys, do not despair  
Though our enemies rage around us, we're God's peculiar

Fear not the Pope, nor e'en the deil, nor all his wick'd crew, [care ;  
But George's laws we will maintain with William's chosen  
[few.

All for his chosen few, &c.

Let numbers be e'er so great or few, depend not in a throng ;  
The race is never with the swift, nor battle with the strong ;  
Beware of all those Carmelites, their vows they will break  
[through ;

Be this our plan, admit not one into our chosen few.

All for his chosen few, &c.

Fill now your glasses to the brim, and merrily toast around,  
That loyalty, love, and harmony amongst us may abound ;  
To God above the praise we'll give, to whom all praise is due,  
And drink to William's memory and all his chosen few.

All for his chosen few, &c.

## THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the north  
 Sing the glorious day's renown,  
 When to battle fierce came forth  
 All the might of Denmark's crown,  
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone :  
 By each gun the lighted brand,  
 In a bold determined hand,  
 And the prince of all the land  
 Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,  
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine,  
 While the sign of battle flew  
 O'er the lofty British line,  
 It was ten of April morn by the chime :  
 As they drifted on their path,  
 There was silence deep as death,  
 And the boldest held their breath,  
 For a time.

But the might of England flush'd  
 To anticipate the scene ;  
 And her van the fleetest rush'd  
 O'er the deadly space between.  
 " Hearts of Oak ! " our captain cried, — when each gun ;  
 From its adamant lips,  
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
 Like the hurricane eclipse  
 Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !  
 And the havoc did not slack,  
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
 To our cheering sent us back :  
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom : —  
 Then ceased — and all is wail,  
 As they strike the shattered sail,  
 Or in conflagration pale,  
 Light the gloom.

Now joy, old England, raise,  
 For the tidings of thy might;  
 By the festal cities' blaze,  
 While the wine cup shines in light.  
 And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,  
 Let us think of them that sleep,  
 Full many a fathom deep,  
 By the wild and stormy steep,  
 Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride,  
 Once so faithful and so true,  
 On the deck of fame that died  
 With the gallant good Riou—  
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!  
 While the billow mournful rolls,  
 And the mermaid's song condoles,  
 Singing glory to the souls  
 Of the brave.

---

 ORANGE SENTIMENTS.

Come brethren, fill your glasses high,  
 In concord let us join,  
 And drink the glorious memory  
 Of him who crossed the Boyne.  
 William! thy name is ever dear,—  
 Of thee we will ever sing;  
 Thy praises we will still revere—  
 Our father and our King!

## CHORUS.

Then, brethren, fill your glasses high,  
 In concord let us join;  
 And drink the glorious memory,  
 Of him who crossed the Boyne.

## WALKER'S PILLAR.

For one great cause we will unite—  
 For that just cause we'll die ;  
 Bound to defend our country's right,  
 Our Queen and liberty ;  
 Our constitution and our laws,  
 Our blest religion too ;  
 All, all unite in this great cause,—  
 Our standard is " True Blue."

If Irish, French, or haughty Dons,  
 Against our Queen doth rise ;  
 We'll show them that great William's sons  
 Their hellish power despise.  
 For William's spirit we retain,  
 By Heaven's divine command ;  
 And bound by one great sacred chain,  
 We'll triumph o'er the land.

## WALKER'S PILLAR.

Shall freedom's awful voice no more  
 Ascend in minstrelsy sublime ?  
 Shall Derry's secret band of yore  
 Still slumber in the dust of time ?  
 Here chieftains fell in manhood's prime ;  
 But heaven regards their destiny,  
 And spreads from hence through every clime,  
 The vestal flame of liberty.

Oft rosy hues of Foyla's breast,  
 On Windmill-hill the noon-day sun,  
 On Pennyburn the breezes west  
 Have play'd since faith and freedom won !  
 But from the deeds that here were done  
 Historic glory fades away ;  
 Here every field is Marathon,  
 And every pass Thermopylac !

When royal treason doom'd our fall,  
The powers of darkness onward drove,  
Disease and famine scaled our wall,  
And floods of horror closed above.  
Then freedom, like a banished dove—  
Bereft of home—bereft of rest—  
Sought refuge in a city's love,  
And found an ark—the freeman's breast!

Rise, WALKER! father of the free!  
Undaunted soldier, saint and sage!  
Thy Bible and thy sword shall be  
Our beacon lights from age to age:  
The 'Prentice Boys our hearts engage,  
And Murray still in mem'ry warm,  
Who gleamed amid the battle's rage,  
A bolt of vengeance in the storm.

Around this pile, from year to year,  
Shall grateful sires their homage pay,  
And pledge the youthful hero here  
To liberty and truth, for aye.  
Inspired by deeds of glory's day,  
A phalanx firm shall still be known,  
With heart and hand like those away,  
To guard the altar and the throne.

## TO FERMANAGH.

Prize thou the Bible, anchor sure  
In every storm to save thee ;  
The rich bequest of precept pure  
Which thy Redeemer left thee.  
Though memory recall the past,  
Be it repeated never ;  
Thy country's future lot be cast  
In happiness forever !

May peace and plenty bless the land,  
While Erne enamoured dallies  
Around thy flood-girt palace, and  
Among thy verdant vallies.  
Be sacred freedom valued more  
Than is the blood which courses  
Within thy heart, and fill its core  
With life-sustaining forces.

Fermanagh, thus thy deathless fame  
Shall deck thy country's story,  
And thine for ever be a name  
Synonymous with glory !  
July the twelfth shall hear a voice,  
If possible, yet stronger ;  
On freedom's birthday still rejoice,  
Till time shall be no longer.

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## THE PROTESTANT DRUM.

Let the fifth of November ne'er be forgot,  
 When Heaven espoused the Protestant cause ;  
 Gustavus Adolphus the Gunpowder Plot,  
 And Frederick's victory over Souboise.  
 Praised, praised, Heaven be praised !  
 That we have seen the day that is come,  
 To shake the foundations  
 Of three potent nations,  
 That shake at the sound of a Protestant drum.

Great Frederick was roused to make his defence,  
 While Europe, in secret, his ruin designed ;  
 Hungary, Russia, Germany, France,  
 Swore Protestants all should be sacrificed.  
 Danger, danger, imminent danger !  
 Threatened to ruin the best of mankind ;  
 Drums sounded to battle  
 Where cannon did rattle,  
 And Protestant boys advanced to the line.

The legion advanced with banners display'd,  
 Wing, rear, and van for many a mile ;  
 The Prussians, of numbers who ne'er were afraid,  
 Stood, cock'd ready, in rank and file.  
 At the word of command, to see them fall on,  
 O Heavens ! was ever such fire and smoke ;  
 With blows upon helmets,  
 That cracked them like walnuts,  
 The North pole echoed at every stroke.

When Louis of France he heard his troops run,  
 He attempted to speak—but found he was dumb,  
 He made signs for champaign to quicken his vein,  
 And then he cried with loosened tongue,  
 Wonder ! wonder ! nothing but wonder  
 Could have forced my Irish brigade,  
 Or make my *gens d'arms*  
 To shrink at alarms,  
 Or show their backsides to these Prussian blades.



When Mary of Hungary heard of the news,  
 Her legions were beaten and dare not be seen,  
 Her girdle gave way before she could say,  
 Get me some drops to temper this spleen.  
     Vapors, vapors, hysteric vapors!  
 Swelled her body as big as a ton;  
     To ease suffocating  
     With belching and blowing,  
 Her voice it did roar like Great Frederick's drum.

News came to the Pope that the Germans were broke,  
 Just as he was sitting down to his tea;  
 He let fall cup and saucer, which cost a piaster,  
 And cried, my dear cardinals, what shall I say?  
     Go to St. Peter, or send him a letter,  
 And tell him, if he ever loved me to run;  
     And if he don't come soon,  
     To send good St. Dunstan  
 To beat out the head of this Frederick's drum.

These Protestants, sure, are in league with the devil,  
 Or whence should all those victories come?  
 The prayers of the mass are falling apace,  
 And Heaven itself contending with Rome;  
     Water! water! more holy water!  
 To sprinkle my catholics every one;  
     And get us more crosses  
     To make up our losses,  
 And relics to match the Protestant drum.

You have been all told of a general array,  
 To be summoned by sound of a trumpet, to come  
 With terrible tone from Babel to Rome;  
     'Twill strike you with terror like Frederick's drum.  
     Awake! awake! see the day break  
 When the prayers of the Pope cannot save Rome;  
     You'd better reform,  
     For fear of a storm,  
 Or dread what still follows the Protestant drum.

ON THE DEATH OF THE AUTHORS FAVORITE  
HORSE ON THE 30TH OF JAN., 1832.

BY THE REV. JOHN GRAHAM.

*Adapted to the music of "The Lass of Gowrie."*

"*Illustris sonipes certe dignissima caeli  
Cui leo, cui taurus, cui daret ursae locum,  
Quae te felicem felicia prata tulere,  
Ubera quae felix tribuit alma parens ?*"

*Epitaph on King William's Horse.*

And art thou gone my milk-white steed,  
Renowned for courage, strength, and speed ;  
From toil and trouble thou art freed,

But this is my disaster ;  
No more on Boyne or Derry's day,  
When thousands meet in proud array,  
Wilt thou to meet his men convey  
Thine own old Orange master.

No musket shot could make thee start,  
But onward still inclined to dart,  
No noise could shake thy dauntless heart.  
Though cannon balls should rattle.

Oh what a loss thy death might be,  
Should we rebellic: sudden see,  
What horse could ever carry me  
So steadily to battle ?

To battle ?—yes, and say, why not ?  
The Patriarchs of old have fought,  
And it is a modern monkish thought  
That gownsmen, sly and cunning,  
Should from their cloth protection seek,  
Affecting to be mild and meek,  
In health of body, plump of cheek,  
The post of honor shunning.

Where danger is, that man should stand  
 To preach or pray, serve or command,  
 Who once has taken it in hand  
     To be a people's pastor.  
 The Priests of Rome, on Aughrim's plain,  
 Could danger for King James disdain,  
 George Walker's blood the Boyne did stain  
     For William his brave master.

Owen M'Egan fought and died,  
 Supporting Rome's imperial pride,  
 A zealous Bishop's red blood dye'd  
     The frowning gates of Derry.  
 For Charles, on Letterkenny plain,  
 His priests, while blood was shed like rain,  
 For faith they deem'd divine, were slain  
     'Twixt that and Lifford ferry.

And later, upon Arklow's field  
 Priest Murphy in strong courage steel'd,  
 For what he deemed his right, did yield  
     His life to foemen cruel;  
 Others, like him, though not so stout,  
 Inciting now the rabble rout,  
 May all as Captain bold rush out  
     To warfare or to duel.

If, then, at duty's sacred call,  
 On Aughrim's plain or Derry wall,  
 Thy master should in battle fall,  
     Against wild revolution;  
 Like sentinel from post relieved,  
 He'd go to death but little griev'd,  
 If he that day should see retrieved  
     Our glorious Constitution

Then slumber in thy bed of sand,  
 No Whig or Tory in the land,  
 No living monarch could command  
     The rest thou art enjoying;

USE.

OLIVER'S ADVICE.

No ministers thy mind perplex,  
No demagogues thine heart can vex,  
No hostile spy of either sex  
    Thine household peace destroying.

No minister as mean as proud—  
No censure of the fickle crowd—  
No mob's vile clamor long and loud  
    Shall keep thine eyes from closing.  
No filthy foe, no faithless friend,  
A dagger through thy heart can send,  
For all vexation's at an end  
    In thy calm bed reposing.

And well, full well, indeed, 'twould be  
For many powder folks than thee,  
To be free of grief and care thus free,  
    In dust serenely sleeping;  
To die before their grief-worn eyes  
Shall see the loss of all they prize,  
As time in silence onward flies,  
    Regardless of their weeping.

---

OLIVER'S ADVICE.

The night is gathering gloomily, the day is closing fast,  
The tempest flaps her raven wings in loud and angry blast;  
The thunder-clouds are driving athwart the lurid sky,  
But, "Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your  
    [powder dry.]"

There was a day]when loyalty was hailed with honor due,  
Our banner the protection waved to all the good and true;  
And gallant hearts beneath its folds were linked in honor's  
    tie;  
We put our trust in God, my boys, and keep your  
    [powder dry.]

When treason bared her bloody arm, and maddened round  
 [the land,  
 For King and laws, and order fair, we drew the ready brand;  
 Our gathering spell was William's name, our cry was "Do  
 [or die."  
 And still we put our trust in God, and kept our powder dry.

But now, alas! a wondrous change has come the nation o'er,  
 And worth and gallant services remembered are no more;  
 And crushed beneath oppression's weight, in chains of  
 grief we lie;  
 Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder  
 [dry.

Forth starts the spawn of treason, the 'scaped of ninety-  
 [eight,  
 To bask in courtly favor, and seize the helm of state;  
 Ev'n they whose hands are reeking yet with murder's  
 crimson dye—  
 But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder  
 [dry.

*They* come, whose deeds incarnadined the Slaney's silvery  
 [wave,  
*They* come, who to the foreign foe the hail of welcome gave;  
*He* comes, the open rebel fierce—he comes, the Jesuit sly;  
 But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder  
 [dry.

*They* come, whose councils wrapped the land in foul  
 rebellious flame,  
 Their hearts unchastened by remorse, their cheeks untinged  
 [by shame;  
 Be still, be still, indignant heart—he tearless, too, each eye,  
 And put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder  
 [dry.

The power that led his chosen by pillared cloud and flame,  
 Through parted sea and desert waste, that power is still  
 [the same;

He fails not; He, the loyal hearts that firm on him rely;  
So put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder  
[dry.

The power that served the stalwart arms of GIDEONS  
chosen few,  
The power that led GREAT WILLIAM, Boyne's reddening  
[torrent through;  
In His protecting aid confide, and every foe defy;  
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your  
[powder dry.

Already see the star of hope emits its orient blaze

The cheering beacon of relief it glimmers through the haze;  
It tells of better days to come, it tells of succor nigh;  
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your  
[powder dry.

See, see along the hills of Down its rising glories spread,  
But brightest beams its radiance from Donald's lofty head;  
Clanbrassil's vales are kindling wide and "Roden" is the  
cry;  
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your  
[powder dry.

Then cheer ye, hearts of loyalty, nor sink in dark despair,  
Our banner shall again unfurl its glories to the air;  
The storm that raves the wildest the soonest passes by;  
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your  
[powder dry.

For "happy homes," for "altars free," we grasp the ready  
[sword,  
For freedom, truth, and for our God's unmutilated word;  
These, these the war-cry of our march our hope the Lord  
on high;  
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your  
[powder dry.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONORABLE  
THE EARL OF ELDON.

AIR—"Roy's Wife."

Oh, Protestants I lament with me  
That ELDON from your view is riven;  
He has been called to meet his God,  
And has ascended up to heaven.  
Long will his loss be felt by us—  
Britannia will forget him never:  
His memory will claim a tie  
That from our cause we ne'er can sever;  
Let England shrouded be in grief,  
Since he's been summoned up to glory;  
And let his name be handed down  
In future days in learned story.

When "GEORGE" passed from this vale of tears,  
And loyal "YORK" was from us taken;  
When "CHATHAM" too, was called above,  
Brave "ELDON" still remained unshaken.  
Firm as a rock he stood unmoved:  
The Papal cry for 'mancipation  
He strove, tho' vain, with might and main  
To save the sinking British nation.  
Oh hapless nation, to despise  
The warnings of your great instructor;  
Who long maintained your sacred cause,  
And proved himself your best conductor.

"My Lords," he said, "if ever you  
Permit a Popish agitator  
To sit in either House, or fill  
The important post of legislator,  
From that day forth the sun of Great  
Britannia sets, and sets forever.  
My Lords, beware! Be wise in time,  
Or rue it afterwards and ever."

His words proved vain, the "Bill" was pass'd,  
 Forgotten was his revelation;  
 Till scarce a vestige now remains  
 Of our unrivalled Constitution.

A few short years have only fled  
 Since this sad change came o'er the nation;  
 Sore griev'd to see his words prove true,  
 And England brought to degradation.  
 He lived to see his perjured foes  
 From time to time in piecemeal sever  
 Britannia's blood-bought glories: then  
 Was valued ELDON'S "now or never."  
 His duty done, he pass'd from earth,  
 Unawed by courtly state or splendor,  
 To where the seraphs swell their lays,  
 And praise their God with hymns of wonder

He ever was the poor man's friend;  
 "Benign, compassionate, and tender,"—  
 When press'd by Popish enemies  
 His word was Derry's—"No Surrender!"  
 The scene has changed, and such a change  
 Has passed o'er us, tho' wide awaken,  
 We pause and ask—"Is't really true  
 That all our rights are from us taken?  
 Then Protestants lament with me  
 That Eldon from our cause is riven;  
 He has been called to meet his God,  
 And now's enthron'd with saints in heaven

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## THE INVASION.

Whilst happy in our native land,  
 So great, so famed in story;  
 Let's join, my friends, with heart and hand,  
 To raise our country's glory:  
 When Britain calls, her valiant sons  
 Will rush in crowds to aid her—  
 Snatch, snatch your muskets, prime your guns,  
 And crush the fierce invader!  
 While every Briton's song shall be,  
 "O, give us death—or victory!"

Long had this favored isle enjoy'd  
 True comforts past expressing,  
 When France her hellish arts employed  
 To rob us of each blessing:  
 These from our hearts by force to tear,  
 Which long we've learned to cherish;  
 Our frantic foes shall vainly dare—  
 We'll keep them or we'll perish.  
 And every day our song shall be,  
 O, give us death—or victory!"

Let France in savage accents sing  
 Her bloody revolution;  
 We prize our country, love our Queen,—  
 Adore our Constitution;  
 For these we'll every danger face,  
 And quit our rustic labors;  
 Our ploughs to firelocks shall give place,  
 Our scythes be changed to sabres:  
 And glad in arms, our song shall be,  
 O give us death—or victory!"

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ON THE DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS  
FREDERICK DUKE OF YORK AND ALBANY.

Strike! strike, the proud banners, that flaunted in glory,  
Let them droop where they triumphed o'er mountain and  
[wave;

While the death bell and muffled drum tell the sad story,  
Of a chieftan gone down to the sleep of the grave.

If the splendors of ancestry, honors and power,  
Could avert for a period mortality's doom,  
Oh! distant indeed would have been the dark hour  
That opened before him the steps to the tomb.

Ye spirits of Brunswick, the fearless, the glorious,  
Whose deeds left a long track of glory behind;  
Who rode through the storm of the battle victorious,  
And your fame with the freedom of England entwined.

Receive him, whose heart was as brave as his sire's,  
Who never the plume of his ancestry stained,  
When the storm of fierce war flashed around him its fires,  
And the foe man the fumes of battle unchained

Receive him, whose spirit was gentle and mild,  
When the war-cloud rolled far from the carnage-spread  
[plain,

To whom the poor orphan has looked up and smiled,  
And the tears of the widow not pleaded in vain.

Though stern when believing his country in danger,  
Once the strife of the field or the senate was o'er,  
His bosom to every dark feeling a stranger,  
Remembered the foe he encountered no more.

Though his fame for a season by error was clouded,  
Yet long years of virtue his memory shall save,  
From malice which, while its cold victim lay shrouded,  
Crawled forth like a vampire to fret on his grave.

Yet, whenever the flag of his country unfurled,  
 The sign of the free floating grandly along ;  
 Unfolding the red cross in light through the world,  
 That never can stoop to oppression and wrong :

There, there shall the proofs of his labor be shewn,  
 Who when the high fame of the land was o'er cast,  
 So marshall'd thy chivalry, England! that none  
 Was left to contend with thy glory at last.

\* \* \* \* \*

Raise, raise the proud banners again in their glory,  
 Again let them float o'er the mountain and wave ;  
 For his name shall live in his country's bright story,  
 While its people are free and its soldiers are brave.

### NATIONAL SONG.

When order in the land commenced,  
 With Alfred's sacred laws,  
 Then sea-girt Britons, closely fenced,  
 Joined in one common cause ;  
 The glorious name, an Englishman,  
 Struck terror to the foe,  
 And conquering William fix'd a fame  
 That shall for ages grow !

On Albion's cliffs let commerce smile,  
 And cheering plenty bring,  
 Then sweet content shall bless the isle,  
 And GEORGE its gracious King !  
 Our Henrys and our Edwards too,  
 Framed once a Constitution,  
 Which Orange William did renew  
 By glorious revolution.

Mild Anne, with sceptre gently swayed  
 Ensured her people's love ;  
 And when her kingdom's peace she made,  
 Was called to realms above !  
 Hence British freedom, rights and laws,  
 From whence her glories spring,  
 The prayer of grateful Britain draws,  
 On our most gracious Queen.

Great George and Charlotte's happy reign,  
 In union bound the land,  
 And scattered blessings o'er the main  
 With a benignant hand :  
 The regal stock its royal fruit  
 Like ivy round it clings,  
 From whence its spreading branches shoot,  
 A race of future Kings.

## CHORUS.

Thence English, Scotch, and Irishmen,  
 With heart and voice shall sing,  
 While Brunswick's line adorns the throne,  
 God save our gracious Queen !

## THE VOICE OF BRITAIN.

Away, my brave boys, haste away to the shore,  
 Our foes, the vile French, boast they're straight coming o'er,  
 To murder and plunder, and ravish and burn !  
 Let them come—we'll take care they shall never return :  
 For around the white cliffs, hark ! the notes loudly ring.

Brave Britons are ready,  
 Steady, boys, steady,

To fight for old England, and our good Queen.  
 They know that united, we, sons of the waves,  
 Would ne'er bow to Frenchmen, nor grovel like slaves ;  
 So before they durst venture to touch on our strand,  
 They strove with sedition to poison our land.  
 But around the, &c.

They swore we were slaves, were all lost and undone,  
 That a Jacobin nostrum, as sure as a gun,  
 Would make us all equal, and happy and free ;  
 'Twas only to dance round *their* liberty tree.  
     No, no, round the cliffs, &c.

But their notes are now changed, and they threaten to pour  
 Their hosts on our land, to lay waste and devour ;  
 To drench our fair fields and our cities in gore,  
 Nor cease to destroy till Old England's no more.  
     Let them come, if they dare—hark !

My sweet rosy Nan is a true British wife,  
 And loves her dear Dick as she loves her own life ;  
 Yet she ties on my knapsack, and smiles when I go  
 To meet the proud French, and to lay their heads low.  
     And chants round the, &c.

And Ned, my brave boy, with a true English heart,  
 Has entirely forsaken his plough and his cart :  
 His farm he has quitted to dig in a trench,  
 And all for the sake of a cut at the French.  
     While he sings all day long, let the notes, &c.

---

## WHEN IN WAR ON THE OCEAN.

When in war on the ocean we meet the proud foe,  
 Tho' with ardor for conquest our bosoms may glow,  
 Let us see on their vessels old England's flag wave,  
 They shall find British sailors but conquer to save.

And now their pale ensigns we fly in our air,  
 With three cheers they are welcomed by each British tar,  
 Whilst the genius of Britain still leads us advance,  
 And our guns hurl, in thunder, defiance to France.

But mark our last broadside—she sinks down she goes!  
 Quickly man all our boats, they no longer are foes;  
 To snatch a brave fellow from a watery grave,  
 Is worthy a Briton, who conquers to save.

## VISIT OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS TO KINGSTON.

Come all the world and list awhile what I'm about to say,  
 Relating to the Prince of Wales in Upper Canada;  
 He left his mother's Royal throne, and crossed the stormy

[sea,  
 To meet with loyal hearted men in Upper Canada.  
 But sad indeed I'm forced to write, and tell the news around,  
 He never was allowed to land in Kingston's loyal town.

We do not blame the Prince of Wales, nor yet our gracious  
 [Queen,

But on Newcastle's Duke we say forever be the blame;  
 Sir Edmund Head we'll not forget to brand him with  
 [disdain,

He, too, advised the Prince of Wales to slight the  
 [Orangemen.

But still, in spite of England's Duke or Edmund Head we  
 [say,  
 The Orange banner still shall wave in Upper Canada.



To him who holds the winds above, and sees the sparrow  
 Forever be our great High Priest, our Governor and all. [fall,  
 Cheer up your hearts, ye sons of truth, your Captain gives  
 Come, draw your sword, and chase the foe from off our [command ;  
 And when the mighty trump shall sound we'll rise and [happy land,  
 And with our great High Priest above [soar away,  
 [endless day.

## ORANGE SONG.

## I.

Come, list ye, sons of William, to what I here write down,  
 Concerning the bold heroes of Kingston's loyal town,  
 Who did defend the Orange cause against the secret foe ;  
 With Orange banners waving they made a gallant show.

## II.

On the fourth day of September those Orangemen did meet  
 With warlike music playing they marched down Prince's  
 Where an arch was decorated with orange and with blue, [street,  
 And on it was the Prince of Wales and Garibaldi too.

## III.

King William, Prince of Orange upon it could be seen,  
 Likewise the Royal Standard and the crown of Briton's  
 And on it was the Ark of God with cherubims of light, [Queen,  
 Wherein was laid the mystic rod which did the waters smite,



## IV.

"Our God, our Country, and our Queen," the motto that it  
 [bore,  
 The words which all true Orangeman in secret do adore:  
 And as all traitors gazed upon the Bible and the Crown,  
 Upon their Popish faces you could see a dreadful frown.

## V.

Bold Robinson in colors fine, rode on a noble steed,  
 Dressed as a Knight of Malta he did them all exceed,  
 He did advise the Orangemen for to maintain their ground,  
 As they were sworn subjects of the British crown.

## VI.

Some boats upon the harbor then hoisted up their sails,  
 And down the river did proceed to meet the Prince of Wales,  
 And when the boat appeared in sight, the cannons loud did  
 [roar,  
 And sent their deafening echoes loud around Fort Henry's  
 [shore.

## VII.

When the Royal Steamer neared the land, the city bells  
 [did ring  
 Whilst on board the steamer Hercules the children all did  
 [sing,  
 And as the notes were born along upon the passing gales,  
 You could hear the joyful sound proclaim, you're welcome  
 [Prince of Wales.

## VIII.

A boat was sent off the shore, and in it was the Mayor,  
 And may he long continue to occupy that chair,  
 Altho' he is no Orangeman—I hope he soon will be,—  
 He proved himself a Protestant, and did with them agree.

## IX.

The old Duke, in astonishment upon our ranks did gaze,  
 And when he saw our Orange flags they put him in amaze.  
 They did affright his Popish heart as once in days of yore,  
 They frightened James the traitor from off the Irish shore,

## X.

Then said the Duke, what men are they that do these colors  
 [wear?  
 Go tell them quickly to disperse, and stay no longer there.  
 They are all true loyal subjects, and sworn unto the crown,  
 The followers of William, that put the rebels down.

## XI.

Go tell them that the Prince won't land where Orange flags  
 [are seen.  
 But he had no objections unto the Romish Green,  
 When in Quebec and Montreal, and every other place;  
 But the colors that King William wore he thought were a  
 [disgrace.

## XII.

When this sad news our men did hear, resolved were they  
 [to stand,  
 Altho' each heart was anxious, and wished the Prince  
 [would land,  
 But, no surrender, was the cry; its Popery now that calls,  
 We'll do as our forefathers did upon old Derry walls.

## XIII.

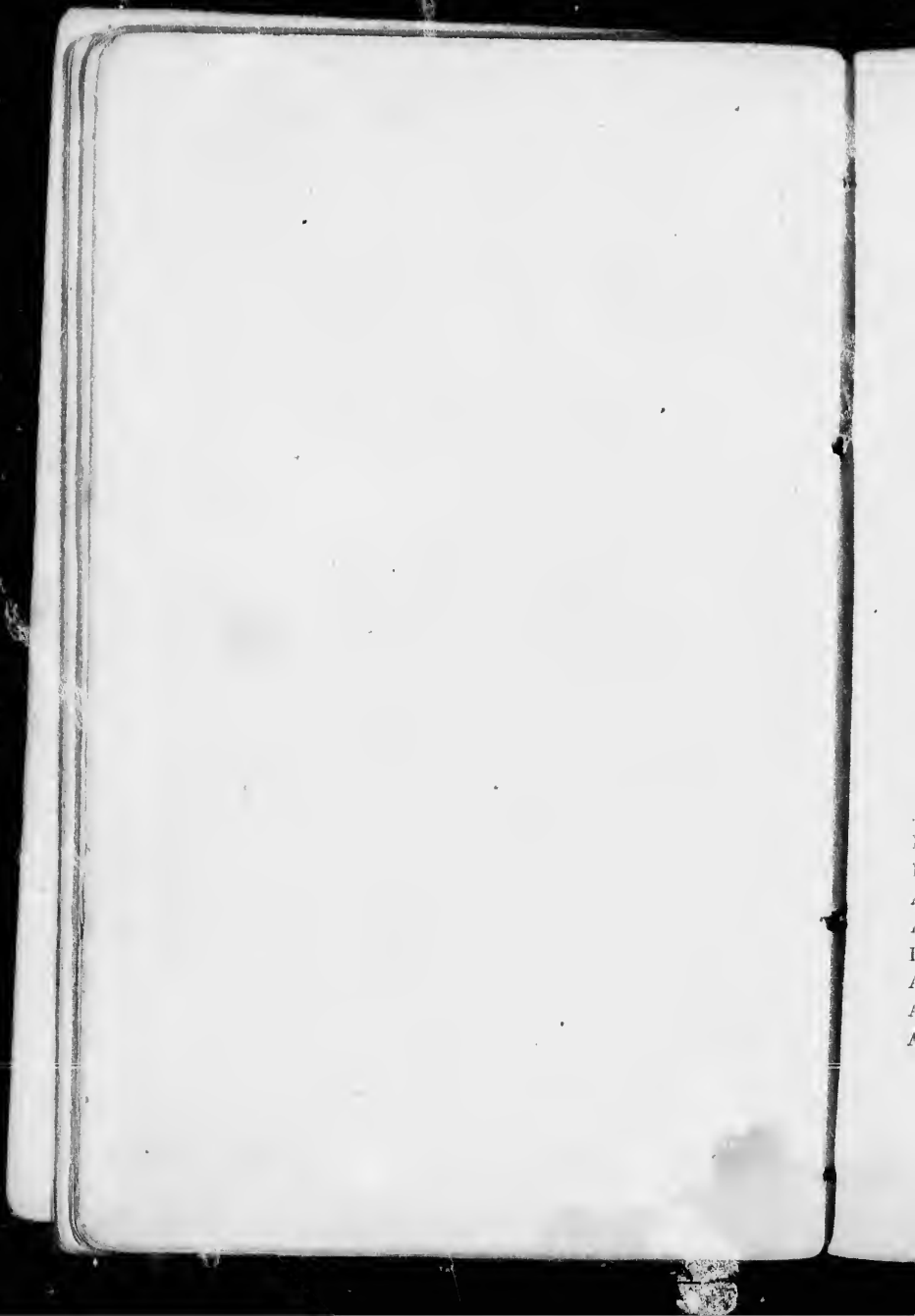
Go home, you stubborn hearted Duke, and tell our Royal  
 [Queen  
 Concerning the loyal men that you all that day have seen,  
 And while she is a Protestant we'll guard her on her throne,  
 But I trust in God, such men as you she'll always keep at  
 [home.



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