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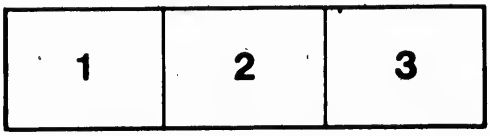

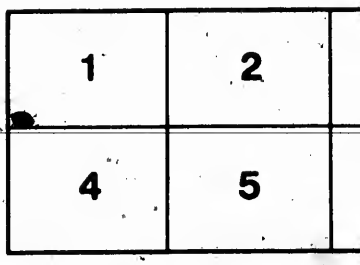

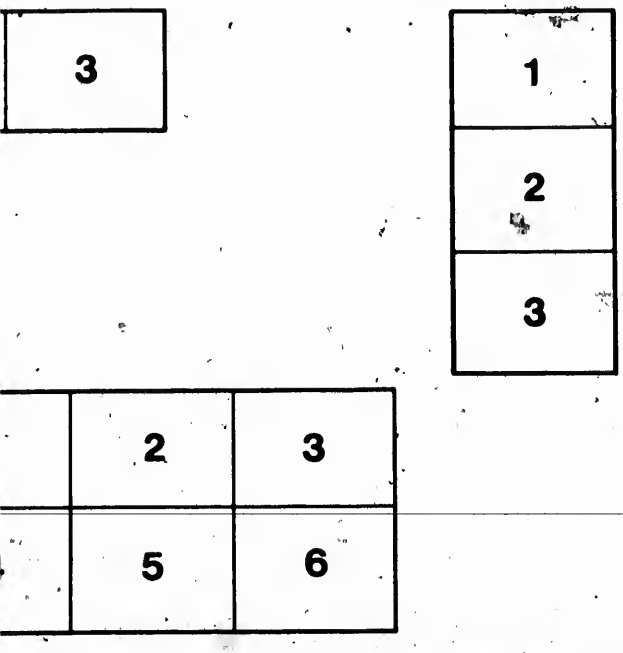

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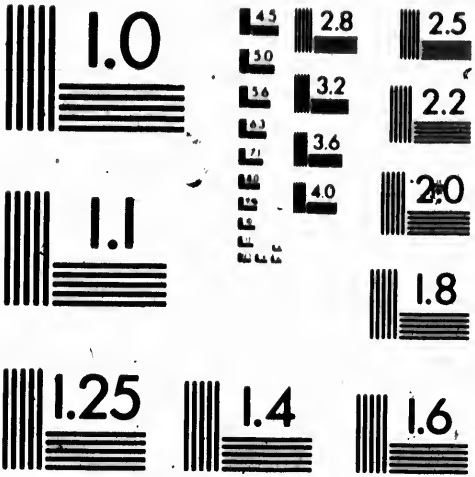

Battle
of
Lexington

A

This in

THE

BATTLE OF

AUGHRIM;

OR,

THE FALL OF

MONSIEUR ST. RUTH.

This memorable battle was fought on the 12th July, 1691.

MONTREAL:
PRINTED BY JOHN CORCORAN,
10, BLEURY STREET.

1843.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

Baron de Ginckle, General of the English.

Marquis Ruvigny, } Generals in the English Army.
Gen. Talmish,
Gen. Mackay,

Col. Herbert, } English Colonels.
Col. Earles,

Monsieur St. Ruth, General of the Irish.

Sarsfield Lord Lucan, } Irish Generals.
Gen. Dorington,

Col. Talbot, } Irish Colonels.
Col. Gordon O'Neil,

Sir Charles Godfrey, { A young English gentleman of fortune, in love with Col. Talbot's daughter, and a volunteer in the Irish army.

WOMEN.

Jemima—Col. Talbot's Daughter.
Lucinda—Wife to Col. Herbert.

With officers, soldiers, messengers, guards and attendants.

Scene—The Irish Camp, near Athlone.

THE

BATTLE OF AUGHRIM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene—A Camp.

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

ST. RUTH.

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

Which great Lewis, anxious of the land,
Hath sent me here your army to command.
SARS.—We stand indebted to the Christian king,
Next, sir, to you, who do those succours bring.
[Bowing.
Long may you live in martial pomp to wield
A hero's sword, the truncheon or the shield:
You see your king and race of priests are sent
With all their relics into banishment.
Our state is sunk and now on every side
The Pope and Triple crown are both deny'd.
Our foe, the Metropolitan command,
And all the power is wrested from our hands:
No garrison we hold to call our own,
But Limerick, Galway, and stout Athlone:
Which you, my lord, have seen from yonder ground
With British forces quite beleagur'd round;
From whence our letters say that every morn
They stand in danger of a general storm.
O'NEIL.—Fear not, my lord, but scorn the revolution,
And like great Cato, smile at persecution
When that great Roman found his aged hand
No longer could defend his native land,
Against himself the fatal sword he drew,
And with it pierc'd his guiltless body through.
Then let us, sirs, like him disdain to fly,
But dig our graves in honor ere we die,
Or like true honest souls, retrieve our liberty.
SR. RUTH.—These spoke the genius of the commonweal,
A thought so noble suits the great O'Neil;
Thy predecessors with heroic fame,
Once quell'd Erthugises, the haughty Dane.
When he in triumph lay incamp'd between

The hill of Tarah and the lofty Skreen ;
They cross'd the Boyne, and in the dead of night,
Slew all his guards and put his troops to flight.
Laid some as tigers weltring all in gore,
And drove the remnant to their frozen shore.
Thus, like brave souls, by one courageous stroke,
They freed Hibernia from the Danish yoke ;
Then shall a soul like yours be kept in awe
By England's power or the proud Nassau ?
No—stay—his crown shall fall———
Nay, his dominions moulder by degrees,
As leaves in autumn wither off the trees ;
James shall return and with great pomp restore
Our Roman worship to the land once more,
And drown these heretics in crimson gore.

SARS.—When that day comes, which I most wish to see,
We'll strip the branches from the orange tree.
Lop down his boughs, while this true Irish hand,
Shall scourge these English vipers off the land ;
Then shall our monks and jesuits all return,
And holy incense on our altars burn,
Whose arduous smoke shall penetrate the air.

A horn sounds within.

ST. RUTH—Hark ! a post arrives who does some message bear.

Enter a Post.

POST—With important news from Athlone I'm sent,
Be pleased to shew me to the general's tent.

SARS.—Behold the general there your message tell,

ST. RUTH.—Declare your message, are our friends all well ?

POST—Pardon me, sir, the fatal news I bring,

[illegible] every heart shall sting,
A [illegible] your timely aid
[illegible] an [illegible] made,
When [illegible] the British cannon,
Their grenadiers [illegible] courage took the Shannon,
Led by [illegible] Captain Douglas, rise with fame
Plung'd [illegible] in the rapid stream:
He led [illegible] and with undaunted fire,
He gain'd the bank in spite of all our fire;
Being bravely followed by his grenadiers,
Tho' bullets flew like hail about their ears,
And by this time they enter uncontrol'd.

St. Ruth.—Dare all the force of England be so bold
To attempt to storm so brave a town when I,
With all Hibernia's sons of war are nigh?
Return; and if the Britons dare pursue,
Tell them St. Ruth is near, and that will do.

Post.—Your aid would do much better than your name.

St. Ruth.—Bear back this answer, friend, from whence you came. [Exit Post.

Sars.—Send speedy succours and their fate prevent.
You know not yet what Britons dare attempt,
I know the English fortitude is such,
To boast of nothing, tho' they heard much,
No force on earth their fury would repel,
Nor would they fly from all the devils in hell.

St. Ruth.—Neither fly nor parley my lord, but pray forbear,
I would not aid them by my name I swear;
'Tis but a scoff, a ridicule to me,
Would I outbrave them in the victory,
Dare British force attempt to make them yield,

When as the victor I command the field?

SARS.—Boast not, my lord, but rather take a view,
Of what these Britons did in Fraile's subdue;
See what their Edward did on Cressy plain,
Or where at Poitiers he the field did gain;
Then tell me would these Britons fear your name?
Tho' I'm their foe, I must confess so far
The English honor is the fates of war;
To say with glory they would rather die,
Ere they with shame would from [illegible] fly.

Enter Col. Talbot.

ST. RUTH.—Brave Col. Talbot, thy victorious hand
Nurtur'd in arts of war can best command,
Thou Irish Scipio, let your word atone,
Pronounce your thought, say shall we aid Athlone?

TALB.—Pardon me, sir, I fear 'tis past your aid,
For on a riding ground I now survey'd
The British standard on the walls display'd;
No further confirmation need you have,
The town is lost which you denied to save.

SARS.—Now see, my lord, what English hearts can do.

ST. RUTH.—They dare not, sir, the news cannot be true.

TALB.—'Tis true, by heaven! you'll find it to your loss.
I've seen the walls o'erspread with George's cross,
And with [illegible], just as a pointed dart
Shot from a thunder-bolt, to pierce my heart;
This I beheld and heard the cannon roar,
I turned my back, and would behold no more.

Enter Major General Dorrington.

DOR.—Misfortune, death, and horror! Oh the grief!

Athlone is lost and now is past relief,
The flying soldiers from the town do run,
And now for shelter to the walls are come.
St. Ruth.—Then it is surely taken past a doubt.
Haste order my guards to march and beat them out.
Sars.—Easily said could they as soon obey,
We'd make the scullions for their entrance pay;
But yet I fear, in an unlucky hour
They will not fly from you nor all your power.
Dor.—The works that face our camp are yet entire,
And now their guns against our tents do fire;
Except we straight decamp by your command
There's not a tent in all our lines can stand.
St. Ruth.—Then loiter not but sound to arms on sight,
Decamp and march to Milton pass to-night,
And in good order all to Aughrim fly,
For there's the spot on which I chose to die.
Or by the dint of sword my fortune try.
Haste, see the tents struck with care and all things done,
And draw them off without the beat of drum.

Exeunt Dorrington, Talbot and O'Neil.

Sars.—Be calm, my soul, the swelling speed assuage,
And curb the boiling madness of my rage;
Now let the earth be in a chaos hurl'd,
While earthquakes rent and overthrew the world;
Let gloomy vapours veil the dusky air,
And let all mankind sink beneath despair;
Let Sol and Cynthia now withdraw their light,
And let the stars no longer rule the night;
But let the course of nature be extinguish'd quite.

O heaven! Athlone is lost, that lovely seat,
The pride of empire and the throne of state,
Thy sons are slaughtered, and thy walls betray'd
Because that traitor would not send me aid!
But I'll revenge the wrong and he shall fall,
The crime is great, though the revenge is small.
[Draws.
Come, draw ——— and let your sword afford your heart relief.

ST. RUTH.—Consider, Sarsfield, I am here our chief.
Your country's ruin would attend our strife.

SARS.—No thought but that could save your life.
[Puts up.
That binds my sword, or by the L——— I swear,
I'd send your soul to wallow in despair.

ST. RUTH.—You'd send my soul! there I conjure you hold.
For know proud traitor you are now too bold:
Detested from my camp you shall be driven,
Without the hopes of finding aid from heaven.

SARS.—You dare not drive me, nor I won't obey,
Yet know, cursed mongrel, here I will not stay;
I'll quit your camp, then shall you surely find
There's not an Irish soul will stay behind.
Then with a remnant of my chosen band,
I'll drive your frog devourers off the land.
My eyes, like basilisks, shall dart you through,
Then will I next the British power subdue;
Without your aid I will their force defeat,
To free my country and my lost estate.
Mean while, let vengeance war, and public shame,
Trace your damn'd self, your country, and your name.
[Exit.

[illegible]

Sr. Ruth—[illegible] 'd! O ye gods,
Did ever man meet such unequal odds!
Next by the king [illegible] numbers crew,
Who with [illegible] my life pursue;
But hold, my heart [illegible] these timorous fears,
For lo! O'Neil and Derrington appears.

Enter Derington, Talbot and [illegible]

O'Neil—Your orders are obey'd, my lord, the (right
Detachment of your horse is out of sight,
Your left the centre, and the royal train,
Are on their march and have forsook the plain.
Sr. Ruth—Success attend 'em, but O'Neal I fear,
The boisterous surges of our fate to steer,
A gleam of horror does my vitals damp,
I fear Lord Lucan has forsook our camp.
O'Neil—great heaven forbid the hero should desert,
The thought like lightning blasts me to the heart;
As I rode through our lines to move this way,
He marshall'd forth his troops in battle array,
And with a smile which spoke his inward worth,
He boldly bid them spread his banners forth;
This, sir, I heard; the next his sword he drew,
Mounted his steed, and bid them all pursue
Their country's freedom, and its exile redeem
From servile bonds—but he found I seen,
His [illegible] distinctness drew way.
He wanted his own shift and bid me stay,
To join his party; time will show the rest.
Sr. Ruth—The days [illegible] terrors have [illegible] my breast.
But hence, O'Neil, my friend, and overtake
His rash resolves, and for the country's sake,

To his great [illegible] [illegible] shew,
Pretend [illegible] [illegible] we go;
Bring him to [illegible] [illegible] your revell,
When we are [illegible] [illegible] assell.
Do this brave [illegible] [illegible] night,
Whilst in the rear [illegible] [illegible] night.

Exeunt Sir Rich. Harrington and Page.

TALB.—Should he depart ye powers I will not stay
But like Lord Sydney, bear my wrongs away.
Confound the hooper, sun I do retire,
And set Olympus on a flame of fire,
For sure the gods our ruin do desire.

Enter Sir Charles Godfrey.

SIR CHAR.—By the account she gave this must be he. [Aside.
Behold a stranger kneels and humbly prays. [Kneels.
That you would add some moments to his days.

TALB.—Wrong me not in [illegible] but explain
Your wrongs, young soldier, and from whence your name.

SIR CHAR.—My heart enspared by love, does inward blood,
If Talbot is your name I will proceed.

TALB.—Strange youth is [illegible] and pray discover,
With free access the author of your wrong.

SIR CHAR.—Then, Sir, to tell you all my sad [illegible]
I am a Briton of a Saxon race,
Sir Charles Godfrey is my lawful name,
My father in our late great monarchs reign,
Was by a band of villains basely slain.

He being dead, I stay of friends bereft,
And she is wedded, as I merely must own,
To Colonel Herbert, your young Athlone.
Thither was I going, when by chance I spied,
Thy daughter, singing from forest side;
I stood amazed, and view'd her o'er and o'er,
And as I view'd, the I loved the more.
She appeared so charming to my ravish'd eyes,
That mighty Jove, descending from the skies,
Drawn by her Peacocks through the liquid air,
Must yield his throne to her, the killing fair.

TALB.—Elevated was I, sweet, young Marcus what pleasing,

SIR CHARL.—The charms have set my heart on flame.

Where are my friends? ah, for courage one,
Hence, I must appeal to you.
Then, [illegible] Fortune favoured,
Within the breast of a warrior's mind,
Inspire the [illegible] her heavenly charms
Fill [illegible] in the field by deeds of arms,
In [illegible] all the loved charms.

TALB.—Thy suit shall be accepted, gallant youth,
Let the [illegible] ever gained St. Ruth,
If he resist [illegible], then I pawn my oath,
With her, she shall be yours, and thine to both.

SIR CHARL.—How shall my gratitude reward your care,

TALB.—Follow to Athlone, [illegible] stand it there;
By force of war make good your rightful claim,
And wreaths of laurel for your [illegible] gain.

SIR CHARL.—Now like the mariner, I leave the shore
And put to sea in search of golden ore,

Thro' boist'rous surges plow the troubled main
Midst rocks and tempests, bold but stain
A bay of love and pleasure for my pain.

[Exeunt.

End of the first Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE—The plain of Angharim at Eve in the morning. The Irish Camp and the Castle of Angharim appearing at a distance.

Enter Jemima, who sits down and sings.

I.

Ye gods look down and see a maid,
By cruel fortune thus betray'd,
A sacrifice to fate;
A youth I love, and he is brave,
Like mighty Mars, ordain'd to save,
But yet to captivate.

II.

Come all you simple who ever knew,
What Cupid or his dart could do,
Give ear unto my mean;
Pity my pain, ye maids, and know
I love but cannot tell him so,
Then melt each heart of stone.

III.

Immortal gods some pity show,
On constant lovers here below,
Whom dangers do surround;
Let them at last when all is clear,
Enjoy their love and only dear,
And let their joys abound.

IV.

But if the powers do decree,
That I must lose my liberty,

Distracted will I run
To seek some dismal fatal grove,
There fall a victim for my love,
And so be quite undone.

[She rises, and comes forward.

Hail! sweet Hibernia, hospitable Isle,
More rich than Egypt with her flowing Nile;
Fair garden of the earth, thy fragrant plains
Are seats of war; and thy sweet purling streams
All run with blood, and vengeance leaves to trace
The shining remnant of Hibernia's race.

Enter Sir Charles Godfrey.

Sir Char.—See how fair Venus, like the breaking
morn,
With virgin blushes does the plain adorn,
The gleamy damps of night she does controul,
And darts her rays to cheer my drooping soul;
Oh! my Jemima, listen while I say
The news I bring shall bless the breaking day;
Appollo rises from his eastern seat
To crown those joys my tongue can scarce repeat.

Jem.—What joy is this, sir knight, you would im-
part?

Sir Char.—Such as have raised a sun shine in my
heart:
Thy gallant sire hath granted all thy charms,
With all thy heaven to these transported arms.

Jem.—Oh! name not joys like those for heaven's sake.
What is not love, say fortune, doth mistake?
You see my country's fate reduced so low,
To try a gamester's chance for one poor throw.

Sir Char.—Let not a thought so vain as this perplex
The brightest star of all the beauteous sex,
For if your country should in danger be,
By heaven! I swear I'd die to set it free;
Inspir'd by you, I'll such against our foes,
Like Saladine and all our foes defeate;
Then, fairest on the earth, do not despair,

For heaven, who formed yours thirsty fair,
Will [illegible] your [illegible] the [illegible] sense.
Jaz.—Perhaps, sir, laugh, the language I detest;
Could thoughts like these [illegible] a virgin's breast,
At this dull time, when love's [illegible] charms
Are all decline'd for martial deeds of arms?
And as my [illegible] heart there's something tad
Whisper'd within, that men are seldom true.
Sir Chas.—Witness with me, ye gods! who rule the sky,
How far my nature is beyond a lie!
If I dissemble, may I ever be,
A sad example to posterity!
When first your fair angelic form I view'd,
The god of love my liberty subdu'd,
From your fair eyes he stole a fatal dart,
And sheath'd it reeking in my captive heart;
Nothing therefore can end my raging pain,
Unless for love you grant me love again;
For if you my fervent suit deny,
I, like the phœnix, in my nest will fry,
'Till cruel death shall finish all the strife,
And I in scorching flames give up my life;
Then as my ghost to Paradise shall go,
I'll praise that heaven in you I leave below.
Jaz.—Can flattery like this proceed from one
Whom all my thoughts are solely fix'd upon?
Your eloquence divine my heart does move,
And now in spite of virtue I must love.
Here take my hand; 'tis true the gift is small,
But when I can, I'll give you heart and all.
Sir Chas.—Thanks to the gods! who such a present
Such radient graces ne'er could man receive; [gave,
For who on earth has ever such happiness known?
What is the Turkish monarch, or his throne,
Hem'd round with [illegible] in pompous state?
Amidst his court no joys can be so great.
Retire with me, my [illegible] may
In [illegible] view, [illegible] way. [Exeunt.
[A flourish of trumpets within.]

Enter St. Ruth, Derrington, and O'Neil.

St. Ruth—Behold! Sarsfield then return'd! O bless the day,
Draw out our troops to line the hero's way;
Amidst our shouts in triumph shall we come,
Like great Emilius when he entered Rome,
In pomp, bedew'd with Macedonian tears.

Don.—Behold, my lord, Sarsfield the brave appears.

Enter Sarsfield.

St. Ruth—Now stand, distraction! here the conquest ends,
Thrice welcome to my heart thou best of friends,
The rock on which our holy faith depends;
May this our meeting as a tempest make
The vast foundation of Britannia shake,
Tear up their orange plants, and overwhelm
The strongest bulwarks of the British realm!
Then shall the Dutch and Hanoverians fall,
And James shall ride in triumph to Whitehall.
Then to protect our faith we will maintain
An inquisition here, like that in Spain.

Sars.—Most bravely urg'd, my lord, your skill I own
Would be unparallel'd had you saved Athlone.

St. Ruth—Probe not those wounds anew, lest they
Some fresh emotions to draw on our fate; [create
But rather let us some examples show,
And issue forth on the impetuous foe,
Who now comes on, like swelling waves, whg roar
To dash on rocks, or break against the shore;
The [illegible] from my spies do say,
That near [illegible] Back the [illegible] lay,
Secured [illegible] will hither come,
Like [illegible] by the Moon.

Don. [illegible] not while here we lie secure,
As ever [illegible] great Nature;
Yon [illegible] on every side,
In [illegible]
For [illegible]
Like [illegible]

[An alarm within.

[illegible] Col. Talbot, [illegible]

Talb.—Ta[illegible], my friends! the English are in sight,
And in [illegible] fashion to fight;
Dispeling [illegible] of Prentice
In [illegible] of Prentice
Thus [illegible] all,
And all our works [illegible] another hill;
Our squadrons not [illegible] can sing,
But fall like [illegible] the [illegible].

Sir Berr.—[illegible] with [illegible] old,
Talb.—[illegible] shall be slay'd.

[illegible] and out,
[illegible] within.

Sir Berr.—[illegible] and at the
Of [illegible] let [illegible]
Draw forth [illegible]
To try the [illegible] day;
For sure the [illegible] of Gray,
Design to [illegible]
Nay should they [illegible] victorious hand
Shall fall [illegible]

Doc.—[illegible]
On [illegible]
Behind [illegible]
That may the [illegible]
Then shall we [illegible] their [illegible]
If Scanderbeg [illegible] shall [illegible]

[illegible] within.

Enter Sir Charles Gadfrey, with his sword drawn and bloody.

Sir Char.—[illegible] where [illegible] ye hal-
[illegible]
In cold [illegible]
Brave [illegible] hand,
Have [illegible]
Before [illegible]
But [illegible] mighty hand.
More could I say, but honor stops my speech,

Sy. Ruth.---May [illegible] soldier, I
[illegible]

Sen Chas.---[illegible]
But since I [illegible]
Lord Fertland [illegible]
With sword in [illegible]
This Tiffet [illegible]
Disdaining [illegible]
But as a Hero [illegible]
And [illegible]
Till being [illegible]
By multitudes [illegible] heavely died;
I strove in vain, [illegible] his side I stood,
Till, as you [illegible]
[illegible].---There fell as brave a [illegible], with honor fe'd,
As ever yet by force of war [illegible]
Then fly to arms, and for his [illegible] who died,
Pursue, and [illegible] the foe on every side;

Sr. Ruth.---Then [illegible] and speed to arms with speed,
And for his wound ten thousand foes [illegible]
Vengeance [illegible],
Athlone was sweet, but [illegible] cause,
But to defend [illegible]
'Tis best we [illegible] at Ulnaboe,
Then [illegible] this matter he'd
With [illegible]
Draw up [illegible]
The [illegible]
You know, my heroes, I have oft imbrued,
These hands in [illegible] foes subdu'd;
So on this day, [illegible] banners shall be spread,
To send [illegible]
Our [illegible] shall pass
That we may [illegible]
Lewis [illegible]
This sword, and survey [illegible] the field.

Exeunt.

Drums and trumpets within.

Enter several Officers bearing the body of Col. Talbot on their shoulders, they lay him bloody on the stage.

Jem.—Oh! —— his head! —— [illegible] is all on fire,
Witness, ye gods! —— [illegible]
For liberty, —— [illegible]
And fell, like Pompey, by some villain's [illegible]
There lies a breathless corpse, whose soul never knew
A thought but what was always just and true;
Look down from heaven, ye gods of peace and love,
Wait him with triumph to the [illegible] above;
And oh! ye winged [illegible] of [illegible]
Tune your sweet harps, and sing his companies!
Good friends, stand off —— [illegible] I embrace the [illegible]
Whereon he lies —— and bathe each mortal [illegible]
With British tears, that like to torrents run
From these sad eyes, oh! heaven, I'm undone.

[Falls down on the body.

Enter Sir Charles Godfrey. He raises her:

Sir Char.---Why do these precious eyes, like fountains flow,
To drown the radiant heaven that lies below?
Dry up your tears, I wot his soul ere this
Has reached the mansions of eternal bliss.
Soldier---bear hence the body out of sight!

[They bear him off.

Jem.---Oh stay, ye murderers! cease to kill me quite:

[He holds her.

See how he glares! and see again he flies!
The clouds fly open, and he mounts the skies!
Oh! red his blood, it shines refulgent bright,
I see him yet---I cannot lose him quite,
But still persue him do, and lose my sight.
Sir Char.---Patience, my love, dispel these gusting tears,
For see your Godfrey by your side appears.
Jem.---'Tis true thy [illegible] at this fatal time,

[illegible]
[illegible]
You see the [illegible] of all my [illegible].
[illegible]
For [illegible]
Though [illegible] darken'd by a [illegible],
You for a [illegible] beams do [illegible],
But when the [illegible] darkness o'er
You shine much [illegible] than you did before.
Then [illegible] with me this way,
View [illegible] in pomp array,
Amidst them [illegible] by you I'll fly,
So [illegible] bravely die:
But should [illegible] force of arms,
Let no proud victor [illegible] your charms,
Rather first [illegible] with the main,
Let thy blood [illegible] the plain,
To mix with mine in one united stream.

[Exeunt.

End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene changes to the English camp.

Drum within. [illegible] grenadiers march. Enter Col. Hopton and Gen. Earles, with their [illegible] drums. Gen. Earles sings.

March on brave boys, make good your ground,
Let all your martial trumpets sound
To arms, and we will confound
[illegible]
Great Man, [illegible]
In shining [illegible]
Shall [illegible]
To the [illegible]
Our rattling [illegible]
Shall [illegible]
To keep the pope and devil under,

[illegible]

May [illegible]

[illegible]

Long live [illegible]
To curb [illegible]
And with [illegible]
[illegible]
Thus [illegible]
y whose [illegible]
er see, [illegible]
The British [illegible]
The priesthood [illegible]
For in their [illegible]
[illegible]
In defence [illegible]
[illegible] with [illegible]
And culti[illegible]
[illegible]
Though [illegible]

[Exeunt.

A table and [illegible]
Enter [illegible]
[illegible]

Hann.—Defend great Ginchie, oh [illegible] and may
His mighty [illegible]

Ginn.—[illegible] we appeal to you,
Whether we [illegible]
[illegible] hold it best [illegible]
And so fall on them [illegible]
But let us sit down here, and first [illegible]
Of proper measures [illegible]

[illegible]

Now I protest, great [illegible], to your view,
[illegible]
[illegible]

And [illegible]
Here, [illegible]

Their right [illegible]
Their left [illegible]
Extending [illegible]
Europe [illegible]
[illegible]
Then [illegible] sons [illegible] on right,
Shall [illegible]
[illegible] pursue,
And with [illegible]
Hazard [illegible]
Then [illegible]
[illegible] devout,
With [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Let [illegible]
To add [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] touched,
[illegible]
[illegible] to fight:
For [illegible] resisting heart,
They're [illegible] darkness;
A desperate [illegible] proved
With force [illegible] wrought,
A bag [illegible]
Besides the [illegible]
Which [illegible] sea
If we [illegible] I we
[illegible] all night
[illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible] on the day,

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] drive out [illegible]

[illegible]

Karles---My [illegible]
Lodg'd in my [illegible]
A herald from the [illegible]
With [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]---Conduct him here---[illegible]
Will they [illegible]
It may be [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible]

Dor---[illegible]
To General G[illegible]

Ginc---[illegible]

Dor---[illegible]
That [illegible]
The Prince of [illegible]
And fix your [illegible]
[illegible]
Submissive [illegible]
My lord, [illegible]
Then [illegible]
[illegible]

Gin---[illegible]
Tell [illegible]
My [illegible]
Nor [illegible]
For [illegible]
My British [illegible]
In glory [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Don [illegible] who,
My master [illegible]
Lest you [illegible]
And curse [illegible] side.

Guyc—Leave [illegible] if you dare
To [illegible]
Tell him [illegible] on the plain
Nassau's [illegible] with his [illegible]
To-day [illegible] shall never sentence,
While [illegible] shall adorn his crown.
[illegible] I take my leave, but [illegible] night
You'll [illegible] the fight.

[Exit Dessingtoe.

Hume—[illegible] but rise my lords,
[illegible] shall by'd swords,
Attack the [illegible] the fight,
[illegible] in the sight.
[illegible] their shade,
To sit [illegible]?
It [illegible]
Strike on [illegible] years,
Think [illegible] to yield
At [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Mac—[illegible] let our weight proceed
[illegible] blood.
Lett[illegible]
Let [illegible]
Of London [illegible]
Which if they [illegible]
From [illegible]
So when [illegible]
Our [illegible]
Gu[illegible]
Where [illegible] play,
Th[illegible]
[illegible]
For on our [illegible]

They all draw.

[illegible]
With [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] the day,
Protect us heaven, [illegible] we [illegible],
Prosper our arms [illegible] is just,
Plant thy [illegible] in this poor isle,
Shield it from [illegible] would thy laws defile;
Now, my [illegible] let us the [illegible] try,
No [illegible] is left us now, but how to die,
Then let us fall [illegible] glory [illegible] yield,
Or with a sea of blood deluge the field.
[Exeunt severally.

Trumpets sound a charge within. Enter Lucinda.

Lucin.—O stay, my Herbert, I conjure you stay.

Re-enter Herbert.

Herb.—What would my ever fair Lucinda say?

Lucin.—Oh, don't engage to-day, I thee desire,
Last night me thought I saw you wrapt in fire,
All clad in flames, while angels did surround
Your lovely form and bore thee off the ground;
Then I beheld thee as a cherub rise,
And soar aloft to the celestial skies.

Herb.—What means my soul—what signifies thy
It but portends I shall be crown'd with fame. [dream
Hark—now the glorious battle is begun,
And thund'ring cannons do eclipse the sun;
The trumpets' blast commands me to the fight,
Adieu, my fairest one, my soul's delight;
I must not be by woman's counsel stay'd.
For honour's [illegible] must be obey'd.

Lucin.—[illegible] Herbert [illegible] stay,
My [illegible] do not fight to-day;
[illegible] to Calphurnia's dream,
[illegible] ne'er been slain;
The [illegible]
And [illegible]
He [illegible]
With progress [illegible];
Then as he strives to enter with the tide,

[illegible]

Of all [illegible]

And [illegible]

And [illegible]

[illegible] narrow way,

[illegible]

The [illegible] brave Ha[illegible]

The martial [illegible]

[illegible] your [illegible]'d,

'Till with fresh forces you shall [illegible]'d.

Hass.—My lord, [illegible]

But most with [illegible]

The great [illegible]

Tho' [illegible]

Ga[illegible]

[illegible]

Or as the [illegible], who with [illegible]

Their vessel [illegible] on [illegible]

Each seize a plank, and [illegible] leave

To the wild mercy of the raging waves;

A rock [illegible]
No [illegible]
He's swallow[illegible]
[illegible]
Our [illegible]
You are [illegible]
Dart forth [illegible]
But when the [illegible] and [illegible]
They close their [illegible]
[illegible] would stay,
[illegible]
[illegible] did you go, my dear soul; oh how
[illegible]
[illegible] fatigue,
[illegible] my bridal night
Wh[illegible]
Wh[illegible]
Oh! [illegible]
To meet young [illegible]
Which if [illegible]
Shall pierce [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Its [illegible]
That [illegible]
Beneath your [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
E[illegible]
[illegible]
To join [illegible]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Sir [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] (No [illegible]

[illegible] all your [illegible]

[illegible] Kill.

Sir [illegible]

[illegible]

Were they not [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

St. Ruz [illegible]

[illegible] Magnetic, [illegible] forward;
[illegible] in the hands of [illegible]
[illegible]

The [illegible]
[illegible]
Ba[illegible]
[illegible]

For [illegible]
Then [illegible]
But [illegible]

Tal[illegible]
No [illegible]
[illegible]

Mad[illegible]
[illegible]
A[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] we have seen.
[illegible] he never did said,
[illegible] we determined we fled!
[illegible] poor fellow,
[illegible] the hard deeds
[illegible] generally blow
[illegible] weary be benight and desert and fold;
[illegible] we [illegible]
[illegible] first let us ready to be brave.

[illegible]

[illegible] the deck
[illegible] sweet ground [illegible]d;
[illegible] Jupiter day now
[illegible] clear show,
[illegible]
[illegible] dangers by;
[illegible] blood have [illegible]d
[illegible] life.
[illegible] but at the
head
[illegible]
[illegible] of dry.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Enter Sir Charles Cheeky, his sword drawn, and [illegible]

Sir Charles [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Herbert.

[illegible]

A

Yo

Here

But

Th

Am

Ere

Ka

But

A

I

'Gainst [illegible]

By [illegible]

[illegible]

Over [illegible]

And [illegible]

[illegible] cave,

And ride [illegible]

Lift to [illegible]

And co[illegible] :

Then [illegible]

Thus [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] blood run cold,

[illegible] in a trance,

Like [illegible] rivulets congeal'd to ice.

Sta[illegible] [illegible] me, [illegible] I here,

[illegible] living dismaid.

My [illegible]

[illegible]

And [illegible]

Rouse up your native honour to your aid,
In William's right employ your rusty blade,
Show your accoutrements and the foe dismay,
Then fall with honor since you're doom'd to die;
I'll hover o'er the fields till join'd by you,
Till then, my son, farewell—adieu—adieu.

[Vanishes.

Sir Charles solus.

Sir Char.—Gone, and forsook me! thus what can I do?
Love bids me stay, and glory cries pursue,
Which must I follow? here I cannot stay,
The sacred vision said I must obey
Its strict commands—then by this British hand,
I'll never more decline my native land,
But join my countrymen, and yet proclaim,
Nassau's great title to the crimson plain.

Enter Sarsfield and Dorrington, their swords drawn.

Sars.—Haste, noble knight, till we the charge sustain,
Full fifteen hundred of our foot are slain;
The British fire balls some few tents have burn'd,
And one large battery on ourselves is turn'd;
Now, gallant youth, or never, try your force.

Sir Char.—By heavens I'll not stir was it ten times worse!
Long let them prosper, nor retire from hence,
Till you atone for murder'd innocence.

Sars.—As heaven is witness or the conscious sun,
I knew not of it till the fact was done;
I never dealt with such an act coarsely
As wilful murder.

Dor.—By the gods, nor I.

Enter St. Ruth.

ST. RUTH.—Courage, my thrice renown'd friends, [illegible]
Shall [illegible] ;
[illegible]
Patrons, we'll drive them back to Dublin gates;
Fall on, my friends, a furious havock make,
Mow down whole cohorts, but their Ginchlagake!
Then as a terror to the following age,
Like Bajazet, I'll bind him in a cage.

(Exeunt.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Scene—The hill of Kilcommodon.

Enter Sarsfield and O'Neill, their swords drawn.

SARSFIELD.

Aughrim is no more, Sir Ruth is dead,
And all his [illegible] are [illegible] fled;
As he rush'd down the hill he met his fall,
And died a victim to a [illegible] ball.
With him our lives and fortune all decay,
For now [illegible] cause [illegible] away.
[illegible] now is vain, [illegible] cause
[illegible]
And [illegible] his noble [illegible] about;
But [illegible]
Nor call [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] my
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

And one like you, on whom I may depend;
The cheerful [illegible] with [illegible] speed,
To pierce their breasts and [illegible] their young with
[illegible]
So shall this [illegible] pleasing each secure vein,
To let forth [illegible] to feed the tragic plain.
O'Neil.—[illegible] not that, my lord, with-
[illegible] now'rs
To sell [illegible] which only now is cors;
Who [illegible] [illegible] assist to allow,
Shares equal laurels with the victor's brow.

Enter Dorrington, his sword drawn.

Dor.—Hence, noble friends, and save your lives by flight,
For its madness if you stand the fight;
Our cavalry the battle has forsook,
And death appears in each dejected look.
Nothing but dread confusion can be seen,
For sever'd heads and trunks o'erspread the green,
The fields, the vales, the hills, and vanquished plain,
For five miles round are cover'd with the slain:
Death in each quarter does the [illegible] show,
Here lies a leg, and there a shaver's arm,
There hands appear which [illegible] mighty bange,
And sever'd quite on either shoulder hange.
This is the awful scene, my lords, oh fly!
Th' impending danger of your fate is nigh.
Stan.—Oh spare the tale, my friend, not let
[illegible] hear
A [illegible] so harsh, ill sounding is my ear:
[illegible] to death, and thus with shame,
Be [illegible] with a coward's name?
[illegible] thro' a shun'd disgrace,

Nor dare to look a soldier in the face.
Then [illegible] and [illegible]
Like [illegible]
Who when by [illegible], he was [illegible]
He fled to [illegible]
Cloth'd as a slave, [illegible] and obscure,
He wander'd all alone from door to door;
Then shall an Irish soul submit like him,
To forfeit honor and renounce a king?
No—here I will stand, and meeting applause,
Die all alone, if none will join the cause.

Don.—My lord, forbear, let not a thought so vain,
Within a brave Hibernian's bosom reign,
Your life will not for liberty atone,
Limerick and Galway are yet our own;
Then where not there, but now to Limerick fly,
Even whose great walls we may the foe defy;
Here hope is lost, for now upon my truth,
Sir Charles Godfrey, that young traitrous youth,
Has taken part with the prevailing crew,
And to destruction does our post pursue.

O'Neal.—Curse on his soul; oh may I never [illegible]
'Till with this sword I reach the traitor's heart.

Enter some soldiers bearing St. Ruth bloody on their shoulders, they lay him on the stage, and throw a cloak over the body.

There let him lie, like Pompey, in his gore,
Which here's blood enrich'd the the Egyptian shore!
There like the men whose deeds shall ever shine,
In Flanders, France, and all above the Rhine;
But here, [illegible]

And by his folly wrought Fitzgerald's fall,
O heavens! can ears bear this lamenting sound
Of death or slavery on our native ground?
Why was I nurtured of a royal race,
And taught my mere destruction in the face?
Why was I not laid out a useless shrub,
And formed for some poor hungry peasant's cub,
To hedge and plough, and with unwearied toil,
To cultivate for grass, a fertile soil,
To watch my flocks, and range the pastures thro',
With all my locks wet with the morning dew,
Rather than being great, give up my fame,
And lose the ground I never can regain.

Don.—Forbear, victorious sir, and leave the field,
The earth's best generals have been fore'd to yield;
Victorious Darius was put to flight,
And Paulus fell at Cannæ's bloody fight;
Great Hannibal was by Scipio defeated,
And Regulus from Carthage was expatriated;
The great Goliah was by a shepherd slain,
And Gallic Philip gave up Cressy plain,
These mighty sirs were heroes in their time,
That did in hostile feats of arms shine;
Then cease, my lord, to Limerick fly with speed,
Nor waste a life of which we stand in need,
But serve your country yet, and void of fear,
At Limerick's gates we'll stop their swift career.

Sane.—Here stand, my friends, and extirpate your fears,
For there the limit of your fate appears;
But let us first view, and with a wishing eye,
This once renowned soil from whence we fly;
So Adam when he was from Eden driven,
He yet look'd back to view the promised heaven,

Then with a mind all power'd with disgust,
He grudg'd [illegible] possessions he could not share.
(A flourish of hostile drums and trumpets within.)
Enter, with their swords drawn, the Generals Tallaloh, Mackay, and Sir Charles Godfrey, with soldiers.

TAL.—Take quarters gentlemen, and on sight,
Or otherwise prepare to stand the fight:
Yet pray take pity on yourselves and yield,
For blood enough has stain'd the sanguine field.
'Tis Britain's glory, you yourselves can tell,
To use the vanquish'd hospitable well.

SARS.—Hear not a thought, proud victor, if you dare,
So far beneath the dignity of war:
I am a plain, [illegible] is my name,
And w[illegible] I dare maintain.
Life I [illegible] I recommend,
He [illegible] make me bend
My [illegible] proud foe, decline.
The [illegible] (shows his sword) because the spot is mine.

TAL.—If you are Sarsfield, as you plainly show,
You're that [illegible] here whom I long to know,
And wish it to shock you on the reeking plain,
For that fear of blowing up our train:
Then mark, my lord, for what I here contend,
'Tis Britain's holy church I now defend,
Great William's right, and Mary's crown, these three.

SARS.—Why then fall on, Devis and James for me.

[The Irish retreat fighting, and pursued by the English party off the stage.]

Enter Jemima, veiled.

JEM.—Where will my sorrows give me leave to rest?
O happy might they be in Godfrey's breast;
My conscious soul shall then contemn alarms,
So might I die with pleasure in his arms;
Yet now to find him whither shall I go!
Ye gods! was ever maid reduced so low?
The youth who binds my heart in Cupid's chains,
Has broke his vows, or is in battle slain.
But, turtle like, I'll to the groves retreat,
There search each drooping branch to find my mate,
For there per chance, he has been forc'd to fly,
From certain fate, and bloody tyranny;
But now he comes; the mortal sight I view,
With ghastly looks and in a bloody hue,

Enter Sir Charles, leaning on his sword, and wounded in several parts of the body.

Oh! welcome to my arms, my soul's delight!
[Embraces.
But, heavens! my heart bleeds inward at the sight,
To see the youth I lov'd thus bath'd in gore,
Curse on my stars, for heaven can do no more.

SIR CHAR.—Oh, my Jemima; for then once were so,
Oh! look not on me, nor one glance bestow;
For know, thou fair angelic heavenly maid,
I'm perjur'd, damn'd, and have my love betray'd;
The scorn of mankind let me ever be,
Nor let bright heaven shine on a wretch like me;
Oh look not down with thoss refulgent eyes,
On a curs'd slave like me who lingering dies;
But rather drive me from your charming sight,

And blot me out from your remembrance quite.

JEM.—Spare (madam) pray, I cannot hear the rest,
You are not false, for I suppose the best.

SIR CHAR.—As heaven is witness, since the truth I must,
No crocodile was ever more unjust;
I have betray'd thee, oh! thou killing fair!
Why does the earth so vile a monster bear?
Earth yawn asunder, leave the centre fair,
and swallow me alive in damp'd despair:
There buried in oblivion, die and rot,
disdain'd by heaven, and by men forgot:
I'm curs'd—and mar'd by heaven for wronging innocence,
And hell itself will punish the offence;
For bound in shackles, I am doom'd to go,
To the dark abyss of the shades below;
Amidst the fight I did your cause desert,
With Britain's conquering sons to take a part,
When heaven, who ever does the fair defend,
Injustice overtook me in the end;
For as the Britons did the chase pursue!
In the pursuit, with this, much blood I drew.
(Showing his sword.
Which being view'd by an Hibernian lord,
He rally'd back, and with a brandish'd sword,
With furious force my person he assail'd,
And his strong genius o'er my sword prevail'd;
Then heavenly fair, your aid I here implore,
To lay me down, and there I'll ask no more.
(He lets fall his sword and lies down on the stage.)
My optic nerves grow dim and lose their sight,
And all my veins are near exhausted quite,
Cold sweats bedew my ghastly looking face,

My life ebbs forth, and death comes on apace;
I fain would live to make amends for all,
But cannot—adieu, my soul—you see your Godfrey fall.

JEM.—There fell as brave a youth with fame inspir'd,
As ever yet a virgin's breast had fir'd;
But sure the ghost will not be so unkind,
To soar to heaven, and leave me here behind;
No, it is just, ye gods, that cannot be,
He hovers on the wing—and waits for me,
But shall not long——this ends the mortal strife;
(Takes up his sword.
This puts an end to my worthless life;
Then after all my anguish, grief and pain,
In heaven, my love, we'll surely meet again.
Witness, ye gods! Jemima still was true,
And see what love can make a virgin do—
Let fair Hibernia's late annals tell,
That by the force of love Jemima fell;
This to my heart—so wretched world farewell.
(Stabs herself and dies.

Enter Gen. Ginckle, Marquis Ruvigny, with soldiers and an officer with colours, drums beating.

GIN.—May all the gods the auspicious evening bless,
That crowns Great Britain's arms with success,
There let our colours rule the vanquish'd plain,
As mighty emblems of Britannia's fame.
How came this lady here amongst the dead?
Some virtuous maid who for her lover bled,
Soldiers, bear hence these bodies from this place.
(They bear off the bodies.

An officer, hasts to bid the slaughter cease.
(Exit officer.

My brave Ruvigny, to you I must ascribe
This glorious conquest; for on every side,
Thy noble presence was to animate,
And bravely poise the scale of Britain's fate.

RUVIG.—Oh spare the speech, my lord, and do not raise
Your tongue too lavish in your servant's praise,
For when our host seem'd ready to despair,
Some Innistillen forces join'd our rear,
Who as brave souls the mighty shock sustain'd,
And vig'rously our former posts regain'd.

Enter Talmash and Mackay, with soldiers leading in Dorrington and O'Neil, as prisoners.

GINS.—Speak, gallant soldiers, is the country clear,
Have we no foes nor ambuscades to fear?

TAL.—Not one, my lord, save what are prin'-ners ta'en;
No Irishman dare near our camp remain,
To a large bog their feet have took their way,
And all their horse are fled towards Loughrea:
These men, my lord, as from the chace we came,
We found their lying weltering with the slain.

GIN.—Hail mighty Dorrington, thus low we bow.
(Bowing.

Shall we disown the Prince of Orange now?
Must we disband our legions and restore
Your abdicated king to rule once more?
It cannot be, I did the act disown,
For mighty William yet enjoys the throne.

DOR.—Perhaps, my lord, you thus insult me so,

Is this right usage for a captive foe?
Had but St. Ruth reviv'd the tragic fight,
To Dublin gates you would have taken your flight:
For know, proud conqueror, by your lordship's leave,
Our soldiers were superior, and as brave.

GINC.—Reply no more, here see these prisoners sent,
With a strong guard of soldiers to my tent;
Let them keep asunder, till we learn
How we their marshall'd troops may yet disarm,
(Exit soldiers with Derrington and O'Neil,
For by examining it may be found,
How in the morn we may the bog surround.

TAL.—There's none remains entire for the night
Debar'd each soldier from his fellow's sight;
And that they might be light to run more fast,
Their belt and arms, and all away they cast:
Four hundred soldiers we have pris'ners got
And seven thousand lieth on the spot.
Their tents and baggage as our soldiers' spoil,
Shall be free plunder to reward their toil;
This have we gain'd, by heavens 'tis really true,
With all the cannon, arms, and colours too.

MAC.—To let this victory be more signal seen,
Send all their colours to the British queen,
As lasting emblems of their total fall,
To grace in mighty pomp Westminster hall.

GINC.—It shall be done, yet till the morning light
Let our fierce soldiers guard the field at night:
Let our small arms and our thund'ring cannon
Proclaim our conquest to the vanquish'd shannon;
Let Rome in silence and affliction weep
And let our shouts proclaim it to the deep.

TALBOT.—My lord, the master-muster's list does tell,
How many English in this battle fell,
A small amount, considering what we gain,
Seven hundred wounded and as many slain.

GINE.—Oh, mend'rous God! who can the battle guide,
And give a conquest to the weaker side,
Sure thy tremendous hand the battle fought,
When English's daring foes were brought to nought,
Now my brave friends, here to refresh we'll stay,
Then next to Galway bravely post our way,
There on its walls our British flag display,
From thence to Limerick with our forces haste,
And in our march lay forts and castles waste;
With fury make the gates of Limerick quake,
With our dread cannon make its basis shake;
Convert the garrison to England's use,
And by one mighty storm the land reduce.
Now spread your chorus through the liquid air,
To mighty William's court the tidings bear:
Great Germany once more our conquering arms bless,
Let Britain's name ever most successes,
O'er this poor land, the lasting truth convey,
And guard this isle we have redeem'd to-day.

(Exeunt, with drums beating and colours flying.)

FINIS.