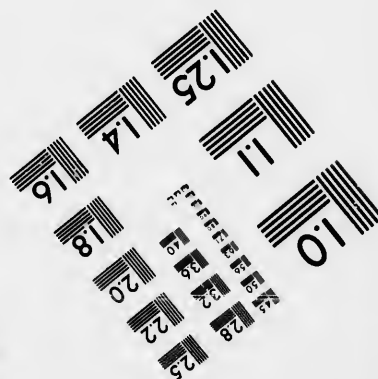
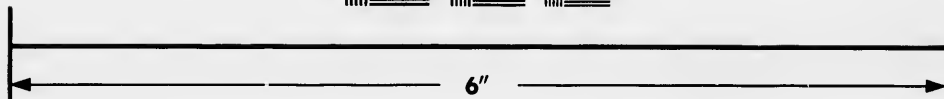
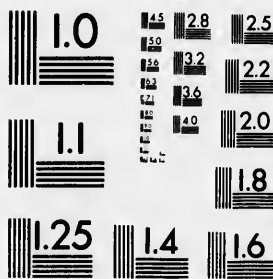


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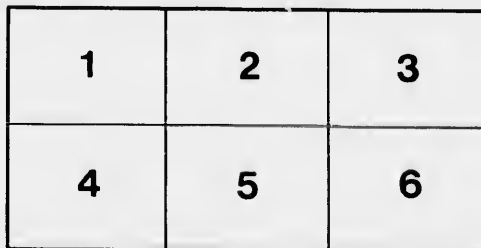
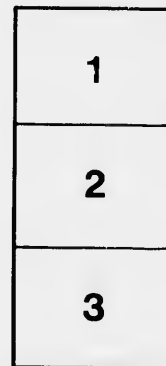
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COLLECTION

- OF -

# Orange Songs



PUBLISHED BY

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.,

TORONTO, CAN.

M1744

1895

Mus. Rare



COLLECTION  
- OF -  
**Orange Songs**



PUBLISHED BY  
**WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.,**  
TORONTO, CAN.

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TO THE  
ORANGEMEN OF THE WORLD  
THIS BOOK OF SONGS  
IS DEDICATED.

THE PUBLISHERS.

And  
Am  
An  
Ar  
Bat  
Bel  
Boy  
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Purp  
Reli  
Reve  
Rise  
Rise  
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The



## INDEX.

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	Page.		Page.
And do our Irish Protestants.....	35	Shutting of the Gates of Derry (The).....	39
Anniversary of the Battle of Vinegar Hill (The).....	41	Sons of Williams Glorious Reign.....	19
Anti-Repeal Song.....	9	Soul that once in Popish Cause (The).....	60
Army and Navy (The).....	30	Standard of the Blue (The).....	54
Battle of the Boyne (The).....	4	Success to Number One.....	28
Belleer Loyal Orange Lodge (The).....	10	Surrender (The).....	55
Boyne Water (The) or King William's Victory.....	15	The Anniversary of the Battle of Vinegar Hill.....	41
Breaking Ue Song.....	31	The Army and Navy.....	30
Bright Orange Ribbon (The).....	43	The Battle of the Boyne.....	4
Cropples Lie Down.....	33	The Belleer Loyal Orange Lodge.....	10
Daniel O'Connell In Purgatory.....	20	The Boyne Water or King William's Victory.....	15
Derry Walls.....	16	The Bright Orange Ribbon.....	43
Fall of Rome.....	29	The Fifth of November.....	12
Fifth of November (The).....	12	The Gates of Londonderry.....	24
Fill the Sparkling Goblet.....	45	The Genius of Orangemen.....	63
For the Twelfth of July.....	13	The Men of Truth.....	56
Gates of Londonderry (The).....	24	The New Boyne Water.....	44
Genius of Orangemen (The).....	63	The Orange Lily O.....	40
God Save the Queen.....	66	The Orangeman's Resolve.....	17
Lament of a Protestant Emigrant.....	51	The Orange Triumph.....	62
Lines on the Initiation of a Brother.....	11	The Purple Marksman.....	46
Lisnagade.....	6	The Relief of Derry.....	59
Men of Truth (The).....	56	The Revealed Light.....	63
Napper Tandy.....	58	The Revolution.....	57
New Boyne Water (The).....	44	The Shutting of the Gates of Derry.....	39
No Surrender.....	7	The Soul that once in Popish Cause.....	60
Orange Lily O (The).....	40	The Standard of the Blue.....	54
Orangeman's Resolve (The).....	17	The Surrender.....	55
Orangemen's Sentiments.....	38	The Twelfth Psalm.....	48
Orange Triumph (The).....	62	The Voice of Britain.....	32
Popish Tyranny.....	49	To the Orangemen of Ireland.....	61
Protestant Boys.....	8	Twelfth Psalm (The).....	48
Purple Marksman (The).....	46	Voice of Britain (The).....	32
Relief of Derry (The).....	59	We'll die or be free.....	22
Revolution (The).....	57	We ne'er will relinquish the Orange and Blue.....	42
Revealed Light (The).....	63	When Pharaoh reigned.....	37
Rise Sons of William.....	36	Wide o'er the Land with deadly Blast.....	14
Rise ye Sons of William.....	50	Ye Loyalists of Ireland.....	53
Rule Britannia.....	52	The Catalogue after the manner of the Second Illad of Homer, and adapted to the Music of "The Boyne Water".....	64

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## THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

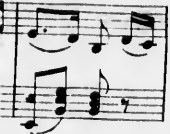
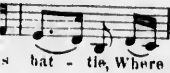
*mf*

1. Ju - ly the first in - Old-bridgetown, There was a - glo - rious bat - tle, Where

ma - ny a man lay - on - the - ground By the can - non - that - did - rat - tle;

King James he pitched his tents be - tween The lines for to re - tire; - But King

Wil - liam threw his Bomb balls in And set them all - on - fire.



2. Thereat enraged they vowed revenge  
Upon King William's forces,  
And often cried vehemently,  
That they would stop their courses;  
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.

3. Then Duke Schomberg he in friendly care  
His King would often caution,  
To shun the spot where bullets hot,  
Retained their rapid motion:  
But William says, "he don't deserve  
The name of Faith's Defender,  
That would not venture life and limb,  
To make a foe surrender."

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

5. The vallant Schomberg he was slain,  
King William then accosted  
His warlike men for to march on,  
And he would be the foremost:  
"Brave boys," he says, "be not dismayed"  
"For the loss of one commander  
For God will be our King this day,  
And I'll be general under!"

10. Come let us all with heart and voice,  
Applaud our lives' defender,  
Who at the Boyne his valor shewed,  
And made his foe 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.

6. Then stoutly we the Boyne did cross,  
To give our enemies battle;  
Our cannon, to our foe's great cost,  
Like thund'ring claps did rattle;  
Like thund'ring claps did rattle;  
In majestic mien our Prince rode o'er,  
His men soon followed after,  
With blows and shouts put the foes to rout,  
The day we crossed the Water.

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

8. The cunning French near to Duleek,  
Had taken up their quarters;  
And forced 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 they did retire.

9. Then said King William to his men,  
After the French departed,  
"I'm glad indeed that none of ye  
Seemed 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.

†As this celebrated battle may be said to have decided the fate of Ireland, we cannot do better than commence the volume with the sturdy old ballad which so truthfully commemorates that important event. There is not a spot in Ireland more hallowed than the Boyne. The history of our country might be written on its banks, where the earliest Irish Kings reigned, the earliest laws were framed, and the earliest poems sung. Through its sacred stream Christianity entered Ireland, and on its margin was proclaimed the triumph of civil and religious liberty.

## LISNAGADE.

C. BOHNER.

1. Ye Pro-tes-tants of Ul-ster I pray you join with me, your  
 voi-ces raise in luf-ty praise and show your loy-al-ty.  
 Ex-tol the day we marched a-way with O-range flags so fine. In  
 or-der to com-mem-o-rate the con-quest of the Boyne.

2. The first who fought upon that day the Prince of Orange was  
 He headed our forefathers in his most glorious cause;  
 Protestant rights for to maintain, and Pop'ry to degrade;  
 And in the memory of the same we fought at Lisnagade.

3. 'Twas early in the morning before the rise of the sun,  
 An information we received our foes each with his gun  
 In ambush lay, near the highway, intrenched in a fort,  
 For to disgrace our Orange flag, but it chanced they broke their oath.

4. We had not marched a mile or so, when the white flag we espy'd,  
 With a branch of Podereens on which they much relied.  
 And this inscription underneath - "Hail Mary, Unto Thee -  
 Deliver us from the Orange dogs, and then we will be free.

5. At half an hour past two o'clock, a firing did commence,  
 With clouds of smoke and showers of balls, the Heaven was condensed.  
 They called unto their wooden gods, to whom they used to pray,  
 But my lady Mary fell asleep and the cowards ran away.

# "NO SURRENDER"

C. BOHNER.

C. BOHNER.

me, your

ly.

ine. In

Boyno.

1. Fill to the brim, now drink to him, Of proud im-mor-tal mem-o-ry. Who  
2. Here are we met, we'll ne'er for-get, The day our val-lant sires as-sembled, And

crossed the wave the hold the brave, To make our fa-thers coun-try free. Who  
stood in might and fought for right, While co-wards crunched and trait-tors tremb-led.

Sons of the free then drink with me, In memo-ry of our brave de-fen-der, come  
Then from the heart be-fore we part, We'll give our val-lant brave de-fen-der, come

fill each glass and let it pass our toast shall still be "No Sur-ren-der"  
fill each glass and let it pass our toast shall still be "No Sur-ren-der"

## PROTESTANT BOYS.

1. Tell me my friends why are we met here? Why thus assembled ye Pro-tes-tant boys? Do  
 mirth and good U-quir, good hu-mor, good cheer, Call us to share of fes-ti-vity's joys?  
 Oh, no, 'tis the cause of King, Freedom, and Laws, that calls loy-al Protestants now to unite, and  
 Orange and Blue, ev-er faith-ful and true, our King shall support and Se-dition affright.

2. Great spirit of William, from Heaven look down,  
 And breathe in our Hearts our forefathers' fire -  
 Teach us to rival their glorious renown,  
 From Papist or Frenchman ne'er to retire.  
 Jacobine - Jacobite -  
 Against all to unite,  
 Who dare to assail our Sovereign's throne,  
 For Orange and Blue  
 Will be faithful and true,  
 And Protestant loyalty ever has shewn.

3. In that loyalty proud let us ever remain,  
 Bound together in truth and Religion's pure band;  
 For honor's fair cause, with foul Bigotry stain,  
 Since in Courage and Justice supported we stand,  
 So Heaven shall smile  
 On our emerald Isle,  
 And lead us to conquest again and again;  
 While Papists shall prove  
 Our brotherly love;  
 We hate them as masters - we love them as men.

X  
 4. By the deeds of their fathers to glory inspired,  
 Our Protestant heroes shall combat the foe;  
 Hearts with true honor and loyalty fired,  
 Intrepid, undaunted, to conquest will go.  
 In Orange and Blue  
 Still faithful and true,  
 The soul-stirring music of glory they'll sing;  
 The shades of the Bayne  
 In the chorus will join,  
 And the walk in re-echo with 'God save the King!'

# ANTI-REPEAL SONG.

C. BOHNER.

Pro-tes-tant boys? Do

1. Ye sons of loy - al - ty a-rise and fear-less-ly u - nite De-lay not see your

s - tl - vity's joys?

e - nemies, col - lecting all their might. — See how the wi - ly traitors all with un-re-mitting

ts now to unite, and

zeal Strive to advance both great and small Re - bel - lion or Re - peal.

dition affright.

2. Then Protestants arise defend  
The union strenuously  
Remember that thereon depends  
Your lives and liberty  
Acting to Britain lest you may  
Too soon be taught to feel  
The iron rod of popish sway  
Should they obtain repeal.

4. Many were to the scaffold led  
For treason not so great  
As that which they now, void of dread  
Speak 'gainst the church and state  
Shall rebels with impunity  
Oppose the empire's weal  
Shall they from punishment be free  
Who agitate repeal.

remain,  
igion's pure band;  
Bigotry stain,  
supported we stand.

3. Let Parliament no more neglect  
This treason to subdue,  
Nor will mere threatening have effect  
They must be up and do.  
Let them arrest the traitors, and  
With firm and loyal zeal  
Have this proclaimed throughout the land  
There shall be no Repeal.

5. And let the end rebellion be  
These threatenings we disdain  
The Legislative union we  
Shall with our lives maintain.  
Ye valiant loyal northern men  
Shall die with bond to seal  
The well shot guns of Ulster then  
Shall thunder "No Repeal!"

nd again;  
ove  
ove them as men.

6. Then Protestants your country calls  
That you as hrethren join.  
Remember Derry's maiden walls  
And Anghrim and the Boyne,  
And let your foes remember too  
Though it their blood congeal  
We now as then will them subdue  
They'll never get Repeal.

# "THE BELLEER LOYAL ORANGE LODGE"

*mf*

1. All you O-rangemen he-ros I pray give at-ten-tion Un - to these few lines

late ly did write. Con - cern-ing a few true loy - al brothers That

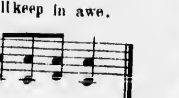
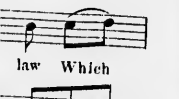
meet ev- ry month po - pe - ry to af-fright. It is our in - ten-tion when

we meet to - geth - er, To in - struct each oth - er in the ho - ly law Which

Moses re - ceiv - ed when the Lord him in - struct - ed And King Willams e - nemies still keep in awe.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo/mood is marked 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.





2. Three hundred forty and five is our number  
 We lovingly meet in the town of Belleisle  
 With hearts free from wrath or malice or anger  
 And the holy scripture we venerate here—  
 We are a few brothers that are free from mixture  
 Or contamination from popery at all  
 And we pity with feeling all our blinded neighbors  
 Who foolishly bow to the image of Baal.

3. It still is our prayer when we meet together  
 That these ties of slavery soon shall be broke  
 That all shall conform and none shall dissemble  
 But each fellow creature put on the same yoke.  
 The Antichrist's pillars of strength shall be broken  
 And brotherly love dwell with each one and all—  
 Then we'll be convinced of what was predicted  
 Of his demolition and Babylon's fall.

4. Maynooth may now tremble from the very foundation  
 Since Peel's out of office and old Dan is dead  
 And the people's beginning to glance o'er the errors  
 That his predecessors through the world have spread.  
 I hope that he'll toss all their crosses and alters  
 And the foolish images hung round the wall  
 And cause them to burn their beads and their dickets  
 And no more on the angels or saints to call.

5. The Demagogue medaler they call Father Matthew  
 He covered our land with perjury and woe  
 For sake of the silver he traversed the island  
 And the foolish dupes on their knees had to go.  
 They had then to vow that they would keep from whiskey  
 And use all their influence to make others do so  
 And in less than four hours that very same medaler  
 In the public houses swift coaster to go.

6. The Israelites fell under the same transgression  
 To a calf of gold they bowed themselves low  
 Which Aaron constructed at Satan's direction  
 Who always has been every Christian's foe.  
 For forty long years the Lord did afflict them  
 With many diseases we have on record  
 Because that they swerved from the way of salvation  
 Which God had appointed in his holy word.

7. Our Lodge it consists of seventy-two members  
 All loyal and true to the Bible and Crown  
 We reverence King William that glorious leader  
 Who by the Lord's guidance put popery down.  
 We join heart and hand when we do meet together  
 And to praise Jehovah I hope we'll not fail  
 Who smothered the feelings of the Irish leader  
 And banished the prospects of Dan and Repeal.

### LINES ON THE INITIATION OF A BROTHER.

Welcome broth-er to our land, Welcome broth-er heart and hand True to-geth-er  
 we will stand, Or to-geth-er fall. By brave Schomberg's martyr fame, By great William's  
 glo-rious name, We are breth-ren still the same, Breth-ren one and all.

## "THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER"

1. Let the fifth of Novem-ber ne'er be for-got, When heav-en es-pous-ed the Protestant cause; Gus-ta-vus A-dol-phus, the Gun-powder Plot, And Fre-derrick's vic-to-ry ov-er Sou-bise. Prai-sed, prai-sed, heav-en be praised That we have seen the day that is come, To shake the foun-dation Of three potent nations, That quake at the sound of a Pro-tes-tant drum.

2. 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 rain the best of mankind  
Drums sounded to hattle,  
Where cannons did rattle,  
And Protestant boys advanced to the line.
3. The legion advanced, with banners displayed,  
Wing, rare, and van, for many a mile;  
The Prussians of numbers who ne'er were afraid,  
Stood cocked ready in rank and in file,  
At the word of command to see them fall on,  
O, Heaven, was ever such fire and smoke.  
With blow up helmets  
That cracked like mill-walnuts—  
The North pole echoed at every stroke.
4. When Louis of France he heard his troops run,  
He attempted to speak — but found he was dumb,  
He made signs for champagne to quicken his veins,  
And then cried out with loosened tongue,  
Wonder, wonder, nothing but wonder,  
Could have forced my Irish brigade,  
Or make my Guns des Armes,  
To shrink at alarms,  
Or show their backsides to these Prussian blades.
5. When Mary of Hungary heard of the news,  
Her legions were beat 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 tun;  
To ease suffocating,  
With belching and blowing,  
Her voice it did roar like Great Frederick's drum.

6. 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 plaster,  
 And cried "My dear cardinals what shall I do?"  
 Go to St. Peter or send him a letter,  
 And tell him if ever he 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.

7. These Protestants are in league with the devil,  
 Or whence shall 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 relies to match the Protestant drum.

8. You are all told of a general array,  
 To be summoned by a sound of a trumpet to come  
 With terrible tone from Babel to Rome;  
 'Twill strike you with terror like Frederick's drum.  
 Awake, awake, and 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.

FOR THE TWELFTH OF JULY.

C. BOHNER.

1. When William fired with glo-ry's cause Crossed Boyne's sil-ver flood, He freed us from all  
 po-pish laws, And nob-ly shed his blood. For us he brav-ed the rag-ing sea, It  
 was in our cause he bled, "Death, death," he cried, or "Vic-to-ry!" And on his troops he led.

2. Then swift before his conquering arm  
 James and his legions flew  
 Nor priest nor mass nor pope could harm  
 The hero of True Blue.  
 He fought and conquered, glorious day,  
 On which he set us free;  
 Triumphant rise each Orange lay,  
 And bless his memory.

3. Go fame thy golden trumpet sound  
 Let angels join the theme  
 And earth and sea and sky resound  
 In praise of William's name.  
 Yes fame thy golden trumpet sound  
 And all the Nations fill  
 From pole to pole the theme resound  
 The Orange triumphs still. U. S. Copyright 1895  
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# WIDE O'ER THE LAND WITH DEADLY BLAST.

1. Wide o'er the land with dead-ly blast Re-bel-lion's trump is blown, Sir;

Fair peace is fled and in her stead Frowns hor-ror on his throne, Sir

By—fac-tious torn poor E-rin mourn her best, her brav-est sons, Sir;

and in the days seems to retrace, These scenes of forty-one, Sir.

*p* *cresc. sempre* *ff*

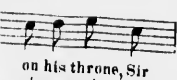
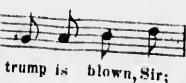
2. See here beneath the Assassin's knife,  
Falls Hamilton the goal, Sir,  
There Knipe and Butler, loyal souls,  
Lie weltering in their blood, Sir.  
Now Orangemen both great and small,  
Rouse every spark within you,  
St. George's call inspire you all,  
And brace each manly sinew.

3. Lamented shades, be mine the task,  
Your merits to unfold, Sir,  
And fan the shame of just revenge,  
In every loyal soul. Sir.  
Illustrious in our bosoms reign,  
Each loyal heart enraging,  
And lead us on with traitors all,  
Eternal warfare waging.

4. 'Tis done, the sun of glory comes:  
Rebellion's mists are clearing;  
Loud thunders roll from pole to pole,  
The Orange flag is rearing.  
Oh, may it still triumphant stand,  
And treason melt before it;  
And thronging myriads crowding round,  
For ages still adore it.

5. Bright, as when o'er the ensanguined stream  
It's waving honors shine, Sir,  
I see it rise and proudly grace  
Imperial George's throne, Sir.  
Delighted Erin hails the day  
Her chiefest glory hence, is  
And pours through all her sons this strain—  
In hoc signo vinces.

## KING WILLIAM'S VICTORY.



comes:  
ing;  
to pole,  
s.  
and,  
ding round,

anguined stream  
r,  
o  
r.  
s this strain -

*mf*  
1. Ju - ly the first in... Otdábridge Town There was a gré-vons bat - tie, Where

ma - ny a man lay - an - the ground And the can - non did - rat - tie.

In vain their bear-ing... bold was shown In... vain they marched to slaugh - ter, For

oh, 'tis lost what Wil - liam won, that day of the Boyne wa - ter.

2. By no illusive Phantom led  
Or visionary glory  
Our gallant fathers nobly bled  
The theme of song and story.  
In Freedom's cause their swords were drawn  
Through fire and death they sought her  
But fear had lost what valour won  
That day at the Boyne Water.

3. But yet we'll drink a health of those  
Who still to honor cleaving  
Around that cause were soon to close  
Which dastard souls were leaving  
Fair truth o'er all the ills may rise  
Which fear or fraud have wrought her  
And days return when men shall prize  
The deeds of the Boyne Water.

## DERRY WALLS.

1. Full ma - by a long wild win - ter's night And sul - try sum - mer's day, Are  
 past and gone since James took flight, From Der - ry walls a - way: Cold are the hands that  
 closed that gate, A - gainst the wi - ly foe; But here to time's re - mot - est date, Their  
*Chorus*  
 spl - rit still shall glow. So here's a health to all good men, Now fear - less men are  
 few; But when we close our gates a - gain, We'll then be all true blue.

2. Lord Antrim's men came down yon glen,  
 With drums and trumpets gay,  
 Our 'prentice boys just heard the noise,  
 And then prepared for play:  
 While some opposed the gates they closed,  
 And joining hand in hand,  
 Before the wall resolved to fall,  
 Or for their freedom stand.  
 When honor calls to Derry walls  
 The noble and the brave,  
 Oh, he that in the battle falls  
 Must find a hero's grave.

3. Then came the hot and doubtful fray,  
 With many a mortal wound;  
 While thousands in wild war's array  
 Stood marshalled all around.  
 Each hill and plain was strewed with slain,  
 The Foyle ran red with blood;  
 But all was vain the town to gain,  
 Here William's standard stood.  
 Renowned are those who face the foes,  
 As men and heroes should;  
 But let the slave steal to the grave,  
 Who fears to shed his blood.

4. The matchless deeds of those who here  
 Defied the tyrant's frown,  
 On history's bright rolls appear  
 Emblazoned in renown;  
 Here deathless Walter's faithful word  
 Sent hosts against the foe;  
 And gallant Murray's bloody sword,  
 That Ollie chief laid low,  
 We honor those heroic dead,  
 Their glorious memory:  
 May we, who stand here in their stead,  
 As wise and vallant be.

5. Oh, sure a heart of stone would melt,  
 The scenes once here to see;  
 And witness all our fathers felt,  
 To make their country free.  
 They saw the lovely matron's cheek,  
 With want and terror pale;  
 They heard the child's expiring shriek,  
 Float on the passing gale.  
 Yet here they stood in field and blood,  
 As battle raged around;  
 Resolved to die, till victory,  
 Their purple standard crowned.

6. The sacred rights those heroes gained  
 In many a hard-fought day  
 Shall they by us be still maintained,  
 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.  
 But 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 ORANGEMAN'S RESOLVE.

1. I won't give up the Orange cause, Let men say what they will; I've

learned to love old Eng-land's laws And mean to love them still.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady bass line with chords in the right hand.

I won't give up the ho-ly word, For it, I know, is true; The

bui-wark of our Broth-er-hood. The O-range and the Blue.

The O-range and the Blue, The O-range and the Blue, The

brave old ban-ner of the past, To it I'll still be true.

2. Against the Altar and the Throne,  
The infidel may prate;  
But while I am an Orangeman,  
I'll stand by Church and State;  
And I will be an Orangeman,  
And, Brothers, stand by you,  
While I've a living heart to love  
The Orange and the Blue.  
The Orange, etc.

3. With all true-hearted Protestants,  
I will go hand in hand,  
In aiding Freedom's sacred cause,  
And our old Fatherland;  
But won't join the Home Rulers,  
Or crafty Papist crew;  
For they are leagued together, 'gainst  
The Orange and the Blue.  
The Orange, etc.

4. Let not the poor man hate the rich,  
Nor rich on poor look down;  
But each join each true Protestant,  
For God and for the Crown;  
And for old England all unite,  
As Orange Brethren do,  
Around their "No Surrender" flag—  
The Orange and the Blue.  
The Orange, etc.



# "SONS OF WILLIAM'S GLORIOUS REIGN!"

true; The

*mf*

1. Ge - nus of E - rin's em -erald isle In all thy an - cient

Blue.

glo - ry rise In all thy an - cient glo - ry rise, And

ie, The

teach thy sons at death to smile, While this proud strain ascends the skies;

true.

"Sires of Wil - liam's glo - rious reign, Triumph in your sons a - gain!"

Protestants,  
1,  
ered cause,  
nd;  
Rulers,  
;  
gether, 'gainst  
line.  
s, etc.

2. Awake true sons of Erin, awake,  
Attend your King 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!"
3. 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 crowned:  
"Sires of William's glorious reign,  
Bid their sons their rights maintain!"
4. Hark, from Aughrim's blood-stained fields -  
Stained 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!"

5. And hark from Derry's sacred wall,  
That spurned the tyrant at their feet  
A guardian voice inspiring calls  
And Derry's sons the strains repeat:  
"Sires of William's glorious reign,  
Guard in us these walls again!"
6. Again shall Ennis-killen 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!"
7. The men of Erin catch the flame,  
The spirit of the Isle's abroad;  
They pant to share their father's fame  
Like them in war and death unawed.  
"Sires of William's glorious reign,  
'Ne'er can call their sons in vain!"

## DANIEL O'CONNELL IN PURGATORY.

1. Have you not heard the Scrip-ture saith, How some de-part-ing from their faith, re-  
 ceive their Doc-trine from be-neath, For-bid-ding for—to mar-ry.  
 Now this is Rome, the mys-tic whore, Who keeps the keys of heav-ens door And  
 trades in dead men's soul demure By Po-pish pur-ga-to-ry.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords in the right hand. The vocal line is a simple melody with lyrics printed below it.

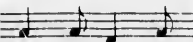
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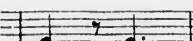
g from their faith, He -



to mar - ry.



heav - ens door And



- to - ry.



2. Doctor Miley he has said  
 When Dan the Irish King was dead  
 Angels were waiting at his head  
 His soul to heaven to carry;  
 Maynooth and Rome they formed a plan  
 And robbed the Angels of old Dan -  
 The Kerry hoy we understand  
 They have got in Purgatory.

3. Dispatches from the Pope have come  
 To all the priests of mystic Rome  
 To change or alter poor Dan's doom  
 His soul from thence to carry;  
 Condemning them to celebrate  
 High Mass throughout the church of late  
 His soul from thence to extricate  
 Out of this Purgatory.

4. Ye papists gather up your pence -  
 You know he's waiting in suspense -  
 Your liberator bring from hence  
 No longer let him tarry;  
 Your Dan that pleaded for repeal  
 Is bearing now Peg Tantrim's flail;  
 Pay up ye sons of Grannalle  
 Your King's in Purgatory.

5. The Heretics they cannot tell  
 About this gulf 'twixt heaven and hell  
 Where Dives did for water yell  
 And none to him would carry  
 But Rome has made it more complete  
 They have holy oil to grease their feet  
 And holy water if it's meet  
 For Dan in Purgatory.

6. Think on your King and for him pay -  
 He agitated night and day -  
 Like Balaam's ass, aloud did bray  
 'Gainst Aughrim, Boyne and Derry.  
 On walls of clay of bricks and stones  
 He pictured death's head and cross-houes;  
 Ye Fuigabalachs, how he groans  
 He is heard from Purgatory.

12. Before my song comes to a close  
 Here's a flowing health to those  
 Undaunted boys who faced their foes -  
 The Prentlee Boys of Derry.  
 Let all true brethren with me join  
 To sing of Aughrim and the Boyne  
 Where we received the Pass and Sign  
 To walk over Purgatory.

7. To Bernard he bequeathed his soul  
 His body to the Irish mould  
 His heart to Rome - that was the whole -  
 His head a wig did carry.  
 He's looking now to every part  
 Where he gave body, soul, and heart;  
 Oh, bring your cash and then you'll start  
 The old Fox from Purgatory.

8. Oh, hard's his fate if he must stay  
 Like other beggarmen I say  
 For Gratis-prayers on All Saints' Day  
 O let that never carry  
 Sell Scapulars, crosses, corals and beads  
 And all green sashes and cockades  
 All Irishmen - do lend your aid  
 For Dan in Purgatory.

9. They say they have power to bind or loose  
 In heaven or hell just as they choose  
 The papist that doth refuse  
 To pray to her Sanctuary;  
 They'll curse with candle, book and bell -  
 These poor blind dupes deserve it well -  
 That would let Peg Tantrim's flail pell-mell  
 Türesh Dan in Purgatory.

10. Now Stowell Gray and Hugh O'Neill  
 May churches build 'gainst Grannalle -  
 While Rome's the head, Maynooth's the tail -  
 Their projects will not carry.  
 'Twas braying, blowing, blustering Dan  
 When travelling to the holy land  
 That lost the trick his merits scanned -  
 He's now in Purgatory.

11. Here's books and bags for my son John  
 In agitation he'll go on  
 And chase the Saxons every one  
 From Tara's hill to Derry  
 He'll drive all Heretics abroad -  
 They have no right to the holy sod -  
 They would not eat the Wafer God  
 Or believe in Purgatory.

## WE'LL DIE OR BE FREE.

1. Come a-rouse my brave com-rades let what may be-tide, Our lodgeroom's our  
 2. Though the loud voice of time-serv-ing dupes may be heard, What mat-ter, our

*mf staccato*

home and our sys-tem's our pride; Up with our co-lors that pa-pists may  
 flag-scars a-loft like a-bird; What to us is the threat of this place-hunt-ing

see We are loy-al and brave and we'll die or be free. We  
 train We have conquered be-fore and we'll con-quer a-gain. The

fear not vile Priest-craft, we heed not it's laws. We have our Mas-ter  
 shaft of these des-pots a-round us may fall. They may threat, they may

to guide the fight for our cause, And nev-er as co-wards or  
 boast, but they can-not ap-pal, With Je-ho-vah a-have us and

*mp*

Our lodgroom's our  
What mat-ter, our



ers that pa-pists may  
of this place-hunt-ing



he free. We  
a - gain. The



ate our Mas-ter  
may threat, they may



co - wards or  
have us and



slaves will we kneel, While we've pow-der and ball and a good blade of  
u - non be - low, Through the host of a Pha - roah right on - ward we'll

steel, Then a - rouse my brave com - rades let what may be - tide - Our  
go. Then hur - rah my brave com - rades our foes lie a - sleep, In

lodgroom's our home and our sys - tem's our pride; Up, up with our  
me - mo - ry of Wil - liam fill high and drink deep; Let your ban - ners float

co - lours that Pa-pists may see, We are loy - al and brave and we'll  
proud - ly o'er land and o'er sea, We have conquered, we've won, now we're

die or be free. We are loy - al and brave and we'll die or be free.  
loy - al and free. We have conquered we have won, now we're loy - al and free.

## THE GATES OF LONDONDERRY.

*Larghetto.*  
RECITATIVE.

On Der-ry's walls once stood a gal-lant few, Whom fa-mine, war, dis-

ease, could not sub-due, Long raged the siege and as each hold de - fen - der, Gave up the ghost, he

sigh'd forth "No Sur - ren - der!"

Allegro.

ARIA.

Trumpets. *ff* Tuttl. Trumpets. *ff* Tuttl.

Trumpets. *ff* Tuttl.

1. 'Twas when this win-try blast, Its chil-ly horrors cast, In gloom-y dark De-  
 2. Now lightnings-flashed a-round, And quick the balls re-bound. A-bout the embatt-led  
 3. Though fa-mine's wolf-ish tooth, Prey'd on both age and youth. Though spee-tre-like they

em-her; Then came with vaunting boast, King James and all his host, Cry-ing,  
 wall; Red war, with fie-ry breath, Cast Pes-ti-lence and death, And  
 walked; Se-rene they look'd the while, Though ghast-ly was the smile, Which

"Der-ry! now Sur-ren-der!" But vain all their po-pish arts, The gates shut by  
 gal-lant men did fall. But vain was all their can-non's flash, For po-pish James could  
 Ja-mes' fu-ry mock'd; Though war and hun-ger fill'd the grave, Their hopes were still that

gal-lant hearts, Who shout-ed, "We don't fear ye." Who shout-ed, "We don't  
 nev-er dash These hearts with high hopes chee-ry. These hearts with high hopes  
 God would save These hearts now sad and drea-ry. Those hearts now sad and

fear ye! Then hail to them who link'd their fates, The Pren - tice boys who  
 cher-ry. Then hail to them who link'd their fates, The Pren - tice boys who  
 drea-ry. Then hail to them who link'd their fates, The Pren - tice boys who

shut the gates— The gates of Lon - don - der-ry, The gates of  
 shut the gates— The gates of Lon - don - der-ry, The gates of  
 shut the gates— The gates of Lon - don - der-ry, The gates of

Lon - don - der-ry.  
 Lon - don - der-ry.  
 Lon - don - der-ry.

4. At length when death had spread His black wings o'er their head, With

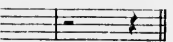
war and want, with war and want and toll; New hopes their minds em-



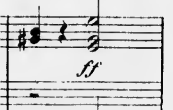
- tice boys who  
- tice boys who  
- tice boys who



ates of  
ates of  
ates of



head, With



y hope their minds en-



ploy, The gal - lant ship Mount - joy, Comes bound - ing up the Foyle, With

swell - ing sail and tow - ring mast The boom is broke, the dan - ger's past, And

now brave hearts are mer - ry, And now brave hearts are mer - ry. Then

hail to them who link'd their fates, The Pren - tice boys who shut the

gates, - The gates of Lon - don - der - ry, The gates of Lon - don -

der - ry.

## "SUCCESS TO NUMBER ONE"

(Inscribed to Ogle R. Gowan, Esq., President, and the other Officer of Branch Number One.)

1. Though oth - er branches be for - got, And ne'er be thought u - pon; Though

oth - er branches be for - got, We'll drink to Num - ber One.. Sue -

cess to Num - ber One my friends, Suc - cess to Num - ber One; We'll

(con a - more) — drink suc - cess To our branch Num - ber One.

†2. Then here's a hand my brother true,  
And thine unto it join;  
We'll prove that we are all true Blue  
Who belong to Number One.  
Success to Number One my friends,  
Success to Number One;  
We'll prove that we are all true Blue,  
And belong to Number One.

3. Then here's to P. and V. P. too,  
We'll S. and T. subjoin,  
And may they e'er prove warm and true  
To our branch Number One.  
Success to Number One my friends,  
Success to Number One;  
We'll (con amore) drink success  
To our branch Number One.

†) The Members all stand and join hands (right over left) during the singing of this verse.

# FALL OF ROME.

Number One.)

- pon; Though

One... Sne -

One; We'll

er One.

too,

arm and true

One.

ie my friends,

One;

ak success

er One.

re.

*Andante.*

1. Up, —

*p*

up with the — il - ly and — down with the — keys In the ci - ty sev - en

hil - ly we'll — rev - el at ease Her streets shall be go - ry, her

Ti - ber all red — Her temp - les so ho - ry shall e - cho our tread.

2. In triumph we'll mount o'er the walls of old Rome  
And who then shall count o'er the spoils of each dome?  
Nor sorrow nor pity shall breathe in her walls  
When the great harlot city before the ark falls.
3. Thou towering Babel polluted with crime  
No more art thou able to baffle with time  
Thee once the world's wonder the heretics vanquish  
And tread thy sons under in terror and anguish.
4. Then up with the lily and down with the keys  
In Rome the seven hilly we'll revel at ease  
Her streets shall be gory her Tiber all red  
Her temples all hoary shall echo our tread.

## "THE ARMY AND NAVY?"

*Allegro.*

1. Fear not, my Peg-gy, stor-my winds, Nor dread the ex-ul-ting foe, 'Tis ho-nor calls my  
King commands, And Co-lla now must go. He goes but soon shall come a-gain, En-ri-ched with spoils and fame; Now  
dry these tears my hon-ny lass, To weep it were a shame. The an-chor's weighed, The crew on board, Our  
con-quir-ing flag un-furled And En-gland's glo-ry Still shall be The won-der of the world.

*Chorus.*

2. Our gra-cious Prince with one accord,  
We'll join with heart and hand,  
To nerve his hand with gentle sway  
Protects this happy land.  
With filial love and duty joined  
His cause we will defend,  
For Europe finds and owns in him  
A Father and a Friend.  
The anchor's weighed, etc.

3. 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 alarm we feel,  
Nor prize our lives, but as they may  
Promote our country's weal.  
The anchor's weighed, etc.

4. We've re-sumed Spain-in-va-ded France  
At Leipzig 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 who fight for us abroad  
Should be revered at home.  
The anchor's weighed, etc.

5. From Holland 'tis remembered yet,  
 Our Great King William came:  
 To Holland now to pay the debt,  
 We go with conquering traume,  
 Barrossa's fields his deeds reports  
 Sabastian owns his fame,  
 And Frenchmen buried in Belgian forts,  
 Shall find him still the same.  
 The anchor's weighed, etc.

6. 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 bonnie 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 weighed, etc.

7. And Peggy wiped the pearly drops  
 From eyes as black as sloes  
 May heaven protect my Collin's life  
 She cried, where'er he goes;  
 For heaven can turn the ball aside  
 When danger hovers near,  
 And trusting in it's guardian care  
 I'll banish every fear.  
 Yet gladly shall I see again  
 Our conquering flag unfurled  
 And hail our glorious fleet returned  
 The wonder of the world.

### BREAKING UP SONG.

1. Pray that Je - ru - sa - lem may have, Peace and fe - li - ci - ty. — Let  
 2. There - for I wish that peace may still, with - in thy walls re - main. — And  
 3. Now for my friends and brethren's sake, peace be in thee I'll say. — And

them that love thee and thy peace Have still Pros - pe - ri - ty. —  
 ev - er may thy Pa - la - ces, Pros - pe - ri - ty re - tain. —  
 for the house of God our Lord, I'll seek thy good al - way. —

## THE VOICE OF BRITAIN.

1. A - way, my brave boys, haste a - way to the shore, Our foes the vile French, boast they're

straight coming o'er To mur - der and plun - der and ra - vish and burn, Let

them come - we'll take care they shall ne'er re - turn: For a round the white Cliffs, Hark, the

notes loud - ly ring, Brave Britons are ready, Steady, boys, steady, To fight for old England our

laws and our king.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings: *p* (piano) in the first system, *ff* (fortissimo) in the second system, *p* in the third system, and *ff* in the fifth system. The vocal line contains the lyrics of the song, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support, often using chords and moving bass lines.

2. They knew 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 strands,  
 They strove with perdition to poison our land,  
 But a round the white Cliffs the notes wildly ring, etc.

3. They swore we were slaves, 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's tree,  
 No, a round the Cliffs let the notes loudly, etc.

4. But their note is 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, the notes, etc.

5. My sweet rosy Nancy is a true English wife,  
 And loves her dear Dick as she loves her own life;  
 Yet she lies on my knapsack and smiles while I go  
 To meet the proud French and to lay their heads low.  
 And chants a round the Cliffs, let the notes, etc.

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

7. Away then my 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—  
 They may come— but by G— they shall never return,  
 For a round the white Cliffs, hark, the notes, etc.

## CROPPIES LIE DOWN.

C. BOHNER.

1. My dear Orange brothers have you heard of the news, How the  
 treacherous Frenchmen our gulls to amuse, The troops that last April they  
 promised to send, At length at Kill-la-la they've ventured to land.

Good croppies but don't be too bold— now, Lest you should be all stowed in the

hold— now, Then to But—ny you'd trudge, I am told— now, And a sweet orange il-ly for me.

2. But now that they are landed they find their mistake  
For in place of the Croppies they meet the brave Luke  
He soon will convince them that our Orange and Blue  
Can ne'er be subdued by their plundering crew.  
Good Croppies, etc.
3. That false traitor Emmet, more ungrateful than Hell,  
With McNevin and Arthur, tho' fast in their dell  
What they formerly swore they have dared to deny,  
And the secret Committee have charged with a lie.  
Good Croppies, etc.
4. But as by their falsehood it is clear they intend  
To induce our poor peasant the French to befriend;  
We shall soon, I hope, see them high dangling in air,  
'Twould be murd'ring the loyal such miscreants to spare.  
Good Croppies, etc.
5. On the trees at the camp Crop Lawless Intended  
To hang up all those whom their country defended;  
But the scene is reversed, a good joke it will be  
In the place of dear Camden to put up those three.  
Good Croppies, etc.
6. Judgement being entered on that bloody Band,  
Execution should follow— the people contend;  
Why say it (they say) when engagements they've broke  
The Directory deny every word they had spoke.  
Good Croppies, etc.
7. Then gird on your sabres, my brave Orangemen all,  
For the Croppies are down and the Frenchmen shall fall  
Let each lodge sally forth from one to nine hundred,  
Those free-buoters e'er long with the dead shall be numbered.  
Good Croppies, etc.



# "AND DO OUR IRISH PROTESTANT?"

1. And do our Irish Protestants For - get their for - mer spi - rit And -

do they not their fathers zeal And loy - al - ty - in - he - rit. Oh, yes to guard Vic -

to - rian's throne, That loy - al spi - rit ris - es And all the haugh - ty threats of Rome And

*Chorus.*  
Po - pe - ry - de - spli - es. Then brothers come the cho - rus join - For each to each is

broth - er One re - vo - lution to de - fend We will op - pose an - oth - er.

2. Our Orange banner waves on high,  
Appals the hand of treason,  
In dauntless courage firm we stand -  
In honor, truth, and reason.  
No canting knaves our loyal hearts,  
Shall from our Queen dissever;  
And though they once thought to get up,  
We'll keep them down forever.  
Then brothers, etc.

3. At Orange William's godlike name  
Let Rome and Popery tremble;  
For summoned by the magic sound  
Do Protestants assemble;  
And by that glorious Orange swear,  
In steadfast resolution  
With heart and hand still to defend  
Our happy constitution.  
Then brothers, etc.

## "RISE SONS OF WILLIAM?"

C. BÖHNER.

1. Rise sons of William rise 'tis Nassau hails you from the skies, Why close your slumbering eyes while  
Treason stalks a-round. Hark I hear, accents clear bursting on my ravished ear, to  
arms a-way me think they say, while drums and trumpets sound. Rise sons of William rise 'tis  
Nassau hails you from the skies, Why close your slumbering eyes while Treason stalks a-round.

2. See, from his crimson bed,  
Encircled with the mighty dead.  
Boyne heaves his azure head  
And gazing turns around:  
Ah, me he cries,  
What glories rise  
And crowd upon mine aching eyes?  
Lo, weapons gleam  
See, banners stream  
While drums and trumpets sound.  
Rise sons of William etc.

3. Strike Erin, strike thy lyre,  
Catch, oh catch the generous fire;  
'Tis a William's deeds inspire,  
Oh, sweep the trembling strings;  
Hark about  
No rabble rout,  
The Orange boys are rushing out;  
Fermanagh cheers  
Old Derry gears  
And echoes back to Boyne.  
Rise sons of William etc.

4. Hail, Nassau's mighty shade,  
From Heaven oh, deign to lend thine aid;  
Oh, he it never said  
Thy sons degenerate were;  
Happy we  
Great and free,  
If we do but follow thee;  
If thy flame  
Our souls inflame  
To equal thee in war.  
Rise sons of William etc.

5. Come, fill the bumpers round,  
Ye roofs, the joyous notes rebound;  
Winds, bear to Heaven the sound;  
God save Great George our King.  
Him befriend,  
Him defend,  
From open foe from treacherous friend  
And ever may  
Glad Erin's lay  
A Brunswick's praises sing.  
Come fill the bumpers round etc.

## WHEN PHARAOH REIGNED.

*mf*

1. When Pha-raoh reigned on E-gyp's throne, And Is-rael in the chains did  
 groan and Is-rael in their chains did groan, The  
 great I AM, to Mo-ses gave Command, To lead them to the promised land,  
 And all the proud E-gyp-tian host, Pur-suing in the sea were lost.

The musical score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. The vocal line is in a soprano or alto range. The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system includes the lyrics '1. When Pha-raoh reigned on E-gyp's throne, And Is-rael in the chains did groan and Is-rael in their chains did groan, The'. The second system includes 'great I AM, to Mo-ses gave Command, To lead them to the promised land,'. The third system includes 'And all the proud E-gyp-tian host, Pur-suing in the sea were lost.'.

2. So when oppressed by papal power  
 With death and plunder every hour  
 The brave King William, prince of Orangemen  
 Restored us to our rights again.  
 Hall mighty William, Conqueror of the Boyne  
 Our voices in thy praise we join.

3. Our Constitution we'll maintain  
 'Gainst every foe on land and main  
 With loyal hearts both firm and true  
 We'll never stain the Orange and Blue.  
 We love our King, our country and its laws  
 Forever live the Orange boys.

## "ORANGEMEN'S SENTIMENTS"

1. Come breth-ren fill your glass-es high In con-cord let us join And

drink the glo-ri-ous me-mo-ry Of him who crossed the Boyne. Wil-liam thy name is

ev-er dear In Cho-rus let us sing Thy prais-es we will still revere Our

*Chorus.*

fath-er and our King. Then brethren fill your glass-es high In concord let us

join And drink the glo-ri-ous me-mo-ry Of him who crossed the Boyne.

2. For one great cause we will unite  
 For that just cause we'll die  
 Bound to defend our country's rights  
 Our King and Liberty  
 Our Constitution and our Laws  
 Our best religion too  
 And, all unite in this great cause  
 Our standard is true blue.  
 Then brethren fill, etc.

3. If Irish, French or haughty Dons  
 Against our King dare rise  
 We'll show them that great William's sons  
 Their hellish powers 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.  
 Then brethren fill, etc.

# THE SHUTTING OF THE GATES OF DERRY.

And

my name is

revere Our

let us

Boyne.

Dons

William's sons

ise,

nd

ed chain

ll, etc.

1. Ye men of Der-ry stout and bold, Whose hearts are cast in hon- or's mould, Oh  
 think to day of days of old, And England's Consti - tu - tion.  
 On this proud day in Wil-iam's year, The 'pren-tice boys as - sem-bled here And  
 hand in hand gave one grand cheer, For the glo - rious Re - so - lu - tion, And  
 hand in hand gave one grand cheer, For the glo - rious Re - so - lu - tion.

2. Europe heard the joyful sound  
 Vainly Rome's proud vassals frowned  
 William and Mary soon were crowned  
 And stopped the persecution.  
 Autrim's troops compelled to wait  
 Trembling stood before our gate  
 Till they fled to shun their fate.  
 In rapid evolution.

3. 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 shrunk as we passed on  
 Soon their coward king was gone.  
 A trait of execution.

4. As like days again come round  
 Here we stand on classic ground  
 Ever true to England found  
 And England's Constitution  
 Proud our crimson flag shall fly  
 Waving in the azure sky  
 Here we conquer or we die  
 In the cause of the revolution.

## THE ORANGE LILY O.

1. And did you go to see the show, each rose and pink a dilly O, To feast your eyes and

view the prize, won by the Orange Li-ly, O. Heigh ho, the li-ly O, The roy-al li-ly O, Be-

neath the sky What flower can vie, With E-ri'n's O-rangeli-ly, O.

2. The Viceroy there, so debonaire, just like a daffodilly O,  
With Fide Clark blithe as a lark, approached the Orange Lily O,  
Heigh ho, etc.
3. Then starting back he cried good lack, some say he looked quite silly O,  
Oh deed of roe must I bestow the prize upon the lily O,  
Heigh ho, etc.
4. Sir Charley too looked very blue, while laughed Horde Master Billy O,  
To think his EX- a flower should vex, and that an Orange Lily O,  
Heigh ho, etc.
5. A fairer flower throughout the hower he sought but willy nilly O  
With molsened eyes he gave the prize to Eri's Orange Lily O.  
Heigh ho, etc.
6. The lowland field may roses yield gay heaths the highland hilly O  
But high or low no flower can show like Erin's Orange Lily O.  
Heigh ho, etc.
7. Let Dandies fine in Bond-street shine, gay nymphs in Pleacaddy O  
But fine or gay must yield the day, to Eri's Orange Lily O.  
Heigh ho, etc.
8. The elated Muse to hear the news jumped like a Connaught filly  
As gossip fame did loud proclaim the triumph of the lily O.  
Heigh ho, etc.
9. Then come brave boys and share our joys and toast the health of Willy O  
Who bravely won on Boyne's red shore the Royal Orange Lily O.  
Heigh ho the lily, O  
The royal lily, O  
Fair Freedom's flower  
May each kind power  
Protect the Orange Lily, O.

# The Anniversary of the Battle of Vinegar Hill.

st your eyes and

1. Long nights and days are past and gone Since from your Hill they fled. Where

lly O, Be-

O-range boys the bat-tle won By John-ston brave-ly led: Vin-e-gar Hill shall

still be dear Where many he-roes bled Their me-rits here we will revere Though

*Chorus.*  
numbered with the dead. So here are we bless'd firm and free, Des-cen-dants of the

brave; And let all knaves creep to their graves Who'd yield their rights to leave.

2. Why should you yield to traitors vile  
To purchase loyalty  
Traitors that stray about our Isle  
Seeking for liberty.  
Who in pursuit of this, they cry  
Would burn our churches down  
And every wholesome lay deery  
Which might past evils drown.  
*Chorus.*— Let Colelough wage and Trimmers rage  
We have no fears in store  
For still we'll fight for what is right  
And yield them nothing more.

3. And Protestants forget the days  
When on yon bloody hill  
Our fathers' sighs to heaven did rise  
Out of the dark Windmill.  
When lovely matrons pale as death  
Their lusts did satiate  
And infants mild whose tongue-tied breath  
Throbbed with the old and great.  
*Chorus.*— Yet still the crew their pikes ran through  
The virtuous and the good  
Nor sex nor age could them assuage  
But sinless infants blood.

# "We ne'er will relinquish the Orange and Blue!"

C. BOHNER.

*Vivace.*

1. To Nassau's lov'd shade in E - ly - sium of late Some  
 sons of I - re - ne were heard to com - plain Now vir - tue is driv - en from  
 her fa - vo - rite seat And loy - al - ty groans on the blood - sprinkled plain While Ja - cobins cry, "All  
 pow'r we de - fy," For laws we will tram - ple and Kings we de - ny Nor  
 will we this con - duct e'er cease to pur - sue — Un - til we ex - tir - pate the O - range and Blue.

*poco rall.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two bass clef staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Vivace' at the beginning and 'poco rall.' towards the end. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The piano part features chords and arpeggiated figures. The score ends with a fermata over the final note of the vocal line.

2. Great William aroused from his blissful repose  
 To his air-formed truncheon indignantly flies  
 A look of defiance around him he throws,  
 And thus in loud accents the hero replies, —  
 "To arms then away your prowess display  
 What the fathers have bled for the sons can't betray  
 Remember their honor's intrusted to you  
 Nor dare to relinquish the Orange and Blue!"
3. When Ireland once bled under Jacobite laws  
 And freedom in tears sued to me for protection  
 A band of true Britons enrolled in her cause  
 Passed to your shores brought her foes to subjection  
 At the Boyne they fled, at Augh'm they bled  
 Then Freedom in ecstasy lifted her head  
 And smiled to behold how the Jacobite crew  
 Due homage had paid to the Orange and Blue.

4. And now shall those traitors in martial array  
 Audacious unfurl their banners of green?  
 Shall virtue, shall loyalty sink in dismay  
 And Freedom's own Orange no longer be seen?  
 To arms then for shame and rescue your fame  
 I call you my champions henceforth bear my name  
 And tell those vile miscreants their deeds they shall rue  
 When humbled once more by the Orange and Blue.
5. The orders thus given what soul could withstand?  
 All true-hearted fellows with ardour obey  
 The fiat was Nassau's and joined hand in hand  
 The host of staunch Orangemen stand in array.  
 Hark, already they cry in accent of joy  
 The green we will vanquish or gloriously die  
 And prove to all traitors we're loyal and true  
 To our King and our colors, the Orange and Blue.  
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## THE BRIGHT ORANGE RIBBON.

C. BOHNER.

late Some

en from

cry, "All

Nor

and Blue.

ray

en?  
ame  
ay name  
ey shall rue  
d Blue.

stand?

and  
ray.

le  
e  
Blue.  
E & C?

1. Oh love is the soul of a true Orangeman he loves all that's loyal loves all that he can, With his bright Orange Ribbons with purple and blue, His heart is right honest, he's firm and sound; No malice nor en-vy is there to be found, For his King and his country he's ready to fight, In sub- ducing all rebels he takes great delight, With his bright Orange Ribbons with purple and blue.

2. If you had the honor to sit in our lodge  
It is there you would see the true orangeman's badge  
Of bright orange ribbons with purple and blue  
A neat silken collar adorns his white neck  
Which the Orange the Purple and the Blue do deck.  
For our Queen, Constitution, our Country and Laws,  
The established Religion and that is the cause  
Of these bright orange ribbons with purple and blue.

3. In the evening as homeward returning he goes,  
His heart full of love for his country and those  
Who wear bright orange ribbons with purple and blue  
He greets an old friend whom he meets on the way  
He proves him a brother and to him does say  
Did you hear the message that came from above  
Which bids us unite still in brotherly love  
With our bright orange ribbons with purple and blue.

4. So here's to the land that gave William his birth  
With the land that we live in and its neighboring earth  
That makes orangemen purplemen and purplemen true  
May they of great William always be able  
To trash every foe that would strive to disable  
May the sons of old George be loyal and stout  
And all bad rebels we'll put to the rout  
With our bright orange ribbons with purple and blue.

## "THE NEW BOYNE WATER"

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and chords in the left hand. The vocal line is marked *mf* and includes lyrics for the first three verses.

*mf*

1. While vanquished Erin weeps be-side, The Boyne's tri-umph-ant riv-er The  
 guar-dian spi-rits of its-tide, This les-son still shall give her;  
 In vain you speed our ven-geful darts, Though poi-soned gall is on them For  
 God (who shields his faith-ful hearts) Shall grant us still to shun them.

2. O, long shall Erin weep in vain,  
 As time so oft has taught her,  
 Though ceaseless she returns again,  
 And hovers on this water,  
 And sends with rancoured poisoned breath,  
 Her shafts of defamation;  
 Still fraught with vengeance, hate and death,  
 As emblems of her station.

3. Each year as vanished, she shall mourn  
 By that immortal river,  
 It's faithful guardian shall return  
 This bitter draught to give her  
 Propitious shine ye powers of good  
 And crown this day for ever;  
 And may the Boyne's triumphant flood,  
 Resign its glory never.

4. Then proudly flow till time is o'er,  
 And sacred be thy water;  
 For freedom gilds thy favored shore,  
 And dearly have we bought her;  
 And while her bright and glorious ray  
 Shall beam on us forever  
 The hearts that she had linked this day,  
 No fate nor time shall sever.

## FILL THE SPARKLING GOBLET.

*p*

1. Fill the spark-ling gob-let high,— Geor-ge's cause in-spires— us;—

*p* *cresc.*

Wheel the cir-cle bowl— a-round— Wil- liams me-mo-ry fires— us.

*p*

*Chorus.*

Live and love the Pro-verb says,— life is but— a fea-ther;

Sworn to love while life— re-mains We're O-rangemen all— to- geth-er.

2. The mystic tie that binds our hearts,  
No ages can dis sever;  
The ray divine that lights our souls  
Shall beam on us for ever.  
Live and love etc.

3. George and William's royal names,  
With glory still we crown them;  
And care and strife like Pharaoh's host,  
In a true dead sea we drown them.  
Live and love etc.

## THE PURPLE MARKSMAN.

*Con spirito.*

C. BOHNER.

I. Come all my worth-y breth- ren in con- cert all a- round, — That's  
 join- ed in our so- cial bands our enemies to con- found. — And I'll tell you of a  
 se- cret as yet you do not know. — So if you wish to know the light, an-  
 oth- er step you'll go. — An- oth- er step you'll go, you'll go, An- oth- er step you'll  
 go. — So if you wish to know the light, an- oth- er step you'll go. —



That's



of a



light, an-



step you'll



## 2.

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 that you soon shall know  
If you answer me one question before that you do go

Before that you do go, do go  
Before that you do go  
If you answer me one question, etc.

## 3.

Were you in darkness, or crossed Jordan's stream  
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 to me a pass-word to try if I could know

To try if I could know, could know  
To try if I could know  
Then he gave to me, etc.

## 4.

The pass-word being re-hearsed and it's cause he did de- (fine  
Then said he would announce me to his brothers in a sign;  
The pass-word was re-hearsed and all was just and right  
Straightway he then prepared me to see the brilliant light

To see the brilliant light, that light  
To see the brilliant light  
Straightway he then prepared me, etc.

## 5.

He took me by the hand and led me to the door  
Where none could admitted be but those that are pure  
Three gentle knocks he gave and I bended on my knee  
And the answer was that no profanes admitted there should

Admitted there should be, should be (be  
Admitted there should be  
And the answer was that no, etc.

## 6.

He's no profane I'll answer for it my conductor then replied  
But a true and worthy Israelite, I have him safely tried  
He has crossed Jordan's stream and likewise Moab's plains  
And is willing yet to travel all our secrets to gain

All our secrets to gain, to gain  
All our secrets to gain  
And is willing yet to travel, etc.

## 7.

A door then being opened I was admitted in  
On ragged roads Mysterious my travels I did begin  
With my pack upon my back my staff was in my hand  
I travelled through the wilderness all over the desert lands

All over the desert lands, the lands  
All over the desert lands  
And I travelled through, etc.

## 8.

When I came to Mount Horeb I could not hear but blush  
With terror great I gazed upon the brilliant burning bush  
Moses was the cry and he answered here am I  
Saying cast the shoes from off your feet before that you

(draw nigh  
Before that you draw nigh, draw nigh  
Before that you draw nigh  
Saying cast the shoes off, etc.

## 9.

Now when they asked of me what was that I held in my hand  
I said it was a rod that the Lord he did command  
Which when cast upon the ground a serpent it became  
I was almost affrighted to take it up again.

For to take it up again, again  
For to take it up again  
I was almost affrighted, etc.

## 10.

And as they asked of me from whence I had come  
I answered and said from Millan's plain  
From the plain of Millan, what were you doing there?  
I was feeding Jetho's flocks which was all my care

Which was all my care, my care  
Which was all my care  
I was feeding Jetho's flocks, etc.

## 11.

And where are you going? he soft to me did say  
Into the land of Egypt, I am now on my way  
Pray what's your mission or what will you do there  
To free all my brethren that now in bondage are

That now in bondage are, yes are  
That now in bondage are  
To free all my brethren, etc.

## 12.

They brought me to a Mount which 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, divine  
That are so divine  
There I got the secret words, etc.

## 13.

They were all standing round 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 wished foremost to see  
And they said my dearest brother we will give it unto thee.

We will give it unto thee, to thee  
We will give it unto thee  
And they said my dearest brother, etc.

## 14.

Great lights around me there appeared no darkness there (had been  
And I gazed with amazement on all that I had seen  
So they filled me up a bumper from out the mystic pot  
And they toasted to their brother and the secrets he had got.

And the secrets he had got, had got  
And the secrets he had got  
And they toasted to their brother, etc.

## 15.

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, be shared  
With them it shall be shared  
And when we prove the orange, etc.

## THE TWELFTH PSALM. †)

1. Un-less the Lord his arm of pow'r Had o'er our heads ex-tend-ed Un-less the Lord in pe-ri'l's hour His chos-en had de-fend-ed. When fierce en-kind-ling rage and pride Up-rose the foe a-round us Deep-plunged be-neath their swell-ing tide The waves of wrath had drown-ed us.

2. Wake, Israel wake this grateful strain  
His praise be sung and spoken  
For thee in vain the snare is laid  
The fowler's net is broken  
Hosanna bless the Living Lord  
Each heart to fear a stranger  
The triumphs of his name record—  
Our stay in every danger.

3. That power at whose creative will  
Sprung forth to form and motion  
This universal frame of all  
That people earth, sky, ocean.  
That Being whose resistless will  
Holds nature in subjection  
In mercy flings around us still  
The shields of his protection.

†) Sung with thrilling effect by country congregations on the great anniversary of July 12<sup>th</sup>.

# "POPIST TYRANNY?"

ed - Un -  
- ed.  
ns Deep  
us.

1. When James, as - sum - ing  
2. The Bi - ble - was no

right from God, Enslaved this free - born na - tion, His sceptre was an i - ron rod, His  
lon - ger read, But tales of sin - ners scrib - ed; The gods a - dord were gods of bread, And

rain a vi - si - ta - tion; High churchmen cried, "O - hey, o - hey!" "Let none re - sist a  
signposts carv'd and paint - ed; Their priests and monks were cawls and ropes, Ar - rived here with - out

crowned head; He who gainsays what ty - rants say, Is a re - bel - lions round - head? Then  
num - ber, With rakes and dag - gers blessed by popes, And loads of ho - ly lum - ber.

let us sing while e - choes ring The glo - rious re - vo - lu - tion; Your voi - ces raise to

Wil - lam's praise, Who saved the con - sti - tu - tion.

## "RISE YE SONS OF WILLIAM"

*Andante moderato.*

Introduction for piano, 2/4 time, B-flat major. The piece begins with a *mf* dynamic, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. The dynamics shift to *f* and then *dim.* towards the end of the introduction.

1. Rise ye sons of William's line Who with glo - ry crossed the Boyne Rise, behold your

*p* *mf*

off - spring shine With rays of loy - al - ty. Wil - liam raise thy loy - al head

Most il - lus - trious of the dead Round us all your in - fluence shed And bid us still be free.

2. Yours it was in days long past  
When rebels blew their deadly blast  
From the church and state to cast  
The slaves of Popery.  
And shall your sons degenerate grown  
Desert the altar and the throne  
Oh, no they'll die before they'll groan  
Beneath a papist's sway.

3. Sacred be the blood that's shed  
Peaceful sleep the loyal dead  
With a Brunswick at their head  
Your sons shall still be free.  
Still with firm and steady hand  
Quench rebellion's flaming brand  
And heart to heart and hand to hand  
Support the orange tree.

4. Raise the orange standard high  
Every voice triumphant cry  
For George we live for George we'll die  
To crush his enemies,  
Send the flowing bumper round  
Britons catch the glorious sound  
From pole to pole the theme resound  
George and Liberty.



# LAMENT OF A PROTESTANT EMIGRANT.

*Andante moderato.*

1. Land of my birth, my once blest home Land of my fath - er's graves - Land

of my youth and earli-est loves Too soon the mountain waves, Will roll and dash 'twixt thee and me For

I must leave thy shore And O my soul pro - phe - tic says I

shall re - turn no more.

2. How oft upon a summer's eve  
 My daily labor done  
 I've watched thy hills and smiling plains  
 Lit by the parting sun.  
 And thought if I might live and die  
 Upon my native shore  
 In the same faith my father's died  
 That I would ask no more.
3. But now I fear my heart will break  
 Or ever I may roam  
 Through the wild forests of the west  
 To seek a nother home.  
 My darling children for your sake  
 I leave my native shore  
 Although my slinking sprit says  
 I shall return no more.

4. Ungodly and relentless men  
 Disturb my much loved land  
 The scoff, the sneer, the bitter taunt  
 The sword - the flaming brand.  
 These all await the martyr's sons  
 On this my native shore  
 My children I must bear you hence  
 Though I return no more.
5. But oh, there is a mightler power  
 A stronger hand there is  
 One who shall yet avenge His own  
 And hearken to their prayers.  
 Then let us seek that when this life's  
 Sad pilgrimage is o'er  
 His heavenly kingdom we shall gain  
 Nor ever wander more.

## RULE BRITANIA.

1. When Brit-tain first at Heav'n's command A-rose from out the

a - zure main A - rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the a - zure main

This was the charter, the char - ter of the land And Guar-dian An - gels sung the strain

Rule Brit-tania Brit-tania rule the waves Britons nev - er shall be slaves.

2. 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, etc.

3. Still more majestic shalt thou rise  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke  
As the loud blast, that tears the skies  
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, etc.

4. These haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame  
All their attempts to bend thee down  
Shall but to rouse thy generous flame  
But wark their woe and thy renown

Rule, etc.

5. To thee belong the rural reign  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine  
All thine shall be the subject main  
And every shore it circles thine.

Rule, etc.

6. The Muses still with freedom found  
Shall to thy happy coasts repair  
Blest isle with matchless beauty crowned  
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule, etc.

# YE LOYALISTS.

53

1. Ye loy- al- ists of I - re- land come ral - ly round the throne, 'Toro'  
 weal or woe pre- pare to go Make Eng- land's cause our own; Re- member your al- le- gi- ance, Be  
 this your bat- tie ery, For - Protest- ant as- cen- dan- cy in church and state we'll die. The  
 glo- ri- ous pi- ous me- mo - ry of Wil- liam drink for aye, Who freed us all from po - pe - ry, huz -  
 za, my boys huz - za.

2. Ye loyalists of Ireland,  
 Remember days by gone  
 It seems to me ye soon might see  
 Another "Forty-one"  
 In ninety-eight of later date,  
 Our helpless sires were slain:  
 Had Papists' power this very hour  
 They do the same again.  
 The glorious pious memory, etc.

3. Ye loyalists of Ireland,  
 Provide yourselves with arms,  
 Then you can stand in a firm band,  
 Fearless of wars alarms;  
 Raise the old, "No Surrender" shout  
 And hoist your colors high:  
 Your sovereign calls, collect your balls  
 And keep your powder dry.  
 The glorious pious memory, etc.

4. Ye loyalists of Ireland  
 The rebel's hopes are vain -  
 On sea and shore ye won before,  
 And can do so again;  
 We challenge Smith O'Brien's clan  
 Mitchell and all his crew -  
 Here in the North we can bring forth  
 Hearts gallant firm and true.  
 The glorious pious memory, etc.

5. Ye loyalists of Ireland  
 The Lord is on your side  
 While he is near ye need not fear  
 No evil will betide;  
 Remember Anghrim and the Boyne  
 Immortal Derry too,  
 And how the Enniskillen men  
 Their foes did still subdue.  
 The glorious pious memory, etc.

## THE STANDARD OF THE BLUE.

C. BOHNER.

1. Though all droop-ing now and dying Seems the Standard of the Blue Though our banner  
now is fly-ing, Concealed from pub-lic view. Though rust up-on our ar-mour bright Has  
dimmed it's face of sheen Though low-ly-er our spi-rits height, Than what it once had been.

2. Though a loftier brow and prouder tread  
May have marked bold freedom's son  
As one whose Noble Fathers dead  
Great glorious deeds had done.  
Whose spirits though from earth they went  
To realms of peace on high  
Yet their courage, hope and virtue lent  
To sons who'd do or die.

3. Ere their honor, fame and high renown  
Religion, love and cause  
Be suffered to be trampled down  
By Popery or her laws.  
Then let us raise our Standard high  
With splendor and success  
Let loud huzzas that rend the sky  
Our joyousness express.

4. Long, deep and loud our cannons roar  
Sweet music to our ear  
To Heaven our banners proudly soar  
Which popish dogs so fear.  
When shrilling of our fife they hear  
And rolling of our drum  
They flee - but yelling in great fear -  
"The Orangemen have come!"

5. Then from our tubes of death they feel  
The thunder-shower of lead  
Which makes their ragged masses reel  
Lays thousands of them dead.  
Aroused the lion lifts his head  
And shakes his mane of might  
His every movement causing dread  
Pale horror and affright.

6. See, fiercely from his nostrils wide  
Roll breathings of his hate  
His eyes with scorn and innate pride  
And majesty dilate.  
His tall he lashes wildly round  
On Africa's desert sand -  
His roarings hoarse  
Who is it can withstand?

7. So rise the sons of mighty men  
So shake them in their pride  
Their dread array, their terror then  
Can popish clans abide.  
No, tossed to the earth with giant hand  
Hurled to the shades below  
Like melted mists the coward band  
Wastes before us as we go.

8. Trampled beneath our conquering tread  
When shall they rise again?  
When to eternity time has fled -  
No more, no more till then.  
Then shout ye Orange-hearted men  
We have a glorious cause  
We all are sworn true brethren  
Against all popish laws.

9. Peal loud your thunders from the fields  
Now let us show our might  
We come to conquer - not to yield  
To victory - not to flight.  
Then raise the Standard of the Blue  
Unfurl it's bannered pride  
Let thanksgivings our hearts renew  
For God is on our side.

ur banner

right Has

d been.

## "THE SURRENDER"

C. BOHNER,

1. Be - hold the crim - son ban - ners float, O'er yon - der tur - rets ho - a - ry - They  
 tell of days of daunt - less note, And Der - ry's daunt - less glo - ry; - When  
 her - brave sons un - daunt - ed stood Em - bat - tled to de - fend her - In -  
 dig - nant stemmed op - pres - sion's flood, And sung out "No - Sur - ren - der."

2. 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 barred  
 And sung out "No Surrender!"

3. On came the foe in bigot ire  
 And fierce the assault was given:  
 By shot and shell 'mid streams of fire  
 Her fated roof was riven.  
 But baffled was the tyrant's wrath  
 And vain his hopes to bend her  
 For still 'mid famine, fire, and death,  
 She sung out "No Surrender!"

4. Again when treason maddened round  
 And rebel hordes were swarming  
 Were Derry's sons the foremost found  
 For King and Country arming:  
 Forth they rushed at honor's call  
 From age to boyhood tender  
 Again to man their virgin wall  
 And sing out "No Surrender!"

5. Long may the crimson banner wave  
 A meteor streaming airy,  
 Portentous of the free and brave  
 Who guard the gates 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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## "THE MEN OF TRUTH"

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Stand firm to-ge-th-er— men of truth, Throughout the land in strength com-bl-ning, And  
 with the "men of— night" stand forth, Our hearts and hands in love en - twi - ning, Should  
 Bri - tain hold the truth su-preme, And we— be— called on to de - fend — her, Our  
 blood shall flow with ev'- ry— stream, Ere we our love-ly Isle sur - ren - der.

2. The vessels of a foreign slave  
 Have all our blood-bought rights invaded,  
 Our nation sunk in thraldom's grave,  
 And all its pristine glory faded,  
 Burns in our breasts our fathers' pride?  
 Their voice was like a roar of thunder;  
 They toiled, and wept, and bled, and died  
 And tore the enslaving chains asunder.
3. O, with the chains our fathers burst  
 Those tyrants now would fondly bind us;  
 But ne'er beneath the yoke that cursed  
 And blights our native land they'll find us,  
 The despot's laws let slaves obey;  
 Of freemen's sons who could demand it?  
 Or bow before the tyrants sway —  
 Oh, where's the wretch that dare demand it?

4. By Derry's walls— On Anghrim's plains,  
 'Twas there the noble ranks assembled;  
 No coward heart their memory stains;  
 No spirit faltered, fell, or trembled,  
 When called to tread the battle field  
 Their sons with hearts and courage bolder—  
 Oh, 'tis their fathers' power to wield,  
 Or with their fathers' bones to moulder.
5. The blood of martyrs fires their veins,  
 In freedom's cause their swords unsheathed,  
 To wipe away the blot that stains  
 The land our fathers' blood bequeathed;  
 To win the rights, oh, luckless hour,  
 Of which perfidious Rome bereaved us;  
 To break the haughty tyrants power,  
 And crush the traitors who deceived us.

6. Stand firm together, men of truth,  
 Though weak and few may be the number;  
 Gird on your loins the strength of youth  
 Not idly at your posts to slumber,  
 Should Britain hold the truth supreme,  
 And we be called on to defend her,  
 Our blood shall flow with every stream  
 Ere we our lovely Isle surrender.

## THE REVOLUTION.

C. BOHNER.

1. March on brave boys make good your ground, Let all your spright-ly trum-pets sound, To  
2. Our rattling guns like peals of thun-der, Shall fill the foe with fear and won-der, And

arms, to arms we will con-found Those foes to Re-vo-lu-tion.  
keep the pope and de-vil un-der And sup-port the Con-sti-tu-tion.

Great Mars the mo-narch of the field, In shin-ing pomp with sword and shield Shall  
May Bri-tain's sons the bat-tle try, To make these tim'rous bug bears fly Then

lead us on and make them yield, To the glo-rious Re-vo-lu-tion.  
let each loy-al sub-ject cry, "Suc-cess" to the Con-sti-tu-tion.

## NAPPER TANDY.



1. The ninth day of No - vem - ber, In the year of nine - ty - one The Re - bel Nap - per  
Tan - dy His vil - lan - y - be - gun. In - form - ing a con - spli - ra - cy, This  
Nation to - em - broil, In - ci - vil war and mu - ti - ny, And to - pol - lute the soil.

2. His wicked crew they did intend  
Our governors to kill  
And any of the Protestants  
Who dare oppose their will  
To massacre our ministers  
And pull our churches down  
To extirpate the Orangemen  
And take from George his crown.
3. They burned houses and straw stacks  
They assembled in the night  
Broke open doors and windows  
In order to affright  
The people to comply with them  
Crying, "Give out your gun  
And unite with us immediately  
Or else you are nude!"
4. The croppies most outrageously  
Did take an active part  
Against the church of England  
And thought to make her smart  
But providence protected us  
From this blood-thirsty clan  
And prevented them to act a scene  
Like that of forty-one.
5. We value not the yeomanry  
These rebels oft did say  
'Tis easy to disarm them  
Then soon we'll gain the day  
And every man who is not up  
Shall hang at his own door  
And we'll guillotine each Royalist  
L . him be rich or poor.
6. If on the way you chance to meet  
One of this wicked clan  
He asks you are you up to snuff  
Or what's that in your hand?  
And if you know not what to say  
He answers with a frown -  
Since it is a thing you are not up  
I'll therefore knock you down.
7. They carried on their fury  
Till the year of Ninety-seven  
When to his vile conspiracy  
A happy check was given  
For government found out their schemes  
And turned their plan astray  
And made them swear allegiance -  
May we bless that happy day.
8. Then to disperse their brotherhood  
Lord Blaney he came down  
To recompense the insolence  
Of each insulting clown  
Their midnight vengeance did reward  
And filled them with dismay  
And for their perseverance  
Soon he made the catiffs pay.
9. But to conclude kind providence  
Dispelled the wicked throng  
So let us sing, God save the King  
And may his reign be long  
Success to each true protestant  
Who did maintain his cause  
Against those vile conspirators  
In honor of his laws.



# "THE RELIEF OF DERRY"

59

*Moderato.*

C. BOHNER.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are as follows:

1. The gloomy day of trial's o'er, No  
long - er can - nons rat - tle O; The ty-rant's flag is seen no more, And  
James has lost the bat - tle O. And here are we re-nowned and free, By  
maiden walls sur-round-ed O; While all the koaves wholl make us slaves Are baffled and confounded O.

2. The Dartmouth spreads her snow white sail,  
Her purple pendane flying, O;  
While we the gallant Browning hail,  
Who saved us all from dying O.  
Like Noah's dove sent from above,  
While foes would starve and grieve us O,  
Through floods and flame an angel came,  
To comfort and relieve us, O.

3. Oh, when the vessel struck the boom,  
And pitched and reeled and stranded O,  
With shouts the foe denounced our doom,  
And open gates demanded O:  
And shrill and high arose the cry,  
Of angulsh grief and pity O;  
While black with care and deep despair,  
We mourned our falling city, O.

4. But Heaven, her guide, with one broad side,  
The laden bark re-bounded O;  
A favoring gale soon filled the sail,  
While hills and vales resounded, O,  
The joy-bells ring, "Long live our King,"  
Adieu to grief and sadness, O;  
To Heaven we raise the song of praise,  
In heartfelt joy and gladness, O.

## THE SOUL THAT ONCE IN POPISH CAUSE.

*Andante moderato.*

The musical score is written in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). It consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

1. The soul that once in popish cause Our blood in torrents shed, A -  
gain the sword to smite us draws But will we shrink with dread? No, nev - er for our faith and klag O'er  
po - pe - ry's dark grave The song of tri - umph we will sing The  
flag of tri - umph wave.

2. Can Protestants look tamely on  
And see their faith reviled? -  
Is honor from their standard gone  
And are they too defiled? -  
No, faithful to the sacred trust  
Of which we are the guard  
No Jesuit craft nor priestly lust  
Religion shall retard.

3. Though Deus velle doctrine be upheld  
Rebellion still to nurse  
The cause of truth shall not be quelled  
Albeit the priests may curse,  
Pure is our creed - our faith sincere -  
And bigot ire is vain -  
With heaven to aid, not priests we fear  
Nor fiend of Darrynane.

4. The light of scripture spreads abroad  
Reaction's voice is loud -  
By craven Rome we're not o'er awed  
Nor dread it's murderous crowd,  
Then let our Orange banner wave  
Our souls be firm and true  
Who finds in God's own cause a grave  
Shall find salvation too.

# TO THE ORANGEMEN OF IRELAND.

61

G. BOHNER.

1. Ye Orangemen of Ireland Ye loyal true and brave A-rouse, arouse ere  
 yet it be, Too late our land to save. A-rouse, a-rouse and put your trust, in  
 Him who sits on high, And charge the musket, draw the sword, And keep your powder dry.

2. And holst your orange banner high  
 And sound the trump and drum  
 Then soon the loyal of the land  
 Will to that standard come  
 Arouse, arouse your country calls—  
 Arm, arm, the foe is nigh  
 Let "No Surrender" be the word  
 And keep your powder dry.

3. The bloody hand of treason vile  
 Is raised against the crown  
 And Irish rebels seek from France  
 For aid to pull it down.  
 But let them raise within our isle  
 Even but one battle cry  
 And protestants they'll find that you  
 Have kept your powder dry.

4. The foes of social order—  
 The popish Priests of Rome  
 With blessed pikes and papal balls  
 Are led by John of Tuam  
 That wolfish monster upon whom  
 Our bondsmen's hopes rely  
 But let them shun our orange boys  
 They'll find their powder dry.

5. And the Priest-ridden peasantry  
 Their rifle clubs may form  
 And think to tear the union flag  
 And Dublin Castle storm.  
 But 'mongst the hills of Ulster  
 Is heard a gathering cry—  
 'Tis "Protestants assemble all  
 And have your powder dry!"

6. And though in days not long since past  
 High men on us did frown  
 And Whig and Tory both combined  
 To pull our colors down  
 And loud and long the tempest blew  
 The thunder rolled on high  
 Yet still we thought of better days  
 And kept our powder dry.

7. And now when treason stalks around  
 Traitors the throne assail—  
 Forget the past, and loyal hearts  
 We'll o'er our foes prevail  
 Our orange flag in Heaven's breeze  
 Will glorious float on high  
 And on the field of victory  
 We'll have our powder dry.

8. So orangemen arouse, arouse  
 'Tis loyalty that calls—  
 Fear not the foe, our orange flag  
 A traitor's heart appals  
 And swear before high heaven's Lord  
 Who reigns enthroned on high  
 You'll charge these pick men on the field  
 And have your powder dry.

## THE ORANGE TRIUMPH.

C. BOHNER.

1. Be - hold my brother's fate de - cree, The o - ranges shall tri - um - phant be Kind

Pro - vi - dence doth in - ter - pose And aids to crush our re - bel foes.

*Chorus.*

Then let each loy - al heart u - nite And ev' - ry worth - y soul in - vite While

Be - res - ford shall be our theme, Who keeps a - live the glo - rious flame.

2. For no exception here you see,  
Faithful and true we'll ever be;  
Dire massacre is not our care,  
The dastard foe we often spare.  
Then let each, etc.

3. Let it be told our baneful foes  
The Orange only mercy knows;  
Dark vile assassins stab by night,  
When roused by open day we fight.  
Then let each, etc.

4. We murder not the cherub child  
Nor yet the gentle female mild,  
For we are men and so shall know  
The traitor and the rebel foe.

Then let each, etc.

## THE REVEALED LIGHT.

1. Ye Protestants all o'er the world,  
Your duty's to rejoice,  
To praise our God who sits on high,  
With one melodious voice.
2. That he has here to us on earth  
Vouchsafed that precious light  
Whose beams have shone all o'er the world,  
In streams both pure and bright.
3. The light in which there's nothing hid,  
Where all is bright and clear,  
Which, thanks to God, our Sovereign King,  
Shines brightest, clearest here.
4. Not so the Papist's flickering lamp  
Its course is almost run —  
For shining near a clearer light  
Its labors are undone.
5. Would they could but see that light  
Which here in us doth reign  
They'd long to break their Papist bonds,  
To snap their chains in twain.
6. But no, while superstition's night  
With priestly rule exists:  
While blind adherence still retards  
Its magic o'er their wits,
7. They ne'er will see the precious light —  
That light to us revealed  
Far from their half-shut eyes it is  
Most carefully concealed.
8. Then is it not our duty here  
To render thanks on high,  
And to His throne of mercy still  
In humbleness all fly?

## THE GENIUS OF ORANGEMEN.

*By a member of No 184, "City Grand," Armagh.*

1. Arise, arise, brave William's sons, arise  
And join in the shout of the patriotic throng,  
Arise, arise, brave William's sons, arise  
And let the heavens echo with your song.  
For the genius of Orangemen victory proclaiming  
Through the whole world our rights and deeds maintaining.  
And the Battle of the Boyne shall be foremost in our song  
And William, gallant William's name applauded shall be.

### CHORUS.

Then, Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,  
The Grand Lodge guards for us what William did by charter gain  
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,  
Our loyalty has always been the same.

2. The proud sons of James with rude menace and scorn  
Had too long insulted the protestants so free  
And vainly did boast that their intrusions would be borne  
By England the glory of the sea.  
But William soon taught them with peals of thunder  
To our loyal Orange flag it was their duty to knock under  
And the Battle of the Boyne shall be foremost in our song  
And William, gallant William's name applauded shall be.

### CHORUS.

Then, Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,  
The Grand Lodge guards for us what William did by charter gain  
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,  
Our loyalty has always been the same.

## The Catalogue

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE SECOND ILIAD OF  
HOMER, AND ADAPTED TO THE MUSIC OF

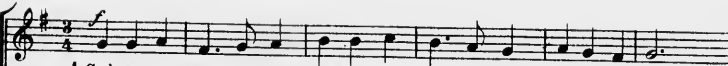
### "The Boyne Water."

- I—In sixteen hundred and eighty eight,  
On the seventh day of December,  
The men of Derry closed 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 defending.
- II—Lord Antrim's men came down you glen,  
In bright array of battle,  
But soon in fright fled back again,  
When they heard our muskets rattle;  
Though some within proclaimed it sin,  
And treason to rebel them,  
Our young men bravely then to save,  
To fly did soon compel them.
- III—Wild winter gone, the spring came on,  
And James in Munster landed,  
The southern coast received his host,  
By foreigners commanded;  
He soon sent forth to quell the north,  
His force from Cork and Kerry,  
Triumphant they made good their way,  
Till they came to the gates of Derry.
- IV—Lord Galinoy's horse with Ramsay's prance  
Around Belloungy mountain,  
Nugent and Estace bold advanced,  
To Columkill's fair fountain;  
In meadows green their magazine,  
Lord Gormatoun erected;  
Lord Clare's Mlesian flag was seen,  
On a Danish fort erected.
- V—From Lucan issued Sarsfield's horse,  
Their trumpets loudly sounding;  
Down Tara hill came Plunket's force,  
Their hearts for fame high bounding;  
From Drogheda Lord Duncan's band,  
Were raised by royal bounty,  
Tyrcoull's from Fitzgerald's land,  
And Grace's from King's county.
- VI—Talbot march'd here from Kildare,  
Pursell from Tipperary,  
Waucop and Buchan present were,  
From the wilds of Inverary;  
Dublin's Mayor did here repair,  
The Butlers from the Barrow,  
Roscommon sent Lord Dillon's heir,  
The Derry walls to harrow.
- VII—On steeds by all the army praised,  
Came Parker's troops from Navan,  
O'Reilly with the force he raised  
Round the hills and vales of Cavan;  
Clifford's troops came here from Clare,  
To join King James's army,  
Cotter's dragons too had their share,  
Of fame with Lord Clancarty.
- VIII—From Cork's wild shore MacCarthy More  
The tyrant's force augmented,  
MacMahon's men their standards bore,  
In Clones regimented;  
Hagan's were seen from Glenawood green,  
To great O'Neill related,  
And Gallagher tall, from fair Donegal,  
Was the last of the men that retreated.
- IX—Bellow came from Duluck hall,  
To see his monarch righted,  
Fugal of Filtrim with Elmag  
His cavalry united;  
It was James's plan that Lord Strabane  
Should give proud Derry a ring,  
But he went off with a shot a d' seuff,  
His words the townsmen scolding.
- X—His name-sake here felt no such fear,  
Stood for his country bleeding,  
His valiant hand saved life and land,  
To Abercorn's rank succeeding;  
The men of Strabane were to a man,  
For church and crown outbidding,  
Tho' their Lord play'd the fool for James's mistake  
They were here our fair walls defending.
- XI—At the crystal rill near Pennyburn mill,  
Were Bagnall's forces posted,  
Fitzgerald's on the charnel hill,  
Of faith and fealty boasted;  
The batteries at Culmore fort,  
With sed works were surrounded,  
And loud their culverin's report  
O'er hill and vales resounded.
- XII—On the Sheriff's ground, a new raised mound,  
Lord Louth took a strong position,  
And with Lord Slane did there remain,  
Their troops in high condition;  
Bred on the flowery banks of Boyne,  
Then unknown'd in story  
They lure the Irish troops did join,  
In vain pursuit of glory.
- XIII—Brave troops from Cork around Brookhall  
A dangerous post dominated;  
O'Neill's dragoons, all stout and tall,  
The other shore commanded;  
Rilkenny's Graces chess the spot,  
From which the bogas extended  
Across the Foyle, where bullets hit  
That narrow pass defended.
- XIV—Cavenagh was seen on Glavin burn,  
His Wicklow warriors leading,  
Whence few were fated to return,  
Though thou in pride parading;  
Ten thousand men from fair Prehen,  
In trenches deep protected,  
On every hill display'd their skill,  
And batteries erected.
- XV—From Trough's green fields McKenna came,  
In numbers all surmounting,  
And from Mayola's golden stream  
Came Bradleys past the counting;  
From Longford far to the field of war  
O'Farrel's forces wandered,  
And did their best in Walker's nest  
To plant King James's standard.
- XVI—When Bryne O'Neill of Balnacreen  
An alderman was chosen,  
And when Broughshane our mayor was, seen,  
Our hearts with fear were frozen;  
O'Keurke was down for a civic gown,  
O'Shields and Mac Conways elected,  
Mac-Anallies from Tyrone and Con  
On our magistrate's bench was seated.
- XVII—From Ailagh's throne in Innisbhone,  
O'Dogherty came shouting,  
From Kennigh's plain came Manus Cane,  
A victory not doubting;  
Lough Erne's shore, with many more,  
Sent here Maguire boasting,  
Of days long gone, old forty-one,  
In flowing bumpers toasting.
- XVIII—Meanwhile within our threatened wall,  
Were traitors wild assembling,  
Ready the Irish in to call,  
While timid friends were trembling;  
Hundreds gone, as foes came on,  
A tone of scorn assuming,  
Crowds every day that pass'd away,  
Our scanty stores consuming.
- XIX—No food could come from Innisbhone,  
All passes guarded round us,  
Our haughty women held Tyrone,  
With famine to confound us;  
The aid that here from England came,  
Our governor commanded,  
To sail away the very day  
They would have timely landed.
- XX—What could the maiden city do,  
By all these troops invested,  
She raised her standard of true blue,  
By freedom's loss detested;  
The goodly slain, like bodies lying,  
O'er Ulster brightly beaming,  
Fought quickly for the sons of the north,  
The post of honor claiming.
- XXI—First to the townquire Forward came,  
His hands from Durt proceeding;  
And Stewarts and Grows, to the field of fame  
Heroic soldiers leading;  
In a meadow great, near Ballinacat,  
Brave Rawdon joined Lord Blaney,  
While war's wild sound re-echoed round,  
From the Foyle to the Southern Slaney.

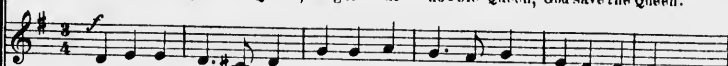
- XXI.—Macnaghtan next came here a boy,  
From fair Benwarden blooming,  
And Moore with troops from Aghnacloy,  
A high command assuming;  
To aid our town from warlike Down,  
Hill came and crossed our ferry;  
The Hillsborough men were welcome then  
To the troubled men of Derry.
- XXIII.—Here, too, was brave Lord Massareen  
In William's army serving;  
Stafford thro' the war had been,  
The highest praise deserving;  
Calmes, in our darkest day,  
The tyrant's power slighted;  
For gallant deeds in many a fray,  
Was young George Maxwell knighted.
- XXIV.—Glaselough men, all in armour bright,  
Caledon's horsemen aided,  
Johnston led them to the fight,  
From the field where they first paraded;  
Graham's hand did James withstand,  
With valor prompt and steady,  
His sires of yore were evermore  
To fight for freedom ready.
- XXV.—Newcomen and Fane renown'd did gain,  
With Lindsey Smith and Wallace;  
Rice and Dunbar, Davis and Kerr,  
Defended the gate near the palace;  
Kinnaston and Wright put the foe to flight,  
Shorratt, Garret and Hanna,  
To the field did advance, with valiant Lance,  
And Church from the banks of Banna.
- XXVI.—Obré and Stiles rode many miles  
Laurels to reap unfading;  
Cust and Cross, and Fooleer of Tyros,  
Cochran these heroes leading,  
From Lisnaakea in strong array,  
Came Noble here to battle;  
We saw Munro right forward go,  
Where cannon balls did rattle.
- XXVII.—Michelburne here, in this dark year,  
With Baker shared great glory,  
Lord Letrim's heir, with valiant Blair,  
Shine bright in Derry's story.  
Fortescue brave here, found a grave,  
Sinclair the foe resisting;  
Sanderson still, with strength and skill,  
Kennedy and Ash assisting.
- XXVIII.—Crofton and Campsie nobly fought,  
With Irvine, Hall and Barry;  
Crookshank and Upton ever sought  
The foe proud force to parry;  
Squire led the way in every fray,  
Major Bull was fer vial noted;  
Adams of Strabane, at our cannon was a man  
To Derry's cause devoted.
- XXIX.—From Charlemont came Canfield's corps,  
Chichester from Dungannon,  
With many more wio at Dromore  
Escaped King James's cannon.  
Porter strong, Leslie and Long,  
Macartney and brave Downing,  
Spike and Slaughter held shipway gate,  
At the boom we lost brave Browning.
- XXX.—Hindman fired on Antrim's men,  
When they with wild hagulro,  
Took flight and off thro' Derzott's glen  
Thought proper to retire;  
Dalton, Baker's right hand man,  
With Evans, Mills and Ewing,  
And Bacon of Maglilgan,  
The foe were off pursuing.
- XXXI.—Hamilton, here a Lacaneer,  
Brought with him troops unbending,  
Montgomery most gallantly  
Our sacred walls defending;  
Shroud and Shaw, in fight we saw,  
With Macklin, Young and Harvey,  
Who bravely stood, and shed their blood,  
With Cooke of Lisnacarvey.
- XXXII.—Lenox and Lachy quickly went  
For aid to the Scottish borders,  
And ere they went to their shores they sent  
For our food and raiment orders;  
Babington and Brooks great trouble took,  
Major Phillips was our kind protector;  
Godfrey of Coleraine did our cause sustain,  
With Jemmet our brave collector.
- XXXIII.—Parker joined us from Coleraine,  
From Garvagh young George Canning,  
A noble soul without a stain,  
No wily mischief planning;  
Morgan and White here joined the fight,  
Led on by Adam Murray,  
Logan, Lane, Fisher and Fane,  
Conyngham and Curry.
- XXXIV.—Tomkins forward proudly went,  
When many were despairing,  
His tenants formed his regiment,  
With Guttridge, Hunt and Hering;  
The Cumber men came from their glen,  
James Murray their commander,  
While Haddcliffe fought and glory sought,  
With Lord Mount Alexander.
- XXXV.—From Lissan Beatty came across,  
Knox from green Kilcaden,  
Hunter, Lowan, Clarke and Rose,  
Mulholland came from Eden;  
Comyn's gun, made many run,  
Amazed was each by-stander,  
When Houston weak sure aim did take,  
And killed a French commander.
- XXXVI.—Hillhouse and Boyd were both employ'd,  
Our sacred walls defending,  
Dobbin came far to the scene of war,  
With fortitude unbending;  
Tracy, Fullerton and Fife,  
With Mansou, Smith and Hillson,  
Stood here against the slaves of Rome,  
With Wilkins, Keys and Wilson.
- XXXVII.—Early in the opening spring  
Came Grierson, Black and Eally,  
McCausland, Fleming, Hare and King,  
Were all in action daily;  
Galworth, Cathcart and Adair,  
Oft weep from want of dinner,  
Depress'd with care did oft repair,  
To the walls with Robert Skinner.
- XXXVIII.—Sir Tristram Beresford's array,  
Coleraine some days defended,  
And here at last they made their way,  
In martial line extended;  
Sir John Magill was ready still,  
Both night and day for action,  
And Gary sought, and nobly fought,  
To crush Klog James's faction.
- XXXIX.—Cromie swimming in with Rochee,  
Both in the water wounded,  
Announced that Kirk would soon approach,  
Which Rosen's hope confounded;  
Bennet, Christie, Fearne and Bell,  
Were to our cause devoted,  
Count Schomberg stood for Derry wall,  
And highly was promoted.
- XL.—Denniston in this dark year,  
And Harrington and Jenny,  
With Adam Alcock soon came here,  
With forces from Kilkenny;  
Ponsonby brave was here to save,  
The threaten'd walls of Derry,  
His trusty sword made him a lord,  
And saved his lands in Kerry.
- XLI.—And last not least from Donoughmore,  
George Walker came to guide us,  
His name we'll honor evermore,  
Let weak or woe betide us;  
When press'd with woe, in spirits low,  
We heard his words endearing,  
When he said go, we sought the foe,  
His voice our courage cheering.
- XLII.—One hundred shots at him one day,  
Were fired, when we were fighting,  
And o'er his head had pass'd all away,  
While we their cause were highting;  
He sav'd his brother hero's life,  
When Murray's woe was ended,  
Thro' all these scenes of mortal strife,  
He never was confounded.
- XLIII.—At last by all our sufferings moved,  
Kind heaven its aid extended,  
The tyrant's arts abortive proved,  
And Derry's woe was ended,  
In one dark night the foe took flight,  
The country round them burning,  
And ere 'twas day all far away,  
They thought not of returning.

# GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

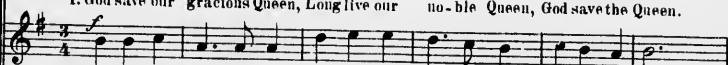
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SOPRANO. 

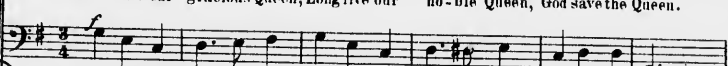
1. God save our gracious Queen, Long live our no-ble Queen, God save the Queen.

ALTO. 


1. God save our gracious Queen, Long live our no-ble Queen, God save the Queen.


TENOR. 

1. God save our gracious Queen, Long live our no-ble Queen, God save the Queen.

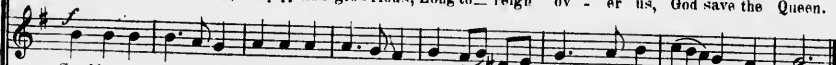
BASS. 

1. God save our gracious Queen, Long live our no-ble Queen, God save the Queen.

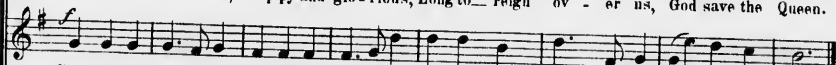
Accomp. 



Send her vic-tor-ious, Hap-py and glo-rious, Long to reign ov-er us, God save the Queen.



Send her vic-tor-ious, Hap-py and glo-rious, Long to reign ov-er us, God save the Queen.



Send her vic-tor-ious, Hap-py and glo-rious, Long to reign ov-er us, God save the Queen.



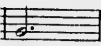
Send her vic-tor-ious, Hap-py and glo-rious, Long to reign ov-er us, God save the Queen.



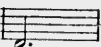
2. O Lord our God arise, Scatter her enemies,  
And make them fall.  
Confound their polities, Frustrate their knavish tricks,  
On Thee our hopes we fix, God save us all.

3. Thy choicest gifts in store, On her he pleas'd to pour,  
Long may she reign.  
May she defend our laws, And ever give us cause  
To sing with heart and voice, "God save the Queen!"





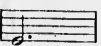
Queen.



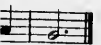
Queen.



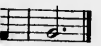
Queen.



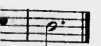
Queen.



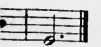
the Queen.



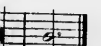
the Queen.



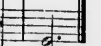
the Queen.



the Queen.



the Queen.



the Queen.

'd to pour,

cause  
the Queen!

