

The Battle of the Boyn ;

To which are added,

The milking Pail.

Thro' the wood Laddie.



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THE BATTLE OF THE BOYN.

July the first in Old Bridge-town,
there ought to be a pattern.

As it's recorded in each church-book,
throughout all the nation.

Now let us all kneel down and pray,
both now and ever after
And let us ne'er forget the day,
King William cross'd over the water.

On July the first in Old Bridge-town,
there was a grievous battle,
Where many men lay on the ground,
where cannons they did rattle.

The Irish then they vow'd revenge,
against King William's forces;
And solemnly they did protest,
that they would stop his courses.

In Old Bridge-town strong guards were kept,
and more at the Boyn-water;
King James began five days too soon,
with drums and cannons rattling.

He pitch'd his camp, secur'd his ground,
 thinking not to retire,
 But King William threw his bomballs in,
 and set their tents on fire.

A bullet from the Irish came,
 which graz'd King William's arm:
 They thought his Majesty was slain,
 But he receiv'd no harm.

His General in great friendship came,
 his King would often caution,
 To shun the spot where bullets hot,
 did fly in rapid motion.

He doesn't deserve, King William said,
 the Name of Faith's Defender,
 That will not venture life and limb,
 to make his foes surrender,

Now let us all kneel down and pray,
 both now and ever after;
 And let us ne'er forget the day,
 King William cross'd over the water.

Then said King William to his men,
 brave boys we are well armed,

And if you'll all couragious be,
we'll venture and take the water,

The horse were ord'ed to march on first,
the foot soon follow'd after ;
But brave Duke Schomberg lost his life,
by venturing over the water;

Be not dismay'd, King William said,
for the loss of one commander :
For God this day shall be your King,
and I'll be Gen'ral under.

The brave Duke Schomberg being slain,
King William he accosted,
His warlike men for to march on,
and he would march the foremost.

In princely mein the King march'd on,
his men soon followed after ;
With shells and shot the Irish smote,
and made a grievous slaughter.

King James espy'd the English then,
King William he governed ;
He thought it better for to retreat,
than stand and be disarmed.

The Protestants of Drogheda,
 have reason to be thankful,
 That they were not to bondage brought,
 although they were but a handful.

First to the Tholsel they were brought,
 and try'd at Mill Mount-ater ;
 But brave King William set them free,
 by venturing over the water.

Nigh to Dandalk the subtile French,
 had taken up their quarters,
 And on the plain in ambush lay,
 a waiting for fresh orders.

But in the dead time of the night,
 they set their tents on fire ;
 And long before the break of day,
 to Dublin did retire.

King William as our General,
 no marshal e'er was braver ;
 With hat in hand his valiant men,
 he thank'd for their behaviour.

We'll sheath our swords and rest a while,
 in time we'll follow after ;

These words King William spoke with a smile
that day he cross'd the water.

That pattern day proved too hot,
for King James and all his army,
He would rather chuse for to retreat,
than to stand and be disarm'd.

We'll give our prayers both night and day,
both now and ever after,
And let us ne'er forget the day,
King James ran from the water.

THE MILKING PAIL.

O'ER half the sky the blushing dawn,
her purple vest had spread,
When Sally cross'd the dewy lawn,
with milk-pail on her head.

Her brow as month of April sweet,
her cheeks were rosy red,
Her dress was white and lovely neat,
as milk-pail on her head.

While nymphs who breathe the city air,
their mornings waste in bed

Young Sally sings as sky-lark clear,
with milk-pail on her head.

Her sleet-black eyes their lustre take,
from virtue only bred;

Her bosom ne'er felt conscious as he,
since milk-pail grac'd her head.

For comely dames I ne'er shall fret,
but ah! would Sally wed,

I'd bless the spot where first we met,
with milk-pail on her head.

THRO' THE WOOD LADDIE.

O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?

Thy presence cou'd ease me,

When naething can please me:

Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,

Or thro' the wood, laddie, until thou return.

The woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,

While lav'rocks are singing,

And primroses springing;

Yet none of them pleases my eye or my ear,

When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell ;
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
 Baith evening and morning,
 Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy marrow,
 Wha's living in langour, till that happy day, (P
 When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing

FINIS.