

*Battle of the Boyn,*

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OR,

King William crossing the  
Boyn Water.

Also,

Sally and Johnny.

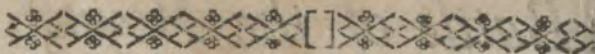
Broom of Cowdenknowes.

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KILMARNOCK:

*Printed for the Booksellers,*



THE BATTLE OF THE BOYN,

OR,

*King William crossing the Boyn Water*

**J**ULY 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 the water.

On July first in Old Bridge-town,  
There was a grievous battle,  
Where many men lay on the ground,  
While 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 friendship came,  
 His King would often caution,  
 To shun the spot where bullet 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 Boyn water.

Then said King William to his men,  
 Brave boys we are all armed,  
 And if you'll all couragious be,  
 We'll venture through the water.  
 The horse were order'd to march first,  
 The foot soon follow'd after;  
 The brave Duke Schomberg lost his life  
 By venturing o'er the water.

Not dismay'd, King William said,  
 For the loss of one commander,  
 God this day shall be your King,  
 And I'll be Gen'ral under.  
 The brave Duke Schomberg being slain,  
 King William he accosted  
 Warlike men for to march on,  
 And he would march the foremost.

In princely mien the King march'd on,  
His men soon follow'd 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 to retreat,  
Than stand and be disarmed.

The Protestants of Drogheda,  
Have reason to be thankful,  
That they were not to bondage brought,  
Though they were but a handful.  
First to the Tholsal they were brought,  
And try'd at Mill Mount-water,  
But brave King William set them free,  
By venturing over the water.

Nigh to Dundalk the subtile French,  
Had taken up their quarters,  
And on the plain in ambush lay,  
Awaiting 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.

7.  
That pattern day proved too hot,  
For King James and his army,  
He would rather choose for to retreat,  
Than stand and be disarmed.  
We'll give our pray'rs both night and day,  
Both now and ever after,  
And let us ne'er forget the day,  
King James ran from the water.

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### SALLY AND JOHNNY.

IT happened on a summer evening,  
In the merry month of May,  
Just as I had quat my weaving,  
'Thro' the grove I chanc'd to stray;  
There I met with lovely Sally,  
Blooming like a Rose in June;  
I did not tarry long for to dally,  
But I kiss'd her well by the light of the moon.

Thou fairest of the soft creation,  
While I enjoy these happy hours,  
Be not to shy unto me, Sally,  
For I have thee in my power.  
Then I held her in my arms,  
Just like a flower when in its bloom,  
And to my bosom I did press her,  
I kiss'd her well by the light of the moon.

I press'd her to a bank of roses,  
While she said, young man, forbear,  
Do not hurt me, she cried, Johnny,  
Or I'll tear you by the hair.

Don't let me see my clothes are torn,  
My handsome cap and new baloon;  
The more she grumbled, the more I tumbled,  
I kiss'd her well by the light of the moon.

Then I lifted her by the hand,  
While she gave a heavy sigh,  
Do not leave me, she cried, Johnny,  
Do not leave me, or I'll die.  
Other maids they will disdain me,  
And say I've play'd the wanton soon,  
Do not leave me here a pining,  
Condoling my fate by the light of the moon.

Then he said, my lovely Sally,  
Be not troubled nor afraid,  
Since thou'st yielded thy charms to me,  
I'll be true to thee he said.  
Thy father he is rich and wealthy,  
And he calls me a silly clown;  
But we have got a secret pleasure,  
To dandle the child by the light of the moon.

Thy father he is rich and wealthy,  
And he has no child but thee,  
Thy father he has gold in plenty,  
He must leave it all to thee;  
Or if he does not, I'll make a bargain,  
And I'll make it very soon,  
The first of us that does recant,  
Must dandle the child by the light of the moon.

When six long months was past and over,  
Sally's waist began to swell,

For a long time she kept it secret,  
 For poor girl she durst not tell.  
 But when her father came to know it,  
 He did rage from morn till noon;  
 And the reason you may know it,  
 Was rearing the child by the light of the moon.

It happened on a summer evening,  
 I met her father all alone;  
 Then he cried, O cruel Johnny,  
 You've left my Sally all undone.  
 But if you promise to marry Sally,  
 While you are both in your bloom,  
 Three hundred pounds I'll quickly pay thee,  
 And half of my land by the light of the moon.

Immediately I married Sally,  
 Early by the morning dawn;  
 Then I made him pay her portion,  
 On the table pay it down;  
 He did not tarry for to count it,  
 Nor to look it over again,  
 But I swept all into her apron,  
 A fine lucky-penny by the light of the moon.

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BROOM OF COWDENKNOWES.

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How blithe was I each morn to see  
 My swain come o'er the hill;  
 He leap'd the brook, and flew to me;  
 I met him with good will.

8

*Chorus.* O! the broom, the bonny bonny broom,  
The broom of the Cowdenknowes;  
I wish I were with my dear swain,  
With his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,  
When his flocks near me lay;  
He gather'd in my sheep at night,  
And cheer'd me a' the day.

O! the broom,

He tun'd his pipe and and reed so sweet,  
The birds sat list'ning by;  
The fleecy sheep stood still and gaz'd,  
Charm'd with his melody.

O! the broom,

While thus we spent our time by turns,  
Betwixt our flocks and play,  
I envy'd not the fairest dame,  
Though e'er so rich and gay.

O! the broom,

He did oblige me every hour,  
Could I but faithful be?  
He stole my heart, cou'd-I refuse,  
Whate'er he ask'd of me!

O! the broom,

Hard fate, that I must banish'd be,  
Gang heavily and mourn,  
Because I lov'd the kindest swain  
That ever yet was born.

O! the broom,

F I N I S.