

The battle of the Boyne;

To which are added

Get up and bar the Door.

Carle and the King come.



STIRLING.

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THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

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 Boyne water.

On July the first in Old Bridge town,
there was a grievous battle,
Where many a man 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 Boyne water ;
King James began five days too soon,
with guns and cannons rattling.

He pitch'd his camp, secured his ground,
 thinking not to retire,
 But King William threw his hot balls in,
 and set his tents on fire

A bullet from the Irish came,
 which graz'd King William's arm,
 They thought his majesty was slain,
 but he received no harm.

His general's friendship came,
 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 courageous be,
 we'll yet sure and take the water.

The horse were ordered to march on first
 and the foot soon followed after

But brave Duke Schomberg leat his life,
by venturing over the water.

Be not dismayed, King William said,
for the loss of one commander :
For God this day shall be our King,
and I ll be General under.

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

In princely mi-n the King marched on,
his men soon followed after,
With shell and shot the Irish smote,
and made a grievous slaughter.

King James espy'd the English then,
King William he governed,
No 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,
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 Dundalk the subtille 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 marshall 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 James and all his army,

He would rather chuse for to retreat,
 than to stand and be disarmed.

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.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

It fell upon a Martinmas time,
 And a gay time it was then,
 When our goodwife got puddings to make,
 And she boil'd them in a pan.

The wind sas could blew south and north,
 And blew into the floor

Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,
 "Get up and bar the door"

"My hand is in my hussys' skap,
 Goodman as you may see,
 An it should na be barr'd this hundred year,
 It's no be barr'd for me"

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
 They made it firm and sure,

That the first word wha'er should speak,
Should rise and bar the door.

Then by there come twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night,
And they could neither see house nor fall,
Nor coal nor candle light.

Now whether is this a rich man's house?
Or whether is it a poor?
But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barring of the door

And first they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black;
Tho' muckle thought the goodwife to herself,
Yet ne'er a word she spak

Then said the one unto the other,
"Here, man, take my knife,
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the goodwife."

"But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do then?"

"What ails ye at the pudding bree,
That boils into the pan?"

Up then started our goodman,
 An angry man was he;
 "Will ye kiss my wife before my face,
 And scad me wi' pulding bree?"

Then up and started our good wife,
 Gied three skip on the floor;
 "Goodman you've spoken the foremost word
 Get up and bar the door"

CARLE AND THE KING COME

Peggy now the King's come,
 Peggy now the King's come,
 Thou may dance and I shall sing,
 Peggy since the King's come.

Nae mair the hawkies thou shalt milk,
 but change thy plaining coat for silk,
 And be a lady of that ilk,
 now, Peggy since the King's come.

FINIS.



