

An excellent old Song, called,

THE

BATTLE OF THE BOYN.

Or, King William crossing the
BOYN WATER.

Giving a full description of that bloody Battle,
fought on the first of July, 1690.

To which is added,

THAT FAMOUS COMIC SONG OF

PADDY CAREY.

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STIRLING:

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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 the Boyn water.

On July the 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 did vow revenge,
upon 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 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 bombals 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 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.

Then said King William to his men,
 brave boys we are well armed,
 and if you'll all courageous be,
 we'll venture and take the water:

The horse were order'd to march on first,
 the foot soon follow'd after,
 that brave Duke Schomberg lost his life,
 by venturing over the water.

Not dismayed, King William said,
 for loss of one commander,
 for God this day shall be your 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 foremost.

In princely mien the king march'd on,
 his men soon follow'd after;
 With shells and shot the Irish fought,
 and made a grievous slaughter.

King James espied 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,
 although they were but a handful.

First to the Tholsal 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 subtle 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 behavior.

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 his army,
 He choos'd rather to retreat,
 than 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.

Paddy Carey's Fortune.

'Twas at the town of nate Clogheen,
 That Serjeant Snap met Paddy Carey ;
 A claner boy was never seen,
 Brisk as a bee, light as fairy :
 His brawny shoulders, four feet square,
 his cheeks like thumping red potatoes ;
 His legs would make a chairman stare !
 And Pat was lov'd by all the ladies !
 Old and young, grave or sad,

Deaf and dumb dull or mad,
 Waddling, twaddling, limping squinting
 Light, brisk, and airy,—
 All the sweet faces, at Limerick races,
 From Mullinavat, to Maghera-felt,
 At Paddy's beautiful name would melt!
 The sows would cry, and look so shy,
 Och! Cushlamachree, did you never see
 The jolly boy, the darling joy, the ladies'
 toy,
 Nimble-footed, black ey'd, rosy-cheek'd,
 Curly-headed, Paddy Carey!
 O, sweet Paddy, beautiful Paddy!
 Nate little, tight little, Paddy Carey.

His heart was made of Irish oak,
 Yet soft as streams from sweet Killarney
 His tongue was tipt with a bit o' the brogue
 But a deuce at all a bit of the blarney.
 Now sergeant snap so sly and keen,
 While Pat was coaxing duck-legg'd
 Mary,
 A shilling slipt, so nate and clane,
 By th' powers! he listed Paddy Carey!
 Tight and sound—strong and light,—
 Cheeks so round—eyes so bright,—
 Whistling, humming, drinking, drum-
 ming,

Light, tight, and airy!

All the sweet faces, at Limerick &c.

The sowl's wept loud, the croud was great,

When wadling forth came widow Leary,

Though she was crippled in her gait,

Her brawny arms clasp'd Paddy Carey;

'Oh, Pat!' she cry'd—go by the ring;

Here's cash galloire, my darling honey.

Says Pat, 'you sowl! I'll do that that thing,'

And slapt his thumb upon her money.

Gimlet eye—sausage nose,—

Pat so sly—ogle throws.—

Leering,—tittering,—jeering—frittering,

Sweet Widow Leary!

All the sweet faces, at Limerick &c.

When Pat had thus his fortune made,

He press'd the lips of M^{rs} Leary,

And mounting straight a large cockade,

In captain's boots struts Paddy Carey!

He grateful prais'd her shape her back,

To others like a dromedary;

Her eyes the strings while like to crack,

Were cupid's darts to captain Carey.

Nate and sweet,—no alloy—

All complete—love and joy,

Ranting, roaring, soft adoring,

Dear Widow Leary!

All the sweet faces at Lim'rick races,
 From Mullinavat to Maghera-felt; (melt
 At Paddy's promotion would sigh and
 The sows all cry, as the groom struts by,
 Och! cushlamaphrees thou art lost to me!

The jolly boy! the darling boy!
 The ladies' toy! the widows' joy!
 Long-sword girted, nate short short
 Head cropt, whiskers chopp'd, [skirted,
 Captain Carey!

O, sweet Paddy! beautiful Paddy!
 White-feather'd, boot-leather'd, Paddy
 Carey,