

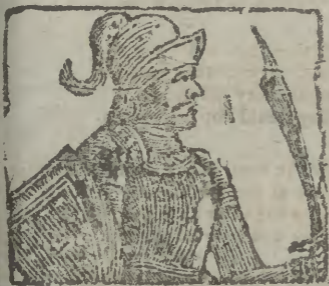
T H E

attle of Boyn Water.

To Which are added,

William & Margaret's
Ghost.

and the Happy Man.



Edinburgh, Printed by J. Morraz.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYN.

JULY the first in Old Bridge town,
 there ought to be a pattering,
 As is 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 the first, in Old Bridge-town,
 there was a grievous battle.
 While 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 two days too soon,
 with guns and cannons rattling.

He pitch'd his camp, secur'd his ground,
 thin'g not to retire,
 But King William threw bomb-shells 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 does not deserve, King William said,
 the name of Faith's Defender,
 That will not venture life and limb,
 to make his foes surrender.

No let us all kneel down and pray,
 both now and ever after,
 And let us ne'er forget the day,
 King William cross'd o'er Boyne water

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 first,
 the foot soon followed after,
 But brave Duke Schomberg lost his life
 by venturing over the water.

Be not dismay'd, King William said,
 at the 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 mein the King marc'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,
And though it better for to retreat,
then 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 Tholsel they were brought,
and tried at Moll Mount-alter,
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 valliant 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.

We'll give our pray'ers both night and day,
 both now and ever after,
 And let us never forget the day
 King James ran from the water.

William and Margaret's Ghost

WHEN all was wrapt in dark midnight,
 and all was wrapt in sleep;
 In glided Mararet's gristly Ghost,
 and stood at William's feet.

Her face was like the April morn,
 clad in a wintry cloud;
 And clay cold was her lilly hand,
 that held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
 when youth and years are flown:
 Such is the robe that Kings must wear,
 when death has rest the crown.

Her blood was like the springing flow'r,
 that sips the silver dew.
 The rose was budded in her cheek,
 and op'ning to the view.

But love had like canker worm,
 consum'd her early prime:
 The rose grew pale and her cheek,
 she died before her prime.

Awake, she cry'd, thy true love calls;
 come from her midnight grave:
 Now let thy pity hear the maid,
 thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dark and fearful hour,
 when injur'd ghosts complain,
 Now dreary graves give up their dead,
 to haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink the William, of thy fault,
 they pledge and broken oath,
 And give me back my maiden vow,
 and give me back my troth,

How could you say my face was fair,
 and yet that face forsake?
 How could you win my virgin heart,
 yet leave that heart to break?

How could you promise love to me,
and not that promise keep?

Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my lips were red,
and made the scarlet pale?

And why did I, young witlefs maid,
believe your flattering tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair,
these lips no longer red,

Dark are mine eyes, now clos'd in death,
and every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my filter is,
this winding sheet, I wear;

And cold and weary lasts the night,
till that last morn appear.

But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence,
a last and long adieu;

Come see false man, how low she lies,
that died for love of you.

Now birds did sing, and morning smil'd,
and shew'd her glist'ring head;

Pale William shook in ev'ry limb,
then raving left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place,
where Margaret's body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green grafs turf,
that wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
 and thrice he wept full sore,
 Then laid his cheek on the cold earth,
 and words spoke never mair.

The Happy Man.

WITH an honest old friend and a merry old
 song,
 And a flask of old port, let me sit the night long,
 And laugh at the malice of those that repine,
 That they must drink porter, while I can drink
 wine

I envy no mortal though ever so great,
 Nor scorn I the wretch for his lowly estate,
 But what I abhor and esteem as a curse,
 Is poorness of spirit not poorness of purse.

Then dare to be generous, danstless and gay;
 Let's merrily pass life's remainder away,
 Upheld by our friends, our foes we despise;
 For the more we are envied the higher we rise.

F I N I S