

A New Song on the

Pulling Down the chapels

In America by the Infidel New Lights.

All you that live in Ireland I hope you will draw near A sad and dismal melody I mean to let you hear, Concerning our brave Irishmen from Erin sailed away, In hopes to seek their fortune all in America.

On the 15th day of August we'll mind it evermore, By a party of the New Lights that day we suffered sore They swore they'd toss our chapels without much delay And banish every 1 rishman out of America.

We had a Priest an Irishman, he said you may depend, Come offer up your prayers with me, and God will be your Friend, and show we are true lrishmen altho' we're far from home

We'll show what we can do for the hóly church of Rome.

The sun was set the day was past the night hurrying on We assembled all together like brothers every one, To protect our holy Church I'm sure we did not fail, We let them know we were the sons of poor Granuile.

The first that did oppose them he was a widow's son, Like Bonaparte in Waterloo the battle he begun, He says we are Irishmen and that we'll let you know, The shamrock Green will triumph wherever we do go.

Then we began the battle with courage stout and bold Our good priest said my boys, now do not be controlled But may the King of Heaven be our guard this day, As he was to the Israelites when crossing the Red Sea.

The first attack they made at us our number it was few, The New Lights were very strong we had but one to 2, We fought for three long hours as you may plainly see But God was our protector and we gained the victory.

The name of this blessed clergyman I like for to unfold In hopes among all Irishmen that he may be enroll'd, His name is Father Tierney from near Ballibay, He went out as Chaplain clergyman unto America.

Now to conclude this melody 1 have no more to say, We wounded 24 of them before they ran away, We'll drink a health to Granua tho' on a Foreign shore, In hopes we'll see our friends again in Krin's isle oncemere