



The Glorious Victory of Seven Irishmen Over the Kidnappers of New-York

All you that love the shamrock green attend
both young and old,
I feel it is my duty those lines for to unfold,
Concerning those young emigrants that lately
sailed away,
To seek a better livelihood all in America.
On the 18th day of April their gallant ship did
sail,
With 55 young Irishmen, true sons of Gran-
naile,
They landed safe all in New York on the 19th
of May,
To meet their friends and relatives all in
America.

Some of them met acquaintances as soon as
they did land,
With flowing bumpers drank a health to poor
old Paddy's land,
Though many of them had no friends their
hearts were stout and bold,
And by those cursed Yankees they would not
be controlled;
As seven of those Irishmen were going thro
George's-street,
One of those Yankee gentlemen they happened
for to meet,
He promised them employment in a brickyard
near the town,
To which they were conducted their names
for to take down.

He brought them to an ale-house and called
for drink galore,
I'm sure such entertainment they never got
before,
But when he thought he had them drunk then
to them he did say,
You're listed now as soldiers to defend our
country;
They looked at one another and then to him
did say,
It's not to list that we did come unto America,
But to labour for a livelihood as many done
before,
That we have emigrated from the lovely sham-
rock shore

Twelve Yankees in soldiers dress came
without delay,
And said my boys you must prepare with us
to come away
This is one of our officers held sted you com-
plete,
You need not strive for to resist we will no
longer wait;
The Irish blood began to rise one of those
heroes said,
We only have one life to lose therefore we're
not afraid,
Although we are from Ireland this day we'll
let you see,
We'll die like sons of Granuaile or keep our
liberty

Our Irish boys got to their feet, which made
the Yankees frown,
As fast as they could strike a blow they knock'd
the soldier's down,
The officer and all his men they left them in
crimson gore,
They proved themselves Saint Patrick's sons
throughout Columbia shore;
A Frenchman of great fame that seen what
they did do,
He says I will protect you from those Yankee
crimping crew,
I'll bring you to Ohio where I have authority,
And keep you in my service while you're in
this country.

You'd think it was a slaughter-house where
the Youkees lay,
The officer and all his men on carts were drawn
away,
With bloody heads and broken bones they'll
mind it everermore,
The sprig of sweet shillelagh that was brought
from Erin's shore;
Before I do include those lines let young and
old unite,
To offer up a fervent prayer both morning
noon and night,
In hopes the Lord he will protect our frier
that's away,
And keep them from all danger hile
America.

