

GUNPOWDER PLOT.

PROTESTANT SONG.

A WAKE, O ye Protestants
timely awake,
Our holy, our Protestant
Church is at stake;
That glorious Church which
we can't too much prize,
Is mark'd for destruction by
wolves in disguise.

And are Britons such fools?
shall the slaves of the Pope
Cram their heathenish creed
down an Englishman's
throat?
No, arise, arise, true Church
hand in hand,
And smite down the locusts
that darken the land.

Remember the days of
Queen Mary of old,
(Our blood at the very re-
membrance runs cold,)
When those who stood firm
to the Protestant faith,
By Papists were butcher'd,
or burnt at the stake.

Believe not the traitors, the
infidel crew,
When they tell you that Pa-
pists are different now,
The difference is this, (it
compared may be)
To a lion chain'd up---and a
lion set free.



In the reign of Queen Bess,
as we very well know,
The Armada was sent, our
True Faith to o'erthrow,
With gibbets, priests, relics,
chains, faggots, and beads,
To compel us, by torture, to
give up our creed.

But Providence baffled their
murderous intent,
HE stood by his Church---to
destruction they went.
And now British Freemen,
and Protestants rise,
And shout Church and Queen
till the sound reach the skies.

One'er since King James ran
away in disgrace,
Did Popery shew so unblush-
ing a face,
Arise, arise, Holy Church;
hand in hand,
To keep down the Monster
that poisons the land.

'Twas William a standard
for Liberty rais'd,
(With annual delight be his
memory prais'd)
And may Victoria the first
our good Protestant Queen
Sing 'Lillibulero' till Wind-
sor's halls ring.

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REMEMBER, remember,
The fifth of November,
The Romanist treason and plot;
I'll tell you a reason,
Why gunpowder treason,
Should *never* be forgot.

If there hadn't been given,
Protection from Heaven,
To the Parliament Houses and throne
When the Pope to the flames,
Had devoted King James,
They had all to destruction been blown.



Then ever let England her gratitude shew,
To the Power that saved her that horrible blow;
Our voices with thankfulness loud let us raise,
To Him be the glory,—to Him be the praise.

And thus let's remember,
The fifth of November,
The Romanist treason and plot,
For should Popery reign,
We may have it again,
So let Protestants see it does not.

Go to church in the morning,—
Whoever may scoff,
At night, let as usual,
Your fireworks off.

Printed and Published by Ryle & Co., Monmouth Court, Bloomsbury.

