



Captain Fowler.

Come, all you croppies, where'er you dwell,
Good news for you I have to tell,
Of an orangeman who was sent to hell,
And they called him Captain Fowler.

When Dick Fowler at the gates arrived,
He found that they were opened wide ;
Good morrow, good morrow, the devils cried,
And surrounded him with blazes,

They threw him into a fiery den,
Among his brother-orangemen,
Stay there, my boy, and roast your shins
On the hot flags of damnation.

A fiery cap on his head they placed,
A blazing sash all round his waist,
Two bloody bells on his shoulders each,
Then he looked like a warlike soldier.

Says Fowler, now, if a croppy come
With a drop of water to cool my tongue,
I'd own to him I've done great wrong,
In hopes he would relieve me.

Says Belzebub, how can you tell
That ever a croppy was sent to hell ?
It was for Freedom these boys fell,
And heaven is their station.

