

**FIGHT**  
BETWEEN  
**DONALLY**  
AND **COOPER.**

Sec. 17.

Come all you true bred Irishmen and listen to my song,  
And likewise pay attention, I won't detain you long,  
It's of as true a story as ever you did hear—  
About Donally and Cooper that fought all on Kildare.

It being on the third of June, my boys the challenge was sent o'er  
From Britannia to Old Grannia, to rise her sons once more;  
To renew their satisfaction—and their credit to recall,  
As they're all in distraction since Donally conquered all.

Grannia read the challenge and received it with a smile,  
You'd better haste unto Kildare my well beloved child,  
It's there you'll reign victorious as you have always done before,  
And your deeds will shine most glorious all round Hibernia's shore

The challenge was accepted, and those noble lads did prepare,  
To meet brave Captain Kelly the Courrow of Kildare;  
Those Englishmen bet ten to one that day against poor Dan,  
But such odds as these would ne'er dismay the blood of an Irishman

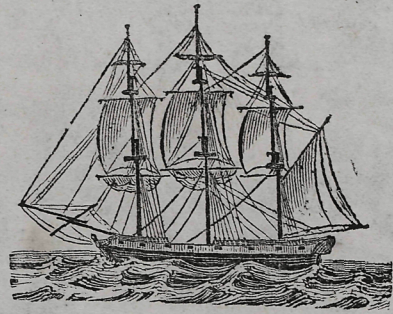
When these two bold champions they stripped in the ring,  
They faced each other manfully, and to work they did begin;  
From six to nine they parried on till Donally knocked him down;  
Well done, my child, Grannia smiled, that is ten thousand pounds

The second round that Cooper fought he knocked down Donally;  
But Dan had steel, likewise true game, he rose most manfully,  
Right active then was Cooper, and knock'd Donally down once more  
The Englishmen they all cried out, the battle he may give o'er.

Long life unto Miss Kelly, she's recorded on the plain,  
She boldly stepped into the ring, saying Dan, what do you mean?  
Saying Dan, my boy, what do you mean, Hibernia's son? says she  
My all estate I have it bet on you, brave Donally.

Donally rose up again and meeting with great might,  
For to surprise the Nobles all, continued to his fight—  
Cooper stood on his own defence, exertion proved in vain,  
He soon received a temple blow, which reeled him on the plain.

Ye sons of proud Britannia, your boasting now recall,  
Since Cooper then by Donally has met his sad downfall, [bone,  
Out of eleven rounds he got nine knockdowns besides broke his jaw—  
Shake hands with us, brave Donally, the battle is our own.



THE  
**SHANNON**  
AND  
*Chesapeake.*

"She comes, she comes, in glorious style!  
To quarters fly, my hearts of oak!  
Success shall soon reward our toil!"—  
Exclaim'd the gallant Captain Broke:  
"Three cheers, my brave lads, shall our ardour bespeak!  
Then give them a taste of our cannon;  
And soon, my bold fellows, the proud Chesapeake,  
Shall soon lower her flag to the Shannon."

Lawrence, Columbia's pride and boast,  
Of conquest counted sure as Fate,  
And thus address'd his nautic host,  
With form erect and heart elate:—  
"Three cheers, my brave crew shall our courage bespeak!  
Then give them the sound of your cannon:  
And soon shall we see that the proud Chesapeake,  
Will lower the flag of the Shannon.

Silent as death each foe drew nigh,  
And lock'd in hostile close embrace,  
Broke, with a British seaman's eye,  
Could soon the signs of terror trace;  
And cried while his looks did his ardour bespeak,  
"They flinch, my brave boys, from their cannon!  
Board! board! my bold comrades, the proud Chesapeake  
Shall soon be a prize to the Shannon!"

Swift flew the word—Britannia's sons  
Spread death and terror when they come;  
The trembling foe forsook their guns,  
And call'd aloud on mercy's name.  
Brave Broke led the way, but fell wounded and weak,  
Yet exclaimed, "They're all fled from their cannon!  
Three cheers, my brave fellows, the proud Chesapeake  
Has lower'd her flag to the Shannon!"

The day was won—but Lawrence fell,  
And clos'd his eyes in endless night,  
And oft Columbia's sons will tell  
Their hopes all blighted in the fight.  
But brave Captain Broke, though yet wounded and weak,  
Survives to again play his cannon;  
And his name from the shores of the wide Chesapeake,  
Shall be prais'd to the bank of the Shannon.