

BILLY'S BIRTH DAY.

De night afore Billy's birth day,
Some frind to de Dutchman came to him,
And tho' he expected no pay,
He tould de ould watchman he d do him ;
For, says he, I must have him in style,
The job is most wonderful heavy,
And I'd rather sit up for a while,
Than see him undressed at de levee ;
For he was de broth of a boy.

Then up to His Highness he goes,
And with tar he amointed his body,
So that when the morning arose,
He looked like a sweep in a noddy ;
It fitted him just to de skin,
Wherever de journeyman stuck it,
And after committing de sin,
Have an eye, said he, watch to de bucket ;
For I have not done with him yet.

De orangemen next day gathered round,
And began to indulge in conjecture,
Dey all wished de tief to be found,
Who dar'd to bedaub de king's pictur' ;
But wishing is all in my eye,
Let dem bid some reward for attainture,
And den I'll be bound dat some spy
Will soon lay his hand on de painter ;
And Toler will do all de rest.

Oh ! de Papists, de Papists, dey cried,
Are de boys dat bedivilled our darlant,
Their loyalty (seldom 'twas tried)
Sure never was found to be starlint ;
'Tis one of de blackest of crimes
That ever de villains attempted,
It shows dere's no spunk in de times,
Or else we'd soon make them repent it,
And drive them to Connaught or hell.

Oh ! by G — it's a very just deed,
Had we acted by Foster's direction,
We'd have butchered de craw-thumping breed,
And de king would not lose his complexion ;
But he offered de job to bad hands,
And since we neglected to take it,
You see how the statue now stands,
'Tis as black as the devil can make it ;
Whilst de villains may laugh at our grief.

De birth day being now very nigh,
And swaddling cloths made for our hero,
A painter was sent for to try
Could he whitewash de face of de negro,
He gave him de brush to be sure,
But de first man so deeply did stain him,
That de whitewash effected no cure,
Faith ! the whole river Boyne would not clean him.
And still he remains in de dirt.

