

THE

REJECTED ORANGEMAN.

BY REALTHA.

TUNE—BOYNE WATER.

When fading Sol had closed the day
And night was fast approaching,
An Orangeman, in grief he lay,
For death at him was nearing.
His mighty deeds he did reveal,
Of murder and of slaughter—
The Sacrilege of Priest and Church,
Since William cross'd the Water.

But the icy-hand and deadly grip,
Soon stop'd his conversation,
And the naked soul obliged to slip,
The seat of her ruination;
To seek the mighty throne above,
Where glories lies unshaken—
To give the "SIGN," and enter in,
Alas! he was mistaken.

Great knocking at the gate was heard,
And not a word was spoken,
Till Peter, with the keys in hand,
The gate he came to open.
But, looking through—he saw there stand,
An orange son of Luther,
And in those words, he then address'd,
The impious vile intruder.

St. Peter.—What are you? from whence? be quick!
What was your rank or station?
Where is the BRAND upon your face
Of Holy Consecration?
I fear you are a Heretic,
And did not get annointed;
Which is the PASS you should have got,
From those whom God appointed

Orangeman. In truth I am an Orangeman,
No Papist thought I harbour,
I never harken'd to a Priest,
Nor bow'd before his altar.
But since my life on earth began,
These foolish rites I hated,
And strictly harken'd to the law,
That Luther consecrated.

Orangeman.—I never pray unto a saint,
Nor beg'd of him a favour;—
To reach this place by Virgin's tears,
I never did endeavour.
I never bended on my knees,
Performed any station;
Nor yet I never did believe,
In Transubstantiation

Orangeman. But I always liv'd a holy life,
And, sir, you need not wonder,—
I never saw a Papist yet,
I would not kill or plunder.
I kill'd and slew by William's Rule
Their goods I confiscated;
And like a faithful Orangeman,
I never deviated.

St. Peter. Begone from hence! your hand is stain'd
With blood of many Martyrs!
For vengeance now, to God they cry
You would not give them quarters
You disobey'd the Laws of God,
And holy will of Jesus, — (dwell
Which for the same your doom'd is
In everlasting blazes.

Orangeman. Be not so harsh; but do go back,
And tell the brave King William
That anxiously I here now wait,
With news I've got to tell him;
Or Luther, Calvin, they will do,—
Elizabeth or Harry,—
Cranmer, Wickleiffe, Knox, or Fox
They know from whence I tarry

St. Peter. There is none of them dwells in this place
Or of their generation,
In sorrow they are doom'd to dwell
For ever in d-ann-t-n.
God's annointed they have slew,
In Gaols for years confin'd them;
So in the hellish shades of night,
Forever you must join them.

Orangeman. Oh! do I pray some pity take,
I made a clear confession,
And for me to the God within,
Do make an intercession.
For I would live to the great day
In purgatory's region,
I'd rather bear it ten times o'er,
Than join your hellish legion.

St. Peter. It's all in vain; it is too late,
For you to plead in favour;
But like your brother heretic,
In hell's your doom for ever.
You did not pray to me in time,
That doctrine, you are scorning;
So you must go, to dwell in night,
That never has a morning.

