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THE
Orange Songster

A COLLECTION OF
LOYAL ORANGE SONGS AND POEMS

Selected for the use of Members
OF THE
Loyal Orange Association.



TORONTO :
H. LOVELOCK, PUBLISHER,
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1894.

THE GUITAR

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THE

Orange Songster

The Glorious, Pious and Immortal Memory



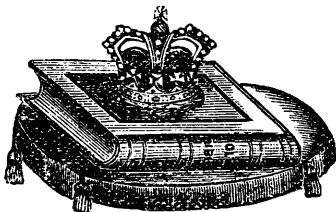
**"Honour all Men, Love the Brotherhood,
Fear God, Honour the King."**

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SEP 18 1911

THE ORANGE SONGSTER.



THE ORANGEMAN.

The Orangeman is a man of truth,
Who scorns all fraud and art ;
And rear'd in truth, from earliest youth,
'Tis shrin'd within his heart ;
It proves to him a mighty shield
'Gainst every foeman's dart ;
And his life he'd yield, on the blood-stain'd field,
Ere with that bright gem he'd part.

The Orangeman is a man of might,
But trusts not in fleshly arm ;
He dares to fight for freedom and right,
And he knows no vain alarm ;
But strong in the truth, in virtue bold,
He fears no earthly harm ;
For his heart's stronghold, like his sires of old,
Is in virtue's potent charm.

The Orangeman is a man of thought,
He dwells upon glories past ;
Upon battles fought and great deeds wrought,
Where blew war's deadliest blast ;
And remembers mercies, heaven-bestowed,
When afflictions wave roll'd fast, [road,
When man's wrath o'erflowed ; and on life's rough
Were thorns and brambles cast.

The Orangeman is a man of faith,
He believes what " is written "—all,
And reveres, till death, what the Scripture saith,
No matter what foes befall :

•

He hears, as it were from heaven's high throne,
His uprisen Master call ;
And he takes his cross, and enduring loss,
Bursts through the world's dread thrall.

The Orangeman is a man of prayer,
To heaven he looks for aid,
'Gainst want and care and every snare
For his soul's dread ruin laid ;
And a prayerful man is never known
In perils to be afraid,
For God's power is shown when He alone
Can save from the foeman's blade.

The Orangeman is a man of peace,
But purity peace precedes,
And when ills increase he cannot cease
To be warlike in his deeds :
Thus he becomes a man of strife,
Of strife in a holy cause ;
But in danger rife, he'd risk his life
For the Queen, the Church, and laws.

The Orangeman is a man of love,
He prays for his enemies,
And he'd seek to move the King above
On his humble-bended knees.
He loves his Bible, he loves his Queen,
And all good men he sees ;
He loves the Orange, nor hates the green,
And he bows to the law's decrees.

THE ORANGEMAN'S RESOLVE.

Air,—“ *Lucy Neal.* ”

I won't give up the Orange cause,
Let men say what they will ;
I've learned to love old England's laws
And mean to love them still.
I won't give up God's Holy word,
For it, I know, is true ;
The bulwark of our Brotherhood—
The Orange and the Blue.

The Orange and the Blue,
The Orange and the Blue,
The brave old banner of the past,
To it I'll still be true!

Against the Altar and the Throne,
The infidel may prate;
But while I am an Orangeman,
I'll stand by Church and State:
And I will be an Orangeman,
And, Brothers, stand by you,
While I've a living heart to love
The Orange and the Blue.

The Orange and the Blue,
The Orange and the Blue,
The brave old banner of the past,
To it I'll still be true!

With all true-hearted Protestants,
I will go hand in hand,
In aiding Freedom's sacred cause,
And our old Fatherland;
But won't join the Home Rulers,
Or crafty Papist crew;
For they are leagued together, 'gainst
The Orange and the Blue.

The Orange and the Blue,
The Orange and the Blue,
The brave old banner of the past,
To it I'll still be true.

Let not the poor man hate the rich,
Nor rich on poor look down;
But each join each true Protestant,
For God and for the Crown;
And for old England all unite,
As Orange Brethren do,
Around their "No Surrender" flag—
The Orange and the blue,

The Orange and the Blue,
The Orange and the Blue,
The brave old banner of the past,
To it I'll still be true.

THE TRUE ORANGE FLAG.

There's a flag that bears a well known name,
In this small but blood-bought spot ;
'Tis first on the blazing scroll of fame,
What Papist dare say it is not ?
Where Orange lodges shine and live,
In arms, in heart, in song ;
They're the brightest this world can give,
To the Orange flag belong—

'Tis a star of the earth, deny it who can,
The brilliant flag of an Orangeman.

This flag it waves o'er every sea,
No matter when and where ;
And to treat the flag as aught but free,
'Tis more than Papist dare ;
For its Orange colour this land bedecks,
And carries it bold and brave ;
The colour does these slaves perplex,
Yet still it would them save.

Its honour is stainless, deny it who can,
The flag of a true-born Orangeman.

Orange hearts leap with burning glow,
Papist bigotry to bend ;
Yet would strike as soon for this misled foe
As it would for an Orange friend ;
It nurtures a deep and an honest love,
The passions of hope and pride,
And yearns with a fondness of a dove,
For the light of its own fireside.

'Tis a rich loved gem, deny it who can,
And this is the heart of an Orangeman.

Together stand—together fall—
Together bend the knee in prayer,
That He who guides and governs all,
Your country from ruin spare ;
But if she call on us to die,
We'll die for Truth and Liberty.

Eventful times are stealing on,
And cast their threatening shadows round ;
Arouse true hearts—your armour don—
Be ready for the conflict found—
While o'er the tumult swells the cry,—
Our dwelling, Truth and Liberty.

THE ORANGE GATHERING SONG.

From every hill and valley,
From every strath and glen,
Ho! rally, Northmen! rally,
Display your strength again :
Come, all ye that are true yet ;
Come, gather quick and fast,
Hurrah! ye can renew yet
The glories of the past.
Rear! rear the flag! strike, strike the drum !
In proud procession join ;
Let cowards quail, while freemen hail
The Battle of the Boyne.

'Tis now no time for dreaming,
No time to take repose,
When traitor men are scheming
To sell you to the foes ;
Aye, truth and honour scorning,
Your freedom they would blast,
But read to them this warning,
The memory of the past.
And rear the flag, and strike the drum !
In proud procession join ;
Let traitors quail, while true men hail
The Battle of the Boyne.

Fermanagh! ever ready,
The warder of our land :
And Cavan, tried and steady,
Send forth your loyal band ;
And Monaghan, stout-hearted,
In danger never last,
Up! show 'tis not departed,
The spirit of the past.

And rear the flag, and strike the drum !
In proud procession join ;
Foemen ! give place, ye know our race—
The victors of the Boyne.

From fair Tirowen's border,
All round to Donegal,
Come, ranking out in order—
Come, gather, one and all ;
Ho ! Derrymen ! awaking,
Abroad your banner cast,
Even now the day is breaking,
The weary night is past.

Ho ! rear the flag ! ho ! strike the drum !
In proud procession join ;
So freemen ought, whose fathers fought
And conquered at the Boyne.

Armagh, the call is sounding,
Send out thy every man ;
Thy true hearts, Down, are bounding,
From Strangford to the Bann ;
Antrim ! aye thou'rt true yet,
Rank out thy legion vast ;
Alone thou could'st renew yet,
The glories of the past.

With flaunting flag and rolling drum,
In proud procession join ;
No rabble ye, but foemen free,
Like those who crossed the Boyne.

Fling out our glorious banner,
'Mid music's merry chime ;
Let Northern breezes fan her,
As in the olden time ;
And trust in God on high, boys,
Be faithful to the last ;
The future will outvie, boys,
The glories of the past.

Rear, rear the flag ! strike, strike the drum !
In proud procession join ;
Hurrah ! hurrah ! we hail this day,
The Battle of the Boyne.

THE 'PRENTICE GIRLS.

It cheers an honest 'Prentice Boy,
Above all other joys,
To act an independent part
With Comrade 'Prentice Boys;
And O, we prize that sister link
Of lovely living pearls,
Right joyously we rise and drink—
To Derry's 'Prentice Girls.

Though thoughtless flirts and dainty dames,
Of Irish birth and blood,
Look coldly on the hopes and aims
Of our dear sisterhood;
We'll have their sympathy to cheer
Their sweethearts through all perils,
To us you're doubly near and dear—
Old Derry's 'Prentice Girls.

Their mothers proved long, long ago,
Fit mates for gallant men,
And if their daughters are but tried,
The'll prove as true again;
They scorned to fear their fathers' foes,
And smiled through all their perils,
And such is still the faith of those—
Old Derry's 'Prentice Girls.

Through every struggle for our cause
Since famous eighty-eight,
We've had fair women's sweet applause,
Our hearts to stimulate;
And still no matter what's the odds,
We fear no foes nor perils,
We'll act our part and look for praise—
From Derry's 'Prentice Girls.

With hopeful hearts we pledge once more,
Our gentle sisters here,
We've now received their Crimson Flag,
We'll guard it never fear;
Yes, comrades, it shall proudly wave,
And safely through all perils,
We'll die ere caitiff hand shall grasp
The flag of the 'Prentice Girls.

THE DIAMOND WILL BE TRUMPS AGAIN.

There was a time, when 'twas no crime
To give the grateful thought its way ;—
When none need shrink, who wish to drink
To the deeds of many a glorious day.
But Popish power in evil hour,
Has o'er us flung its galling chain ;
Yet bide a wee, and you shall see,
How the Diamond will be trumps again.

The night is dark, no friendly spark
Is glimmering through the cheerless gloom,
Nor moon nor star beam forth from far,
The path of danger to illume ;
Yet still the ray of kindling day
Once more will brighten hill and plain ;
So bide a wee, and you shall see
How the Diamond will be trumps again.

Behold, before the billows roar,
Yon shattered bark is born away ;
The furious gale has rent each sail,
The yawning surges claim their prey :
Yet there's a power in that dread hour,
Will still the tempest, calm the main ;
Then bide a wee, and you shall see
How the Diamond will be trumps again.

Thick flew the balls round " Derry walls,"
Beleaguered by the ruthless foe ;
And famine pale bid stout hearts quail,
And death in every form of woe ;
Yet still she clung to hope, and flung
Defiance forth—nor hoped in vain ;
Then bide a wee, and you shall see
How the Diamond will be trumps again.

But, away with the care and dark despair,
Each thought of grief and suffering sore,
We'll put to flight this festive night,
That celebrates the days of yore ;
The glorious day is on its way—
The brightest in Victoria's reign—
The day of glee to the bold and free,
When the Diamond will be trumps again.

—COLONEL BLACKER.

KING WILLIAM THE THIRD.

Wherefore is the name of WILLIAM
Such a watchword to the free ?
Why do we still prize and honour
His immortal memory ?
Not because he was a hero,
Nor a statesman, nor a King ;
But because the truth he honoured
More than every other thing.

Not because he was the leader
Of our fathers in the field,
Nor because to kingly traitors
He, more kingly, would not yield ;
But because for truth he battled,
And because for truth he bled ;
And because for truth he conquered
With the heroes he had led.

Therefore was the PRINCE OF ORANGE
Honoured and beloved by those
Who defied Rome's usurpation,
And became her mightiest foes.
Therefore was his memory " Pious,
Glorious, and Immortal," too,
Would that all Great Britain's rulers
To the truth, like him, were true.

THE MAIDEN CITY.

Where Foyle her swelling waters
Rolls northward to the main,
Here, Queen of Erin's daughters,
Fair Derry fixed her reign ;
A holy temple crowned her,
While commerce graced her street,
A rampart wall was round her,
The river at her feet :
And here she sat alone, boys,
And looking from the hill,
Vow'd the maiden on her throne, boys,
Would be a maiden still.

From Antrim crossing over
In famous eighty-eight,
A plumed and belted lover
Came to the Ferry-gate.
She summon'd to defend her
Our sires—a beardless race—
They shouted,—No SURRENDER!
And slamm'd it in his face.
Then in a quiet tone, boys,
They told him 'twas their will,
That the maiden on her throne, boys,
Should be a maiden still.

Next—crushing all before him,
A kingly wooer came,
(The royal banner o'er him
Blushed crimson deep for shame);
He showed the Pope's commission,
Nor dreamed to be refused:
She pitied his condition,
But begged to stand excused.
In short the fact is known, boys,
She chased him from the hill,
For the maiden on her throne, boys—
Would be a maiden still.

On, our brave sires descending,
'Twas then the tempest broke,
Their peaceful dwellings rending,
'Mid blood, and flame, and smoke.
That hallowed graveyard yonder
Swells with the slaughtered dead
Oh, brother, pause and ponder,
It was for us they bled:
And while their gift we owe, boys,
The church that tops our hill;
Oh, the maiden on her throne, boys,
Shall be a maiden still.

Nor wily tongue shall move us,
Nor tyrant arm affright,
We'll look to One above us
Who ne're forsook the right;

Who will, may crouch, and tender
The blithright of the free,
But brothers,—“No Surrender!”
No compromise for me!
We want no barrier stone, boys,
No gates to guard the hill;
Yet the maiden on her throne, boys,
Shall be a maiden still.

—CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

OUR PROTESTANTISM.

AN ODE USED AT A MEETING¹ OF THE UNITED STATES
PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.

We are a band of brothers, joined
By ties of purest love;
Our aim, defence of that bright truth
Transmitted from above:

Our faith, the same dear sacred one
For which our fathers fought,
And with the life's-blood of their hearts
Full many a victory bought.

The same for which the Boyne is famed,
And Derry's wall are known;
The same for which on Pentland hills,
True Scottish blood has flown.

Our motto, “God defend the right,”
Peace, to each brother near;
While in each link that forms the band
Grows “law and order” dear.

Our end, destruction to the power
That holds its sway in Rome,
That would if it but had the will
Reign o'er the freeman's home.

But trusting in the arm divine,
That rules and reigns in might,
We yet may crush the demon sway,
And stop its chilling blight.

And make the land to freedom dear,
 From land to circling sea,
 Be Protestant in every part
 And more than ever free.

—GEORGE C. LEECH.

THE CANNON OF THE 'PRENTICE BOYS.

"On enquiry being made at an early hour on Monday, on the subject of the cannon belonging to the Apprentice Boys, the reply was received that the arms had already been removed beyond the proclaimed district."—*London-derry Sentinel*.

No! They are sacred! They shall fall in no stranger's hand!

By cowards or by traitors they never yet were manned.

What! Shall we not be trusted with the guns which once of yore,

Sent reeling back a rebel foe from the Foyle's blood-stained shore?

For, on a time (it is not yet two hundred years ago—But old things are forgotten now, men are progressing so)

Our 'Prentice Boys shut to our gates, vowing to keep them fast,

And for God, and King, and Liberty to hold them till the last.

They did it, too, through Summer's heat, and through wild Winter's storm.

Undaunted not by shot or shell, or famine's ghastly form,

Until the shadows of the Boys who first the gates had closed

Gave back, unstained, the sacred trust which was in them reposed.

They left it to us these relics of their dearly brought renown,

And, ere dishonoured from their place they should be taken down,

The spectres who once manned our walls would start
from out their graves,
And hurl them from their battlements into the Foyle's
dark waves.

And may we not be trusted now? Our boys are
still the same
As they were then—we boast them still—they have
not stained their fame;
Loyal through many a lawless day—peaceful in days
of ease—
Ready to fight at England's call far over distant
seas.

'Tis not long since that ruin spread o'er India's hills
and plains,
And murder, war and rapine raged o'er her wild
domains;
Methinks 'twas little cause of fear or question to us
then,
That her farthest and her firmest posts were held by
Derry men.

Aye, you may seek, and seek in vain for truer hearts
than ours—
True when the sun shines on our walls—true when
the tempest lowers—
True in these days when many change for profit or
for bread—
True to the same old sacred cause for which our
fathers bled.

And, if the cloud should ever burst that now hangs
overhead,
At which all eyes are looking up with a foreboding
dread,
And if brave men are wanted yet to stand for Eng-
land's Crown.
Seethese guns be not missing *then*, nor these ramparts
trodden down.

THE GATES OF LONDONDERRY.

Air,—“ *The Death of Nelson.*”

On Derry's walls once stood a gallant few,
Whom famine, war, disease, could not subdue ;
Long raged the seige, and as each bold defender,
Gave up the ghost, he sighed forth “ No Surrender.”

’Twas when the wintry blast,
Its chilly horrors cast,
In gloomy dark December ;
Then came with vaunting boast,

King James and all his host,
Crying, “ Derry ! now Surrender.”
But vain all their Popish arts,
The gates shut by gallant hearts,
Who shouted, “ We don't fear ye.”

Then hail to them who linked their fates,
The ’Prentice boys who shut the gates—
The gates of Londonderry.

Now lightnings flashed around,
And quick the balls rebound
About the embattl'd wall ;
Red war, with fiery breath,
Cast pestilence and death,
And gallant men did fall.
But vain was all their cannons' flash,
For Popish James could never dash
These hearts with high hopes cherry,
Then hail to them, &c.

Though famine's wolfish tooth
Prey'd on both age and youth ;
Though spectre-like they walked,
Serene they look'd the while,
Though ghastly was the smile,
Which James' fury mock'd ;
Though war and hunger fill'd the grave,
Their hopes were still that God would save
Those hearts now sad and dreary.
Then hail to them, &c.

At length when death had spread
His black wings o'er their head,
With war and want and toil ;
New hope their minds employ,
The gallant ship Mountjoy,
Comes bounding up the Foyle,
With swelling sail and towering mast,
The boom is broke, the danger's past,
And now brave hearts are merry.
Then hail to them, &c.

THE SIX PRIESTS.

Six priests dined together one Friday in Lent,
To raise a rebellion it was their intent,
With their long black cloaks and vestments so
white,
One swore by the Pope, others swore by the devil,
Another roared out in terms more uncivil ;
The fourth shouted out, by the powers of man,
To raise a rebellion I'll do all I can,
With my long black cloak and vestments so
white.

The fifth he roared out, as he carv'd up some
mutton,
" O Lord ! how I'd like to be heretics gutting,
With my long fork and great carving knife."
" Bravo ! said the sixth, " I second your motion ;"
Then these six holy sons, of wine took their
portion ;
They all with one voice did truly agree
That in Protestant blood they would wade to the
knee,
With their long black cloaks and vestments so
white.

They toasted Lord Edward, and gave him three
cheers,
They filled up their bumpers to traitors and Shears,
With their long black gowns and vestments so
white ;

When a clap from each one made the house for to ring,
It's " God save the Pope, and down with the King ; "
The chairman cried out, as 'tis getting late,
I'd better sit down and settle the state,
With our long black cloaks and vestments so white.

Then one of those priests to another did say,
If we chance to be taken, we'll see Botany Bay,
With our long black cloaks and vestments so white ;
So take my advice, and kill all you can,
Spare not a woman, a child, or a man ;
For Heaven you'll get for doing such deeds,
And clearing the country of such ruinous weeds,
With our long black cloaks and vestments so white.

The chairman arose, who was Father McBride,
I have a plan in my pocket this town to divide,
With my long black cloaks and my vestments so white :
Here is Stephen's green, I will give it to thee,
But as for the Castle it's for you and me ;
And as for the rest, you may all have the College,—
Then our holy religion will spread and get knowledge,
With our long black cloaks and vestments so white.

But in the arrangement there was a demur,
For just at this moment in stepped Major Sirr,
With his long sword and pistols so bright ;
O, it's then how they looked, and Oh ! how they stared,
Had he been old Nick they could not be more scared :
The Major, well knowing they were desperate foes,
Instead of the Castle gave them the Provost,
With long black cloaks and vestments so white.

STANZAS

Suggested by the re-interment of the exhumed bones, beneath the floor of the Cathedral, where they were formerly deposited. This laudable act was performed by the Apprentice Boys of Derry, on Friday, the 24th day of May, 1861.

Here rest to be disturb'd no more,
Till comes the resurrection day,
The bones of men who fought of yore,
And perill'd in deadly fray,
The rights of conscience to secure,
And laws placed on a basis sure.

No common conflict here they wag'd,
War, pestilence, and famine dire,
Around them in fierce fury rag'd,
Their faith and fortitude to tire;
But, trusting in the Lord Most High,
Still "No Surrender" was their cry.

Contending valiantly they fell,
How weeping friends interr'd them here;
How doleful the funeral knell
Of each, when stretched upon his bier,
And when the grave had on them clos'd
'Twas thought in safety they repos'd.

Yet strange and dismal sight to view,
The bones, which moulder'd in the clay
For more than *eight score years and two*.
Were rudely raised from where they lay,
And thrown in heaps the Churchyard o'er,
Like common earth, and nothing more.

But soon the brave "Apprentice Boys"
Restored them to their former place,
Honour'd by cannon's booming noise,
Their second burial-rites to grace;
Whilst citizens of every grade,
Deserv'd respect to them have paid.

—ROBERT YOUNG.

Londonderry, May, 27, 1861.

BALLYKILBEG.

(Sung at the Banquet given to Bro. Wm. Johnston, M. P., Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Grand Black Chapter of Ireland, by the Grand Black Chapter of Dublin, on Tuesday evening, the 3rd December, 1872, at the Orange Hall, York Street, Dublin).

Air,—“ *Protestant Boys.* ”

I'll sing you a song I know you'll all join,
 And chorus the praise of a man I shall name,
 Whose hearts' beating high for the cause of the
 Boyne
 Whose tongue's ever eloquent sounding its fame,
 With William's spirit,
 With Walker's merit,
 Who hallowed the thunders of old “ Roaring Meg ”
 For Throne and for Alter,
 No change, or no falter,
 TRUE BLUE WILLIAM JOHNSTON—“ BALLYKILBEG ! ”

Thousands had mustered, and thousands again,
 At Bangor, with “ Ballykilbeg ” at their head,
 And Gladstone, dismayed, never thought Orangemen
 Could call up a Phalanx to cause him such dread.
 Oh ! “ they were the Boys
 Who feared no noise,”
 No more than the Boys for whom blazed Roaring
 Meg ;
 All shoulder to shoulder,
 None calmer, none bolder,
 With TRUE BLUE WILLIAM JOHNSTON—“ BALLYKIL-
 BEG ! ”

At this great procession, with Johnston True Blue,
 John Bright he looked darkly, John Gray he looked
 pale,
 True Blue gave a hint of what Ulster could do,
 But being too loyal they sent him to Gaol ;
 But from that prison
 A zeal has risen,

Like to the furor of old Roaring Meg,
 And in the ascendant,
 Our star shone resplendent,
 TRUE BLUE WILLIAM JOHNSTON—"BALLYKILBEG!"

We stood in the Senate, demanding our right
 To walk in procession, with Banners unfurled,
 In proud celebration of Boyne's glorious fight,
 When James to the dust was ingloriously hurled
 Who broke in twain
 The penal chain,
 When his spirit flashed fire, like old Roaring Meg,
 And Cardinal Cullen
 Look'd sombre and sullen?
 'Twas TRUE BLUE WILLIAM JOHNSTON—"BALLYKIL-
 BEG!"

His name has been wafted where'er the winds
 sweep,
 Australia and India his worth have confess'd,
 And o'er the Atlantic's magnificent deep,
 With fame as his herald, he flew to the West.
 At Niagara's Flood,
 He proudly stood,
 A true 'Prentice Boy of old Roaring Meg;
 And Toronto, Ontario,
 Did honour our hero,
 TRUE BLUE WILLIAM JOHNSTON—"BALLYKILBEG."

Then join the laudation,—ye sons of Nassau,
 Both ORANGE and PURPLE, and ROYAL BLACK
 KNIGHTS,
 To him whom power, no prison could awe,
 To him who so nobly stood up for our rights;
 And sing his praise,
 With loud huzzas.
 Come, out with it—thunder like old Roaring Meg;
 Fill, fill the glass higher,
 'Twelve be our fire,
 Here's TRUE BLUE WILLIAM JOHNSTON—"BALLYKIL-
 BEG!"

NO PURGATORY.

When Pope Pius from earth did stray,
And upwards seek'd his aerial way,
To find what's fam'd in Romish story,
That cleansing place called *Purgatory* :
A place the prophets ne're could view,
A place that Christ ne're named nor knew,
A place as false and whimsical
As the famed island of Brazil :
As, driven by storm to Saint Lucee,
Some hopeless bird is forced to flee ;
Tired on the wing he hoves about,
Some friendly asylum to find out ;
He hoves in vain—the deep appears,
And all around is wreck'd with fears ;
Ten thousand fears distract his soul,
To think he cannot find the goal ;
He stamps and rages at his sad doom,
And damns his lying Church of Rome !
At last he spies Heaven's shining gates,
And rapp'd, presumptuous in his heart.
He louder rapp'd—and louder still,
Till St. Peter came,—“ Pray, what's your will ? ”
His Holiness :—“ From earth I came :
The Pope has been my common name,
And in our Church, each learn'd professor,
Calls me Christ's vicar, and your successor :
And what to heretics seem'd odd,
I called myself Almighty God ! ”
Quoth Peter—“ Vain are all thy hopes,
This gate has ne'er admitted Popes ;
And what may seem much stranger still,
It will not now and never will ! ”
“ Well,” quoth the Pope, “ since this is so
One thing of you I fain would know ;—
Did KING WILLIAM hither come,
Great Prince of Orange, foe to Rome ;
Who with his heretics did join,
And slew my Papists at the Boyne ? ”
Quoth Peter,—“ William's in this place ;
Pray, would you wish to see his face ? ”
“ No,” cried the Pope, “ If William's there,
By all that's holy, here I swear,

Hell I'll prefer and Satan's clan
To Heav'n and such an Orangeman :
Or, if I had my book and bell,
I'd ring him out of Heaven to Hell ! ”
St. Peter shut the gate and left
The Pope of every hope bereft :
So now enraged, most strange to tell,
He sought out the gloomy gate of Hell,
He knocked there a young fiend came,
And told him “to send in his name.”
Says he, “ Tell Lucifer, the Pope
Depends on him, his latest hope ;
Since Heav'n is shut, he means to dwell
And share with him his seat in Hell.”
Up came the Devil, amazed with fear,
And said, “ No Pope shall enter here !
He that on earth did eat his God,
And feasted on his flesh and blood,
I shan't admit him, on my peril,
Lest he in hell should eat the Devil ! ”

THE ASSAULT OF CROM CASTLE.

The assault of Crom Castle on the Banks of Lough Erne, which was ordered to surrender to King James, by Lord Galmoy, and a numerous body of troops, but most gallantly defended by Colonel Creighton (ancestor to the present Earl of Erne,) and a valiant band of heroes from Enniskillen, Clones, Belturbet, Newtown Butler, and the Protestants of those neighbourhoods.

Air—“*The Boyne Water.*”

Your ears unto my ditty lend,
It is an ancient story,
And whilst I sing, I pray attend—
Of men who fought with glory.
Galmoy encamped beside Lough Erne,
Against Crom Castle wall,
His offers they reject with scorn,
And answer him with ball.

Enraꝝ'd at this he orders out,
Three cannons made of *tin*,
And threats he'll blow their walls about,
But frights not those within ;
Being still incensed with heavy ire,
He turns it towards the wall,
It bursts—'twas only bound with wire,
Ten gunners round it fall.

He next attempts to cross Lough Erne,
By a wall built over,
A heavy fire lets few return,
Their bones we still discover,
Lord Galmoy thinks it bodes no good,
Much longer to remain,
His troops oppress'd for want of food,
And Erne bridg'd with slain.

His men he orders to retire,
Amid the shades of night,
The battery pours a galling fire,
That turn'd retreat to flight,
He gives command his troops to join,
Some part of James's host,
On march for Sligo upwards gone,
But few e'er reach'd their post.

To Colonel Creighton's praise is due,
Crom-Castle's stout defender,
Who fought for William's rights so true,
And still cried, " No Surrender."
We'll likewise laud that valiant blood
Of Clones and Enniskillen,
And Belurbet's neighbourhood,
Who fought with courage willing.

Our armies cut a gallant show,
When in the field they thunder,
They'll pour destruction on the foe,
And still be Europe's wonder.
May still our Navies ride the main,
Their thund'ring broadsides roar,
To curb the pride of France and Spain,
And guard Old England's Shore.

LISNAGEAD.

A VERY OLD SONG.

Ye Protestants of Ulster, I pray you join with me,
Your voices raise, in lofty praise, and shew your
loyalty,
Extol the day, we marched away, with Orange flags
so fine,
In order to commem'rate the conquest of the Boyne.

The first who fought upon that day the Prince of
Orange was,
He headed our forefathers in his most glorious cause,
Protestants' rights to maintain, and pop'ry to degrade,
And in the memory of the same, we fought at
Lisnagead.

'Twas early in the morning before the rise of the sun
An information we received, our foes, each with his
gun,
In ambush lay, near the high way, intrenched in a
forth,
For to disgrace our Orange flag, but it chanced they
broke their oath.

We had not marched a mile or so, when the white
flag we espy'd,
With a bunch of *pondereens*, on which they much
rely'd,
And this inscription underneath—"Hail, Mary! unto
thee—
"Deliver us from these Orange Dogs, and then we
will be free."

At half past two o'clock, a firing did commence,
With clouds of smoke and showers of ball, the Heaven
was condensed;
They call'd unto their wooden gods, to whom they
used to pray,
But my Lady Mary fell asleep, and so they ran away.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

A SONG.

BY WILLIAM JOHNSON, M.D.

“Dedicated to the Orangemen of Canada.”

Air,—“*The Protestant Boys.*”

Proudly march on to the edge of the river,
 The Protestant hosts, on the First of July;
 For William of Orange has come to deliver
 From prison the captives appointed to die!
 And brave men, with hope,
 See the slaves of the Pope
 Assembled to fight for the minion of France;
 The sun shed his glory
 On men famed in story,
 Who longed for this hour, and the watchword
 “advance.”

Onward they go, as the music is pealing;
 The drums cease to beat as they enter the Boyne.
 Onward they go, with a confidence sealing
 The doom of the foe, ere in battle they join,
 For God is their trust,
 And the victory must,
 Assuredly fall to the hosts of the Lord;
 For him they are fighting—
 His foes they are smiting—
 And never fail they who for him draw the sword!

William leads on, like a Protestant hero;
 While James slinks away from the hill of Donore!
 Frightened to death by that “Lilliburlero,”
 That cheers on the men on the opposite shore—
 That cheers on the men,
 And, if ever again
 The thing is to do that was done, that July
 With the Orange flag flying,
 And on God relying,
 Such music will lead men to conquer or die!

Ours is the victory ! Praise be to Heaven !
The banner of Orange waves over the field !
The fetters James forged have by William been riven ;
And never the tryants shall Williamites yield !
For they *will maintain*
On the land and the main,
Against Papal legions, the Right and the True ;
And with life, shall never
Surrender, for ever,
Their standard of Freedom—the Orange and Blue !

THE POTHEREEN ASS.

Every man has a humour, a freak, and a whim,
Though it pleaseth not others, still it may please him,
And amongst other humours I hope mine may pass,
For its only to ride on a Pothereen Ass.

When William of Orange sat on Britain's Throne,
This Pothereen Ass quite restive had grown ;
But he made his spurs on his sides quick to pass,
And very soon broke in this Pothereen Ass.

Those Pothereens formerly thought it fine fun,
Protestants to burn and let their blood run ;
But its odd now to mark how strange things come
to pass,
How Protestants ride on the Pothereen Ass.

When William to Ireland his voyage first made.
This Ass was astonished, got frighten'd and bray'd,
But through the Boyne Water he made him to pass,
And soon cooled the pride of this Pothereen Ass.

From that time he ever has hung down his head,
Though for emancipation he loudly has brayed :
But let Protestants dread should that act ever pass,
They soon would be kicked by this Pothereen Ass.

Let all Orangemen now join in one band,
To keep down those rebels who again fill the land ;
And that mystic tie which all knowledge doth pass,
Will cause them still to ride on the Pothereen Ass.

MARSEILLAISE FOR THE ROMANS.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

Arise! brave Romans, freedom calls you!
Now is the time to strike the blow!
Let not anathemas appal to you—
Strike home, and lay the Pontiff low.
Who is this Priest would give salvation
To sinners with a single nod?
Who is this Priest, that says damnation
Hangs on his lips—is he a God?

To arms—Romans, to arms—
This demigod depose,
With sword and brand we'll take a stand
Against our subtle foes.

We asked him for a constitution:
He called us heretics and knaves—
But now our cry is retribution—
Romans no longer will be slaves.
We'll worship God, our common father—
He, who in glory ever reigns;
But, oh! as Christians, we would rather
Bow down to him without our chains.

To arms—Romans, to arms—
This demigod depose;
With sword and brand we'll take a stand
Against our subtle foes.

We want no Papal absolution—
There's only one who can absolve;
'Tis he can cleanse from all pollution—
To serve our God we now resolve.
But this poor reptile's vain pretences
Of free salvation, we despise;
He cannot pardon our offences,
Though he may try to blind our eyes.

To arms—Romans, to arms—
This demigod depose;
With sword and brand we'll take a stand
Against our subtle foes.

Why should we not possess a nation !
 We are not Jews—nor will we be
 Afraid of excommunication—
 Like Rome of old we will be free.
 Long we have bowed to superstition,
 But now we'll bow to God alone ;
 And by His help, the Inquisition
 We'll level with the Papal Throne.

To arms—Romans, to arms—
 This demigod depose ;
 With sword and brand we'll take a stand
 Against our subtle foes.

King Street, Toronto.

—T. P.

SUCCESS TO THE ORANGE WHEREVER IT GOES.

BY R. N. OF LODGE 595.

TUNE.—“ *The Army and Navy of Britain.*”

Let the name of Great *William* be ever held dear,
 By each loyal subject throughout this whole land,
 For from heav'n he looks down on his children met
 here,
 And smiles with delight on this Protestant band
 Who with hearts firm and bold,
 Like our fathers of old.
 Rally round his bright standard, in spite of our foes ;
 And who will, until death,
 Puts a stop to our breath,
 Sing—“ Success to the Orange wherever it goes.”

Although certain persons, well known in this isle,
 Have vainly endeavoured on us for to frown,
 Yet at their weak efforts we safely may smile,
 For its not in their power to put Orangemen down :
 With aid from on high,
 Their threats we defy,

And our cause it will flourish in spite of their foes ;
And we will, until death,
Puts a stop to our breath,
Sing—" Success to the Orange wherever it goes."

Though bigoted wretches, who judge by themselves,
Have asserted—" that we are for murder enroll'd"
'Tis their own sable hearts first gave birth to the
thought,

As we see by their plots which each day does
unfold ;
But truth, like a star,
Which shines from afar,
To a candid observer convincingly shews,
That 'gainst rebels alone,
Our vengeance is shewn,
So—" Success to the Orange wherever it goes."

Now a full flowing glass to Lord Farnham we'll pass
The Yeomen's brave father, their country's firm
prop :

To Enniskillen so bold, to his praise be it told,
Who'd ne'er hang a Yeoman for shooting a crop ;
To the King fill it high,
Let our song rend the sky,
And no more may rebellion disturb his repose ;
Here's our stout wooden walls,
Whom no danger appals,
And—" Success to the Orange wherever it goes."

LINES WRITTEN ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF WILLIAM III.

BY. D. FALLOON.

And can I on a foreign shore,
An exile in a distant land,
Beyond the rude Atlantic's roar
Forget the theme my joys demand.
Forget it—no—I never will,
Till every hair becomes a quill,
Till death my soul and body part,
This subject shall impress my heart.

On this glad day a hero born,
Design'd to fill Britannia's throne,
In her to raise fair freedom's horn
When by a tyrant made to groan.
To save her from a slavish yoke,
Her foes to vanquish at a stroke,
That Europe's nations all may see,
Old Albion's children ever free.

Great William, whose immortal name
Shall ever be to memory dear,
The subject of our warmest theme,
For whom our Maker we revere,
On this glad day received his birth,
Come let us then in harmless mirth,
Join hand in hand with social glee,
To toast his glorious memory.

Hibernia's sons lift up your voice,
Let all your harps with joy be strung,
Let every hill and plain rejoice.
And praises now employ each tongue.
Religious freedom still shall reign,
Through every part of your domain,
For William gave to British laws.
The fair impress of freedom's cause.

My country's sons from slaughter saved,
Because they could not bend the knee,
To idols who their homage crav'd,
May hail his name who set them free,
And while above each brilliant star,
His lights emitting from afar,
The name of England's Orange King
Hibernia's sons may ever sing.

The shamrock, thistle, and the rose,
May now in social friendship join,
Since William conquered all our foes.
When James he vanquished at the Boyne,
And routed every enemy,
To Protestant ascendancy,
And gave to each denomination.
The pleasing sweets of toleration.

But while I rhyme of British Isles,
 I had indeed almost forgot,
 I'm distant now three thousand miles,
 From that renown'd delightful spot,
 The dearest spot upon the earth,
 The place where I received my birth,
 And join'd the loyal Orange cause,
 The firm support of British Laws.

Sweet Erin, loveliest of the isles !
 Thy charms are written on my heart,
 May I once more enjoy the smiles,
 And never, never from thee part ;
 But if I ne'er should see thee more,
 I'll here upon a foreign shore,
 This day with pleasure celebrate.
 The freedom of thy Church and State.

WE NE'ER WILL RELINQUISH THE ORANGE AND BLUE.

TUNE.—“ *Anacreon in Heaven.*”

To Nassau's lov'd shade, in elysium of fate,
 Some sons of Ierne were heard to complain ;
 Now virtue is driven from her favourite seat,
 And loyalty groans on the blood-sprinkled plain ;
 While Jacobins cry, “ all power we defy,
 For laws we will trample, and kings we deny :
 Nor will we this conduct e'er cease to pursue,
 Until we extirpate the Orange and Blue.”

Great William, arous'd from his blissful repose,
 To his air-form'd truncheon indignantly flies ;
 A look of defiance around him he throws,
 And thus, in loud accents, the hero replies ;
 “ To arms then away, your prowess display,
 What the fathers have bled for, the sons can't betray ;
 Remember their honor's entrusted to you,
 Nor dare to relinquish the Orange and Blue.

" When Ireland once bled under Jacobite laws,
 And freedom in tears sued to me for protection :
 A band of true Britons enroll'd in her cause,
 Pass'd quick to your shores, brought her foes to
 subjection
 At the Boyne they fled, at Aughrim they bled,
 Then freedom in extacy lifted her head,
 And smil'd to behold how the Jacobite crew,
 Due homage had paid to the Orange and Blue.

And now shall those traitors in martial array,
 Audacious unfurl their banners of green ?
 Shall virtue, shall loyalty sink in dismay,
 And freedom's own Orange no longer be seen ?
 To arms then for shame, and rescue your fame,
 I dub you my champions henceforth bear my name,
 And tell those vile miscreants their deeds they shall
 rue,
 When humbled once more by the Orange and Blue.'

The order thus given, what soul could withstand ?
 All true hearted fellows with ardour obey !
 The fiat was Nassau's, and join'd heart and hand,
 An host of staunch Orangemen stand in array
 Hark ! already they cry, in accents of joy,
 " 'The green we shall vanquish or gloriously die :
 And prove to all traitors we're loyal and true,
 To our King and our colours, the Orange and Blue.

LINES

On viewing that part of the River Boyne, where
 the Battle was fought, on the first day of
 July, (O. S.) 1690.

BY O. R. GOWAN.

Tune—" *Molly Astore.*"

As by *Boyne's* beauteous banks I stray'd,
 Where on a fatal day,
 The friends of bigotry did fly,
 With terror and dismay ;

Where sainted *William's* valor led
The sons of justice o'er,
Think of that day, and you'll not stray,
From Protestants of yore.

I view'd around and thought of scenes
Which he did suffer there,
I saw his hand dipp'd in those laws,
Which he did first appear.
A little choir along the banks,
Proclaimed his regal power,
Shall we neglect the due respect,
He purchased at that hour.

Can we suppose and think of old,
That any would be so base,
As to forsake the rights he bought,
Or let them to decrease?
Ah! thought so base, fly far away,
For us he ventured o'er,
O! we'll not yet, nor e'er forget,
The dangerous toils he bore.

Sure all the sons have grateful hearts,
Whose sires fought weli of old,
Ungrateful they to stray away,
And to forsake the fold.
He did not think when for our rights,
His life he ventured o'er,
That we'd not stand with heart and hand,
As he did oft before,

For us alone he crossed the Boyne,
And waded deep in gore,
Ah! shame! sure we can ne'er forget
The day he marched o'er,
Heaven still protect the sons of those
Whose fathers ventured o'er.
For us they stood both fire and blood,
Could mortal man do more!!!

A SONG ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE
BATTLE OF VINEGAR HILL.

Which was gained by the Loyalists of the County of
Wexford, over the Insurgent Roman Catholics
on the 21st day of June, 1798.

BY OGLE R. GOWAN.

Tune—" *Auld Lang Syne*."

Long nights and days are past and gone,
Since from yon *Hill* they fled,
Where Orange boys the battle won,
By *Johnston* bravely led :
Vinegar Hill shall still be dear,
Where many heroes bled,
Their merits here we will revere,
Though number'd with the dead.

CHORUS.

So here are we, bless'd firm and free
Descendants of the brave :
And let all knaves, creep to their graves,
Who'd yield their rights to leave.

Why should we yield to traitors vile,
To purchase loyalty,
Traitors that stray about our isle,
Seeking for "liberty"
Who in pursuit of this, then cry,
Would burn our churches down,
And every wholesome law decry,
Which might past evils drown.

Let *Colclough* wage, and *Trimmers* rage,
They have no fears in store ;
For still we'll fight for what is right,
And yield them nothing more.
Can Protestants forget the days,
When on yon bloody *Hill*,
Our father's sighs to Heaven did raise,
Out of the dark *Windmill*.

When lovely matrons pale as death,
Their lusts did satiate,
And infants mild, whose tongue-tied breath,
Throb'd with the old and great,
Yet still the crew, their pikes ran through,
The virtuous and the good,
Nor sex, nor age, could them assuage,
But sinless infant blood.

THE BREAKING OF THE BOOM.

THERE burst a sound of gladness from the "Maiden
City's" walls,
On hearts bowed down with sadness the joyous echo
falls;
It tells them that assistance, even now, is on the way,
For "yonder, in the distance, the ships are in the
bay."

What shouts of exultation rise from that vast
multitude!
Though dying from starvation, they long had
nobly stood;
Their homes, their faith defending, the soil on which
they trod,
They'd save, or die contending, for their altars and
their God.

They had heard their children crying in piteous
tones for bread,
They had seen those loved ones lying with the cold
and silent dead;
Stones might have wept in pity, at those sights and
sounds of woe,
Yet still the "Maiden City" flung defiance at the foe.

United to defend her there were hearts that knew
no fear—
Hearts scorning to surrender the rights they held
so dear;

To heaven their cause commending, a noble stand
they made,
And now kind heaven is sending the long expected
aid.

Now to the ramparts flying the excited people throng,
The feeble and the dying by friends are borne along;
With shouts of wild emotion the echoing walls
resound,
As o'er the swelling ocean three gallant vessels bound.

But hark! what sound is stealing that seems a
knell of doom,
In tones of anguished feeling are gasped the words
"the boom,"
'Midst the first gush of gladness forgotten it had been,
But now a veil of sadness falls o'er the joyous scene.

Still on the ships are speeding, across the dashing
wave,
The gallant Browning leading, to victory or the grave;
He cannot be a stranger to the snares the foe have
laid,
Oh, no! he braves the danger and trusts in Heaven
for aid.

*Fly to the old Church Tower, and unfurl your banner
there,
And in this thrilling hour, pour forth your hearts
in prayer;
Soon is the beacon blazing, its light spread far
and wide,
And feeble hands are raising the banner of their pride.*

What tides of mingled feeling in every breast contend,
As on the ramparts kneeling, to heaven their
prayers ascend.
Yes, still on God relying, they trust to Him their fate,
As, when their foes defying, they closed their
fortress gate.

The evening light is waning, the western radiance dies,
While eagerly are straining weary and tear-dimmed
eyes;
Hark, to the cannon pealing from yonder hostile
shore,
Each vivid flash revealing the vessels near Culmore.

Praise be to God for ever, onward unharmed they
come;
But now, oh now, or never! they're close upon
the boom;
Half-hoping, half-despairing, the watchers gasp
for breath—
Now for one deed of daring, for victory or death.

One gaze—no word is spoken—then one heart-
rending groan—
The boom—the boom is broken, but helpless as a stone
From that fierce shock rebounding, the Mountjoy
stranded lies,
While from the shores surrounding wild shouts of
triumph rise.

On deck the Captain's standing— he lifts his heart
in prayer,
Then, in a voice commanding, he bids his men
prepare;
Soon are the cannon pealing, the curling smoke
mounts high,
The vessels quite concealing from many an eager eye.

One moment—oh! how thrilling—then loud tremen-
dous cheers,
The wind her canvas filling, the Mountjoy re-appears;
“That broadside,” Walker shouted, “decides our
fate to-day,
Hurrah, our foes are routed, Derry and victory!”

Strange sounds are wildly swelling upon the even-
ing air,
Of heartfelt rapture telling, mingled with praise
and prayer;
Their gates now open flinging, no more of foes afraid,
While joyous peals are ringing to hail the coming aid.

*Undaunted Derry! never more shall thy remembrance die.
Thy name shall live for ever, enshrined in memory ;
Through all succeeding ages thy heroes' names shall stand,
Enrolled in history's pages, the honored of our land.*

THE BRIGHT ORANGE RIBBON.

Air—" *Sprig of Shillelagh.*"

O Love is the soul of a true Orangeman
He loves all that's loyal, loves all that he can.
 With his bright Orange Ribbons with purple
 and blue ;
His heart is right honest, he's firm and sound,
No malice nor envy is there to be found ;
For his King and his country he's ready to fight,
In subduing all rebels he takes great delight,
 With his bright Orange Ribbons with purple
 and blue.

If you had the honor to sit in our Lodge,
It is there you would see the true Orangeman's badge,
 Of bright Orange Ribbons with purple and blue ;
A neat silken collar adorns his white neck,
Which the Orange, the Blue, and the Purple do deck ;
For our King, Constitution, our Country and laws,
The Established Religion, and that is the cause
 Of those bright Orange Ribbons with purple
 and blue.

In the evening, returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart full of love, his country and those
 Who wear bright Orange Ribbons with purple
 and blue ;
He greets an old friend whom he meets by the way,
He proves him a brother, and to him does say,
Did you hear of the message which came from above,
Which bids us unite still in brotherly love,
 With our bright Orange Ribbons with purple
 and blue.

Then here's to the land that gave William his birth,
 With the land that we live in, and its neighbouring
 earth,

That makes Orangemen purple, and purplemen
 true;

May they of great William always be able
 To thrash every foe that would strive to disable

May the sons of old George be loyal and stout,

And all Popish rebels we'll put to the rout,

With our bright Orange Ribbons with purple
 and blue.

HAIL TO THE BRAVE AND MIGHTY DEAD.

AIR—" *When Vulcan Forged.*"

Hail to the brave and mighty dead—

The hero and the sage—

Whose glorious deeds shall lustre shed

To many a future age.

And loud the trumpet voice of fame,

The valiant actions shall proclaim,

Of many a true and faithful band,

Who fought and bled for Orange land.

When Jesuits once did lord it o'er

Those rights not made for them,

When bigot James tyrannic wore

Old England's diadem;

Oh, then, there beam'd across the sea

A star of hope—of chivalry;

Great William came and gave command—

He fought and won for Orange land.

Pious and true then Walker came—

And unto him was given—

To fire the heart with freedom's flame,

And guide the soul to heaven:

And men who reverenc'd Virtue's name

Follow'd in Walker's path of fame;

But, oh, at Boyne's immortal strand,

He lost his life for Orange land.

Schomberg the Great, in battle strife
Oft won the victor crown,
Now offered up his veteran life,
To pull a tryant down ;
And starlike his career was cast—
All light—all glorious to the last ;
And he who often battle plann'd
In battle fell for Orange land.

Oh ! let us hail, as leading stars,
Those mighty-minded men,
And emulate their deeds, their scars—
No matter where or when.
In Heaven's light we'll tread the earth—
Marshall'd for Altar, Throne, and hearth ;
Midst cannons' roar and flashing brand—
To win, or die for Orange land !

WILLIAM'S BIRTH-DAY

ROUSE from your slumber, Orange and Purplemen,
Banish despondency, doubt and dismay,
Joy is abounding, and music resounding, in
Honor of William of Nassau's birthday.
Think how he came at the call of our forefathers,
And headed them on in the wild battle fray—
Blest freedom's avenger, he heeded no danger ;
Then sacred for ever be William's birth-day !

Old Derry's proud walls, manned by gallant Appren-
tice boys,
Long kept the cowardly despot at bay—
Then we'll always remember the fourth of November,
And hail with delight, our deliverer's day.
Forget not the deeds of the brave Enniskilleners,
Ne'er let the memory of Aughrim decay ;
Think of the slaughter that stained the Boyne Water,
And gratefully honour King William's birth-day.

Remember the stand that was made by the diamond ;
 Honour their memory in patriot lay ;
 While music high swelling, in rapture is telling
 The deeds they performed in their old fearless day.
 Popery's poison is tainting old Ireland,
 Spreading around, from its centre, Maynooth—
 But bear down upon her, beneath the blue banner,
 The standard of Freedom, Religion and Truth.

Hark ! 'tis a voice from the tomb of your ancestors—
 Bold sons of William, up, up, and away—
 Trusting in heaven, whose promise is given
 To guard you in battles and herald your way.
 "Down with Maynooth !" be the cry of each Orange-
 man,
 Disraeli and Derby both smile to betray ;
 But strain each endeavour, and fail you can never,
 With gallant old Spooner to head your array.

"No peace with Rome," was the shout of your fore-
 fathers,—
 "No peace with Rome," let Orangemen say ;
 When a truce they would tender, sing out "No
 Surrender,"
 And hollow'd for ever be William's birth-day.
 Then start to your feet every true son of loyalty,
 Remember your number is TWO-AND-A-HALF,
 Think how Midian wondered at Gideon's three
 hundred,
 While in memory of William, your bumpers you
 quaff.

SIRES OF WILLIAM'S GLORIOUS REIGN.

TUNE—"Rule Britannia."

GENIUS of Erin's emerald isle,
 In all thy ancient glory rise,
 And teach thy sons at death to smile,
 While this proud strain ascends the skies :
 "Sires of William's glorious reign,
 Triumph in your sons again !"

Awake, true sons of Erin, wake,
Attend your King and Country's call!
Beneath your bands shall treason shake,
Beneath your arms shall treason fall!
"Sires of William's glorious reign,
In their sons shall fight again."

Hark! down the Boyne's immortal flood.
Flows this sublime triumphant sound,
Where, like yon column, firm they stood,
Till victory's self their virtue crowned:
"Sires of William's glorious reign,
Bid their sons their rights maintain."

Hark! how from Aughrim's blood-stained field—
Stained with the blood that warms your heart;
The shades of those who ne'er could yield,
Thus prompt the Patriot's awful part:
"Sires of William's glorious reign,
Trust their sons to guard this plain."

And, hark! From Derry's sacred Walls,
That spurned the tyrant at their feet,
A guardian voice inspiring calls,
And Derry's sons the strains repeat:
"Sires of William's glorious reign,
Guard in us, these walls again."

Again shall Enniskillen pour
Her heroes for their rights to die;
Before them, as in days of yore,
Shall traitors, tyrants, foemen fly.
"Sires of William's glorious reign,
Fought not for their sons in vain."

The men of Erin catch the flame,
The spirit of the Isle's abroad;
They pant to share their father's fame,
Like them in war or death unawed,
"Sires of William's glorious reign,
Ne'er can call their sons in vain."

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE, A.D. 1690.

It was upon a summer's morn,
Unclouded rose the sun
And lightly o'er the waving corn,
Their way the breezes won ;
Sparkling beneath that orient beam,
'Mid banks of verdure gay,
Its eastward course a silver stream
Held smilingly away.

A kingly host upon its side—
A monarch camped around—
Its southern upland far and wide
Their white pavilions crowned.
Not long that sky unclouded showed,
Nor long beneath the ray
That gentle stream in silver flowed
To meet the new-born day.

Through yonder fairy-haunted glen,
From out that dark ravine,
Is heard the tread of armed men—
The gleam of arms is seen ;
And dashing forth in bright array
Along yon verdant banks,
All eager for the coming fray,
Are arranged the martial ranks.

Peals the loud gun, its thunders boom
The echoing vales along,
While, curtain'd in its sulph'rous gloom
Moves on the gallant throng ;
And horse and foot in mingled mass
Regardless all of life,
With furious ardour onward pass
To join the deadly strife.

Nor strange, that with such ardent flame,
Each glowing heart beats high ;
Their battle-word was William's name,
And "Death or Liberty!"

Then, Oldbridge, then, thy peaceful bowers
With sounds unwonted rang ;
And Tredagh, 'mid thy distant towers,
Was heard the mighty clang.

The silver stream is crimson'd wide,
And clogged with many a corse,
As, floating down its gentle tide,
Commingled man and horse ;
Now fiercer grows the battle's rage,
The guarded stream is cross'd,
And furious, hand to hand, engage
Each bold contending host.

He falls, the veteran hero falls,
Renowned along the Rhine ;
And he, whose name, while Derry's walls
Endure, shall brightly shine.
Oh ! would to Heaven that churchman bold,
His arms with triumph blessed,
The soldier-spirit had controlled
That fired that his pious breast.

And he, the chief of yonder brave
And persecuted band,
Who foremost rush'd amid the waves
And gained the hostile strand ;
He bleeds, brave Caillemote, he bleeds—
Closed in his bright career—
Yet still that band to glorious deeds
His dying accents cheer.

And now that well-contested strand
Successive columns gain,
While backward James's yielding band
Are borne across the plain ;
In vain the sword green Erin draws
And life away doth fling,
Oh, worthy of a better cause,
And of a bolder king.

In vain thy bearing bold is shown
Upon that blood-stained ground ;
Thy towering hopes are overthrown,
Thy choicest fall around ;
Nor shamed, abandon thou the fray,
Nor blush, though conquered there—
A Power against thee fights to-day,
No mortal arm may dare.

Nay, look not to that distant height,
In hope of coming aid,
The dastard thence has ta'en flight,
And left thee all betrayed ;
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! the victor shout
Is heard on high Donore ;
Down Platten's vale, in hurried rout,
Thy shattered masses pour.

But many a gallant spirit there,
Retreats across the plain,
Who, change but kings, would gladly dare
That battle-field again :
Enough, enough, the victor cries ;
Your fierce pursuit forbear,
Let grateful prayer to Heaven arise,
And vanquished freemen spare.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for liberty,
For her the sword we drew,
And dared the battle, while on high
Our Orange banners flew ;
Woe worth the hour, woe worth the state,
When men shall cease to join
With grateful hearts to celebrate
The glories of the Boyne.

THE BOYS OF SANDY ROW.

Come all ye loyal Orangemen, and in full chorus join,
Think on the deeds of William, and the conquest at
the Boyne,
And gratefully commemorate that ever glorious day,
That crown'd the mighty hero king and ended
Popish sway.

Then band together firmly, and Popery overthrow,
Like to your gallant brethren, the boys of Sandy
Row.

Likewise ye Presbyterians that for the truth contend,
Come forward now, and manfully your chartered
rights defend,
From Fenians and from Papists vile, that fiercely
you assail.
And hope throughout green Erin's isle to carry a
repeal.

But band together firmly, &c.

The gathering Papist swarming round this ancient
loyal town,
They tried, you know, not long ago, to pull the
Bible down,
And to destroy it root and branch, they often
have combined,
But from Sandy Row we made them fly like chaff
before the wind.

Then band together firmly, &c.

More savage than New Zealanders, that cunning,
ruthless race,
Like tigers, watching for their prey, spring from
their lurking-place ;
United by a private oath their leaders to obey,
And at the shortest notice rise the heretics to slay.

Then band together firmly, &c.

To brave and gallant Johnston, aye prepared to do
and dare,
Now let a bumper toast go round, with honors from
the chair ;
The Boyne we never shall forget, nor Derry walls
renowned,
And should like days return again we'll at our post
be found.

Then band together firmly, &c.

SHUTTING OF THE GATES BY THE APPRENTICE BOYS OF DERRY.

TUNE—"Auld Lang Syne."

FULL many a long wild Winter's night,
And sultry Summer's day,
Are past and gone since James took flight
From Derry walls away ;
Cold are the hands that closed that gate
Against the wily foe ;
But here, to Time's remotest date,
Their spirit still shall glow.

So here's a health to all good men,
Now fearless friends are few ;
But when we close our gates again
We'll then be all True Blue.

Lord Antrim's men came down yon glen,
With drums and trumpets gay ;
Our 'Prentice Boys just heard the noise,
And then prepared for play :
While some opposed, the gates they closed,
And joining hand in hand,
Before the wall resolved to fall,
Or for their freedom stand.

When honour calls to Derry Walls,
The noble and the brave,
Oh ! he that in the battle falls,
Must find a hero's grave.

Then came the hot and doubtful fray,
With many a mortal wound ;
While thousands, in wild war's array,
Stood marshalled all around.
Each hill and plain was strewed with slain,
The Foyle ran red with blood ;
But all was vain the town to gain—
Here William's standard stood.

Renowned are those who face their foes,
As men and heroes should ;
And let the slave steal to his grave,
Who fears to shed his blood.

The Matchless deeds of those who here
Defied the Tyrant's frown,
On History's bright rolls appear,
Emblazoned in renown :
Here deathless Walker's faithful word
Sent hosts against the foe,
And gallant Murray's bloody sword
The Gallic chief laid low.

We honour those heroic dead,
Their glorious memory ;
May we, who stand here in their stead,
As wise and valiant be.

Oh ! sure a heart of stone would melt,
The scenes once here to see—
And witness all our fathers felt,
To make their country free.
They saw the lovely matron's cheek
With want and terror pale—
They heard their child's expiring shriek
Float on the passing gale !

Yet here they stood, in fire and blood,
As battle raged around ;
Resolved to die—till victory
Their purple standard crowned.

The sacred rights these heroes gained,
In many a hard-fought day,
Shall they by us be still maintained,
Or basely cast away ?
Shall rebels vile rule o'er our isle,
And call it all their own ?
Oh surely no !—the faithless foe,
Must bend before the throne.

Then here's a health to all good men,
To all good men and true ;
And when we close our gates again,
We'll then be all True Blue.

A MAIDEN PINED BY DERRY'S WALLS.

AIR—" *The Slave,*" (*I had a dream, a happy dream*).

A MAIDEN pined by Derry's walls,
Where want did life destroy ;
Her lover rush'd to shut the Gates,
A gallant 'Prentice Boy.
Her last death-sigh was breath'd to him—
" Weep not my early grave,
Live free, or like a freeman die,
Not like a Popish slave !"

A Young Wife wept by Derry's Walls,
Her babe was dead and gone ;
His father now was all she loved,
Beneath the blessed sun.
He stood upon the rampart high,
She cried to him, " Oh ! brave,
Stand to your gun, or nobly fall,
Not like the Popish slave !"

A Widow droop'd by Derry's Walls,
Her hair was gray with grief,
Her only boy had left her side,
To aid the Town's relief.
She prayed his sword like Gideon's,
In victory might wave,
Or like a freeman fight and fall,
Not like a Popish slave !

Bright is the Hero's path to Fame,
With Victory smiling down,
When beauty points the glorious path
And wreathes the laurel crown ;
Oh ! her fair bosom, shrine of love,
Where soft emotion heaves,
Shall nurture Freedom's rosy boys,
Not suckle Popish slaves !

FOR GOD AND VICTORIA.

AIR—"Bonnie Dundee."

IN cottage and castle, in hamlet and hall,
Stand true to your colours, brave Orangemen all;
For there's work for the peer and the peasant to do,
Beneath our loved banner of Orange and Blue.
Dark deeds of devilry trouble our land;
Satan and Popery walk hand in hand;
Abroad through our country the enemy roams,
And the serpent, unheeded, glides into our homes.

Why rest ye? Why sleep ye? The wolf's in
the fold!

He conquers by cunning like Satan of old:
He sneers at the Bible, despises the law,
But dreads the bright banner of gallant Nassau

It is noble to band with the true and the free,
While cowards are crouching at Popery's knee.
Like strong men we labor, like heroes we fight,
For God and our country, for truth and our right,
Joys for the idler, and dreams for the vain;
Wealth for the worlding who lives but for gain;
Smiles for the coward who dreads the world's ban;
But God's work, till death, for the Protestant man!
Awake, banded Brothers! The wolf's in the fold
He conquers by cunning like Satan of old:
He sneers at the Bible, despises the law,
But dreads the bright banner of gallant Nassau

There's an army of true men, from peasant to lord;
Some toil in our cities, some plough the rough sward
God help them from falling; God shield them from
harm

For they are our strength in the time of alarm.
Known among men their love for the Truth:
Known by stern valor in old man and youth:
Oh, trust them, Victoria! When danger appal,
The true sons of William will come at thy call.
Be watchful, be wakeful! The wolf's in the fold!
He conquers by cunning like Satan of old:
He sneers at the Bible, despises the law,
But dreads the bright banner of gallant Nassau!

Great army of Brothers! be brothers in love;
 True sons of a loving Grand Master above!
 Great army of Brothers! unite and be strong;
 The end is approaching; Rome triumphs—how long?
 Be as one man for our time-honored cause:
 Be as one man for the Queen and her law:
 Bear with each other through weal or through woe
 And shame not the truth in the eyes of our foe.
 Be true, be united! The wolf's in the fold!
 He conquers by cunning like Satan of old;
 He sneers at the Bible, despises the law,
 But dreads the bright banner of gallant Nassau!

THE COUNTY TYRONE.

Would you wish to find friends that are faithful
 and true,
 Devoted through life to the Orange and Blue?
 Would you seek for stout friends to the Altar and
 Throne?
 Come down to the lads of the County Tyrone;
 Surrounded by Derry, by Antrim, and Down,
 By Fermanagh renowned for her love of the Crown,
 By Cavan, Armagh, and by Monaghan brave,
 We're here to defy both the tyrant and slave.

Would you wish to find friends that are faithful
 and true,
 Devoted through life to the Orange and Blue?
 Would you seek for stout friends to the Altar
 and Throne?
 Come down to the lads of the County Tyrone.

When Philemy Roe with his rebels broke out,
 The lads of the Lagan soon put him to rout,
 Old Leslie then left his Episcopal stall,
 And hunted the rabble from fair Donegal;
 Oh, loud was the shriek, and the cry, and the roar,
 As they ran for their lives through wild Barnesmore,
 And hundreds in heaps in the valley lay low,
 While the victors marched back to the fort of Raphoe.
 Would you wish to find friends, &c.

When James, with his minions and frog-eaters vile,
Would banish the Bible from Erin's green isle—
When cruel Rosen, in calamitous year,
With thousands around him to Derry came near,
Tyrone turned out with her Walker so brave,
The fair cause of truth and of freedom to save;
Knockmany sent Cairnes to Derry so true,
And down went the flag of the bigoted crew.

Would you wish to find friends, &c.

The blood that then coursed in the Derrymen's veins,
In the hearts of their sons in full vigor remains;
Though Lundies we find false to country and creed,
Our Walkers in worth and in number exceed.
For one that in fight on the banks of the Boyne
The standard of William did valiantly join,
Full ten would turn out in the battle to stand,
That soon must be fought for our lives and our land.

Would you wish to find friends, &c

In Dublin, in Carlow, in Cork, and Kildare,
The lords of the soil in our perils all share;
In Wicklow and Wexford our friends are not few,
And Sligo and Longford have always been true.
Then why should we slumber, why close up our eyes,
When a treacherous foe for our downfall loud cries;
And a war of one year for a Protestant crown
Would set all to rights, and make Croppies lie down?

Would you wish to find friends, &c.

THE BAN.

Mr. Flaherty O'Regan, having heard the Ban, and having a natural taste for poetry, thought it might be read as follows:—

Holy Father Bourget, at his palace on Sunday,
Delivered this sermon to Johnny Baptaste;
Arrah, Johnny you thief, may you choke before
Monday,
You deserve to be hanged, I say, Johnny at laste.

To think that you'd go to hear heretic prachers,
 Despisin' the holy commands of your praste.
 And lavin' the Church of your own holy tachers,
 For a haythen apostate and heretic baste.

Cursed be Johnny Baptaste in his atin' and drinkin',
 In whatever he does, and wherever he goes ;
 In sleepin' and wakin', in sneezin' and winkin',
 In scratchin' his head, or in parin' his toes,

All sorts of bad luck and misfortune attind him,
 May he never ate pork all the rest of his life ;
 May he sup of affliction, and then, devil send him
 The vagabond's portion of hunger and strife.

May sarpents and divils his last moments worry,
 May he die without hope as he lived without grace ;
 And when his sowl starts for the regions of glory,
 May he find hiven's door will be slammed in his
 face,

And that blackguard, heretic, Protestant paper,
 With its *Frinch column trap* for poor innocent
 sowls ;
 May the writer, bad luck to him ! soon in hell caper,
 On earth may his carcass be fed to the owls.

The curse of all curses, with bell, book, and candle,
 Attind him and all that are with him in sin ;
 May his pockets be empty, their fingers ne'er handle,
 A penny or shillin', forever, Amin.

N. C. M.—*Montreal Witness.*

OLD IRELAND'S BRAVE ORANGE BOYS.

May it still be remembered by each Orangeman,
 The Twelfth of July being the Battle of the Boyne,
 When the Orange and Purple bright colours did
 shine,

By the brave Orange Boys of Old Ireland—
 Old Ireland's brave Orange Boys.

Our glorious commander being inspired from above,
On the banks of a river his troops down did move ;
Like a general of old, his valour to prove,
By the brave Orange Boys of Old Ireland—
Old Ireland's brave Orange Boys.

The battle being fought, and the day it was won,
Where a great sign and passport was given each man,
That they might know each other for the times to
come,
By the brave Orange Boys of Old Ireland—
Old Ireland's brave Orange Boys.

Come all you worthy brethren, that do not disdain
Of getting your robes washed pure, white, and clean ;
That it might be an honour conferred on the same,
By the brave Orange Boys of Old Ireland—
Old Ireland's brave Orange Boys.

Now all you worthy brethren that remain in the
dark,
Come, join and learn all things concerning the Ark,
That you may be called the Royal Arch Mark,
By the brave Orange Sons of Old Ireland—
Old Ireland's brave Orange Sons.

When this you receive, I'm sure you'll not stop,
And its for the next Order I'm sure you'll not drop ;
It's my life for yours ! shall be next to prop,
By the brave Orange Boys of Old Ireland—
Old Ireland's brave Orange Boys.

THE PURPLE MARKSMAN.

Come all worthy brethren in concert all around,
That's join'd in our social bands, our enemies to
confound ;
And I'll tell you of a secret as yet you do not know,
So if you wish to know the light, another step you'll go,
Another step you'll go.
Another step you'll go.
So if you wish to know the light, another step you'll go.

He's no profane, I'll answer for it, my conductor then
replied,
But a true and worthy Israelite, I have him safely
tried,
He has crossed Jordan's Streams, and likewise
Moab's plain,
And is willing yet to travel, all our secrets to gain,
All our secrets to gain.
All our secrets to gain.
And is willing yet to travel, &c.

A door then being opened, I was admitted in,
On rugged roads Mysterious, my trav'ls I did begin,
With my Pack upon my back my staff was in my
hand,
I travell'd through the wilderness all over desert
lands,
All over desert lands,
All over desert lands,
And I travell'd thro' the Wilderness, &c.

When I came to Mount Horeb, I could not here but
blush,
With terror great I gazed upon the brilliant burning
bush:
Moses was the cry, and he answered here am I,
Saying, cast the shoes from off your feet before that
you draw nigh.
Before that you draw nigh.
Before that you draw nigh.
Saying, cast the shoes, &c.

Now when they asked of me, what was that I held in
my hand,
I said it was a rod that the Lord he did command;
Which when cast upon the ground, a serpent it became,
I was almost affrighted for to take it up again:
For to take it up again,
For to take it up again,
I was almost affrighted, &c.

And as they asked of me from whence I came,
I answered and said from Midian's Plain ;
From the Plains of Midian, what were you doing
there?

I was feeding Jethro's flocks, which was all my care,
 Which was all my care,
 Which was all my care.
 I was feeding Jethro's flocks, &c.

And they toasted to their brother and the secrets he
had got,

And the secrets he had got,

And the secrets he had got,

And they toasted to their brother and the secrets he
had got.

Now we have travell'd over this mysterious foreign
land,

And may our new born brother firm in his faith long
stand ;

And may the purple order by marksmen be revered,
And when we prove the Orange true, with them it
shall be shared.

With them it shall be shared,

With them it shall be shared,

And when we prove the Orange true, &c.

THE PRETTY MAID A PROTESTANT.

A pretty maid, a Protestant,
Was to a Papist wed,
A member of our English Church,
She had been born and bred ;
It sorely grieved her husband's heart
That she would not comply,
And join the Mother Church of Rome.
And heretics deny.

A pretty maid a Protestant,
Was to a Papist wed,
A member of our English Church.
She had been born and bred.

Day after day he flattered her ;
But still she held it good,
That she would never bow her knee
To idols made of wood.
The Mass, the Host, the miracles,
Were made but to deceive ;
And Transubstantiation, too,
She never could believe.

A pretty maid, &c.

He went unto his clergyman,
And told him his sad tale :—
“ My wife’s an unbeliever, sir,—
Try if you can prevail.
You say you can work miracles :
She says it is absurd.
Convert her and convince her,
And great is your reward.”

A pretty maid, &c.

The priest went with the gentleman
As he thought to gain a prize,
He says, I will convert your wife,
And open both her eyes.
And when he came into the house,
The husband loudly cried :—
“ The Priest has come to dine with us.”
“ He’s welcome !” she replied.

A pretty maid, &c.

The dinner being over,
The Priest he then began
To explain unto the lady
The sinful state of man :—
“ The kindness of Our Saviour,
No Christian can deny.
He gave himself a sacrifice
And for our sins did die.”

A pretty maid, &c.

“ I will return to-morrow :
Prepare some bread and wine ;
I will dispense the sacrament
To satisfy your mind ;”
“ I bake the cake,” the lady said.
“ You may,” he did reply ;
“ And when this miracle you’ve seen,
Convinced I’m sure you’ll be.”

A pretty maid, &c.

The priest he came accordingly ;
The bread and wine did bless.
The lady asked :—“ Sir is it changed ? ”
His Reverence answered :—“ Yes ;

It's changed from real bread and wine
To real flesh and blood,
You may depend upon it,
It is the Very God."

A pretty maid, &c.

When having blessed the bread and wine;
To eat they did prepare ;
The lady said unto the priest :—
" I have you to take care,
For one-half an ounce of arsenic
I have mixed in the cake ;
But since you have its nature changed
It can no difference make."

A pretty maid, &c.

The priest he stood confounded,
And look'd as pale as death,
The bread and wine fell from his hands
And he did gasp for breath ;
" Bring me my horse," His Reverence cried,
" This is a cursed place,"
" Begone, begone ! " the dame replied,
" You are a cursed race."

A pretty maid, &c.

Her husband sat dumbfounded,
And not one word did say,
At length he spoke : " My dear " said he
" The priest has run away !
Such mummery and nonsense
No Chistian can endure ;
I'll go with you and will renounce
The Babylonian W——."

A pretty maid a Protestant,
Was to a Papist wed ;
A member of our English Church,
She had been born and bred.

Toast.

May the dark mists of Popery be dispelled by
the glorious light of the Gospel.

THE BLACK MAN'S MAKING.

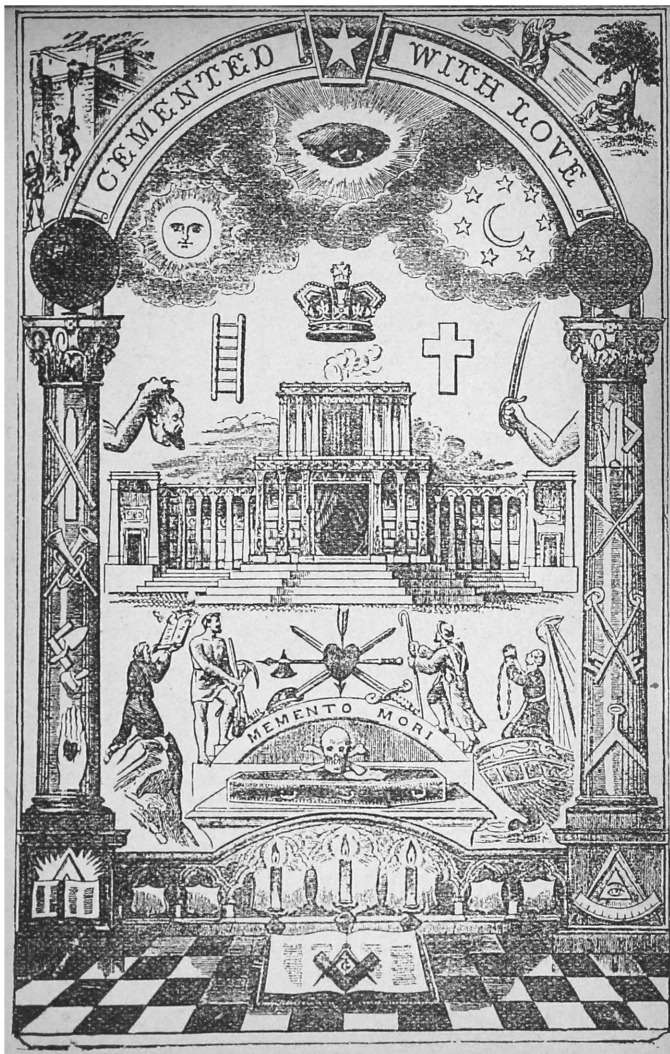
One night I left my native home,
And to my lodge room went,
My brethren were all sitting there,
And seemed to be content ;
Soon one request I made of them,
If they would grant to me
Another step along the road,
That leads to liberty.

When I began the mount to climb—
“ Mount Horeb ” was the name—
I saw a bush was burning bright,
And in a mighty flame !
When I beheld the mighty blaze,
I knew not what to say ;
I then went to “ Mount Carmel,” like
Old prophets for to pray.

And when my prayers were ended,
Out of the East did rise
A little cloud like a man's hand,
Which did me much surprise !
The next command given to me was
My chariot to prepare,
With speed I drove along the way
Like eagles through the air.

Then when I to Golgotha went,
To drink a health to all,
The toast went round, my name was found,
Sirs,—brethren, we are all !
Then straight to Jericho I went,
As Joshua gave command.
It was my business when there
To view the promis'd land.

And soon the king sent after me,
In order to take my life,
When a woman did preserve me,
That was neither “ Maid nor Wife ;”



Out of a window by a scarlet line,
 She gently let me down,
 And went straight into a garden,
 And there my brethren found.

Now to conclude and finish,
 Keep Joseph in your minds,
 Through all your weary travels,
 You left him not behind;
 I'm sure he was a man of God,
 He interpreted the king's dream,
 I wish you all true brethren,
 Ever steady to remain.

Toast.

To those who went up six times and saw nothing,
 but when they went up the seventh time both heard
 and saw.

ROYAL BLACK SONG.

One night as I lay on my bed I fell into a dream,
 Through rugged ways I had to pass—to a sheepfold
 I came;
 Nigh to a brook, with scrip and crook, a youth I
 there did spy,
 I ask'd his name he did exclaim, I am a shepherd
 boy,
 I am a shepherd boy—I am a shepherd boy,
 I ask'd his names, he did exclaim, I am a shepherd
 boy.

The sheepfold on a pleasant plain near to a camp it
 lay,
 The lovely lambs, all round their dams did skip and
 sport and play;
 The fields were green, all things I seen, they yielded
 me much joy,
 But nothing there I could compare with the young
 shepherd boy.

Repeat.

He got his pack plac'd on his back, a long staff in his hand,
And says, this day I must obey my father's strict command;
I ask'd him where he was bound for—he made me this reply :—
To that camp there I must repair, although a shepherd boy.
Repeat.

My brethren they are in the camp, a-fighting for their King,
These presents here, their hearts to cheer, I unto them must bring.
I ask'd him how he could get there? he made me this reply :
A mark he said, is left you see, to guide the shepherd boy.
Repeat.

Then when he went into the camp I say a curious sight,
Both armies there they did prepare for to renew the fight;
A man six cubits and a span his brethren did defy;
None in that place that man could face but the young shepherd boy.
Repeat.

The King, he says, "this Philistine, that fill the camp with awe;
Whoever doth this monster kill shall be my son-in-law!"
"Then I will go and lay him low," the youth he did reply.
"Go," and said he "Lord, be with thee, my valiant shepherd boy."
Repeat.

Out of a brook five stones he took, and put them in his scrip,
And o'er the plains undaunted, he right manfully did trip;
At the first blow he laid him low—cut off his head forby;
He dropped his sling—they made a King of the young shepherd boy.
Repeat.

Now to conclude and make an end of this my simple
 No dream,
 No man but he that's born free shall ever know the
 same :
 Fill up the glass, round let it pass, for I am getting
 dry.
 And toast me with the memory of the young shepherd
 boy. *Repeat.*

—WM. JOHNSON, Glasgow.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

July the first, in Oldbridge town,
 There was a grievous battle ;
 Where many a man lay on the ground
 By cannons that did rattle.
 King James he pitched his tents between
 The lines for to retire ;
 King William threw his bomb balls in
 And set them all on fire.

Thereat enraged, they vowed revenge,
 Upon King William's forces ;
 And oft did cry, vehemently,
 That they would stop his courses.
 A bullet from the Irish came,
 Which grazed King William's arm ;
 They thought his Majesty was slain,
 Yet it did him little harm.

Duke Schomberg then, with friendly care,
 His King would often caution,
 To shun the spot, where bullets hot,
 Retained their rapid motion.
 But William said, " They don't deserve,
 The name of faith's defender,
 Who would not venture life and limb
 To make a foe surrender."

When we the Boyne began to cross,
The enemy descended ;
But few of our brave men were lost
So stoutly we defended.
The horse was first that marched o'er,
The foot soon followed after ;
But brave Duke Schomberg was no more,
By venturing o'er the water.

When valiant Schomberg was slain,
King William he accosted
His warlike army to march on,
And he would be the foremost.
“ Brave boys ! ” he said “ be not dismayed
At losing one commander :
For God will be our King to-day,
And I'll be general under.”

Then stoutly we the Boyne did cross,
To give our enemies battle,
Our cannons to our foes' great costs,
Like thunder claps did rattle.
In majestic mein our Prince rode o'er,
His men soon followed after ;
With blows and shouts, put foes to rout,
The day we crossed the water.

The Protestants of Drogheda
Have reason to be thankful,
That they were not to bondage brought,—
They being but a handful.
First to the Tholsel they were brought,—
And tried at Milmount after ;
But Royal William set them free,
By venturing o'er the water.

The cunning French, near to Duleek
Had taken up their quarters,
And fenced themselves on every side,
Awaiting for new orders.
But in the dead time of the night
They set the fields on fire,
And long before the morning bright,
To Dublin they did retire.

Then said King William to his men—
 After the French departed—
 "I'm glad," said he, "that none of you
 Seemed to be faint-hearted.
 "So sheath your sword and rest awhile;
 In time we'll follow after."
 These words he uttered with a smile,
 The day he crossed the water.

Come let us all with heart and voice,
 Applaud our lives' Defender;
 Who at the Boyne his valour shewed,
 And made his foes surrender.
 To God above the praise we'll give,
 Both now and ever after,
 And bless the glorious memory
 Of William who cross'd the water.

Toast.

Here's to King William, of honour and fame
 Who purchased our freedom, and supported the
 same.
 Here's that his loyalty never lie by,
 While our Orangemen walk on the 12th of July.

TO A "ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST," ON
 THE BURNING OF THE BIBLE.

Grave sir! why thus, in childish rage,
 In this bright, scientific age,
 Vent your weak anger on a page
 Which many have commended?
 That page afforded no pretence,
 To any man of common sense,
 To take foul umbrage or offence
 At what was well intended.

'Twas meant most humbly to record
 The visitations of the Lord,
 On those who slight His holy Word
 And live in hate and malice.

That he who would from men remove
The volume of redeeming love,
Brings no commission from above
To cottage or to palace.

Your folly served but to amaze
The men who saw you frown and gaze
Upon that melancholy blaze,
Sad emblem of another,
Where the lost sinner's piercing cries,
And shrieks for vengeance rend the skies
'Gainst those who taught them to despise,
And persecute his brother.

Fix'd for all ages in that state,
No prayer of yours can change his fate ;
But "for yourself" bright mercy's gate
Is kindly open still.
Retire and pray with all your might,
That on your soul, now dark as night,
Heaven may bestow some ray of light
To rectify your will.

To teach you ere you teach again,
That human efforts must be vain
The Bible's progress to restrain
On land or spacious ocean.
That when your angry labor's done,
It will be just as if you'd run,
To cast your mantle o'er the sun,
To entertain such notion.

And now farewell ! the day will come
When, pale and trembling from the tomb,
You'll rise to your eternal doom
Of misery or bliss.
To right or left hand, borne away,
You'll either bless or curse the day
That pity sent you on your way
A lesson such as this.

THE ORANGE TREE.

Air,—“ *Kitty's Rambles in Ireland.*”

Ye murmuring streams that surround Enniskillen,
To set forth your praise I am now very willing;
In commemoration of glorious KING WILLIAM,
Who watered the branches of the Orange tree.

The juvenile blooming, and transparent beauty,
Of that Orange tree, for to praise is my duty;
The Boyne, Enniskillen, and Derry, salute me,
In singing the praises of the Orange tree.

One night in the dark as I strayed through a mountain,
My way being rugged, my steps I was counting;
I slowly advanced to a clear crystal fountain,
Where I came in sight of the bright Orange tree.

The moon being quartered, divided by numbers,
The earth it did shake, and the elements thundered;
Dejected with terror I looked on with wonder,
To view William's colors—the bright Orange tree.

For three miles or more in a deep meditation,
I travelled to find out that grand decoration;
A palace majestic, and grand elevation,
On a hill that stood eastward, appeared unto me.

They had sentinels placed, for to keep off all strangers,
We formed the inner court, that were free from all dangers;
Neither Philistines, Turks, nor uncircumcised strangers,
Dare peep through the keyhole at our Orange tree.

Then we opened a Bible, and thought on old Moses,
Repeated some words that the Scripture oft told us;
I spoke and I battled with all my opposers,
To gain the inside as I wanted to see.

They opened the door, when I saw Aaron standing,
His laws and his orders judiciously handing ;
While William of Orange was boldly commanding,
To foster the branches of the Orange tree.

I being well pleased with what I saw there,
I knelt down with submission, and made a long
prayer ;
I looked up to the altar, Oh ! how I did stare,
At the scenes that did hang round the bright Orange
tree !

No palace of marble, nor Egyptian tower,
The garden of Eden could not produce such a
flower—
The land of Canaan, even Venus' bower,
Could not equal the sight of that bright Orange tree.

I being a stranger and not known at all,
On my wearisome journey three times did I fall ;
My refreshments were vinegar mingled with gall,
Ere I came in sight of the bright Orange tree.

Being opposed with stones, my opposers throwing,
While thundering and lightning and tempests were
blowing ;
They all stopped in an instant, to hear the cocks
crowing,
That are on the branches of the Orange tree.

The colours we wore were Blue, Purple, and Scarlet,
And some other things never known to Rome's har-
lot ;—
I was just going to tell, but for reasons, I dare not
Reveal any secrets committed to me.

When the tree is in bloom, and well covered with
flowers,
The fruit they do ripen in twenty-four hours ;
And Old Jordan's clear stream mixed with heavenly
showers,
To water the branches of the Orange tree.

May Enniskillen, kind Archdall, and Brooks reign for
ever,
Those true sons of William, both generous and
clever ;
With Protestant principles shining together,
In annals of history recorded shall be.

O'Connell's proud darts and Popery's thunder,
One link of our chain they could ne'er break asunder ;
On the 12th of July they will look on with wonder,
And view William's colors—the bright Orange tree.

Now to conclude, here's to old Enniskillen,
And the County Fermanagh, who always were
willing
For to drink a good health to the memory of
William,
Who supported our cause and our country set free.

May we always remember our Orange Grand Mas-
ter,
Who looks to protect us from every disaster ;
We will join hand in hand, both now and hereafter,
And drink to the flourishing bright Orange tree.

THE PROTESTANT BOYS.

Ye Protestant boys ! let your spirits arise,
And boldly unite in our brave Orange cause,
And show those croppies who wish to stop us,
And strive to make you adhere to their laws—
I say, let them see you can live and be free ;
Then fly to your colours, and cheerfully join.
No Britian should shun them : our forefathers won
them,
Amidst slaughter and blood on the banks of the
Boyne.

How many, I ask, have forgotten the day ?
How many we see if we only look round !
Yet how much they feel ? Must their hearts feel like
steel,
When they think how their sires were felled to the
ground
By rebels and traitors, those vile agitators,
Who thought every Protestant vein to run dry,
But William the Third with his men and his sword
Put the rebels to flight on the 12th of July.

Then who should be loath or afraid to come forth,
And our bright loyal colors of Orange display,
In commemoration of those who served our nation ?
Oh, who would not celebrate that glorious day !
I say, to his shame, he's not worthy the name
Of a Protestant subject, but him we'll deny
That would not come fourth and stop Popery's
growl,
And wear the Orange colours on the 12th of July.

Toast.

Our Protestant Representatives in both Houses of
Parliament.

“ NO SURRENDER ! ”

Awake ! ye Protestants, awake !
No longer in supineness slumber.
Your lives, your liberties at stake !
By monks and Jesuits without number ;
For lawless Jack and Popish Dan
Revile our holy faith's Defender.
Awake, unite unto a man !
And let your cry be, “ No Surrender ! ”

The bloody deeds of forty-one,
When cruel Popish persecution,
Did stain with gore the silver ban,
And strove to rend our Constitution,

On memory's table deep engraved,
 'Twill never fade till death suspend her.
Awake ! unite, ne'er be enslaved ;
 But let our cry be, " No Surrender !"

To Derry's walls direct your thoughts :
 Behold the " Foyle " with crimson gory,
Where " 'Prentice Boys " like lions fought,
 To purchase for us Freedom's glory.
Shall we those blood-bought trophies yield—
 Relinquish Freedom, or defend her ?
Forbid it, Heaven ! No : take the field,
 And let our cry be, " No Surrender !"

The blood-stained date of ninety-eight
 Demands our serious contemplation—
What blood was spilled, what thousands killed,
 What murder and assassination ?
Our widow dames expired in flames,
 On pikes their helpless orphans tender.
Awake ! unite unto a man,
 And let our cry be, " No Surrender !"

The Orange blood that stained the Boyne,
 When William led our sires to action,
Calls from the ground, to arms to join,
 Ye Protestants, yield no subjection !
For the Church of Rome does once more cry,
 She will murder all who won't befriend her ;
Awake ! unite for William's right,
 And let our cry be, No " Surrender !"

Though as the stars her numbers be,
 Let not her boasted strength retard you,
Think on Gideon's chosen three,
 The Arm that guarded him guards you ;
For Rome shall fall, and so shall all
 Who in her strength their service lend her ;
I AM hath said : " Be not afraid,"
 But let your cry be, " No Surrender !"

In Daniel's sacred visions read,
 And also in the Revelations,
 How many thousand saints must bleed,
 Before Rome's final condemnation.
 In fifty-five she will get a rise,
 Finds forty months and two shall bend her,
 But sixty-six, she sinks, she dies—
 So let your cry be, "No Surrender!"

Toast.

The downfall of Rome and "No Surrender."

THE BANKS OF THE BOYNE.

BY BRO. THOMAS REID, ENNISKILLEN L. O. L. 387.

The following is one of the best Orange songs we have seen for years. The author says it is not easy to compose an Orange song—as all the different views of the subject have been worn threadbare. We think a few such songs as these would disprove his own assertion. The song can be sung to "Col. Verner," "Gramachree," "The Royal Arch Markman," and several other good old airs.—*Royal Dominion.*]

One morning, in my youthful days, I along Boyne's
 banks did stray,
 And thought of those who bled and died upon that
 glorious day,
 When WILLIAM led his armies there, and Jamess hosts
 defied,
 Their warlike cry arose on high upon the Boyne's
 green side.

CHORUS—So, my loving brethren, join with
 me, whatever may betide,
 And loud proclaim KING WILLIAM's name, as
 on the Boyne's green side.

With thoughts like these I sat me down to contem-
 plate the scene,
 The silver stream still rolled along its verdant banks
 so green ;

A column bright soon caught my sight, built solid in
the tide,
Brave Schomberg's name, I read the same upon the
Boyne's green side.

Still looking farther on I saw a field that stood hard
by,
Where Enniskillen's bravest sons gave many an
anxious sigh;
To see so many brave men fall, tears down their
cheeks did glide,
One rending cheer caught William's ear upon the
Boyne's green side,

In mingled awe I thought I saw King William to
them go;
"Brave Boys," said he "come on with me, I'll lead
you to the foe.
I never for one moment thought Fermanagh could
provide
Such a glorious sight, in armor bright, upon the
Boyne's green side."

Both man and steed plunged in the stream with
glittering sword in hand:
King James, amazed, with terror gazed upon this
fearless band:
He says, "I'm off to Dublin, whatever will betide,
Since I must fail, I'll renounce all, upon the Boyne's
green side."

Farewell! dear Boyne, and Erin's Isle, I'm for
Ontario's shore;
My heart it bleeds to think of those I never may see
more;
They're heroes true, who wear the Blue—but Orange
is their pride—
They'll wear it still, and conquer will—as on the
Boyne's green side.

Let Fenians boast their murderous toast, Canadian
soil to stain,
With Orange blood, like to a flood, in rivers o'er the
plain;
For British yeomen, as of yore, their popish yells
defied,
And raised the Royal standard high, as on the
Boyne's green side.

Once more, farewell I bid you! dear brethren of the
isle;
May you meet each July morning, to exchange the
happy smile—
To enjoy your trip, with staff and scrip—your loved
ones by your side,
Will share the fun, for victory's won, upon the
Boyne's green side.

THE BATTLE OF THE DIAMOND, 21st SEP-
TEMBER, 1795.

Air,—“ *Not a drum was heard.*”

It was not in faction, it was not in hate,
That we men of the North assembled:
It was that our and our children's fate
In the balance no longer trembled.

For there came—'twas at night—a lawless band,
Their ranks like a torrent swelling,
With the weapons of slaughter in each man's hand,
Where we in our homes were dwelling.

Darkly they came in the dead of night,
They gave no word of warning;
And they laughed at the blaze their hands would
light,
And the smoke that would greet the morning.

They paused—did they fear the storm they'd woke?
That they faltered as forth we sallied;
For we saw when the light of the morning broke,
On the Diamond Hill they'd rallied.

What tho' they were many, and we but a few,
Yet each to the conflict hastened;
And the shots were sharp and the aim was true,
While that fearless struggle lasted.

Yes, last it did; aye, many a day,
But the shield of our God was o'er us,
'Till at last, like a quarry long held at bay,
We drove them like chaff before us.

Then blame us not when all was o'er,
And we looked on the dead around us,
It's then, and forever, an oath we swore,
To be found as that day had found us.

Stern and steadfast, and linked as one,
Our God and ourselves relying,
Seeking quarrel or feud with none,
But all on earth defying.

Traverse who will that wretched land,
Oft rift with revolt and riot;
And where'er you hear of our loyal band,
There alone shall ye find it quiet.

Yes; cold suspicion, and scoff, and scorn,
And calumny have assailed us;
Aye! hard though it was, all these were borne,
Nor once have our true hearts failed us.

We have 'bided our time—it is well nigh come,
It will find us stern and steady;
It will need not to rouse us with trumpet or drum,
For our hearts and our arms are ready.

THE PROTESTANT BOYS.—(*New Version*).

The Protestant boys are loyal and true,
Stout-hearted in battle and stout-handed too ;
The Protestant boys are true to the last,
And faithful and peaceful when danger is past.
And, Oh ! they bear and proudly wear
The colours they floated o'er many a fray,
When cannons were flashing,
And sabres were clashing,
The Protestant boys still carried the day.

When James, half a bigot, and more of a knave,
With masses and Frenchmen the land would enslave,
The Protestant boys for liberty drew,
And showed, with the Orange, their banner of blue ;
And Derry well their might can tell,
Who first in their ranks did the Orange display ;
And Boyne had no shyers,
And Aughrim no flyers,
For the Protestant boys they carried the day.

When treason was rampant and traitors were strong
And law was defied by a vile rebel throng,
When thousands were branded, the Throne to cast
down,
The Protestants rallied and stood by the Crown ;
And oft in the fight, by day and by night,
They encountered the rebels in many a fray,
Where red pikes were bristling,
And bullets were whistling,
The Protestant boys still carried the day.

And still does the fame of their glory remain
Unclouded by age and undimmed by a strain ;
And ever, and ever, their cause we'll uphold,
The cause of the true, the trusted, the bold,
And scorn to yield or quit the field
While over our heads the old colors shall play ;
And traitors shall tremble,
When'er they assemble,
For the Protestant boys shall carry the day.

The Protestant boys are loyal and true,
 Tho' fashions are changed and the loyal are few,
 The Protestant boys are true to the last,
 Tho' cowards belie them when danger is past.
 Aye, still we stand a loyal band,
 And reckon not the liars whatever they say;
 For let our drums rattle
 The summons to battle,
 Oh! then Protestant boys *must* carry the day.

THERE'S A GRAND DAY COMING, BOYS.

Air,—“ *There's a good time coming, Boys.* ”

There's a grand day coming boys, a grand day
 coming;
 Yes, quickly will arrive that day, the glorious truth
 shall have the sway,
 In the grand day coming.
 Romish fraud may thwart our cause, but truth's a
 weapon stronger,
 And it shall rule the universe when Rome shall be
 no longer.

CHORUS.—There's a grand day coming, boys
 A grand day coming;
 There's a grand day coming, boys,
 When Rome shall be no longer.

There's a grand day coming, boys, a grand day
 coming;
 The Pope shall have no regal chair, for truth shall
 triumph everywhere,
 In the grand day coming.
 The Lord alone shall be the King, than pontiff he is
 stronger,
 His word shall be our lamp and guide, when Rome
 shall be no longer.
 There's a grand day coming, boys, &c.

There's a grand day coming, boys, a grand day
coming, [pure and free,
Where all human family shall—glorious thought—be
In the grand day coming,
When every fresh'ning breeze that blows makes love
of freedom stronger,
When Antichrist shall be dethroned, and Rome shall
be no longer.

There's a grand day coming, boys, &c.

There's a grand day coming, boys, a grand day
coming, [richest melody,
Children round their parent's knee, shall sing in
In the grand day coming.
They shall raise their voices too, with those less
sweet yet stronger,
And thank the Lord that fraud and crime, and Rome
shall be no longer.

There's a grand day coming, boys, &c

There's a grand day coming, boys, a grand day
coming, [shall trodden be,
The blood-stained flag of Popery long in the dust
In the grand day coming,
Love for God's word, His truth and love, shall every
day grow stronger,
And men shall worship him aright when Rome shall
be no longer.

There's a grand day coming, boys, &c.

There's a grand day coming, boys, a grand day
coming, [shall wear the crown,
Traitors then shall be put down, and Christ alone
In the grand day coming,
Faith and hope and charity shall in men's hearts be
stronger,
And peace her olive branch shall weave, when Rome
shall be no longer.

There's a grand day coming, boys, &c.

There's a grand day coming, boys, a grand day
coming,
The people will be Christians all, and Babylon the
great shall fall,
In the grand day coming,
The martyr's faith than Popish fires, had been of old
found stronger.
God give us grace to strive like them, till Rome shall
be no longer.

There's a grand day coming, boys, &c.

There's a grand day coming. boys, a grand day
coming.
In the city, in the field; war or peace, we'll never
yield,
For OUR day is coming,
Not in strength of man, but God, who can the weak
make stronger,
We here proclaim "No peace with Rome," till Rome
shall be no longer.

There's a grand day coming, boys,
There's a grand day coming,
There's a grand day coming, boys,
When Rome shall be no longer.

THE BOYNE WATER.

July the first of a morning clear, one thousand six
hundred and ninety,
King William did his men prepare, of thousands he
had thirty,
To fight King James and all his men, encamped near
the Boyne water,
He little feared, though two to one, their multitudes
to scatter.

King William called his officers, saying, "Gentlemen,
mind your station,
And let your valour here be shown before this Irish
nation;
My brazen walls let no man break, and your subtle
foes you'll scatter,
Be sure you show brave English play as you go o'er
the water."

His officers they bowed full low in token of subjection,
And said, "My liege, you need no fear: we'll follow
your direction."
He wheeled his horse, the "Haut boys" played;
drums they did beat and rattle,
And "Lillibolero" they did play a going down to
battle.

Both horse and foot they marched o'er, intending
them to batter,
But brave "Duke Schomberg" was no more by
venturing o'er the water.
When that King William he perceived the brave
Duke Schomberg falling,
He reigned his horse with a heavy heart on the
Enniskillen's calling.

"What will you do for me, brave boys? Yonder's our
men retreating
Our enemies encouraged are, our English drums are
beating;
I'll go before and lead you on! Boys use your hands
full nimble,
With the help of God we'll beat them all, and make
their hearts to tremble."

The Enniskilleners did not know it was their king
spoke to them,
But when informed of their mistake they bowed full
low unto him:

*"We'll go before ; stay you behind, and do not cross the water,
Old Britian's lamp we'll make to shine, and our
enemies we'll scatter."*

We formed our bodies at the ford, and o'er the stream
did swatter,
For each man grasped his fellow fast as he did cross
the water.
But, Oh ! my stars ! had you been there, when we
their trench came under,
Sulphur and smoke did darken the air, the elements
did thunder.

King William then did first advance, where bullets
sharp did rattle,
Enniskillen men bore noble hands, and soon renewed
the battle ;
For, lion-like, they made them run, like chaff they
made them scatter,
With them brave William pressed his way that day
at the Boyne water.

We wheeled about, our foe to flank, intending them
to batter,
And hastily they did us espy, and soon we made
them scatter ;
"O-ri ! O-ri !" says Dermott Roe, "Oh, help ! dear
lady Mary,
Or, by my faith, we're all dead men if here we
longer tarry."

My Lord Gilmoy within a crack on our fore front
advanced,
Both great and gay, in rich array like Prince's sons,
high pranced ;
In a full body they came down, their captain, their
contriver,
With whip and spur most Jehu-like, as the devil had
been their driver.

Within four yards of our fore front, before a shot was
fired,
A sudden snuff they got that day which little they
desired ;
Both horse and men fell to the ground, and some
hung in the saddle,
Others turned up their forked end, which we call
" Coup-de-ladle."

I never saw, nor never knew, men that for blood so
gasped,
And I am sure that never three from ten of them
escaped ;
For aye the faster that we shot, the faster they did
scatter,
They little thought to leave their bones that day at
the Boyne water.

Then a French regiment by this time, on our fore-
front advanced,
Both great and gay, in truth I say—like princes' sons
they pranced ;
We "formed." The French upon our left, and some
of them did batter
We made them all as Frenchmen fall, that day at the
Boyne Water.

Both horse and foot fell to the ground, and many
there lay bleeding,
I saw no sickles there that day, but sure there was
clean shearing ;
For aye the faster that we shot, the faster they did
scatter,
And sudden death seized man and horse that day at
the Boyne Water.

Prince Eugene's regiment was the next, on our right
hand advanced,
Into a field of standing wheat, where Irish horses
pranced ;

But the brandy ran so in their heads, their senses
soon did scatter,
And Fermanagh's sons they made them fly that day
at the Boyne Water.

This was the third assault they made, thinking their
foes to scatter,
For here they got a dismal stroke, and their bones
left at the Water ;
The Irish Papists ran first away, the French soon
followed after,
And he that got the furthest away was happiest at
the Water.

They threw away both fife and drum, and firelocks
from their shoulders,
King William's men pushed very hard to let them
smell their powder ;
For aye the faster that we shot, the faster they did
scatter,
For Enniskillen's bravest sons cleared them from the
Boyne Water.

Had Enniskillen men got leave when they their foes
defeated,
For to pursue their victory, in honour they had
gained ;
Ten thousand Brougeineers and more, they ne'er had
bred much cumber
For James' men made head again by only third part
of their number.

Now praise God all true Protestants, the heaven's
and earth's creator,
For the deliverance that He sent, our enemies to
scatter ;
The church's foes will pass away like churlish-hearted
Nabal,
For our deliverence came this day like the great
Zerubbabel.

So praise God all true Protestants, and I will say no further,
Than that had the Papists gained the day there
would have been open murder ;
Although King James and many more were ne'er
that way inclined,
It is not in their power to stop what the rabble they
designed.

THE OLD ORANGE TREE.

When William came to England, the King of it to be,
He brought a plant along with him, of the old Orange
Tree ;
He planted it near London, so pleasant it was to
see,
When a few branches there sprang up, and frightened
Popery.

So let us all join heart in hand, and lovingly
agree,
For we are all loyal branches of that old
Orange Tree.

'Twas on the walls of Derry, where the Orangemen
did parade,
To fight King James and all his men, they never
were afraid ;
And with the sons of Popery, they never more will
join,
We drove them back from Drogehda, from Drogheda
and the Boyne.

So let us all, &c.

When William went to Ireland, the Protestants did
join,
He brought a root along with him, and placed it in
the Boyne ;

And with his troops courageously, he fought them one
to three;
King James and his men were sore afraid when they
saw the Orange Tree.

So let us all, &c.

The seed of this old Orange Tree got scattered up
and down,
Till a few branches there sprang up, enough to rule
a town;
It grew in summer weather, Oh, how pleasant 'twas
to see,
Till the winter season it came on, and cropped our
Orange Tree.

So let us all, &c.

The winter season being o'er, the weather fine and
clear,
The Orange Tree flourished in the spring time of the
year;
Our Orange Tree will flourish, for the root is still
alive,
And where there's one branch dropped off, we have
engrafted five.

So let us all, &c.

Now to conclude and make an end, and finish up my
song,
Here's a health and peace, long life and rest, to all
true Orangemen;
And let us live in unity, and ever more be free,
And on each Twelfth of July, see fruit upon our
tree.

Toast.

The Old Orange Tree.

THE "LAWRENCE CITY RIOTS," MASSACHU-
SETTS, U. S., JULY TWELFTH, 1875.

BY THOMAS REID.

Air—Boyne Water.

Ye Orange Muses grand, your assistance I com-
mand,

And crave all your efforts to unfold
A plot of a "Romish clan," to murder each Orange-
man

On last Twelfth day of July, we are told ;
It was in Lawrence town, our brethren of renown
Was determined for to celebrate the day
When at the "Boyne" some fun, freedom by our
sires won,
And by William who chased Popish James away.

It was with that intent, each brother to his lodge-
room went ;

All marshalled in bright colours arrayed,
When round an "Altar Grand" humbly knelt each
Orangeman,

And to God in solemn prayer each brother
prayed ;
When, prayer then being o'er, they opened wide the
door,

Agreed that no offence should be given
To those who might oppose, who for ages still were
foes

To all Orangemen long dead, and those living.

But all the world o'er, sons of the scarlet "W——"

Their nature's not changed whatever.

For the truth to you I say, for to murder, kill and
slay

All Orangemen, their prayers now and forever ;
Now their worthy "Master Grand," pride of Mas-
sachusetts land !

He says: "Brave boys, I'll lead ; you all will
follow,

"For while our God is near, no rebel host we'll
fear,
But our neighbouring brethren meet before to-
morrow."

Then they all with one combine, marching through
in heavenly line ;
Their music with their drums loud did rattle,
With their wives and daughters all, sweethearts and
children small,
Most lovingly along the route did prattle ;
When our brethren did meet, we did each other greet,
Recalling mountains of joy, as of yore,
When William with " his Hand," Popish James could
not withstand,
Their deeds we'll celebrate for ever more.

Then lovingly we spend glorious the day in merri-
ment ;
Returning home not contemplating any danger,
Rebels thousands with a will, resolved Orange blood
to spill
That night, in order to appease their Popish anger !
Then these "imps of hell" did bound, and four
brethren did surround,
With their wives and their little ones tender,
When our Orange prayers of love were heard by him
who rules above,
In our honoured Mayor we found a true befriender.

Of those four Orange heroes bold, in letters gilt with
gold,
Their names should be spread o'er the nation,
As their courage to a man caused rebel hosts to
stand,
And tremble in rage and confusion !
The State Grand Master's fame—Brother Cassidy
by name—
With the Spinlows, each stood firm and steady ;
They with their Orange and their Blue, they defied
the Popish crew,
Their revolvers being loaded and ready.

I cannot yet conclude without remarking what I
should,
Of the females who were present at the fray,
Who resolved one and all, with their husbands for to
fall,
Before they'd yield to Rome's minions on that
day!
So the next July morn we'll sound loud our Orange
horn,
And make vassals of Rome to knock under;
William's flag will float once more round great
"Columbia's Shore,"
We'll toast King William, the Boyne, and "No
Surrender!"

Toronto, 8th September, 1875.

THE DEATH OF SCHOMBERG.

'Twas on the day when kings did fight beside the
Boyne's dark water,
And thunder roared from every height, and earth
was red with slaughter;
That morn an aged chieftain stood apart from
mustering bands,
And from a height that crowed the flood surveyed
broad Erin's land.

His hand upon his sword hilt leant, his war horse
stood beside,
And anxiously his eyes were bent across the rolling
tide;
He thought of what a changeful fate had borne him
from the land
Where frowned his father's castle gate, high o'er the
Rhenish land.

And placed before his opening view, a realm where
strangers bled,
Where he, a leader, scarcely knew the tongues of
those he led ;
He looked upon his checkered life, from boyhood's
earliest time,
Through scenes of tumult and of strife endured in
every clime.

To where the snow of eighty years usurped the
raven's stand,
And still the din was in his ears, the broad sword in
his hand ;
He then turned to futurity, beyond the battle plain,
But then a shadow from on high hung o'er the heaps
of slain.

And through the darkness of the cloud the chief's
prophetic glance,
Beheld with winding sheet and shroud his fatal hour
advance ;
He quailed not as he felt him near the inevitable
stroke,
But dashing off one rising tear, 'twas thus the old
man spoke,

“ God of my fathers, death is nigh ; my soul is not
deceived,
My hour is come, and I would die—the conqueror I
have lived ;
For thee, for freedom have I stood, for both I fall
to-day ;
Give me but victory for my blood, the price I gladly
pay.

“ Forbid the future to restore a Stuart's despot
gloom,
Or that, by freemen dreaded more, the tyranny of
Rome ;

From either curse, let Erin freed, as prosperous ages
run,
Acknowledge what a glorious deed upon this day is
won."

He said : fate granted half his prayer, his steed he
straight bestrode,
And fell, as on the routed rear of James' host he
rode ;
He sleepeth in cathedral's gloom, amongst the
mighty dead,
And frequent o'er his hallowed head re-deedful pil-
grims tread.

APPROPRIATE LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE ABOVE.

The night dew that falls, though in silence it
weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where
he sleeps ;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it
roll,
Shall long keep his memory green in our
soul ;
" May his grave be respected," " His tomb be
renowned,"
In St. Michael's Churchyard, Dublin City is
found ;
And may all Orange brethren with me truly
join
In a toast to the brave Schomberg that died at
the Boyne.

T. R.

Toast.

To the memory of the brave Duke Schomberg
who fell gloriously while crossing the Boyne,

THE PURPLE MARKSMAN'S TRAVELS.

Some of my leisure moments I'm prone to solitude,
And meditate on bygone days, which no one dare
intrude ;

One evening as I wandered forth—I think 'twas in
July—

I looked, and lo! a rainbow bright stood proudly
arched on high.

When gazing on that glorious arch, which God him-
self had raised,

A stranger smote me on the breast, and asked me
why I gazed ;

Said I, " Because it calls to mind the glorious arch I
seen

When travelling forth from Egypt's plains—pray
know you what I mean ? "

" Oh, yes," said he, " and I presume you have been
a traveller too,

And gladly would I hear you tell the dangers you
came through ;

Come, sit you down, and tell me how you were
induced to tread

That dark and stormy road, that fills the heart with
dread."

I first began and told him I was loaded well within,
I was loaded well my staff in hand my journey to
begin ;

Meanwhile, my guide informed me I might lay my
cash aside,

For on my journey all my wants, for me he would
provide.

I had not travelled very far, when across my way
was cast

A barrier, which, without my guide, I never could
have passed ;



He asked, and what he asked received, he sought and
found it too,
He knocked and soon admittance got, and boldly
led me through.

A sharp salute I then received, which made me
backward start,
And such preparing was enough to shake the stoutest
heart;
Then they led me through the wilderness, their
secrets to complete,
When at each step great rocks they did assault my
naked feet.

Three mighty falls I then received, the heavens with
thunder rung,
The vivid lightning round me flashed, I was by
serpents stung;
I mounted Jacob's ladder next, and Jordan's streams
crossed o'er,
Just where the priests' twelve mystic stones were off
its bottom bore.

Three mighty lights I then preceived, which did me
much surprise,
Grim death in all its terrors appeared before my
eyes;
My heart it sank within me, had not I quickly seen,
Suspended high, beneath that arch, our glorious
eight-thirteen.

So may all brother travellers, in mutual friendship
join,
And may their love compose a chain that will their
hearts entwine;
And may their hearts be like that arch, when pressed
it comes more strong,
May no Egyptian be e'er allowed to do a brother
wrong.

THE ROYAL ARCH.

When Israel by the Almighty God,
From Egypt's plains away ;
Enriched by their oppressors sore,
In bondage where they lay.
Through Israel's camp His orders went,
They straight obeyed His call ;
He ranged His army as He went.
That none of them should fall.

Old Levi's sons did bear the Ark,
As vanguards on the way ;
They marched thus on Jordan's bank,
As well as the Red sea.
He smote the waves to let them pass,
He stayed the rising flood :
While piled on high on either side,
The swelling waters stood.

A wondrous pillar led them on, ·
Composed of shade and light—
A sheltering cloud it was by day,
A lightning fire by night.
The Imperial Juda's tent was chose,
By the Almighty God ;
And in that royal mansion
Was placed a mystic rod.

That rod, He said, would testify,
To ages yet unborn :
All those who would God's law despise,
Should off the earth be shorn.
From all the wonders it has done,
There still remaineth one,
To clear the path through Jordan's stream,
And lead our armies on.

Though some have travelled Jordan's banks,
And reached the Promised land,
Yet two-and-a-half must go before,
As you may understand.

As surely they must quickly pass ;
As very soon they would,
Yet still to show they're not on earth,
Can split the Brotherhood.

Almonds sweet of heavenly bread !
Likewise a book of love ;
And almond spring to prove to us
Our interests lie above.
And many other witnesses
He placed within the ARK,
Were still to show those not possessed,
Must leave the mystery dark.

My soul with anxious thoughts inspired
To know the depths of all,
I inquired of a brother,
Who led me through a hall ;
Where I beheld an angel guard,—
An arch of wonderous height,—
I stumbled, slipped, and lost my shoes,
And also lost my sight.

By prayer I was enabled,
My journey to pursue,
Through my left breast with Death's sharp darts,
Nearly pierced me through.
I heard a war that shook the earth,
Encompassed all around ;
Escaping from that dreadful fray,
I fell upon the ground.

"Remember," said the guide to me,
Upon a former day,
"I freed you from the rising depths,
Placed on Mount Sinai."
When, taking me by the right hand,
Upright against a wall ;
By terrors I had lately passed,
He thought to make me fall.

I then resigned nigh to a few,
Who were before combined,
To slay the man who would presume
Our secrets out to find.
He spread his wings to fly away ;
I caught him in his flight ;
He stayed the weapons that were drawn,
And gave me present light.

And when the light I did behold,
I instantly did see,
The most dangerous situation,
In which they had placed me.
When one more mild than all the rest,
Said " Look about your head ;"
When presently I saw a sight,
Which banished all my dread.

I saw a king in armour grand,
Upon a steed all white,
With a great scroll in his right hand—
A plan of Israel's flight.
Beneath his feet a piece was written,
With great authority ;
He seemed to smile, to indicate,
All brethren must be free.

Then instantly their weapons dropped,
And bade me kneel and pray,
I took three steps, my faith being strong—
I hoped for charity.
The curtains from the inward ward
In a moment they were drawn ;
They gave a sigh, a word and mark,
They said would lead me on.

When I approached the inner ward,
I saw, on the east side,
Two angels there, to guard the Ark,
Which did twelve men divide.

Beneath their feet were twelve stones,
All quarried from the sea ;
Each had a pitcher, lamp, and horn,
Which they explained to me.

On one side was a burning bush,
Likewise a shepherd's crook ;
An open hand to welcome such
As in the Ark could look.
A fiery serpent to guide the way
Was placed there by my God,
I stooped and caught it, as desired,
And lifted it a rod.

'Twas then the blessed land I reached,
A brother for to be,
They said few had more fortitude
Than they had found in me.
They filled all round with pleasant wine,
And drank with social glee :
Here's health to all true Brethren,
The Queen, and three times three,

Toast.—Three times three.

ULSTER'S MATIN-SONG.

Sons of the North ! the dark storm-clouds that lower-
ing.
Had hung o'er your country, are gathering in ire ;
Sons of the North ! the true-hearted o'erpowering,
The enemy spreads o'er the land like a fire.
Orangemen, wake ! the proud summons is swelling,
Soon to resound to the bounds of the world,
Summons of joy to the Protestant, telling
William's bright banner again is unfurled !

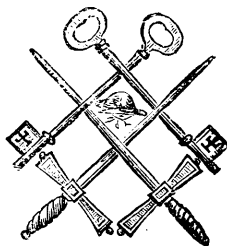
Sons of the North ! when the feeble forbade you,
Long, all too long in endurance ye slept ; [you.
Faint hearts forsook you, and false hearts betrayed
Sad, though undaunted, your silence ye kept.
Rise ! with the sounds of a nation awaking,
Speed the glad tidings o'er mountains and seas ;
Tell the grim foe that, its slumbers forsaking,
The flag of our fathers now floats on the breeze.

Sons of the North ! no, you will not surrender
The holy bequest of your forefathers' faith ;
Pledged to your country, to love and defend her—
Pledged to the truth, to the life or the death.
Sons of the North ! will you see her degraded ?
Sons of the North ! will you blush for your home ?
Dark with the mists of idolatry shaded,
Crushed by the heel of the despot of Rome ?

No ! by the gates that in timely defiance
Gave to your country its warning and sign ;
No ! by the tyrant's unholy alliance,
Swept from the North by the waters of Boyne.
Orangemen ! Northmen ! ye slumber no longer,
Patience is cowardice, hope being gone ;
Wiser in council, in brotherhood stronger,
Rise in defence of the altar and throne.

Sons of the North, for a faithless to-morrow
Pause not deceived, for the struggle is nigh ;
They who would scorn you, must learn to their sorrow,
What is the strength they have dared to defy,
Rise to a man ! and the battle arraying,
Form the dark phalanx and spread the long line ;
Bosoms uniting, and banners displaying,
Rise like a giant recruited with wine !

Trust not in man, for fair promises broke
Mark the sad era of confidence past ;
No ! by yourselves let the watchword be spoken,
Trust not in man, we have trusted our last.
Nor though we wield them our country defending,
Trust we in buckler, in helm, or in sword ;
But on our cause and its justice depending,
Orangemen ! Northmen ! we trust in the Lord.



The 'Prentice Boys who actually closed the Gates in 1689.

HENRY CAMPSIE, WILLIAM CROOKSHANKS, ROBERT SHER-
RARD, DANIEL SHERRARD, ALEXANDER IRWIN, JAMES
STEWART, ROBERT MORRISON, ALEX. CUNNINGHAM,
SAMUEL HUNT, JAMES SPIKE, JOHN CUNNINGHAM,
WILLIAM CAIRNS, AND SAMUEL HARVEY.—13.

DERRY'S "NO SURRENDER."

Air—Boyne Water.

Behold the crimson float, o'er yonder turret hoary !
It tells of days of mighty note, and Derry's deathless
glory ;
When her brave sons undaunted stood, embattled
to defend her,
Indignant stemmed oppression's flood, and sung out
" No Surrender ! "

Old Derry's walls were firm and strong, well fenced
in every quarter,
Each frowning bastion grim along, with culverin
and mortar;
But Derry had a surer guard than all that art could
lend her—
Her 'Prentice Boys, the gates who barred, and sung
out, "No Surrender!"

On came the foe in bigot-ire, and fierce assault was
given,
By shot and shell, 'mid streams of fire, her fated
roof was riven;
But baffled was the tyrant's wrath, and vain his
hopes to bend her,
For still 'mid famine, fire, and death, she sung out
"No Surrender!"

Again when treason madden'd round, and rebel hosts
were swarming,
Were Derry's sons the foremost found, for King and
Country arming;
And forth they rushed at Honour's call, from age to
boyhood tender,
Again to man their Virgin Walls and sing out, "No
Surrender!"

Long may the crimson banner float, a meteor,
streaming airy,
Portentous of the free and brave, who guard the
walls of Derry;
And Derry's sons alike defy Pope, traitor, or pre
tender,
And peal to Heaven their 'prentice cry, their patri-
ot—"No Surrender!"

O. R. G.

Toast.

The 'Prentice Boys of Derry, who shut the gates
in the face of their foes, and sung out, "No Surren-
der!"

PADDY AND THE GRANDFATHERS.

In Dublin, fair city, not a long time ago,
 As Michael was walking about to and fro,
 He had a mishap, in a very wide street,
 On a sudden, his Father Confessor to meet;
 "Good morning," said the priest; "Good morning,"
 said Pat;
 But saluted him not by a touch of his hat;
 "How's this?" said the priest, "what a change in
 your manner:
 Indeed, I'm afraid you've deserted our banner."

"You ne'er come to Chapel, nor e'n yet to Mass,
 And now, without speaking, indeed you would pass;
 Come tell to me, Michael, the truth without fail,
 And my honest prayers for you are sure to prevail;"
 "Indeed, then, Your Reverence, said Pat, with a
 smile, [guile,
 No more your smooth words my poor soul will be-
 I've joined the good Protestants, just a while since,
 The indulgence I get now is in keeping my pence."

"Nor more I'm the creature of you nor the Pope,
 That numbers will follow, I live in the hope."
 With proof on his lips, and fire in his eye,
 The learned confessor at once made reply:
 "Indeed, Mr. Michael, it's what I foresaw,
 The very last time you made light of our law,
 Of our Church, of the Pope, of his bulls and his
 masses,
 And off you went gadding to Protestant asses,"

"Yet you know not a word of the Greek nor the
 Latin
 Nor yet in your Irish can you say a good matin,
 Indeed you can scarce tell *brown* money from
 yellow, [fellow?"
 Did you ere read the Fathers, you ignorant
 Said Pat, "Of the Fathers I ne'er read a letter,
 But indeed I've read what I think is much better,
 For I've read through and through, in my own
 native tongue, [John."
 The Grandfathers, Matthew, with Mark, Luke and

DERRY.

This was the place, whose martial sons alone
Supported freedom and the British throne;
Adored the parent stem from whence it grew,
Died to support its rights—and conquered too.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. GEORGE
WALKER.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore
thee,

Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed through the portals before
thee,

And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the
gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side,
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since The Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave—and its mansions for-
saking,

Perchance thy tired spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy
waking,

And the song which thou heardest was the sera-
phim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave, 'twere wrong to deplore
thee,

When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and
guide;

He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting since the Saviour has
died.

—BISHOP HEBER

WHEN MARTIN LUTHER STOOD ALONE.

AIR,—“The Harp that Once.”

When Martin Luther stood alone,
Unawed by Leo's frown,
He shook dark superstition's throne,
And dash'd its idols down ;
Then Freedom like the dawning east,
When break the clouds night,
In pure religion's snowy vest,
Arose on wings of light.

When Popery with monkish guile—
That dark and gloomy gnome—
Had doomed that fair Britannia's Isle
Should be the slave of Rome ;
Then Freedom sought the battle-field,
Arrayed for faith and right,
And armed with helmet, spear and shield,
Arose on wings of light.

When freemen fought by Boyne's red wave,
Where William's lightnings flew,
Then Freedom smiled upon the brave,
And bless'd the swords they drew ;
And when we fill the goblet's brim,
In memory of that fight,
Then Freedom sings her glorious hymn,
And soars on wings of light.

WHAT ARE WE?

WHAT are we? we're loyal all—
Brothers by a common hope ;
Fearing God, we dare not fall
Down to idol, saint, or Pope.

We are men—the Bible ours ;
By the Throne we take our stand :
Found, whenever danger lours,
Ready to defend the land.

What are we ? we're Irishmen ;
And, although our clime is fair,
Popery, a stagnant fen,
Poisons and pollutes the air.

We would drain the turbid pool—
Let the light of truth appear ;
Break a foreign, priestly rule—
Cleanse the moral atmosphere !

What are we ? we're strong in faith
And we love the men of old,
Who encountered pain and death,
Ere they'd leave their Shepherd's fold.

Glorious memories at our call,
Come like sunbeams round our way—
Freedom from a kindly thrall,
Freedom from a papal sway !

O'er the world we wander far,
Yet, wherever we may roam,
Truth is still our guiding star,
As it cheered our Irish home.

Onward ! onward still we go,
Loving all and hating none ;
Error is our only foe :
Crush it, and our work is done !

Think of all the wrong and shame,
Sorrow, treachery, and guile,
Error, with another name,
Has accursed this holy Isle.

Letting loose the Furies three—
 Sword, and Flame, and Murder fell,
 'Till this pleasant land, ah me!
 Echoed to the sounds of hell.

By the memories of old!
 By the truth we dearly prize!
 By the cherished hopes we hold
 Of communion in the skies!

By our fathers' bright renown—
 All for which they bravely fought,
 We will tread the idol down—
 Crush the Irish Juggernaut!

THE BRIGHT ORANGE BANNER,

AIR—"Rule Britannia,"

When William landed from the main,
 And waved the Orange Standard round
 Rejoicing millions form'd his train,
 And Popish Tyrants bit the ground.

Hail! thou bright colour!
 Triumphant banner wave!
 O'er papal ruins,
 And rebellion's grave!

The first bright morning in July,
 Our brilliant ensign fluttering stream'd,
 Ten thousand voices rent the sky,
 And conquering William's falchion gleam'd,

Wave, thou bright colour!
 Triumphant banner wave!
 O'er papal ruins,
 And rebellion's grave.

The war-steed of our gallant Prince
Neigh'd proudly to the trumpet's sound ;
So fair a sight has not been since
That stately charger pawed the ground.

Wave, thou bright colour !
Triumphant banner wave !
O'er papal ruins,
And rebellion's grave.

Onward he bore his precious load,
Appall'd the apostate rebels fled,
Onward the Church's Champion rode,
The Orange Standard o'er his head.

Wave, thou bright colour !
Triumphant banner wave !
O'er papal ruins,
And rebellion's grave.

Then Priesthood fell—Rebellion howl'd
Our conquering banner wave'd on high ;
Then Superstition dying scowled,
And truth unfetter'd burst the sky.

Wave, thou bright colour !
Triumphant ensign wave !
O'er papal ruins,
And rebellion's grave.

OLIVER'S ADVICE.

The night is gathering gloomily, the day is closing
fast,
The tempest flaps her raven wings in loud and angry
blast ;
The thunder-clouds are driving athward the lurid
sky.
But, " Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep
your powder dry."

There was a day when loyalty was hailed with honor
due,
Our banner the protection waived to all the good and
true ;
And gallant hearts beneath its folds were linked in
honour's tie ;
We put our trust in God, my boys, and kept our
powder dry.

When treason bared her bloody arm, and maddened
round the land,
For King and law, and order fair, we drew the ready
brand ;
Our gathering spell was William's name, our cry was
"Do or die."
And still we put our trust in God, and kept our pow-
der dry.

But now, alas ! a wondrous change has come the
nation o'er,
And worth the gallant services remembered are no
more ;
And crushed beneath oppression's weight, in chains
of grief we lie ;
But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
powder dry.

Forth starts the spawn of treason, the 'scaped of
ninety-eight,
To bask in courtly favour, and seize the helm of
state ;
Ev'n they whose hands are reeking yet with murder's
crimson dye—
But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
powder dry.

They come, whose deeds incarnadined the Slaney's
silver wave,
They come, who to the foreign foe the hail of welcome
gave ;
He comes, the open rebel fierce—he comes, the Jesuit
sly ;
But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep **your**
powder dry.

They come, whose councils wrapped the land in foul
 rebellious flame,
Their hearts unchastened by remorse, their cheeks
 untinged by shame;
Be still, be still, indignant heart—be tearless, too,
 each eye,
And put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
 powder dry.

The power that led his chosen by pilliared cloud and
 flame,
Though parted sea and desert waste, that power is
 still the same;
He fails not; He, the loyal hearts that firm on him
 rely;
So put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
 powder dry.

The power that nerved the stalwart arms of GIDEON'S
 chosen few,
The power that led GREAT WILLIAM, Boyne's reddening
 torrents through;
In His protecting aid confide, and every foe
 defy;
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
 powder dry.

Already see the star of hope emits its orient
 blaze,
The cheering beacon of relief it glimmers through
 the haze;
It tells of better days to come, it tells of succour
 nigh;
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
 powder dry.

See, see along the hills of Down its rising glories
 spread,
But brightness beams in brightness from Donard's
 lofty head;
Clanbrassil's vales are kindling wide and "Roden"
 is the cry;
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
 powder dry.

Then cheer ye, hearts of loyalty, nor sink in dark
despair,
Our banner shall again unfurl its glories to the
air ;
The storm that raves the wildest the soonest passes
by ;
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
powder dry.

For " happy homes," for " altars free," we grasp the
ready sword,
For freedom, truth, and for our God's unmutated
word ;
These, these the war-cry of our march, our hope the
Lord on high ;
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
powder dry.

COL. BLACKER,

COME, CHEER UP, MY LADS.

Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
For true Orange hearts are still strangers to fear ;
Our bosoms with honor and loyalty glow,
And fearless we'll march to encounter the foe.

CHORUS.

Still may our flag be with lustre unfurled,
Let's always be ready,
Steady, boys steady,
And true to ourselves, we'll defy all the world.

The Queen and the state, and the laws of the land,
The good constitution our forefathers planned ;
To maintain them we all with one voice should
agree,
For while they protect us old Ireland is free.

The hand of oppression we never need fear ;
 Our laws are the same for the peasant and peer ;
 Our house is our castle, our fireside and throne,
 And each man in the country is sure of his own.

Republican frenzy her standard my rear,
 And disloyalty seek to pollute our free air,
 But our swords we'll ne'er sheath till our Emerald
 Isle,
 From treason redeemed, shall triumphantly smile.

Then drink to the Queen, to the state, and the
 law,
 With one voice, with one heart, we support the good
 cause ;
 May the wretch who'd refuse such a toast never
 prove
 The comfort of friendship—the raptures of love.

CHARACTER OF KING WILLIAM THE THIRD,*

OF GLORIOUS MEMORY.

He was, but is no more—
 The head, hand, heart of the confederacy !
 The asserter of liberty !
 The deliverer of nations !
 The supporter of the Empire ! .
 The bulwark of Holland and Flanders !
 The preserver of Britain !
 The reducer of Ireland ! and
 The terror of France !

*Born Nov. 4th, 1650; died March 8.h, 1802; reigned 13 years
 23 days.

His thoughts were wise and sacred ;
 His words were few and faithful ;
 His actions many and heroic ;
 His government without tyranny ;
 His justice without rigour ; and
 His religion without superstition.

He was
 Great, without pride ;
 Valiant, without violence ;
 Victorious, without triumph ;
 Active, without weariness ;
 Cautious, without fear ;
 and
 Meritorious without recompense.

THE OULD ORANGE FLUTE.

AN OLD TIME BALLAD.

In the County of Tyrone, near the town of Dungan-
 gannon,
 Where many a ruction myself had a hand in,
 Bob Williamson lived, a weaver by trade,
 And all of us thought him a stout Orange blade.

On the 12th of July, as it yearly did come,
 Bob played on the flute to the sound of the drum,
 You may talk of your harps, your pianos, your lute,
 But nothing could sound like the "Ould Orange
 flute."

But the treacherous scoundrel, he took us all in,
 For he married a Papist called Bridget McGinn,
 And turned Papist himself, and forsook the old
 cause,
 That gave us our freedom, religion and laws.

Now the boys of the town made a big noise, as they
ought,
And Bob had to fly to the Province of Connaught,
He fled with his wife and their fixin's to boot,
And along with the others the, "Ould Orange flute"

At the chapel on Sunday Bob atoned for past deeds,
And said "Pater and Aves," and counted his beads,
Till, after some time, at the priest's own desire,
He went with the ould flute to play in the choir.

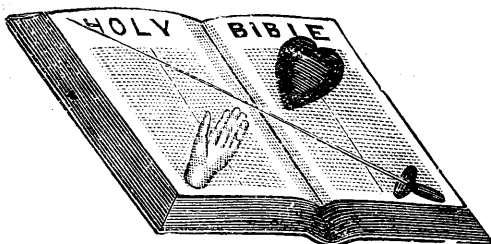
But the instrument shivered and sighed, and, alas !
It disturbed all the people who came to say mass ;
When he blew it, and fingered, and made a great
noise,
The flute would play only, "The Protestant Boys."

Bob jumped, and started, and got into a splutter,
And threw the ould flute in the blessed holy water ;
He thought that its charm would bring out some
other sound,
When he tried it again it played, "Croppies lie
down."

And all he could whistle, and finger and blow,
To play Popish music he found it no go,
"Kick the Pope," the "Boyne Water," and such like
it would sound,
But one Papist squeak in it could not be found.

At a council of priests that was held the next day,
They decided to banish the ould flute away ;
They could not knock heresy out of its head,
So they bought Bob another to play in its stead.

And the old flute was condemned, and its fate was
pathetic,
It was fastened and burned to the stake as a heretic;
When the flames roared around they all heard a great
noise,
It was the ould flute still playing "The Protestant
Boys."

"Our Guide."**A POEM**

DEDICATED TO THE LOYAL TRUE BLUE ASSOCIATION, BY BRO.
GEORGE WORRELL, PAST GRAND SECRETARY, TORONTO.

Oh ! Gideon's sons and daughters true,
Admirers of Heaven's directing hue,
Whose fathers once by Moreh hill
Partook of water calm and still
From Harod's well down in the valley,
Where they by God's command did rally,
And He their faithfulness did greet
By their enemies wild retreat.

May we thus, in actions right,
Prove God's power in this our fight,
To wrench from Rome's oppressive knee,
And thus, for ever, to set free
The Protestant orphans of our land ;
And by his Almighty, protecting hand
May we, their friends and benefactors be
Until God's holy light they see.

Haste ye ! Haste, Oh members true,
For all of you there's work to do,
Uncared to feed, to cloth, to teach,
Whose little hearts doth you beseech
To give from out your little store
What'er you can, not one mite more,
And thus assist to make secure
Their minds from Romish thoughts impure.

Oh ! Loyal, True Blue, Association,
Raise, raise your flag in every nation
Till pilgrims from every land,
Have joined our faithful, happy band,
And in their emblematic robes appear
By Cherith brook our hearts to cheer,
Where all can join our God to praise
In whose name our tent we raise.

Remember all that Heavenly sound
Where no water could be found,
When lo ; these words to Elijah's ears,
In Heavenly notes, came down :
" Arise in haste ! time do not waste,
To Zarephath repair,
A widow sweet, you there will meet,
That must sustain thee there."

In haste the City gates he sought,
When to his great surprise,
The widow aged, gathering sticks,
On him she rais'd her eyes :
He being faint from journeying far,
He mild to her did say :
" Bring me some water, and some bread
The Lord will thee repay."

" My scanty store of food's near gone,
As the Lord thy God doth live,
Of meal I've but one handful left,
Or some to thee I'd give ;

A little oil that's in a cruse,"
She uttered with a sigh,
"To cook it for my son and me.
That we may eat and die."

Then Elijah to the widow said :
"Fear not a cake to make ;
First bring it with some oil to me,
God you will not forsake ?
And after serve thy son and thee ;
My words are not in vain,
Your stores won't fail, but will prevail,
Till earth's watered by the rain."

As this well known lesson I relate
May all of you fresh courage take,
And act the good Samaritan
As only loyal men and women can.
Let our meetings tell the story well
That peace and love among us dwell,
And may their ne'er recorded be, a quarrel
Is the wish of your brother George Worrell.

THE BOYNE'S GREEN SIDE.

BY BRO. J. F. M'GILL, D.D.G.M. CENTRE DURHAM, LOYAL
TRUE BLUE ASSOCIATION.

Tune—"Auld Lang Syne,"

The Beauties of Dear Erin's Isle
We love, as Irishmen,
Her fertile fields and sunny slopes,
Her mountain side and glen ;
But through the land no spot we find
More worthy of our pride,
Than that where victory was won
Upon the Boyne's Green Side.

In sitting by that river side
I watch the glassy wave,
And memory recalls to view
The mighty men and brave
Who bravely fought and nobly won,
Who conquered and who died
For freedom and for freedom's right
Upon the Boyne's Green Side.

There William led his valiant men—
The bravest of the brave—
And Walker, champion of our cause,
Found there a hero's grave
And Schomberg, too, the brave old man,
Of William's camp, the pride,
While victory sounded in his ears,
Fell on the Boyne's Green Side.

The place is little changed since then,
Its banks are just as green,
The river flows as softly on
As on the day 'twas seen,
When William, with his heroes bold,
The Popish crew defied
And victoriously their banners waved
Upon the Boyne's Green Side.

But what a change has taken place
In our dear land since then,
Our liberties are basely sold,
To Rome by faithless men,
Who should preserve in principle,
No matter what betide,
The constitution gained for us
Upon the Boyne's Green Side.

But though by traitor-statesmen sold
We ever will prove true,
And wear in spite of all their frowns
Our Orange and our Blue.

The day may come when they'll be glad
To speak to us with pride
Of victories our father's won
Upon the Boyne's Green Side.

The day seems fast approaching
When Rome will try her hand
To murder all our Protestants
Throughout ould Ireland,
So then, my boys, be ready
And have your powder dry,
To meet them as your fathers did
Upon the Boyne's Green Side.

Then here's to gallant Johnston,
The champion of our cause ;
Likewise to noble Salisbury,
Who upheld the British laws ;
Also those loyal Unionists
Who stood up by their side,
Resolved to die or conquer
Upon the Boyne's Green Side.

All hail to Manitoba,
That province of renown,
Who, when her schools were menaced,
Appealed to Britain's crown ;
Also her loyal son, Martin,
And McCarthy, true and tried,
Who plead for Manitoba's schools,
And the Popish host defied.

Come all ye Loyal True Blues,
The youngest of our race,
Also ye noble Prentice Boys,
Who's fathers closed the gates ;
Should your foes e'er oppose you,
Or ever you deride,
Just tell them what your fathers did
Upon the Boyne's Green Side.

Come all ye loyal Protestants
That's circled round the globe,
Also ye faithful Israelites
Who've felt the oppressor's load ;
Come in and join your forces
With good men, true and tried,
And uphold the open Bible
As on the Boyne's Green Side.

And now to make a finish,
And bid you all adieu,
Ye wearers of the Royal mark,
And of the Royal blue ;
Also ye Royal Scarlet Knights,
And Black Knights, true and tried,
Come let us join our hearts in praise
Upon the Boyne's Green Side.

POPERY THE ENEMY OF THE BIBLE

Come, ye Protestants of Britain,
Look into the gospel glass,
There you'll see where it is written
What will shortly come to pass ;
You will see that ancient Babylon
Is a type of modern Rome,
But she'll be rewarded double
For the deeds that she has done.

CHORUS,—

Join her not ye loyal people,
Trust her not, she'll you deceive,
Still support your Church and Bible
Never, never, her believe.

You will see her dressed in scarlet,
And in purple trimmed with green,
For in truth she is a harlot,
Yet she calls herself a queen ;

She has killed for many ages
Them that loved and served their God,
If we believe the sacred pages
She is drunken with their blood.

She did kill the loyal Waldenses
For about two hundred years,
And she killed the Albigines,
Though their groaning pierced her years ;
She made France a home of slaughter,
Which all Europe can declare,
She spared neither son nor daughter,
She destroyed the faithful there.

She set up the Inquisition
To compel the hosts of Spain
To embrace her superstition
While she racked their bones with pain ;
She set up the stake and faggot,
On Britannia's fertile plains,
Everyone that dared oppose her
Suffered death amid the flames.

Did the Scotch escape her fury ?
No, she chased the Highland clans,
And killed them without judge or jury,
None she caught escaped her hands ;
She destroyed the Irish nation
In the year of fifty-one,
And we make no calculation
Of those she drowned in the Bann.

History says that near a million
Were destroyed in her time,
But the Lord sent us King William,
Who gained our freedom at the Boyne :
For many years Great Britian flourished,
And the Lord maintained her cause,
But now the scarlet W—— is nourished,
And cherished by our British laws.

She's as keen for blood as ever,
All she wants is former times,
And all those massacres together
Are but sketches of her crimes.
Britain would not be admonished,
She was so puffed up with pride,
All ye nations be astonished,
And pray to God to be your guide.

Hark again, the beast is roaring,
That the scarlet lady rules,
See her blinded priests devouring
Many bibles from her schools ;
Don't you see the Irish dragon
Sowing poison through the land,
Wanting us to worship Dagon,
And to join them hand in hand.

The Papists still want us to join them,
But we'll remember forty-one,
And we'll never mix with Popery
When we think upon the Boyne.

CROPPIES LIE DOWN.

Oh, ye knights and companions, now hear me relate
My tale of adventures, if it be not too late,
Of the bright Orange colours, when I was made new,
In succession was followed by the purple and blue ;
I travelled the desert the best that I could
With two and two quarters across Jordan's flood.

I forded the stream, and there got to my mark.
I followed six Levites that carried the Ark,
I travelled my journey unto Jericho,
And next unto Gilgal where all marksmen must go ;
And there I saw lights twelve, seven, six and three
With star, sun and moon, and two sixes agree.

The twelve became three, three followed seven,
And when all united they numbered eleven,
I ascended the mount, hoping there to remain,
Where I espied Israel's camp all spread out on the
plain;

The Hittites in thousands marched out from the town. [down.]

But Israel's true bandsmen played, "Croppies lie

The battle commenced from the left unto the right,
But the Protestant boys excelled in the fight,
They crossed o'er the brook without fear or dis-
guise,

With fife and drums playing "The Protestant Boys."

From Orange to Scarlet marched out from the town, [down."

And the band changed its music to "Croppies lie

Oh, the true sons of Levi looked glorious and fine,
As scarlet companions all formed into line,
Arrayed were they all in true Orange and Scarlet,
Which they had divided with Rahab and Harlot;
The Philistine Priests like demons did frown,
As the Israelites marched on to "Croppies lie
down."

The Philistines looked from the wall with affright,
But the men that passed over were filled with
delight.

Seven days they encompassed the city about,
Seven times the last day were commanded to shout ;
The rams horns were sounded by men of renown,
And our true silver band struck up " Croppies lie
down."

Mrs. Rahab remembered the vows she had made
As she promised our secret she'd never betray,
So we dressed her in Orange, her father and brother,
And kindly arrayed in bright scarlet her mother,
Saying, "Our lives now for yours if we don't take
the town," [down.]

While our fine Orange band will play "Croppies lie

Neither inside the city nor outside we stay,
Neither inside the house nor outside we prey,
And yet we afforded a poison petition,
The bold sons of Levi are free from division ;
And then we advanced right into the town,
And the very next shot made the "Coppies lie
down."

Sir William approached me with bright sword in
hand,
Which he girded right on me as the Lord gave com-
mand,
The honour conferred, brought me right to my
knee,
St. Andrew, St. Patrick, St. George, there did see ;
How delighted was I when our boys took the town,
And I still heard the notes sounding "Croppies lie
down."

"Arise," said Sir William, "Sir Anthony brave,
Take the bright sword in hand your country to
save,
Use it only in lawful defence of the truth
And don't injure a hair of the sons of Maynooth,
But remember this well you are never to frown,
For the 12th of July we play "Croppies lie down."

I answered right meekly, as well as I could,
Though I never desired to appear there as rude ;
I made him my manners and then I was done,
For although I'm now fifty I own I'm a son
Of a good Orange father who never did frown
When he saw his son marching to "Croppies lie
down."

So now having finished my travels I'm done,
When I hear Orange music my spirits will run,
To sixteen and ninety, the 12th of July,
When the Protestant boys made the Hittites to fly
The Philistine priests ran away without hat,
And the walls of the city by rams horns lay flat.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

THE QUEEN! God bless her!

The glorious, pious, and immortal Memory of the great and good King William III. Prince of Orange and Nassau, who saved us from Popish tyranny and arbitrary power. May his services never be forgotten nor his principles be betrayed.

The Army and Navy! May they ever be successful in overthrowing the enemies of our country.

The Memory of the Reverend George Walker, the fearless and intrepid defender of Derry, who was ever foremost in the ranks of danger, with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, shouting, "No Surrender!"

The Memory of the Thirteen gallant Apprentice Boys of Derry who slammed to the gates of their city in the face of the tyrant James.

The Memory of Sir David McKinley, who shewed King William the ford of the Boyne.

The health of Colonel Blacker, and may all true Britons follow out his advice—"To put their trust in God, but mind and keep their powder dry."

That the Romish Beads may never overcome the Bible.

The land we live in. May it always be governed by a Protestant Monarch.

To all honest Orangemen round the globe, whether in weal or woe, in prosperity or adversity, at home or abroad.

Holiness to our pastors, honesty to our magistrates and humanity to our rulers.

The Glorious Revolution which placed William on the Throne—and should another James attempt to deprive us of our rights, may another William be sent us.

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