

THE
Battle of the Boyn;

O R,

King WILLIAM crossing the
BOYN WATER.

Giving a full Description of that
bloody Fight, fought on the
first of July, 1690.

To which are added,

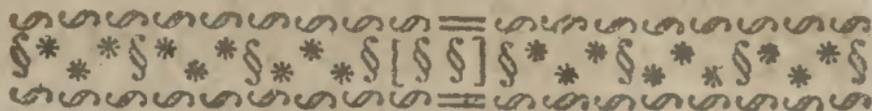
The VIRGIN'S CHOICE.

Let Ambition Fire the MIND.

T A R R Y W O O.



Entered according to Order.



The B A T T L E of the B O Y N.

JULY the first in Old Bridge-town,
 there ought to be a pattern,
 As its recorded in each church-book,
 throughout all the nation.

Now let us all kneel down and pray,
 both now and ever after,
 And let us ne'er forget the day,
 King William cross'd over the water.

On July the first in Old Bridge-town,
 there was a grievous battle,
 Where many men lay on the ground,
 while cannons they did rattle.

The Irish then they vow'd revenge,
 against King William's forces,
 And solemnly they did protest,
 that they would stop his courses.

In Old Bridge-town, strong guards were
 and more at the Boyn-water, (kept,
 King James began five days too soon,
 with drums and cannons rattling.

He pitch'd his camp, secur'd his ground,
 thinking not to retire,
 But King William threw his bomballs in,
 and set their tents on fire.

A bullet from the Irish came,
 which graz'd King William's arm:
 They thought his Majesty was slain,
 but he receiv'd no harm.

His General in friendship came,
 his King wou'd often caution,
 To shun the spot where bullets hot,
 did fly in rapid motion.

He doesn't deserve, King William said,
 the name of Faith's Defender,
 That will not venture life and limb,
 to make his foes surrender.

Now let us all kneel down and pray,
 both now and ever after,
 And let us never forget the day,
 King William cross'd over Boyn water.

Then said King William to his men,
 brave boys we are well armed,
 And if you'll all couragious be,
 we'll venture and take the water :

The horse were ord'ed to march on first,
 and the foot did soon follow after,
 But brave Duke Schomberg lost his life,
 by venturing over the water.

Be not dismay'd, King William said,
 for the loss of one commander,
 For God this day shall be your King,
 and I'll be Gen'ral under.

The brave Duke Schomberg being slain,
 King William he accosted,
 His warlike men for to march on,
 and he would march the foremost.

In princely mein the King march'd on,
 his men soon follow'd after,
 With shells and shot the Irish smote,
 and made a grievous slaughter.

King James espy'd the English then,
 King William he governed,
 He thought it better for to retreat,
 than stand and be disarmed.

The Protestants of Drogheda,
 have reason to be thankful,
 That they were not to bondage brought,
 altho' they're but a handful.

First to the Tholsel they were brought,
 and try'd at Mill Mount-ater,
 But brave King William set them free,
 by venturing over the water.

Nigh to Dundalk the subtile French,
 had taken up their quarters,
 And on the plain in ambush lay,
 a waiting for fresh orders ;

But in the deed time of the night,
 they set their tents on fire ;
 And long before the break of day,
 to Dublin did retire,

Wou'd I but smile, be kind and gay,
 he'd give me all his treasure :

But then, our years so disagree—
 so much as I remember,
 It is but May, I'm sure with me,
 with him it is December.

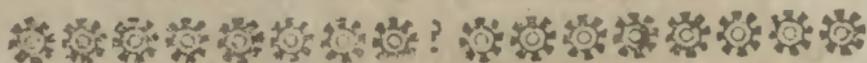
Can I, who scarcely am in bloom,
 let frost and snow be suing ?

'Twould spoil each rip'ning joy to come,
 bring ev'ry charm to ruin.

For dress and show to touch my pride,
 my little heart is panting ;
 But then—there's something else beside,
 I soon should find was wanting.

Then, Colin, thou my heart shall gain,
 for thou would ne'er deceive me ;
 And gray-hair'd wealth shall plead in vain
 for thou hast most to give me.

My fancy paints thee full of charms,
 thou looks so young and tender,
 Love beats his new and fond alarms,
 to thee I now surrender.



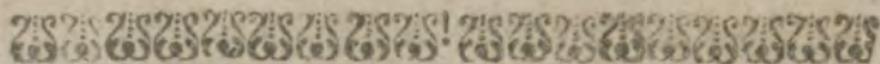
Let AMBITION FIRE thy MIND.

LET ambition fire thy mind,
 thou wert born o'er men to reign,
 Not to follow flocks design'd ;
 scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet,
 thou on necks of kings shall tread ;
 Joys incircling, joys shall meet,
 which way e'er thy fancy lead.

Let not spoils of empire fright ;
 toils of empire pleasure are :
 Thou shalt only know delight,
 all the joy, but not the care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize,
 for the blessings I bestow,
 Joyful I'll ascend the skies,
 happy thou shalt reign below.



T A R R Y W O O.

To its own Proper Tune.

T A R R Y woo, tarry woo,
 Tarry woo is ill to spin,
 Card it well, card it well,
 Card it well ere ye begin.
 When 'tis carded, rov'd and spun,
 Then the wark is hastens done ;
 But when woven, drest, and clean,
 It may be cleading for a queen.

Sing my bonny harmless sheep,
 That feed upon the mountains steep ;
 Bleating sweetly as they go,
 Thro' the winter's frost and snow ;

Hart and hind, and fallow deer,
 No by ha'f so useful are ;
 Frae kings to him that hauds the plow,
 Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

Up ye shepherds, dance and skip,
 O'er the hills and valleys trip,
 Sing up the praise of tarry woo,
 Sing the flocks that bear it too :
 Harmless creatures, without blame,
 That clead the back and cram the wame,
 Keeps us warm and hearty fu' ;
 Leese me on the tarry woo.

How happy is a shepherd's life !
 Far frae courts, and free of strife,
 While the gimmers bleat and bae,
 And the lambkin's answer—Mae !
 No such music to his ear,
 Of thief and fox he has no fear ;
 Sturdy kent, and colly too,
 Well defend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none ;
 Not ev'n a monarch on his throne,
 Tho' he the royal sceptre sways,
 Has not sweeter holy days.
 Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
 When a shepherd lives so well ;
 Sings fae well, and pays his due,
 With honest heart and tarry woo.