

Battle of the Boyn;

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KING WILLIAM crossing

the BOYN WATER.

Giving a full Description of that Bloody Battle,
fought on the first of July, 1690.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

T H E

Battle of Rosline

FOUGHT ON THE

Plains of Rosline, 1303



Edinburgh: Printed by J. Morris,

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYN.

JULY the first in Old Bridge town,
 there ought to be a patern,
 As it's 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 the water.

On July the first in Old Bridge-town,
 There was a grievous battle,
 While 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 kept,
 and more at the Boyn-water ;
 King James began two 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 bombals 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 would often caution,
To shun the spot where bullets hot,
did fly in rapid motion.

He does not deserve, King William said,
the name of Faith's Defender,
That would 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 ne'er forget the day,
King William cross over Boyn water.

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

The horse were order'd to march first
the foot soon follow'd 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 his day shall be your King,
and I'll be general under.

The brave Duke Schomberg being slain,
King William he accosted,

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Hiswarlike 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 to retreat,
than stand and be disarmed.

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

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

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

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

King William as our General,
no marshal e'er was braver.

With hat in hand his valiant men
 he thank'd for their behaviour.

We'll sheath our swords and rest a while,
 in time we'll follow after,
 These words King William spoke with a smile,
 that day he cross'd the water

That pattern day proved too hot,
 for King James and his army,
 He would rather choose for to retreat,
 than stand and be disarm'd.

We'll give our pray'rs both night and day,
 both now and ever after
 And let us ne'er forget the day,
 King James ran from the water.

THE BATTLE OF ROSLINE,

LEAVE off your tittle tattle,
 And I'll tell you of a battle,
 Where claymore and targe did rattle,
 At Rosline on the Lee.
 Ten thousand Scottish Laddies,
 Drest in their tartan plaidiers,
 With blue bonnets and cockadics
 A pleasant fight to see.
 Commanded by Sir Simon Frazer,
 Who was as bold as Cæsar,
 Great Alexander never,
 Could exceed that Hero bold.
 And by brave Sir John Cummin,
 When he saw the toes a coming

Set the bag-pipes a buming,
Stand firm my hearts of gold.
Ten thousand English advancing,
See bow their arms are glancing,
We'll set them all a dancing,
At Rosline on the Lee.

Like furies our brave Highlanders
Most boldly they engaged them,
On field they durst no longer stand,
They soon began to flee.

They rush'd into the battle,
Made sword and targe to rattle,
Which made their foes to startle,
The fell dead on the ground.

Our army gave a loud huzza,
Our Highland Lads have won the day,
On field they durst no longer stay,
See how the cowards run.

This battle was no sooner over,
Than ten thousand of the other,
Came marching in good order,
Mett boldly for to fight.

Their colours were displaying,
Their horse foaming and braying,
Their Generals are saying,

We'll soon put them to flight.

But our bowmen gave a volley,
Made them repeat their folly,
They soon turn'd melancholy,
And stagger'd to and fro.

Our spearmen they engaged,
Their rage they soon asswaged,
Like lions our Heroes rag'd,
Dealt death at every blow.

For one hour and a quarter,
Their was a bloody slaughter,

Till the enemies cried quarter,
 Our General says Don't pursue,
 Ten thousand more are come in view,
 Take courage late our hearts are true,
 And beat your enemies.

Then thinking for to cross us.
 They rallying all their forces
 Both of foot and horses,
 To make the last attempt.

The Scots cry'd out with brav'ry,
 We disdain their English knav'ry,
 We'll ne'er be brought to slav'ry,
 'Till our last blood is spent.

With fresh courage they did engage,
 And manfully made for the charge,
 With their broad sword and their target,
 Most boldly then they stood.

The third battle it was very sore,
 Thousands lay reeking in their gore,
 The like was never done before,
 The fields did swarm with blood,

The English could no longer stay,
 In great confusion fled away,
 And sore they do lament the day,
 That they came there to fight
 Cammin cry'd, Chace them, do not spare,
 Quick as the head doe's chace the hare,
 And many one ta'ca prisoner,
 That day upon the sight.

The Douglas, Campbells and the Hay,
 And Gordons from the water Spey,
 So boldly as they fought that day,
 With the brave Montegomerie.

The Kerrs and Murrays of renown,
 The Keiths, Boyds, and Hamilton,

They brought their foes down to the ground',
 And fought with braverie.
 Sound, sound the music, sound it,
 Let hills and eales rebound it,
 Fill up the glaſs and round we't,
 In praiſe of our Heroe bold.
 If Scotsmen were always true,
 We'd make our enemies to rue,
 But alas ! we're not all true blue,
 As we were in days of old.

The SWEET LITTLE GIRL that I LOVE.

MY friends all declare that my time is miſpent
 While in rural retirement I rove :
 I aſk no more wealth than dame Fortune has ſent
 But the ſweet little girl that I love,
 The roſe on her cheeks may delight,
 She's ſoft as the down on the dove ;
 No lily was ever ſo white,
 As the ſweet little girl that I love.

Though humble may lot, calm content gild the
 ſcave,
 For my fair one delights in the grove ;
 And a palace I'd quite for a dance on the green
 With the ſweet little girl that I love. The, &c.

No ambition I'd know but call her my own,
 No fame but her praiſe wiſh to prove :
 My happineſs centers in Fanny alone,
 She's the ſweet little girl that I love. the &c.

F I N I S.