Lisnagade

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Ye Protestants of Ulster, I prey you join with me.
Your voices raise in lofty praise and show your loyalty,
Extol the day we marched away with Orange flags so fine,
In order to commemorate 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,
Protestant rights for to maintain and popery to degrade
And in memory of the same we fought at Lisnagade.

'Twas early in the morning, before the rise of sun,
An information we received, our foes each with a gun,
In ambush lay, near the highway, entrenched in a fort
For to disgrace our Oraage flag, but it chanced they broke their oath.

We bad not marched a mile or so when the white flag we espied
With a branch of podereens on which they much relied;
And this inscription undeneath: "Hail Mary! unto thee
Deliver us from these Orange dogs, and then we will be free."

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

from The Voice of the People, Mulcahy and Fitzgibbon
Source: The Patriotic Songster (1816)