

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Napper Tandy

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The ninth day of November
in the year of ninety-one
The Rebel Napper Tandy
His villainy began
In forming a conspiracy,
This nation to embroil
In civil war and mutiny
And to pollute the soil

His wicked crew they did intend
Our Governors to kill
And any of the Protestants
Who dare oppose their will
To massacre our ministers
And pull our churches down
To extirpate the Orangemen
And take from George his crown

They burn'd houses and straw stacks
The assembled in the night
Broke upon doors and windows
In order to affright
The people to comply with them
Crying give out your gun
And unite with us immediately
Or else you are undone

The Croppies most outrageously
Did take an active part
Against the Church of England
And thought to make her smart
But providence protected us
From this blood-thirsty clan
And prevented them to act a scene
Like that of Forty-one

We value not the Yeomanry
These rebels oft did say
Tis easy to disarm them
And soon well gain the day
And every man who is not up
Shall hang at his own door

And we'll guillotine each Royalist
let him be rich or poor

If on the way we chanced to meet
One of this wicked clan
He asks you Are you up to snuff
Or what's that in your hand
And if you know not what to say
He answers with a frown
Since it is a thing you are not up
I'll therefore knock you down

They carried on their fury
Till the year of ninety seven
When to this vile conspiracy
A happy check was given
For Government found out their schemes
And turned their plan astray
And made them swear allegiance
May we bless that happy day

Then to disperse this brotherhood
Lord Blaney he came down
To recompense the insolence
Of each insulting clown
Their midnight vengeance did reward
And filled them with dismay
And for their perseverance
Soon he made the caitiffs pay

But to conclude kind Providence
Dispelled the wicked throng
So let us sing God Save the Queen
And may her reign be long
Success to each true Protestant
Who does maintain this cause
Against those vile conspirators
In honor of his laws

CB