

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Sir Charles Gavan Duffy

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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 foes, 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 valor 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 them good English play as you go over the water.

Both foot and horse they marched on, intending them to batter
But the brave Duke Schomberg he was shot as he crossed over the water
When that King William did observe the brave Duke Schomberg falling,
He reined his horse with a heavy heart, on the Enniskilleners calling

What will you do for me, brave boy-see yonder men retreating?"
Our enemies encouraged are, and English drums are beating.
He says My boys, feel no dismay at the losing of one commander,
For Good shall be our king this day, and I'll be general under..

Within four yards of our forefront before a shot was fired
A sudden snuff they got that day which little they desired
For horse and man fell to the ground and some hung in their saddle
Others turned up their forked ends which we call coup de ladle

Prince Eugene's regiment was the next, on our right hand advantaged
Into a field of standing wheat where Irish horses pranced-
But the brandy run so in their heads, their senses all did scatter
They little thought to leave their bones that day at the Boyne water.

This was the third assault they made, thinking their foes to scatter
But here they got a dismal stroke and their bones left at the water
The Irish they ran fast away the French they soon did follow
And he that got the farthest away was aye the happiest fellow

They threw away both fife and drum and firelocks from their shoulder
King William's men pushed very hard to let them smell their powder
But aye the faster that we shot the faster they
And now the ford is all made clear and you may cross the water

Had Enniskillen men at leave when they their foes defeated
For to pursue the victory in honor they had gained

Ten thousand brougeineers and more they ne'er had bred much cumber
Nor Jame's men mad head again by the third part of their number

Now, praise God all true Protestants and heaven's and earth's Creator
For the deliverance that He sent our enemies to scatter...
The Churches foes will pine away, like churlish hearted Nabal
For our deliverer came this day like the great Zerubbobel

So praise God all true Protestants, and I will say no further
But 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 was not in their power to stop what the rabble they designed.

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