

Croppies Lie Down

Croppies Lie Down

We soldiers of Erin so proud of the name,
Will raise upon rebels and Frenchmen our fame.
We'll fight to the last in th honest old cause
And guard our religion our freedom and laws.
We'll fight for our country, our King and his crew
And make all the traitors and Croppies lie down.
Down, down, Croppies lie down.

The rebels so bold - when they've none to oppose -
To houses and hay-stacks are terrible foes;
They murder poor parsons, and also their wives,
But soldiers at once make them run for their lives
And wherever we march, thro' the country or town,
In ditches or cellars, the croppies lie down.

United in blood, to their country's disgrace,
They secretly shoot whom they dare not to face;
But when we can catch the sly rogues in the field,
A handful of soldiers make hundreds to yield,
And the cowards collect but to raise our renown,
For as soon as we fire the croppies lie down.

While they, in the war that unmanly they wage,
On woman herself turn their blood-thirsty rage,
We'll fly to protect the dear creatures from harms,
And shelter them safely when clasp'd in our arms;
On love in a soldier no maiden will frown,
But bless the dear boys that made croppies lie down.

Should France e'er attempt, or by fraud or by guile,
Her forces to land on our Emerald Isle
We'll show that they ne'er can make free soldiers slaves,
And only possess our green fields for their graves;
Our country's applauses our triumph will crown,
While low with the French, brother, croppies lie down.

When wars and when dangers again shall be o'er,
And peace with her blessings revisit our shore;
When arms we relinquish, no longer to roam,
With pride will our families welcome us home,
And drink, as in bumpers past troubles we drown,

A health to the lads who made croppies lie down.

From The Voice of the People, Mulcahy and Fitzgibbon.