

"ARDRUM HILL"

(1)

Ye gallant sons of Eirin's Isle
I hope you will draw near
And likewise pay attention
unto these few lines I've here
Concerning bloody Orangemen
How they called out their corps,
To murder Poman Catholics
One side of Ballinamore.

(2)

It was on the 12th day of July
In Eighteen twenty six
They swore they'd murder Fomans
and they'd break the Crucifix
They marched in grand rotation
and played their pipes and drums
But little was their nation
That we'd take their swords and guns.

(3)

Going through the town "Croppy Lie Down"
Was the first tune they played
It was their cry as they passed by
"Where is the Fibbon Flade"
Our Irish blood began to flow
Like any pumping mill
And a few of us pursued them
And met on Ardrum Hill.

(4)

Says Will, their chief, "Here is the priest,
His house we will consume"
He saved our lives all in disguise
As he read in his room
Around the walls they fired balls
The roof and rigging tore
But he defied that low-lived tribe
That walked through Ballinamore

(5)

At our first engagement
We made a grand attack
We broke their guns and baynets
And tore down their Orange flag
Their numbers strong were ten to one
Our brave boys did not fail
Till we showed the scum we were true sons
Of dear old Grannuaile.

(6)

If you were there to see our boys
When the balls began to fly
They did not discommods us
They only passed us by
We fought them on courageously
Of men we had but few

(7)

Fifty rounds upon the ground
They fired at our men
But fortune well had favoured us
They could not pierce our skin
At our right-hand side we had a guide
Although he sat within
These balls of lead he laid them dead
That day on Ardrua Hill.

(8)

When the news came to town we'd won the ground
That they had no more ball
Davy Knott he broke his pot and swore he'd kill us all
A box full of stone marbles, young Michael Quail did send
These ill-bred brets we'll raid their shops, that
though to kill our friends
All of your aid that I now crave, is deal with them no more
And I'll go bail that Knott and Quail
Will soon leave Ballinamore.

(9)

When the filthy scum began to run
It would cause your hearts to feel
Some hid in quicks and briar pits
And some in our fields
There was a few ne-er were ashoe
Who did the whole excel
Had they no place to hide their face
We'd run them down to kcell.

(10)

When King William heard next morning
That they were back so soon
And likewise stopped from walking
By the boys of Ballinamore
When they come to me they can walk free
And play their pipes and drums
And they need not fear there are no Papists here
To take their swords and guns.

(11)

Here's a breadth to your Brave Father Hugh
Long may your guide your Flock
O'Connell Brave 'twas he that gave
The "Black Nibs" the first shock
We'll drink a toast to George the Fourth
Long may he wear his crown
And Ballinamore for evermore
To keep the Orange down.