

Strive to undo what has been done your honour bright to
stain ;
We prize our blood-bought privilege—the Union we'll main-
tain.

To win us all unto their cause they try by word and deed ;
They say they wish the welfare of every class and creed.
Oh ! Protestants be not deceived by wily men again,
But proudly send your answer back—the Union we'll main-
tain.

Then rally, loyal Ulster's sons, and proud your banners wave;
With heart and voice make it your choice our blood-bought
rights to save.
Our brethren across the seas will join the glad refrain ;
Then in God's name your watchword raise—the Union we'll
maintain.

DOLLY'S BRAE.

BEING on the Twelfth day of July, eighteen and forty-nine,
The Pagans of this country together did combine,
To shoot and slay our Orangemen upon that glorious day,
They did encamp in thousands great at a place called Dolly's
Brae.

Lord Roden was Grand Master of the Orangemen just then,
No better chieftain could be found among the sons of men ;
To Romanists he would not yield, nor any Papish foe,
He firmly stood like Joshua on the plains of Jericho.

He sent an invitation to Rathfriland Orange corps,
To come and spend the day with him at sylvan Tollymore ;
The Orangemen they did obey their noble chief's command;
So over Dolly's Brae they marched, a loyal, stalwart band.

The sun did shine with splendour in a bright and cloudless
sky,
Our drums did beat and fifes did play, and Orange Flags
did fly,
Each loyal son, with sword and gun, was ready for the fray,
Had the rebel hordes attacked us going over Dolly's Brae.

Priest Mooney and Priest 'Murphy went through the rebel
lines,
Distributing the wafer god among the Philistines ;
Priest Mooney cursed the Orangemen with candle, book and
bell,
While the rebel crowd did cry aloud, " We'll drive them all
to hell."

But still the Orangemen marched on through Castlewellan town,

Brave Jordan being in command, he feared no Popish frown,
He nobly led his brethren on like William, Prince of yore.
Until they reached the entrance gate of sylvan Tollymore.

A splendid arch that gate did span by which we all passed through,

And in the centre of the arch these words appeared in view:
“ Welcome all to Tollymore, this day we gladly join,
To commemorate and celebrate the victory of the Boyne.”

Lord Roden gave a brief address, and this to us did say :

“ Beware, my Orange brethren, going home by Dolly's Brae
Give no offence to any man as you're returning home,
Don't look shy when passing by, those Pagan troops of Rome.”

We loudly cheered for Roden then and for the British Crown;
Slieve Donard sent the echo back o'er Castlewellan town.

The Pagans heard our loyal cheers as they lay on the hill,
Awaiting there, like hungry wolves, our Orangemen to kill.

We formed in full procession, and unfurled our flags once more ;

We bade adieu to all the friends we left at Tollymore.

With fifes and drums and loaded guns we gaily marched away,

Resolving to defend ourselves going home o'er Dolly's Brae.

With courage strong we marched along through Castlewellan town,

And when we reached the Boretree Hill a messenger came down.

He says, “ Prepare both front and rere, attend to what I say ;

A hot reception you will get before you're o'er the Brae.”

As o'er the Brae we did proceed, the road being very bare,

The Ribbonmen advantage took and fired upon our rere ;

Like lions stout we wheeled about, with powder and with ball,

The volley we sent into them caused scores of them to fall.

The battle it raged loud and keen along the mountain side,

To save ourselves as best we could, our ranks we opened wide ;

The volleys from the rebel guns had no effect at all,

For not a man among our ranks fell by a Papish ball.

As fearlessly we charged on them, their terror it was great,

Through rocks and whins, to save their shins, they beat a fast retreat.

The Coolagh Tykes threw down their pikes and boldly ran
away,

And cursed the day they came to fight at fatal Dolly's Brae.

The battle being over, and the glorious victory won,
We reached our homes that evening by the setting of the
sun.

Our wives and sweethearts met us, returning home that day;
With shouts of joy they greeted us safe back o'er Dolly's
Brae.

So now my song I mean to end, my pen I will throw down,
I say success to every man supports the British Crown,
And generations yet unborn shall sing this loyal lay,
And speak of those that beat their foes at famous Dolly's
Brae.

DOLLY' BRAE NO MORE.

COME all you loyal Orangemen, I pray listen unto me,
Till I relate these verses great of cruel Popery.
Nor murder and confusion is all that they adore,
But they are down, ne'er to get up, till time it is no more.

It being on the Twelfth Day of July, eighteen hundred and
forty-nine,

Our Orange boys they met once more in memory of the
Boyne,

With heart and hand they did agree to march to Tollymore,
And the music did melodious play Croppies do give o'er.

With courage strong we marched along till we came to the
hill,

Where there they lay like beasts of prey our Orange blood
to spill;

But that undaunted fair one we still her adore,
Who wore the Orange round her head, crying "Dolly's Brae
no more."

Here's a health unto the Finnis boys, they played their part
right well,

They fought like sons of Gideon, it's few could them excel;
But if ever they come back again we'll give them ten times
more,

And well play the old tune o'er again—its "Dolly's Brae no
more."

Sweet Benraw they took the lead, their numbers were but
few,

Not fearing any danger, though the balls in showers flew;