Croppies Lie Down (2)

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We soldiers of Erin, so proud of the name
We'll raise upon rebels and Frenchman our fame
We'll fight to the last in the honest old cause
And guard our religion, our freedom and laws
We'll fight for our country, our King and his crown
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 haystacks are terrible foes
They murder poor parsons and also their wives
But soldiers at once make them run for their lives
And whenever we march, through country to town
In ditches or cellars the croppies lie down
Down, down, croppies lie down

In Dublin the traitors were ready to rise
And murder was seen in their lowering eyes
With poison, the cowards, they aimed to succeed
And thousands were doomed by the assassins to bleed
But the yeoman advanced, of rebels the dread
And each croppy soon hid his dastardly head
Down, down, croppies lie down

Oh, croppies ye'd better be quiet and still
Ye shan't have your liberty, do what ye will
As long as salt water is formed in the deep
A foot on the necks of the croppy we'll keep
And drink, as in bumpers past troubles we drown,
A health to the lads that made croppies lie down
Down, down, croppies lie down

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oct99