

To Guard Old Derrys Walls

With Roadshanks sembled all around the City waits its fate
The Thirteen Boys at Campsie's call hastened to the gate
James led his legions from the South they followed one and all
Their plan was simple and precise—to take Old Derry's Walls.

Times were tight in those confines and spirits running low
Plagued with illness wracked with death and nowhere left to go
Lundy's a cal fell face first—his flight followed by the calls
From those remained aloud proclaimed to defend Old Derry's Walls.

At Bishops gate James arrived with his French and Irish pack
He called upon the folk to yield but was given no respect
Thrice more he pleaded to no avail while Walkers men stood tall
A hail of lead dispersed the knaves in defence of Derry's Walls.

The siege begun with the roar of guns and James hastily retreated
Now Hamiltons men did not intend to be easily defeated
They returned the fire with mortar shell-shot and cannonball
The fight was fierce but they couldn't pierce the lines on Derry's Walls.

Three months and more they did endure but diseases took their toll
A third were gone—the siege went on amid winters dreaded cold
Many starved and many fell in the battle to forestall
The Jacobites who dared to fight to conquer Derry's Walls.

In late July mid tensions high the Mountjoy rammed the barricade
The Swallows men attacked it then and a Victory path was made
Relief was close for those who chose to answer to the call
Triumph gained for all the pain to guard Old Derry's Walls.

James Wolfe II Major London

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