

Battering Ram "Henry Joy"

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An Ulster man I an proud to say from the Antrim Glens I
come

Although I labored by the sea I followed fife and drum
I have heard the martial tramp of men; I've seen men
fight and die

Ah! lads I well remember when I followed Henry Joy

I pulled my boat up from the sea I hid my sail away
I hung my nets on a greenwood tree and I scanned the
moonlit bay

The boys were out, and the "Redcoats" too--I kissed my
wife good-bye

And in the shade of the greenwood glade, sure I
followed Henry Joy

In Antrim Town the tyrant stood, he tore our ranks with
ball

But with a cheer and a pike to clear we swept the o'er
the wall

Our pikes and sabers flashed that day--we won, but
lost, ah why

No matter lads, I fought beside, and shielded Henry
Joy

Ah! boys, for Ireland's cause we fought, for her and
home we bled

Though pikes were few still our hearts beat true, and
five to one lay dead

But many a lassie mourned her lad and mother
mourned her boy

For youth was strong in that gallant throng, who
followed Henry Joy

In Belfast Town they built a tree, and the Redcoats
mustered there

I watched them come at the beat of the drum, rolled
out from the barrack square

He kissed his sister and went aloft, he bade a last
good-bye

"My God, he died," sure I turned and cried, "They have
murdered Henry Joy!"

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