



***Reflections on the Late Riots by Candid Writers in Poetry and Prose. Philadelphia: 1844.***

*Regarding both the Kensington and Southwark riots.*

**Kensington Riots:**

Oh! Good people pay attention, and listen to what I say, [3]  
Till I relate a sad detail about the Eighth of May,  
About the Eighth of May, eighteen hundred and forty-four,  
Which left many a man to welter in his bloody gore.

Ye Gods above I pray look down, with pity on our race,  
Since those pretended Bible hypocrites, your laws they have disgraced.  
They have trampled under foot all both sacred and good,  
And set unto the flames the holy house of God:

They've deprived us of justice all in their public schools,  
And thought that we'd submit to them like children or like fools.  
But in the name of that Tribunal where we all some day shall meet,  
We boldly ask for justice, and nothing more we seek,

They have held their Pagan meetings our feelings to excite [4]  
By the slandering of our religion, in which they take delight.  
To excite unto destruction it was their only plan,  
O Lord we pray protect us from that cruel heathen clan.

Now those Bible hypocrites stare Heaven in the face, [5]  
And then they take their onward course, their country to disgrace.  
To persecute the Christian Church, as God has said would be,  
He tells us to have patience you suffer all for me.

Now those outraged inhuman beings, our streets they did parade,  
Onward to destruction, where many a man was slay'd.  
Where many a man lay bleeding all in his bloody gore,  
We trust to God in heaven the like we'll ne'r see more.

Now those outraged persecutors all for opinion's sake,  
To banish Roman Catholics their course they then did take.  
By the flaming of their houses, and plundering of their goods,  
They fled amidst destruction to seek shelter in the woods.

To hear the yells of mothers, and the orphans' doleful cries,  
A seeking for protection from Him above the skies.  
Crying, Lord we pray protect us and pity on us take,  
Thus in the land of Freedom shall we suffer for our faith?

To see our venerated clergy by their persecuting shrieks,  
 A walking in disguise throughout our public streets.  
 Fearful of their vengeance in the name of the Bible and the American Flag,  
 Because they possessed that religion that was handed down by God.

Look at this you Native born citizens, and if you have the courage, say,  
 That all this was done in your boasted North America.  
 And if this be your course to turn friends into foes, [6]  
 What shall become of our country, God, He only knows,

They next sought destruction on the holy house of God,  
 By burning them to ashes, on which they daily brag.  
 Shouting now where is Popery, down goes their cross,  
 How God's vengeance shall escape them, to know I'm at a loss.

**About the Southwark Riots:**

O! you readers pray excuse me, when in horror now I write, [9]  
 To see our glorious constitution a bleeding in our sight,  
 To see its institutions forsaken and despised,  
 By those Bible worshippers who vengeance daily cry.

They have renewed their scene of bloodshed on the 7th day of July,  
 Which enrages all good citizens and caused them loud to cry,  
 That this the land of freedom the home of the brave,  
 With sword in hand we boldly stand our country for to save,

From the persecuting violence of such a cruel mob. [10]  
 Who style themselves Republicans, and despite the laws of God,  
 They have brought their loaded cannons, and placed them on the Green,  
 To blow up that holy edifice which God has plainly seen.

O! God of Mercy! pray look down and check their evil course,  
 Or ages yet unborn shall regret that evil force  
 Who raised up in rebellion to the laws of God and man;  
 Shall we lay beneath the vengeance of this outrageous clan?

God bless that noble General Cadwallader and his men, [11]  
 Who fought and died like heroes, our rights to maintain,  
 Against that powerful savage force, who numbered ten to one,  
 They fought and gained the victory, God bless them every man.

Its for our lives and property, to them we are in debt, [12]  
 And for their noble bravery which we never shall forget,  
 For should they have retreated, and gave victory to their foes  
 What would have been the consequence, God he only knows.

To see those noble heroes commanded by the brave,  
 May heaven guide their footsteps, more honor may they have,  
 For they are well deserving like the heroes of Old,  
 To wear upon their breasts medals of pure gold.

To hear that warlike hero, called Captain Mallory,

Who led the Germantown Blues to death or victory,  
Throughout this scene of carnage, those words he loud did say,  
"Bear off the wounded men, ram home, and blaze away."

Its for those noble military their part so well did play,  
That those rebels from their cannon were forced to run away,  
From the charge of Captain Snyder, who was ordered on to go,  
And rescue the instrument of death from that outrageous foe.

O! I have something to Say of Captain Collohan-and his men,  
Who turned out to aid the law our rights for to maintain,  
They were insulted and abused by the violent hand of those,  
Who are traitors to their country and God's outrageous foes,

They were stationed in St. Philip's church by their officer's command,  
And got orders to protect it from that outrageous band.