THE SORROWFULL LAMENTATION

OF GARIBALDIA,

Air — Ne Good Luck About The House.

Alas alac what shall I do I'm left to pine alone
Inside strong prison I am bound after all the pluck I shown
Against the papasy d work'd but all my plans h'd faild,
My bosom freinds & neibours against me turnd tail

CHORUS—

There is no success at all for me but bad luc every place,
Misfortune now I see it plain it hits me in the face

Its true I swore I'd hunt the Pope & after Rome I'd take
But now too late I tel with shame it was a great mistake
So then to the frontiers I went and my hellish rable too,
With fire and sword there sanctindy a inocence to stew,

Victor Imamual has me nailed & cag'd me like a bird,
After all I've done for him with me he acted most absurd,
Though once I was his whole delight as plainly you may see.
But now he has me in the jug his Dear Garabaldia.

There is no Banquets or Bonfires now lighting up for me
In jail Im left to pine away in grief and misery,
I made my self a laughing staufk for all the world ore,
And scrnpled nothing I was bld so Im wan ing no more,

My freind were many here tofore when I could swager about
But now that Im in the Cage theirs none to take me out,
Oh who was like me the other day alas I am undone,
My peor sore foot & not a medal for the battles thot I woh,

A many a mother for their son I caused them for to rue,
At the battle of Ancona there aye & Spoilet a too,
The boys of Dublin Wexford Clonmel & f me Kilrush'
The misery I heap'd on them now its fallen in my dish

My schemes & plans is little use I'm every way absurd
To tell the world I could break up the eternal word,
Ther'r madder than myself to think that I could capture
Rome,
I might as well now say that I could go & snuff the moon,

Now to conclude my boastings ore my betters got the rope,
I'd wish I never raised my voice against the Church or Pope
His Holiness is still secure after all my Conspiacy,
And I am here dispised & shook the curs'd Garibaldia.