



A New Song on the

Volunteers for the Pope.

Arouse, you Romans of tribulation, it threatens both your
Church and Creed,
Tell your foes in every nation for your rights you'd nobly bleed.
Irishmen, this time you're wanted, your Religion and Church
to save,
Volunteer to join the Pontiff—Romans never shall be slaves.

CHORUS.—“Vive la” we'll rise so glorious,
God is with us, do not fear;
Rise or fall we'll be victorious,
For our Pope we'll volunteer.

Rise and draw the flaming sabre, dread not Garibaldi's force,
God will surely bless your labours, with Pope Pius take your
course;
Men in millions yet may perish before this holy war is done,
But the freedom that we cherish by our Pontiff shall be won.

Tyrants now shall never smother that bright Lamp that God
has given,
We will fall by one another faithful Christians to the grave;
We'll raise the Cross—that holy banner under which our fathers
died,
Our foes are strong, but God is stronger, He is with us on our
side.

Proud Napoleon, now take warning, and mind your imperial
throne,
Your uncle's doom should be a caution, so let our Pope and
Church alone;
To aid that cursed excommunicated—Sardinia's king—it's him
I mean,
But all his plans will be defeated, our Pontiff's rights we'll
maintain.

View the days of battle glorious, when Brian Borohme he led
us on,
On Clontarf's plains he proved victorious over the tyrant Danish
clan;
And now for him in Rome that loves us we are willing for to
go,
Heaven smiles with joy above us, volunteer to meet our foe.

Limerick, Cork, and sweet Tipperary, Kerry, Waterford, and
Clare,
Kilkenny, Carlow, Louth, and Wexford, Mayo, Galway, and
Kildare,
Wicklow, Wexford, and Roscommon, Meath and Westmeath
ever true,
Our Pontiff's rights we'll die or have them, Garibaldi we'll
subdue.

May God save our Irish heroes who have left their friends and
home,
And may the powerful Queen of angels be their safeguard while
in Rome;
Their hearts are light, their cause is legal, may they gain the
victory,
May our Pontiff still be triumphant, peace through Europe may
we see.

Now here's a health to William Monsell and the great Donohoe,
Drs. Cahill, M'Hale, and Cullin, and every Roman hero true.
Come, my boys, with heart and spirit, dread not Garibaldi's train
This time in Rome will gain you merit, our Pope and Church
we will maintain.

