

A New Song on  
**THE PROCESSION**  
To lay the the foundation stone, of the  
**O'CONNELL**  
MONUMENT.

Written by a patriotic Protestant.

Come all ye men of Ireland, ye sons of  
Granuale,  
I'll sing a glorious song for you, if my  
lungs they do not fail,  
About the great O'Connell who fought  
John Bull with all his might,  
And brased the British Lion too until he  
won our right.

In the centre of our City, on Monday we  
did erect,  
A statue to this great good man who did  
our rights protect,  
We left his body in Glasnevin, embalmed  
in tears of love,  
And glory to his soul my boys, we know  
its gone above,

But his brave heart it is not here, its far  
away at Rome,  
For the blessed Pope himself he would not  
let it home,  
But has it safe in keeping, all in a golden  
bowl,  
And every day that comes forth he says  
masses for his soul.

On Monday last the Trades did walk in  
order to repair,  
Unto the Liberator's house south side of  
Merrion-Square,  
Then by the Corporation with all the  
clergy at their head,  
Through the streets of this great City in  
procession they were led.

Each Trade then had its banner, and band  
of music too,  
It was the grandest sight that the world  
e'er did view,  
Peter Paul M'Sweeny our great and good  
Lord Mayor,  
He laid the great foundation stone, and  
made a grand speech there.

Each joined in the Procession with ribbons  
and rosettes,  
And when in the patriot ranks with  
comrades there they met,  
They have nobly done their duty to great  
Dan and country,  
And Ireland once more will be happy great  
and free.

Though O'Connell has departed he told  
us of our wrongs,  
And we'll keep them in mind by our acts  
and by songs,  
And when we're all united sweet Erin  
then shall be,  
The fairest flower of the earth, and the  
land of liberty.

