



A NEW SONG ON THE GLORIOUS LIBERATION OF
THE

REV'D MCMAHON A ROMAN CATHOLICK

Preist who was condemn'd to be hang'd drawn & quarter'd for
Administering the last wrights of Religion to the dying Soldiers in
THE FIELD OF BATTLE IN TORONTO IN
NORTH AMERICA

COMPOS'D BY W. BENNET — Air—Father Haughton—

Come all you Roman Catholics attend unto my theme,
Its of a virtuous holy Preist Father Mc Mahon it is his name
He was ill use'd & sore abuse'd & treat'd barbourly,
By a cruel band of reptiles vile but now thank God he's free,

When Father John was taken his enemies they swore,
They seen him on the battle field & he all stain'd in gore,
With two revolvers in his belt & a Crucifix in his haad,
And that he was a leader unto the Fenian band,

There's he was close confin'd & sent to prison strong, }
His cruel prosecutors they swore both right & wrong,
They swore he was a rebel unto the British Crown,
With iron chains they bound him and he no mercy found

Itt when that Father John was tried & that guilty he was found
Its then his awful sentence it did the court confound,
To be hang'd drawn & quarter'd most dreadful was his doom
But he was a Christian soldier of the holy Church of Rome

When the Judge he pass'd his sentence Father John he did reply,
The Almighty will protect me your malice I defy,
But if I am doom'd to this dreadful death Gods holy will be done
That he may bless old Ireland & all her gallant Sons,

Then he was dradg'd to prison & there in a dungeon cell,
And what he suffer'd for two years no mortal tounge can tell
With Iron bolts upon his feet & he chain'd to the wall
His cruel keepers were severe no mercy shew'd at all,

No bed or cloathing he receiv'd fit for a Christian man,
And wrecch'd to d they gave th him it was their cursed plan
To take away his precious life but God has set him free,
All praise to our heavenly King that died on Calvary,

Now Ireland's Sons they well may boast of the Mc Mahons brave
For its in many a field of blood their gallant swords did wave
They fought for their faith & country they were a noble clan,
Their cry was liberty or death & God bless Ireland

Now fill your bumpers to the brim & let the toast go round,
And drink unto each honest man that is both true & sound,
And as to Father John McMahon we thank the Lrd he's free,
That he may coequer all his foes that's in America,

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