

# CATHOLIC Charitable Bequest Bill.

Come all you Roman Catholics,  
Throughout the British land,  
Raise your voice with Daniel  
Sir Bob is at a stand,  
For they can find no other plan,  
Repeal for to put down,  
But our dear Clergy to subject,  
Unto the British Crown.

It's by this cursed Charity Bill,  
It is Sir Bobb's plan,  
To drive our Clergy from their flocks,  
But that be never can  
We'll rise our voices, one and all  
Like brothers we will join,  
Backed by O'Connell and Tom Steel  
And worthy Smith O'Brien.

This Bill it passed in July last,  
When O'Connell was in goal  
It he'd been at his liberty  
Our rights he would maintain,  
Like Daniel named in Hold Writ  
They placed him in the den,  
But the Lord he closed the lion's mouth  
And freeded him out again.

Our monasteries and nunaries,  
They think to pull them down,  
Our Holy Priests and Bishops,  
To subject them to the Crown,  
Before a man departs this life,  
His will he cannot make,  
In favour of the Church of Roam,  
For his Salvation's sake.

Four thousand of our Holy Priests,  
Are at the peoples side,  
Likewise our Holy Bishops too  
With us do sympethize.

In thousands they assembled  
Thy Country and town,  
In union bands to join their hands,  
This Bill for to put down.

Remember, boys, Veto act,  
When George the third did reign,  
Led on by Dr. Beaty,  
When you conquer'd with great fame  
And now with pious John M'Hale,  
That Bishop of renown,  
He will maintain old Ireland's cause,  
Likewise the Church of Rome,

Their delegates they sent to Roam,  
On a mission to the Pope,  
But Irishmen will never yield  
to any foreign yoke,  
Not like the year ninety nine  
Our rights we will maintain,  
We will defend our Clergy, dear,  
O'Connell and Repeal.

Now Bobby Peel and Wellington,  
And scorpion Stanley, too  
they think this Bill for to enforce,  
W'll disappoint the crew,  
When they die the Irish Cry,  
Will follow their remains,  
And in Clontraf we'll bury them  
Where Brien left the Deans.

So now my bold Repealers all  
Cheer up, do not dispare,  
to London Dan will shortly come,  
And Bill he'll take his chair  
the Bill he'll tie to Stanley's tail,  
With Wellington on his back,  
And send off peel and Graham  
to Hanover in a sack.

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