



THE PREMATURE FALL OF THE REBBLER

Infidel Garibaldi.

Rejoice you Irish Catholics at Garibaldi's fall
Was wounded most severely by a swift Italian ball,
It pierced the vitals of his frame for life he has no hope,
Its now he stands in need of benediction from the Pope,
The second flying Lucifer, now sinks into despair
Too late he feels chastisement to assault Saint Peter's chair,
This holy chair will stand in Rome Saint Peter's flock to guide
From all devouring heresy we're tested well and tried.

John Bull behind the curtain he set Garibaldi out
He cash'd right well and armed him beyond all shade of doubt,
To upset our holy Pontiff, was Britannia's crafty scheme,
By divine decree you plainly see she lost her deadly aim,
Depicting all the heresy that sprung since Luther's reign;
Nor all the devils on record Queen Bess with all her train,
Down to the wicked regicide old Cromwell I can tell!
When he approach'd the dismal shades red Pluto rung the bell.

Now for our great war General we all may view his fall,
For touching of Saint Peter's Chair he came unto the wall,
John Bull won't dress his wounds but laugh at his fruitless toil
Vile Garibaldi's fate is sad he reigned but a short while,
Like all exterminators that have touched our holy creed
The withered fell I fear to hell from pain cannot be freed,
Christ's holy pure anointed priests in Cromwell's bloody days
They butcher'd, hanged & quartered with our chappels in a blaze

By these devouring locusts with their Sacrelegious jaws
Lacerated priestly flesh 'tis true in Bess's penal laws,
But we thank our great creator from tyranny we're free
And now regenerated for each man to think and see,
Our Churches are magnificent our steeples tall and high
Proclaiming worship liberty to God above the sky,
The clouds of persecution past our sun beams shine once more
With spire and cross and holy mass upon Saint Patrick's shore.

Since the days of blest Saint Patrick we can truly tell and hope
To the consummation of the earth we're to have a Pope,
If all the Garibaldi's that come from the shades below
Insults the great Saint Peter's chair will meet an overthrow,
The serpent coiled within his nest may hiss but cannot sting
Nor all the tracks goes with the wind the sowers has on wing,
Cannot prevail on one recruit to join they're murky train
Nor barter his pure stainless faith for promised bribe nor gain.

Hurrah! for the French Legions and M'Mahon in command
Will protect our Pope from danger with a sword in his right hand
And Christ will shield his holiness till time will fade away,
When all erroneous heresy will crumble to decay
Now Garibaldi well can tell his mission it was bad,
By the painful conflict of his wounds he's likely to go mad
This wicked rebble infidel sinks in remorse and pain,
And children yet unborn will all execrate his name.

☛ The Author hopes each firm Catholic will Contribute what
they think proper to enable him to Press for publication, the sub-
scribers will be supply'd with a copy.

