



Lines on the

# Policy of Napoleon

AGAINST OUR HOLY FATHER

## POPE PIOUS IX.

AIR — "Digging for gold."

You brave Roman heroes, I'd have you beware,  
Concerning Napoleon, the truth I'll declare,  
He is the best counterfeit that ever you passed,  
But the fox in his tricks is detected at last.  
His labour and blarney it is all in vain,  
Success to our clergy and long may they reign.  
Now blessed Bishop Cullen knows well what he's at,  
Arrah, boys, dont you think there is something in that.

CHORUS.

Stick close to your elergy let what will betide.  
The Church cannot fail that has God for her guide.

Such dealing of cards I never seen gave,  
And Napoleon, the Emperor, throwing the knave,  
To back the fun sure he was not loth —  
Take your hand from the throat of our Father the Pope.  
Come, give up your purse, and then you may puss.  
If so we'll protect both the Pope and the Mass.  
But blessee Doctor Dixoa he addressed him pat,  
Arrah boys, dont you think there is something in that.

Brave Counsellor Reilly and Canon M'Cabe,  
At Marlborough-street Meeting unshaken did speak,  
And Bishop O'Connor, in our own Dublin town,  
With blessed Bishop Cantwell of fame and renown.  
For Mr. Monsieur they are wide awake,  
Moreover brave Russia ne'er made a mistake,  
Before, to the French, sure, they gave tit for tat,  
Arrah, boys, don't you think there is something in that?

When he thought that the Catholic Church was bereft,  
Exposed to the foe every Roman he left,  
To be laughed at and scoffed at, as you may understand,  
By Harry and Neddy, and Cromwell's vile band.  
But his match now ts waiting, he'd better say less,  
The city of Moscow will tell him he rest,  
He'll not mind the Pope if he knows what he's at,  
Arrah, boys, don't you think there is something in that?

This ambitious Emperor let him take care,  
And value his crown in this present year,  
Before he's aware he might suffer sore,  
He swore to be true to the blessed Church of Rome.  
His uncle, before, sure he suffered much,  
For his doings and plundering the Christian Church,  
Pride and ambition it soon levelled him flat,  
Arrah, boys, don't you think there is something in that

Kind Goodness defend us all from treachery,  
Oh, dear, did you see Monsieur's apology?  
Like Judas he thought to do it on the sly,  
But our bishops and clergy soon opened his eye.  
No more of his blarney—with Pat here we'll do,  
Round Cotholic-Europe he's betected it's true,  
Alexander of Russia soon silenced his chat,  
Arrah, boys, dont you think there is something in that?

Why not our Pope have the Italian States?  
There a gift he obtained from Constantine the great,  
It was not by bloodshed—no, nor battling—  
His Holiness got them, as plain as you may see.  
And why not our Father the Pope hold the same?  
It is his intention, I tell you quite plain,  
An Irish brigade we'll send buite pat.  
Arrah, boys, dont you think there is something in that?

