



A NEW SONG ON THE  
**POPES VISIT TO  
IRELAND**

You sons of old Erin I hope you'll assemble,  
I pray lend an ear to my sweet loving theme  
One night on my pillow as I lay a sleeping,  
Popepius the ninth appear'd in my dream.

He says arise from these clouds of distraction,  
That afflicted poor Erin these many long years,  
For your religion you suffer'd perdition & slander,  
But for the future brave boys do not fear,

There is hundreds to meet sure thousands do love him,  
And millions will meet him when he comes on shore,  
We'll meet him with honour & such a procession,  
The like was never seen in old Erin before,

On the Shore we will stand till the Pope he will land,  
Our Holy devine we long for to see,  
Our hands they will play with zeal & devotion,  
To welcome our Pontive to old Erin the green,

Brave Daniel O'Connell the Lord may receive him,  
His body's embalm'd & his soul is gone home,  
To join with the Angels & the Blessed Virgin,  
To sing Halleluia at the Heavenly Throne,

If he was alive he would welcome the Pope,  
And these are the words I'm sure he would say,  
On cademeliafalthe Popepius your welcome,  
To raise up the Shamrock in sweet Erin the green,

On the 12th of July is the day he is landing,  
The Sons of Saint Patrick their spirits will rejoice,  
To see all our banners & green flags a flying,  
Oh where is the hero would not raise his voice,

So now to conclude & to finish my ditty,  
We will think on the days our fore Fathers seen,  
Brave Daniel O'Connell he was the defender,  
And the true faithful champion of Erin the green,

She Ran will burst through the Clouds of distraction,  
The rights of religion we'll always maintain,  
We'll join with all our Clergy & mind their direction,  
And away with all rancour from Erin the green,

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