

THE SOUL THAT ONCE IN POPISH CAUSE.

Andante moderato.

1. The soul that once in po - pish cause Our blood in tor - rents shed, A -

gain the sword to smite us draws But will we shrink with dread? No, nev - er for our faith and king O'er

po - pe - ry's dark grave The song of tri - umph we will sing The

flag of tri - umph wave.

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2. Can Protestants look tamely on
And see their faith reviled?—
Is honor from their standard gone
And are they too defiled?—
No, faithful to the sacred trust
Of which we are the guard
No Jesuit craft nor priestly lust
Religion shall retard.

3. Though Deusville doctrine be upheld
Rebellion still to nurse
The cause of truth shall not be quelled
Albeit the priests may curse.
Pure is our creed—our faith sincere—
And bigot ire is vain—
With heaven to aid, not priests we fear
Nor fiend of Darrynane.

4. The light of scripture spreads abroad
Reaction's voice is loud—
By craven Rome we're not o'er awed
Nor dread its murderous crowd.
Then let our Orange banner wave
Our souls be firm and true
Who finds in God's own cause a grave
Shall find salvation too.