

With the blood of the martyrs she long has been drunk,*
 The Priest and Inquisitor, Abbot and monk,
 Must soon all go down in their old rotten junk
 As a mill-stone,† to rise up no more;
 The world will rejoice at the close of the lie,
 That long has been work'd in the face of the sky;
 ‡Swift vengeance will come, as proclaimed from on high—
 And hark to its stern, distant roar!

We don't hate the men—'tis the system we hate,
 That so long has beclouded and darkened the fate—
 Yes, for ages—of many a kingdom and state,
 With its smoke from the bottomless deep!§
 But its power to do evil will shortly be o'er;
 Her merchandise no one will buy any more;
 And vengeance comes down with its terrible score,
 While her merchants all bitterly weep.||

The Catholic nations, once famous and strong,
 Are *crippled and cowed*, and could not prolong—
 Tho' urged by the clergy—the terrible wrong
 Of a Roman Pontifical King;
 His votaries groan at the dreaded exposure
 Of weakness, from bursting the Papal enclosure,
 And taking the sceptre away from the Crozier,
 Despite the Infallible *thing*—

Made so by the Council, before humbled France
 Had taken away each breech-loader and lance,
 No more to defend the Pontifical manse—
 Because they were needed at home.
 No longer defended, Rome had been a prey
 To the "*Party of Progress*;" but stronger than they,
 Emmanuel comes—glad his rule they obey—
 Who has *crushed* the *Priest rulers* of Rome!

In spite of the monstrous Pontifical Bull
 Of hatred and cursing and venom brim full,
 Hurled 'gainst the "*Victor*"—who takes it quite cool,
 And laughs at the old croaking voice!
 And treats with contempt his once terrible roar
 That used so to frighten the nations of yore,
 While the horns of the monster were covered with gore—
 This is passed—let the saints all rejoice!

*Rev. xvii. 6; †xix. 21; ‡xviii. 10; §xix. 3; ||xviii. 11.