

Soprano.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.

rah hur - rah hur - rah! Hur - rah hur - rah hur - rah! And

one cheer more for the grand old Pope hur - rah hur - rah hur - rah!

II. Great dynasties die like the flowers of the field,
Great empires wither and fall,
Glories there have been that blazed to the Stars;
They 'have been'—and that is all,
They 'have been'—and that is all.
But there is the Grand old Roman See
The ruins of earth among,
Young with the youth of its early prime,
With the strength of Peter, strong.

CHORUS.—Then Hurrah! &c.

III. Over all the orb no land more true
Than our own old Catholic land,
Through ages of blood to the Rock hath stood—
True may she ever stand!
True may she ever stand!
O ne'er may the star, Saint Patrick set
On her radiant brow, decay.
Hurrah for the grand old Catholic land!
For the grand old Pope Hurrah!

CHORUS.—Then Hurrah! &c.



St. Mark's, Venice.



St. Peter's, Rome.