



A DISCUSSION BETWEEN A  
**ROMAN CATHOLICK GIRL**  
 AND A  
**PROTESTANT GENTLEMAN**  
 [NEAR  
**ARDEE CO. LOUTH**

As I rove'd out one eveing in the pleasant month of June,  
 The birds the sang harmoniously the trees vvere in full bloom,  
 The violets and prim roses vvere charming for to see,  
 The woodcock to pith joy did coo convenient to Ardee,

I rested on a lovely bank vvhether trees they did me shade  
 To my surprise approaching me I spied a lovely maid,  
 At the first glance I got of hea my heart she stole from me  
 I'm in despair for that young fair the pride of srveet Ardee,

I paid my best obediene unto this lovely maid,  
 Said I svveet fair I am sincere my heart you have betray'd  
 If you concent to be my br-de a lady you shall be,  
 And you'll b ess the day that vve did meet convenient to Ardee,

Kind sir you are a jester but yet dont make so free,  
 If I am poor I am content vvvith all my poverty,  
 I bear my cross vvvith patience I pray to God on high  
 No bible reader on this earth vvvill me decoy,

Fair maid you touch my feelings for to say,  
 You know not what riligeon is you ore only going astray,  
 You say the holy mis oners they can forgive your sins.  
 That's only mocking G d on high that such power is given to man

Kind sir dont speak of peagancy for heare it is quite plain  
 S int Peter was the first from God that power did obtain,  
 The Sacrament of Peunance does cleanse our sins away,  
 The Church of Rome can never while Peter holds the Key

You say your Church ca never er the young m'n did reply,  
 But an wer me one question & do not talcify,  
 You cal toe Mass a sacrifice but prove t'at udto me,  
 How can you make your Alters a second Calvary,

Kind sir you speak quite foolish you stair me with surprise,  
 To think that I cant provk the Mass an unal dy Sacrifice  
 Our Saviour died upon the Cross to set poor sinners free  
 But I'll show how our immortal souls was save'd on Calvary,

In the noly Tabernacle our Saviour he does dwell,  
 The joy of Saints & Angles who conquer'd death & hell,  
 He is the chosen Lamb of God no blood for him was shed  
 When offer'd on our Alters for the living & the dead,

Abe young man he surrender'd & said most gallant fair  
 You satisfied my question I realy do declare;  
 Although I am of noble blood I'll change my life with thee  
 And P I make you a rich lady near the town of ardee

Now to conclude in those few lines she's worthy of great praise  
 If you'er inclined you'l easy find what is the fair one's name,  
 A quadrupid from the lands will show quite plain to thee,  
 Nine letters tells the eer name of the dride of sweet Ardee

