



Lines Written on
A DISCUSSION
 Between a Protestant Gentleman and a Roman
 Catholic Lady, in Townly Hall,
 near Drogheda.

As I roved out one evening on the 20th of July,
 To view each meadow in full bloom, with my inspecting eye,
 The small birds they did sweetly sing in chorus one and all,
 The swans did glide along the tide in charming townly Hall.

I did advance along the line, my heart being light and free,
 Where I espied a lovely maid, appearing there to me,
 Her cheeks they were like roses fair, her person straght and tall,
 No other lass could her surpass, she's the pride of townly Hall.

I did salute this lovely maid, and said—my charming fair—
 By your enchanting beauty rare, I'm caught in Cupid's snare.
 You will soon have land and property, and servants at your call,
 If you agree to wed with me,—sweet star of townly Hall.

This fair maid she then answered—kind sir, don't make so free,
 You know well I'm not your equal, so therefore let me be,
 I am a Roman Catholic—on blest Mary's aid I call,
 To guide me from such imps as you, in charming townley-Hall.

Fair maid, don't speak so hastily—now remember what you say,
 If you are a Roman Catholic, you know you're going astray—
 The blest Bible is our Rule of Faith, till God does on us call—
 I wish you'd be converted by me, in charming townley Hall.

Kind sir, you speak presumptuously, to state I'm going astray,
 For believing in that Holy Church—where St. Peter holds the key;
 The Spouse of our Redeemer good, who laid down his life for all,
 Where is the clown that dare confound those words in Townly Hall.

I am no clown, the young man said, your text I can confound,
 You say your church is universal and it stands on firm ground,
 We don't confess to earthly men, but to God the head of all,
 It's He that can forgive all sins, sweet pride of townly Hall.

Our blest Saviour did confess himself, upon the Mount 'tis true,
 To leave that figure in his church, though sin he never knew,
 Where Moses and Elias too, appeared like glittering Sol,
 So don't be so blind, but repent in time, with me in townley Hall.

Ah! fair maid, you speak with candour, and talent most sublime,
 So to save my soul, I'll join the fold, but say you will be mine,
 The English Church I will forsake, and on my knees will fall,
 And bless the day I met my love, in charming townley Hall.

Young man, if you be constant, true, I'll give to you my hand,
 In the holy Church of Rome we'll join, in wedlock's blessed bands,
 The Blessed Virgin will rejoice when you do on her call,
 She'll be your friend you may depend, when far from townley Hall.

This young couple now consented in wedlock's bands to join,
 In true love they fondly parted then till the appointed time,
 Her name should be recorded then with females one and all,
 Because she did convert her love in charming townly Hall.

This fair one's name now to explain, this Recus will expound,
 Three letters from a river that in Scripture will be found,
 Two vowels next then you must find out, this name for to extol,
 If you're sublime, you're sure to find, the pride of townly Hall.

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