



A DISCUSSION BETWEEN TWO LOVERS.

As I walked out one morning all in the month of May,
Where I espied my darling along the meadows gay ;
I said to her, my charmer, as we walked hand-in-hand,
For to hear my conversation she eagerly did stand.
I am a Roman Catholic that ne'er denied my faith,
And you my dear a Protestant one of the Saxon race ;
My dear, if you reform, the truth you soon shall find,
My soul is so alarmed I thought to change your mind.
Says she, to me, dear Johnny, tell me what do you mean,
That I will dear Nancy, and the truth I will explain,
For to become a Roman Catholic as I have now described,
For I fear you are a heretic that's never been baptised.
Nancy flew in a passion, and thus to me did say,
If you call me a heretic, young man you are astray,
I am loyal to my church, as you are to your creed,
So Johnny, if you wish to know I am of the proper seed.
How can you say, dear Nancy, that you are the proper seed,
It sprung from Harry, Bess and Neddy that enacted wicked
deeds,

It was Luther's Reformation that left you in the lurch,
Don't you know he was a friar united to our church.
Nancy being quite angry which was not my desire,
She says unto me, dear Johnny, I know that he was a friar,
She said the Roman Creed was wrong, that he was astray,
Until the angel of the Lord, that taught him the right way.
My dear, sure Satan tempted him to rent that wicked plan,
He thought to tempt our Saviour, but he bid him soon begone,
He tempted our first mother Eve, by which you see we'll do,
For touching the forbidden fruit, the truth I do rely.
There is one thing dear Johnny, the truth I will relate,
You worship graven images, and that's but little faith ;
We adore no images but God himself indeed,
So therefore be contented I ne'er will change my creed.
I am sorry my dear Nancy, how you are captured in the dark,
We adore no graven images either white or black,
We adore no graven images as I have now described,
But we have them in memory of our Lord being crucified.
When you enter into chapel for mercy you do call,
You bow to all those images arranged all round the wall ;
We adore no graven images above or under ground,
So it is in the church of England the proper faith is found.
If it is the church of England the proper faith is found,
It was Luther first invented it dear Nancy don't you frown,
When King Harry choosed his daughter to be his faithful wife,
He took her life at after with all his wicked strife,
But your creed worships images, they very much adore,
You'll find them in your testament don't say I am a liar,
The unicorn and the lion, just like two fighting bulls,
Across the table of the law by Martin and John Bull.
The noble dukes and officers, I tell you so my dear,
That go before her majesty they do salute a chair.
What is that chair to be compared with the Shepherd and his
flock,

We keep within our holy Church built upon St. Peter's rock ?
Don't talk to me about Peter, he had but little faith,
He did deny his Master, the truth for to relate,
He did deny his Master one night among the Jews,
So, Johnny, go no further, his power is little use.
Peter denied his Master, I'll tell you the reason why,
Our Lord himself foretold it (He never told a lie).
When Peter saw what he had done he went and wept sore,
He has the keys of heaven, and will for evermore.
If Martin Luther had done the same, there would be but one
creed,

He acted as Judas did, I presume indeed.
You may contradict me, and say I'm going too far,
For Luther sold the holy Church and fell a wicked star.
St. Peter was a martyr and died upon the tree,
So did our Blessed Saviour upon Mount Calvary.
Now, my charming creature, I pray you will repent,
For I have ruled to you those reasons taken from the Council
of Trent.

She says to him, dear Johnny, if all you say be true,
I see it's but a folly to go too far with you,
I will forsake my religion, though my friends will me disown,
While I live I'll be content, and die in the Church of Rome.
Now this couple they are married, and hope to have success,
Unknown to her friends and parents the one creed they do
profess,

Although she was hard-hearted at last she did resign,
But now she is converted which was not her design.

