



MOODY & SANKEY.

Good people all, both great and small,
 I hope you'll pay attention,
 And you must laugh if you can at all
 At what I'm going to mention;
 I'm going to sing about two bloaks,
 That s doing their endeavours
 To try and gull the Irish folks,
 Called "Journeyman Soul Savers."

CHORUS.—

So be converted now in time
 By this Dutchman and Yankee,
 Two customers we'l versed in rime,
 Whose names are Moody and Sankey.

I went upon the other night to
 Listen to their teaching,
 And one of them got up to sing,
 While the other he was preaching;
 Then Moody shouted like a bear
 That from hell there's no returning,
 But, you lie, says Sankey, I was th re,
 While Chicago it was burning.

Now, I'm certain, I would wish to know
 From whence they got their mission,
 Was it from the nigger called Jem Crow,
 Or was it from perdition?
 They're inviting all to hear them,
 And they promise upon their part
 For to send you straightway up to Heaven
 In a hand-cart.

Now whatever those two fellows says
 There's no one will believe them,
 For every one those latter days
 Know well they will deceive them;
 They may preach and spout, without a doubt,
 For they're well paid by the soupers,
 And by the redness of their snout
 You'd know they're awful scoopers.

Now the people of Dublin wonder much
 At what their little game is,
 For on each dead wall and omnibus,
 That you pass by, their name is.
 Some people say their Mormonites,
 Or Salt Lake thimble riggers,
 And others say they're Mofferadites,
 Or sanctimonious niggers.

Sure Murphy and Weaver fled
 When they were tired shouting,
 And the poor converted collier said
 He strained his wind-pipe spouting
 So now we've got two regular Yanks,
 A blanky and booby,
 That would put you in mind of Montebank's
 Exhibiting Punch and Judy.

