

REPLY

TO THE SCANDAL MONGERS

OF THE

NEW REFORMATION.

“Woe to him that lying scandal bringeth.—PAUL”

I'm sure you all heard of the slander and lies,
Set forth in the *Packet* by saints in disguise,
Yes our latter day saints say they've cause to reproach,
Every Catholic priest who'd dare travel by coach,
As drunkards debauched Oh! how cunning and shrew'd

Throw revenge on the priesthood by whom they're subdued.
What a tale they've made 'gainst religion's bright star
'bout his deeds in a coach which they yclept Mullingar,

Oh! how sharp keen and cutting is such defamation
When it comes from the saints of nag's head ordination
To be drunken and lew'd in a priest is a crime
But to be the reverse we all know the divine,
Who's libilled as such by the tythe-eating priest
Whom we know harring instinct are actually bears's.
How well it becomes thee thou latter day saint
A moral divine with such foul deeds to taint.

Who's made you ere this like a puppy dog crouch
From his truth-telling tongue under infamy's couch,
In war with your conscience and biting your nails
As satan will do when his hellish plan fails,
By the *Packet's* base aid then to stain him's your wish,

Cause his reverence spoiled the Hodge Podge in your dish,
Which you made up with Bacon Soup Caps Tracts and shawls,
Which you hoped to pervert the Castletown Grawls.

When defeated in this sure resource you have none
Save of virtue to strip this good priest skin and bone
To your tract reading Ladies with seeming surprise
You read from the *Packet* this bundle of lies,
All's done the fair circle denounces him beast
And with uplifted eyes whisper profligate priest,
With a strong hope within them that silence he'd be
Join the mania of saintship and from restraint flee.

Then then he'd be all that your ladies think good
And if not dubbed a Bishop they'd swear that he should

Let the n look long and far fora profligate priest
Be assured would be saint you'll not have him at least
Yet I know very well you're desirous of such,

For the pousyites threaten to lessen ye much
In the all-pleasing all-taking tithe-eating church
When your Epicure saints may be left in the lurch
So dont think that our priests wish in coaches to roll
Like you among ladies to flirt and cajole.

and of facts here I'll tell you a few all for fun.
How luther first did so with Boren the Nun
And from a poor friar your Arch Pope become,
Then licensed each priest to enjoy his own dame
Then Hary in England the matter outdid
For he made his own daughter jst do as he bid,
But enough of such incest such lust drenched with blood,
All through which our priests have religiously stood.

Untainted and pure as the waters which lave
In the Baptismal Font yes religiously brave
But of your easy lived priests hear this truth of the Bards,

'bout the bishop of Clogher once entering the guards,
'Tho he pitched his camp often 'too strange none can tell,

Where your bishop saint-soldier or sodomite fell,
And time wise in all things to truth will approach,
To prove 'twas yourself acted so in the coach.

Don't your ladies know well how you act with themselves,

Will you parsons keep wives for to gaze at on shelves,
Will you parsons keep harlots and prosolyte w — s
Merely for the purpose of washing their floors,
Oh! no 'tis a trick we know so nothing about,
Long experience has proved its no matter of doubt,
But your tales of our priesthood we fling to the wind,
Then away to the *Packet* 'twill solace your mind.

Like a gew gaw to look at but oh! what avail,
To the recreant who dares the true priest to assail,
'The elected anointed and chosen of Him
Before whom truth is light but all errors are dim,
No more from a layman but bear this with you
He's not done with you yet but his tale is all true.

A Peasant of the Parish of Nobber.

1830

