

A Discussion Between the Church and Chapel.

One morning early as day was breaking,
Being in the charming month of May,
When Flora's mantle had decorated,
The fragrant plains all in rich array,
The lofty mountains I could survey,
The purling streams and rivers clear,
The crystal fountain, and the billows roaring,
Where ships were sailing far and near..

Being reconciled with the sweets of nature,
I was preparing to take my way,
When over-hearing, a conversation
A while occasioned me there to stay,
For a discussion in that place had taken
Between two neighbours all in Cork town,
A chapel founded by great Father Mathew,
But Mary's church it began to frown.

Then Luther's church it broke the silence,
and in great violence the chapel said
That spark are you that stands besides me,
My friends and neighbours you have betrayed,
My predecessors you did inveigle,
To renegade from their native home,
While my ancestors were clad in wealth,
and are still remaining till the day of doom.

The prudent chapel soon made answer,
and was not angry—nor yet confused,
Madam, sitting in your pomp and splendour,
I beg the favor to be excused,
Altho' here I'm standing both poor and naked,
I dont inveigh or flatters none,
I was seated by a true Millian,
And my ordination was the church of Roam,

Then said the church its but a vain untain,
For to oppose a bright orb like me,
Who set in state, full of promotion,
While you remain in calamity,
I am likewise ancient and clad completely
Where warlike heroes are here entombed,
Of birth and grandeur and education,
Their dust remaining within my wom

Dont you remember, in former ages,
When you was naked, as well as me,
Till by church cases you divided us,
Oppressing creatures with tyranny,
The tithes and taxes that you were craving,
I freely gave, tho' not your due,
Which did belong to the priest and Jesuits,
Whose ordination from Christ it true.

Likewise, the temple, began by David,
Was bare and naked awhile like me,
Till by king Solou an it was completed,
A house of prayer and great sanctity,
It was Christ began my first foundation,
And to the end of days firm will stand,
And with open arms I will embrace,
All Adam's race with cross in hand.

The Holy scripture it plainly shows us,
The wicked force of heresy,
By king Parah they were supported,
To the law of Moses would not agree,
Till by a plague they were infested,
With snakes and serpents throughout the land,
When the Israelites they were journeying
The sea consumed them by Gods command.

The tithes and taxes are defeated,
The protestant race is nearly run,
The 300 years which the serpent ran,
Is clearly traced by St. Colman Keil.
You will be a shelter for owls and ravens
To perforate and reduce you walls,
Where I will rise each morning early
The bells a ringing my flocks to call.

To bring these verses to a conclusion,
I wont intrude on the musing nine,
And all good cristians that do persue them
I hope will excuse my poor stupid mind,
One request I am humbly craving,
The fervent prayers of both old and young
For your assistance to gain salvation
For all true members of the church of Rome.

