

THE  
RESURRECTION  
OF THE  
POTATOES;

Being an ANSWER to the ELEGY on their DEATH.

**S**AIN'T *Patrick*, Guardian of this Isle,  
On thy poor Votarys now smile,  
Revive our Hopes, dispel our Fear,  
And if thou canst, pray lend an Ear,  
*Saint Bridget*, Thou, and *Columbill*,  
Whose Names our Kalendars do fill;

As you are Birds all of a Feather,  
Come now and lay your Heads together,  
See what your Wisdoms can invent,  
To free our Friends in Prison pent,  
Dear Friends, Potatoes, close confin'd,  
And to most cruel Deaths destin'd;  
If there's not sent a quick Reprieve,  
We'll all be starv'd, you may believe.  
On Thee (*great Patron*!) we depend,  
Whose Life in doing Good didst spend,  
By Virtue of thy Hazel Wand,  
All venomous Creatures didst command  
From this blest Isle, to go a Drift,  
And in some others Countries shift.  
Thy Brother *Andrew* did submit,  
To do the like, *Saint George* thought fit;  
So that their Lands still do Infest,  
That Serpentine and direful Pest,  
This Isle of Saints, that's due to Thee,  
Is from that cursed Vermin free;  
If in the Flesh you cou'd do this,  
What is't you cannot do in Bliss?  
Methinks I hear our *Patron* say,  
Let not this thing your Hearts dismay;  
Your dearest Friends, potatoes, shall,  
Be soon relieved from this Thrall;  
You think your Friends will all be lost,  
By this sad penetrating Frost;  
That them in Prison it will stop,  
So out their Heads they cannot pop,  
But you will find the quite contrary,  
By Grace and Goodness of blest *Mary*,  
For *Phabus* soon will get Commission,  
To send 'em straight a Manumission;  
And *Notas* too, with dropping Wings,  
Will pour on them his Southren Springs;  
These will those Prison doors unlock,  
And you restore to your wont flock,  
Now shall Potatoes, you thought Dead,  
Rise by the spud and shew their Head;  
As Flowers and Herbs, most disappear,  
'Till coming of the Vernal Year:  
Their fine and gaudy Tops lye low,  
All cover'd o'er with Frost and Snow;  
Their Beauty hid from Mortal Eye,  
As in a Grave unknown doth lye,  
Yet when the Sun's enlivening Ray,  
His Genial Heat doth once display,  
Then ev'ry Herb and pleasant Flow'r,  
By solar Heat and quick'ning Show'r,  
Their Frost-nip'd Heads, shall raise on High,  
And fragrantly salute the Sky,  
So your Potatoes, make no noise,  
Shall be restor'd to my dear Joys;  
You shall Regale as heretofore,  
And have Potatoes in great Store;  
Believe me, if you won't a Stranger,  
All is not lost that is in Danger;  
Tho' *Boreas*, with congealing Blast,  
A Frozen Covering o'er them cast,  
Yet kindly Sheets of Snow above,  
Unto their Beds as Comforts prove,  
And genial Clods in *Tellur* Womb,  
Will be to them a friendly Tomb,  
From whence with beauty they'll arise,  
To please your Stomach and your Eyes.  
Some, not so hardy as the rest,  
Will, by this Evil, be distress'd,  
On which account, I wou'd that all  
My Brethren of the Sacred Pall,

This Year no Tyth of you demand,  
Extending Char'ty thro' the Land;  
In This sure must their Matter Great,  
The Tribe of *Levi* imitate,  
For it is meet Men of the Gown,  
With Charity their Labours crown;  
Some say the Church was always greedy,  
But that's a Lie, they help the Needy!  
And as they Charity Up-preach,  
You see they act just as they teach,  
Else Thousands must, in time of Need,  
Have a cold Coal to blow indeed,  
T'wou'd be if they'd not help the Poor,  
When the Steed's stolen, shut the Door.  
For if Assistance was not lent,  
They'd soon begin a long black Lent;  
Then shoals of Ghosts must o'er the Ferry,  
Conveyed be in *Charon's* Wherry.

Removed now is all our Fear,  
Most welcome News is that we hear,  
And our great *Patron's* Day's at hand,  
Which must our Gratitude command;  
Potatoes then, with good salt Fish,  
Shall, for his Honour, be the Dish;  
Full Tables crown'd with this choice Fare,  
Will for a bouzing Bout prepare:  
Let each, secur'd from this great Loss,  
In Triumph wear *St. Patrick's* Cross,  
Or else a Shamrog plain or guile,  
With which *Hibernia's* Plains are fill.  
Our Frost-nipt Shamrogs, we will drown,  
And *Patrick* shall each Bumper crown.  
His Memory fragrant still shall be,  
Whilst dear Potatoes we can see,  
And each returning Year we'll think  
On *Patron Paddy*, while we drink:  
Welcome Potatoe! welcome Friend,  
With thee our Joys wou'd had an end  
In Sheebing-Houfe. Where was a Toast  
Compared to Potatoo roast?  
In Drink, what Flavour it do's give?  
The best of Toasts, as I shall live;  
Besides, in Cookery various ways,  
The dressing Them, itself displays.  
As first, if boyl'd, without much clutter,  
Use Milk, or Fish, or Ruskin Butter;  
If roasted and with Buttern bruise'd,  
By a nice Stomach may be us'd;  
Again, if so be your intent,  
To add a new Ingredient,  
Kail, with Potatoes, makes a Dinner,  
Most sumptuous brave, as I'm a Sinner;  
It is a Dish of standing Fame,  
And is *Calcannon* term'd by Name.  
Potatoo Pudding, every where,  
In Cookery a Place doth bear,  
And such good Feeding does afford,  
That pleases Palate of a Lord.  
*Norah*, with *Bridget*, now rejoyce,  
And *Chronnons* sing with tuneful Voice,  
Seeing Potatoes safe and sound,  
Encircle do the Fire round:  
There eat, and roast, and boil and eat,  
Potatoes choicest of all Meat.  
Next Madders full of banny Rammar,  
Brought in shall be by *Norah's* Gammar,  
When Bellys full, then bones at rest,  
Will Pig together in one Nest:  
*Hibernia's* Lyre with merry strain,  
Our *Patron's* Mem'ry must maintain,  
And all our Swains on ev'ry Plain;  
Since what was deemed Dead's Alive,  
And with Ourselves will daily Thrive;  
Now to conclude, let us all sing,  
God bless our Country, and our King.

