



The Soupers Lament for the Loss of

## MOODY AND SANKEY

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You souper knights both one and all wirrastrue,  
In doleful strains on you I call to mourn for Moody  
and Sankey,  
Sure now alas from us they fled  
After all they done all they said,  
Our hearts are broke we're nearly dead since we lost  
Moody and Sankey.

Now no more will we in hundreds go wirrastrue,  
To the evangelical show of Messrs Moody and Sankey,  
Where one would sing a good old song  
While the other's tongue would go ding-dong,  
You should go to heaven right or wrong if you listen'd  
to Moody and Sankey.

But sure it is a sorrowfull sight wirrastrue,  
To see us poor argiles day and night lamenting Moody  
and Sankey,  
Some tearing the hair out of their head  
While more from crying has their eyes blood-shed,  
And Ridley's is choked full t'is said with the friends of  
Moody and Sankey.

Now we wonder much where did they go wirrastrue,  
Did Brigam Young or his friends below invite poor  
Moody and Sankey,  
Before they skeddadled they to us did say  
That we'll go to heaven without delay,  
But like seekers they left us to grope our way as dis-  
ciples of Moody and Sankey.

Now not one will pity our complaints wirrastrue,  
Since we lost our two second-hand souper saints devout  
Moody and Sankey,  
There's no mi-take our case is bad,  
Nothing on earth can be more sad,  
And I fear with grief we'll all run mad after Moody  
and Sankey.

Now to conclude my sorrowful song wirrastrue,  
Let us live either short or long we'll remember Moody  
and Sankey,  
Who brought to us the glorious news  
That for our apostles we should choose,  
Two buck niggers iust like Bugaboo's so farewell  
Moody and Sankey.

(Second Edition.)

