

This ROMAN CATHOLIC FABLE

A pretty Protestant maid, to a Catholic was wed:
To love all bible Scripture and truths – since quite early, she'd been bred.
It sorely grieved her husband's heart that she'd not comply:
And to the Mother Church of Rome - be joined - and heretics belie.

So, day by day, he flattered her - but still - she saw no good.
No good - could ever come from bowing down to idols made of wood!
The Mass, the host, and the miracles, too, were - but made - to deceive;
And transubstantiation, too - she'd ne'er dare to believe.

So, the husband to see his clergyman went: Telling him his woeful tale:
“My wife, sir, is an unbeliever: Sir; you can, perhaps, prevail?”
To all your Romish miracles my wife has strong aversion,
To *really* work a miracle may lead to her conversion!”

So went the priest at the gentleman's side: So thought he to gain a prize.
Said the priest, “I will convert her: and open wide, to see, both her eyes.”
So - when at the house they arrived – loudly, the husband cried,
“The priest, to dine with us, has come!” “He's welcome,” she replied.

When, at last, the meal was o'er, at once the priest began:
To teach this lass all about the sinful state of man;
The greatness of our Saviour's love, which Christians cannot deny;
Himself to give for a Sacrifice; and for our sins - came He - to die.
“I will, tomorrow, return: Now lass - prepare some bread and wine;
This sacramental miracle will stop your soul's decline.”
“I'll bake the bread,” said the lass. “You may;” he did reply,
“And when this miracle you've seen - convinced you'll be - say I.”

Accordingly, the priest did come: And he did, the bread and wine, bless.
The lady asked, “Sir - Is it changed?” The priest answered, “Why yes!
It's changed from common bread and wine to truly flesh and blood.
BEGORRA – lass - this power of mine has changed it into God!”

So, having the bread and wine blessed, to eat they did prepare.
Said the lass - unto the priest - “You, sir, I warn, to take care!
For half an ounce of arsenic was mixed right well into the batter!
But, since its nature you've changed: - It really cannot quite matter.”

The priest quite dumb-stricken was – looked white and pale as death.
The bread and wine, from his hands, fell; and gasp he did for breath.
“Bring me my horse!” the priest cried: - “This is a cursed home!”
“BEGONE, sir!” Replied the lass: “ 'Tis you who bears the curse of Rome!”

The husband, too, he sat surprised, and ne'er a word did say.
When, at length, he spoke - “My dear,” said he, “The priest has run away”.
“To gulp such mummery and tripe, I'm, for sure, not quite able;
With you, I'll go - and we'll renounce - this *Roman Catholic fable!*”