

SONGS OF
A SECRETARY

BY
"SCOTUS"

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PREFACE.

IT is no exaggeration to say that no Britisher of the present generation has done more to foster and solidify the Irish demand for recognition of its nationhood rights than Ian MacPherson. His immediate predecessors in the office of Chief Secretary are eclipsed. Augustine Birrell was a humoursome Englishman who will be remembered chiefly for having aptly described the Ulster Covenanters as a flock of carrion crows who fouled their own nest. Duke was a lawyer, well-intentioned perhaps but hopelessly at the mercy of the waves when he endeavoured to steer his pirate ship through Irish waters. Shortt was merely a legal Soldier of Fortune, willing to do any kind of dirty work in order to raise himself out of the ruck.

And then came MacPherson, the quintessence of political rascaldom and hypocrisy mingled with the spirit of Scottish pawkiness. This miniature tyrant thought that by adopting the methods of Prussian junkerdom he would swell his dirty little carcass to

dimensions calculated to awe and terrify the mere Irish. As an absolute matter of fact the dolt succeeded in welding the Irish race together in a manner in which they have never been welded since Henry Plantagenet stole a march on us. The Irish people, therefore, owe him a debt which it will be difficult to repay, and though many have suffered grievously at his hands and the hands of his myrmidons still the writer of these parodies feels that something of a more permanent character than newspaper records or comment should be accomplished in order that the memory of MacPherson may not be wholly obliterated in a rejuvenated Ireland. With this object in view the author of "Songs of a Secretary" begs to offer his little book to an indulgent public.

Songs of a Secretary

A UNIONIST WELCOME.

["The principal recommendation which the new Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Ian MacPherson, will bear with him across the Irish Sea is a knowledge of Gaelic. He wears horn spectacles."—London daily paper, January, 1919.]

O, Johnnie MacPherson, you're welcome my lad,
This country, I tell you, has gone to the bad.
Old Shortt was a Humbug—but, latest of Secs,
You will rouse us all up with a glimpse of your specs.

And you're versed in the Gaelic! Perhaps 'tis a gift
That will give you, dear laddie, a sort of a lift;
But I think you had better rely on the "tecs"
And the peelers (surveyed through your horny-bound
specs).

I'm not against Blarney—'tis good in its way,
But "Plots" are more likely, dear laddie, to pay.
Spouting Gaelic will only us, Unionists, vex,
And it wouldn't go well with your British-made specs.

You will find those Sinn Feiners a tough proposition ;
They will laugh at yourself and your Georgian
mission.

They are out—so they tell us—to clear the old
decks—

But you'll frighten them, laddie, by glaring through
specs.

The Castle, that godly, but much-abused, place
Will put you *au fait* with the whole Celtic race.
The news you will get may a little perplex,
But you'll clarify all with a squint through your
specs.

You can get from Max Green some good tips about
Feeding.

Hugh Barrie will stuff you with notions for Seeding ;
But rely on the Castle to save you from wrecks,
And in public be sure to display those grand specs.

They will make you look mighty, MacPherson, my
lad,

And the horns will remind us of Bulls good and bad.
Let me finish by off'ring my hearty respects
To yourself and your Gaelic, dear boy, and your specs.

THE WOOING O'T.

Ian Mac did come to woo

(Ha! ha! the wooing o't!).

Thought he'd find we a' were fou'

(Ha! ha! the wooing o't!).

Ireland cast her head fu' high,

Looked askant and unco' skeigh,

Made this Ián look a guy.

(Ha! ha! the wooing o't!).

Ian thought he'd chaff us a' ;

(Ha! ha! the wooing o't!).

Offered us his dirty paw

(Ha! ha! the wooing o't!).

Finding that his foolish chaff

Couldn't draw from us a laugh,

Dribbled like a sucking calf

(Ha! ha! the wooing o't!).

Time and Chance, said he, are mine;

(Ha! ha! the wooing o't!).

See me whack these Irish swine

(Ha! ha! the wooing o't!).

Not like Birrell, Shortt, or Duke,

I can read 'em like a buke,

Freeze 'em wi' a haughty look.

(Ha! ha! the wooing o't!).

Time and Chance, soon showed, ifegs,

(Ha! ha! the wooing o't!).

Boots were on the other legs

(Ha! ha! the wooing o't!).

Jock it was who suffered wrack,

Felt the lash across his back,

Got from Lloyd George the sack

(Ha! ha! the wooing o't!).

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

The meanest cad that e'er I saw
 (Highland laddie, England's caddie!)
Wore a plaid and kilt and a';
 (Highland laddie, England's caddie!)
His head was full o' dirty trick,
Such as make a guidman sick.
 (Highland laddie, England's caddie!)

Blawing on his trumpet, he
 (Highland laddie, England's caddie!)
Thought he'd frighten Irishry;
 (Highland laddie, England's caddie!)
But we laughed the lad to scorn,
Shouted: "Get to whar you're born!"
 (Highland laddie, England's caddie!)

The sun a backward course shall take
 (Highland laddie, England's caddie!)
Ere aught that's in your pow'r can make
 (Highland laddie, England's caddie!)
An Irishman his cause forsake.
 (Highland laddie, England's caddie!)

Go, try to win yersel' renown
 (Highland laddie, England's caddie!)
In other country, other town—
 (Highland laddie, England's caddie!)
You're only just a blastit clown.
 (Highland laddie, England's caddie!)

THE TEACHER.

A chap who was head of a decadent clan
Was to Ireland despatched. Quite a pawky young
man :
You'd guess him a Scottie, shrewd reader, at sight,
But you'd never imagine his brains were so bright.

This Scott was determined a Teacher to be ;
Young Ireland should bend at his name to the knee ;
He would boss the entire education of Youth
And teach them, like Chadband, the blessings of
Trewth.

They'd be told in their school books that England
was great
That she offered a model to every State,
She was Justice itself, without fear, without guile—
(Here the Teacher indulged in a truculent smile).

Old Ireland they'd find was a terrible place,
Its history merely a tale of disgrace,
Of murder, of rapine, of ignorance black—
A savage's record (according to Mac).

In order to make Education his own
MacPherson had now to invade a new zone;
He was bound to concoct something meant for an Act,
And his marvellous brain with Construction was
racked.

He worked at the Castle, he worked at the Lodge,
Consulted the lawyers, employed ev'ry dodge;
And at length he produced an Abortion—but still
It was something distinctly resembling a Bill.

“'Tis a sop to the Teachers,” said Mac as he read
All the rot that had come from his adipose head.
“It will poison the Youth of this Island of Saints,
“And will stifle for ever the patriot's plaints.”

When the Teacher had finished his marvellous task
He donned a new kilt, took a swig at a flask;
Then he danced a bolero, moreover a “fling,”
Shouting loudly, “The Bill—O, the Bill is the
Thing!”

When the Thing was disclosed it was met with a roar
That resounded in Erin from shore unto shore ;
It was hard to detect whether anger or fear
Was the noise which invaded the Secret'ry's ear.

Then the Bishops, assembled at Royal Maynooth,
Recognized 'twas intended that Ireland and Youth
Should be poisoned by Mac and his damnable Bill—
So they killed it right off with a scratch of the quill.

And their lordships pronounced this Concoction of
Mac

To be merely a frontal, and deadly, attack
On our Faith and our Nationhood.

Thus was let down
The curtain on Scottie's performance as Clown.

HOLY IAN.

(*See Burns' "Holy Willie"*).

O England! ruled from Heaven itsel'
Just think o' what I hae to tell:
This Ireland just has gan to Hell
 And dimmed thy glory;
It reeks wi' crime and ev'ry ill—
 An old old story.

I bless and praise thy sinless soul,
Thou land of Innocence, and Coal,
Beloved by all, from pole to pole
 For gifts and graces.
(A sulphurous and blastit hole—
 In short Blue Blazes).

I've been mysel' a shining light,
Wi' Hell's own candles day and night,
Endeavouring to make sae bright
 Our soldiers' pleasures.
Now Ireland must be set aright
 Wi' British measures.

These beastly Irish hate me sair,
They'll leave me not a single hair,
My skull will soon be awfu' bare,
 'Tis cursed sae heavy;
I'm picturing how folks will stare
 At Castle levy.

Ay, here I am chosen sample,
A pillar o' thy holy temple,
A shocking (for my sins) example
 For England's glory.
My mission is on Celt to trample,
 And make things gory.

Maybe thoul't let this fleshly thorn
Buffet thy servant night and morn,
Lest he ow'r proud and high should turn
 (And he sae gifted!).
If sae your hand must e'en be borne
 Until you lift it.

O England! in this filthy place
There dwells what's called a chosen race—
But God confound their stubborn face
 And blast their name
And bring their rulers to disgrace
 And public shame!

O Geordie! think o' what I bear
At hearing them a' curse and swear
And singing here and shouting there
 "The Soldiers' Song,"
A song that only rebels dare—
 For bluid I long.

This Castle is an awfu' den,
Designed, methinks, for damned men;
It's villanies, I truly ken—
 But I'm so saintly
I canna bring my canty pen
 To tell e'en faintly

The story of our doings here—
'Twould make the unco' guid feel queer,
Our enemies at us would jeer,
 Civil men would sob;
So soon reward me, Geordie dear,
 Wi' handsome Job.

TO THE WIZARD.

(1919).

Awake, my Geordie, leave the squires and dames,
This island now your whole attention claims!
I'm told it's easy to o'erawe Sinn Fein
If only Prussian methods we sustain—
The raid, the jail, the rope, the gun, the sword,
Combined with disregard for plighted word.

Abundant taxes can be garnered here:
The Castle's pow'r increases year by year,
We hold the Rebels cheap, Home Rule is dead,
And only Ulster shows a swollen head;
And Carson, surely, you and I can fix—
We know the inner meaning of his tricks.

Great Whiskey rivers run throughout the land,
And streams of Porter flow on ev'ry hand,
The Pig's so numerous he has to fly
Lest he oercrowd the universal Styé,
Cattle and sheep are thick as Autumn leaves,
And oats and barley block the way in sheaves.
Abundant flax can many a fortune yield,
And as for spuds, they wallow in the field.

And Pat to whom abundance thus is given!
His movements show the chains that we have riven
He crawls an abject, miserable slave,
Unthankful for the goods we Britons gave.
I've watched the creature from official "Lodge"—
He's miles beneath the lowest type of Hodge.

Come, Geordie, to this land of wealth and woe,
This mighty maze, this despicable foe,
Where peelers are promiscuous shot (or shoot),
A garden teeming with auriferous fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the hidden yield;
The latent tracks, the giddy heights, explore,
Where abject failure has been met before.
Jail all we can, shoot peasants in their bed;
Deport the leaders ere the dawn has fled;
Starve them in jail, or suffocate in cell
Built on the lines they cultivate in hell;
Jeer at poor Paddy and his Gaelic gab,
And vindicate Great Britain's Game of Grab.

* * * * *

(1920).

Too late, my friend, you may not enter here
Unless you court a crude and alien bier.
The game is up, most basely we're betrayed
(A breath can make us as a breath has made).
The Castle breathed benignly on me first,
But now the Castle lungs are badly burst;
The game is up, Sinn Fein has smashed our show,
And now we're only got to grin—and go.
We thought, my George, the quickest way to rise
Was mounting on a monstrous pile of lies;
But Heaven with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

THE ODOUR.

["When MacPherson goes he will leave nothing behind him but a bad smell."—May, 1919.]

Of all the dirty sweeps that came
To Erin in Great Britain's name
You are the ghouldest;
You leave us nothing but a smell,
A whiff of something out of Hell,
And of the foulest.

You filthy, lying, lo^athly Scot,
On Caledonia's face a blot;
Get out and under!
That we could tolerate this jay
For ay so many a weary day—
Well, 'tis a wonder.

As soon as you are fair ejected
The Lodge must, ay, be disinfected—
 A tallish order!
Why e'en the rotten Castle stinketh
More foully where your figure slinketh,
 Like Prison warder.

Whate'er may hap, we loathe your name;
You bring us, too, the blush of shame
 For having housed you:
There's mony an honest Scottish lad
Who'd chuckle if he heard we had
 In cesspool soused you.

AN ELEGY WRITTEN IN THE
PHOENIX PARK.

The Curfew tolls the knell of Ian Mac.
The armour'd car moves thund'rous through the
street,
The Tank displays its grim metallic back,
And non-civilians plod their weary beat.

Now fades the light electric in the town,
And all the streets a solemn stillness hold,
Save for the soldier slinking up and down,
Or peeler stamping to dispel the cold.

Save that from leaden sky there comes a train
Of engine-rattling in the ghastly air,
Marking the droning flight of bombing 'plane,
Throbbing to cause the goodly cit a scare.

Throughout the night the people try to take
Repose; but fears about the Darkness weigh
On anxious minds, and sleepers oft awake,
Asking—"What noise is that?" "How far to day?"

And, ever mean, MacPherson's law forbids
Attendance on the sick throughout the night;
War is thus made on women and on kids—
"Put out the light—and then, put out the light!"

* * * * *

Meanwhile our Ian's ranting at Westminster,
Defaming Ireland in his wonted style,
Cawing like crow or disappointed spinster,
Spitting his venom, choked with British bile.

Oft did our brothers to his night-search yield,
His handcuffs oft our brothers wrists have broke,
How often has he carted us afield,
Determined to inflict some deadlier stroke.

They herded us in dungeons drear and dank,
They handcuffed us while eating or at prayer,
They rammed us into holes that foully stank,
And e'en deprived us of the outer air.

Full many a man of purest heart was placed
To pine or starve or rot in British jail—
Uncharged, untried, nor judge nor jury faced,
Sufficient crime to own himself a Gael.

A Senate chosen by the People's votes
Was not allowed to do the People's will;
If Patriot spoke the Castle gripped his throat,
His home was raided and his voice made still.

Can hist'ry's page a fouller tale unfold?—
A tale to shame the Hun, to rouse the Turk.
Ah, No! Whatever annals are unrolled
No nation e'er has done more hellish work.

* * * * *

The whirligig of Time revenges brings,
And petty tyrants have their little day,
Scorched are MacPherson's noxious bat-like wings,
His slobbering mouth announces swift decay.

No more shall we be ground by Dublin Castle,
No more be throttled with foul fiend's grip,
No more shall Irish Man be British vassal,
Compelled to bear the lash of scorpion whip!

No more shall men of leading and of light,
Whose shoes MacPherson is unfit to latch,
Be chased by day and hunted through the night
To let the Castle boast "Another Catch!"

And we who venerate the Man that dies
For Erin, seek fresh courage from our sires—
E'en from the tomb the Voice of Ireland cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

Nor you, you spawn, impute to us the Crime
With which your island reeks from West to East.
Go! wallow in your British sink of slime
Go! branded, as you are, with mark of Beast!

* * * * *

The Curfew tolls. The writing on the wall
Is plain to those who read and understand.
The Curfew tolls. Rejoice! It tolls the fall
Of Castle rule in our beloved land.

Up to the skies we turn an anxious face,
Our ears attuned to music of the morn.
List! Through long-suff'ring isle to fretted race
The trumpets blare the message of the Dawn.

TO A POISONOUS INSECT.

(*Slightly altered from Burns' address "To a Louse".*)

Ha, there you are, you crawling ferlie!
Your rottenness protects you surely,
We could na squash you quite securely,
 'Twould smirch our finger.
Moreover it would make us poorly—
 The mash would linger.

You ugly creepin', blastit wonner,
Detested, shunned, by Saint and Sinner,
How dare you try to crawl upon her,
 Dear Mother Erin,
And seek to smear and smirch her honour?
 You insect bairn!

Swith! in some beggar's haffet squattle
There you may creep and sprawl and sprattle
Wi' other kindred dirty cattle
 In other nation,
Where wi' your like you're free to prattle,
 And seek damnation.

You thought, you thing, to crawl to pow'r
By locking up in jail the flow'r
Of Ireland's manhood—thought they'd cow'r
Fore you, you losel!
No honest man can aught but glow'r
At Dublin Castle.

My sooth! right bold you showed your snout,
And thought to cause a bluidy rout
By raising up a crazy shout
That Erin's rotten.
They only sneered at you, you lout,
You misbegotten.

We canna be surprised to spy
You wallowing in stinking sty
Wi' other dirty insect fry—
That's but your natures.
But O! to be o'er-lorded by
Such filthy craytures.

* * * * *

O, wad some Power the giftie gie you
To see yoursel' as others see you!
It might from many a folly free you,
Me bould MacPherson.
What airs in speech and gait would lea' you,
You Insect person!

IRISH GAEL'S ADDRESS TO THE SCOTS.

[“ If Mr. MacPherson could be only pitchforked into the position of Secretary for Scotland, in the event of the post been rendered vacant by Mr. Munro's promotion to a judgeship, he would like the job immensely.”
—*Irish Independent*, February 14th, 1920.]

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Would you hae this muck instead
For Scotland's leader?

Now's the day and now's the hour,
Will ye stomach Edward's* power?
He's the Boss of Mac the Giaour—
Disturbance-breeder.

Think of Mac's damn record here—
Freedom lying on a bier,
Liberty a thing to jeer—
Let him turn and flee.

*Sir Edward Carson.

By oppressions, woe and pains!
By our sons in England's chains!
You should drain your dearest veins
To set us free.

Lay this dirty losel low,
Scots who oft hae fought the foe,
Striking with a giant's blow
For Home and Liberty.

TWO SOLILOQUIES.

[Standing on the roof of the Chief Secretary's Lodge in the Phoenix Park early in 1919 our hero indulges in the following rhapsody:]

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to deny;
From the Phoenix right out to the Bay
I am lord of whate'er I espy.

O Dublin! though vaunted thy charms
They can't hold a candle to mine;
Aphrodite would fly to my arms,
Silenus invite me to dine.

But I'm told that the Men of this land
My pow'r with indifference view:
When they feel the full weight of my hand
E'ery rebel will shake in his shoe.

I am sick of "humanity" squeak;
I will give them not bread but a stone,
Nor allow the mere Irish to speak
In a language they claim as their own.

All decency will I discard,
I will trample their "rights" under foot;
When they grovel I'll pay no regard,
And I'll always be ready to shoot.

I will banish Sinn Fein from this isle;
Its leaders I'll stuff into quod.
I am told they're as stiff-necked as vile—
They'll collapse at the stroke of my rod.

I've no patience with vermin like these;
They'll be starved or be hanged or be shot,
They're no better than Heathen Chinese;
They are capable only of "plot."

In Me has the Empire at length
Found a Man who is fit for the task,
An amalgam of Genius and Strength—
What more can a Gover'ment ask?

O! had I the wings of a Crow
I would fly o'er the city to-night,
Drop bombs on the people below,
And show them that Might is the Right.

* * * * *

[In 1920 on the deck of the Holyhead mailboat, under the title of "The Last Glimpse of Erin," the following stanzas are said to have been penned:]

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to Britannia's shore
Some whitewashing kind of report
Of a land I shall visit no more.

Myself and my friends are aghast
At the mess which our bumptiousness made;
I reluctantly own that at last
I'm a broken, contemptible blade.

My nerves, I admit are unstrung,
I've an ague that rattles my bones;
Dishonoured unwept and unsung,*
Lacerated by curses and groans,

A respite from terror I seek
(Truly thankful my life has been spared);
After swallowing platefuls of leek
I can show them that Ireland's prepared

*Surely, not unsung!

To carry the struggle along,
That our efforts were worse than in vain,
All the measures we deemed to be "strong"
Only added a strength to Sinn Fein.

I am told that my epitaph's writ
In characters clear as a well:
"The Castle he ruled for a bit,
"And left nothing behind but a smell."

IAN'S LEGS—A CASTLE MYSTERY.

[He boasts of the kilt but doesn't wear it."—*Catholic Herald*, February, 1920.]

Why not wear the kilt, laddie
Why not show your shank?
Is the limb sae crooked, laddie?
Or can it be o'er-lank?

Tell me, do your knees, laddie,
Gainst each other knock
When you visit Dublin, laddie,
Suffering from shock?

Are you rather bow-legged, laddie?
Are the pegs quite sound?
Do they tremble aften, laddie,
When they meet the ground?

Strange it is that sic' a Gael
Shouldn't flaunt his knee!
What dos't mean at a', laddie—
A Castle Mystery?

COME BACK TO ERIN.

[On February 24th at a meeting of Waterford County Council Mr. Ryan referred to the Chief Secretary for Ireland as "the little cesspool-wallower of Dublin Castle."

[On the same day *The Weekly Freeman* invited the Chief Secretary "to return to Ireland to clear up the mess."]

Come back to Erin, MacPherson, mavourneen,
Come back to clean up your cesspools, avic!
Come with a bucket, mavourneen, mavourneen,
Come ere the general stomach gets sick!

Erin is stifled MacPherson, mavourneen,
With stench of your cesspools and dungheaps galore.
Come with a muckrake, mavourneen, mavourneen,
And bring all the stuff to Britannia's shore.

Mountains of filth have been raised by your fooling;
Raze them, a chara, and fill up the holes;
That's work for *you*, not to deal with our schooling,
Cramping our minds and destroying our souls.

Best come in secret, MacPherson, mavourneen,
To clean up the mess made by you and your pack.
Work in the darkness, mavourneen, mavourneen—
And take precious care that you soon hurry back.

AULD MACSWINE.

Should Jock MacPherson be forgot
An' never brought to min' ?
Ah no ! he never can be forgot,
That Auld MacSwine.

CHORUS.—For Auld MacSwine, my lads,
For Auld MacSwine,
We'll drink damnation to his sowl,
The measly swine.

Au' surely a' will drink the toast :
'Tis yours as well as mine.
We'll offer cups o' hell-broth yet
To Castle swine.

For mony and mony a weary year
These dirty English swine
Have tried to cover up their crimes
In Auld Land Syne.

But Irish Gaels have mem'ries lang,
And punishment condign
Must fall on those who brought them woe
To-day and Lang Syne.

So there's my hand, my brither Gael,
And gie's a hand o' thine.
We'll drink confusion to the tribe
Of Auld MacSwine.

THE UNCO GUID.

[A famous Scottish criminal of the 17th century, one MacPherson, composed, shortly before he was hanged, a song in which he confessed that "he fell to shame at length." It is to be hoped that another MacPherson before being suspended will make a similar admission and seek repentance.—A London Correspondent, February, 1920.]

MacPherson, thour't sae guid yersel',
Sae pious and sae holy,
You've naught to do but mark and toll
Of Erin's faults and folly.
I, for the Irish peoples' sakes,
Would here propose defences,
Admitting that they make mistakes
And hae their ain mischances.

See Britain's state wi' theirs compared
And shudder at the niffer,
And cast a moment's fair regard
What makes the mighty differ.
Britannia's bent on grab and loot,
She's rich beyond comparin',
But always ready wi' the boot
To hae a kick at Erin.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gie's now and then a wallop,
Your libels meant to sair convulse
Would shame a dirty trollop.
You seek to brand the Irish race
As crime-besodden persons:
I brand that statement to your face
A Lie—of John MacPherson's!

Compare with theirs your Social Life,
Your murders and divorces,
Your suicides, your drunken strife,
And other beastly courses;
Your women stript to nigh the waist,
Their garments just transparent,
Reminding us of damned ghaist
Or aiblins our First Parent.

Comparisons are boomerangs—
Don't let that be forgotten.
For every son of them that hangs
You've hundreds much more rotten.
Your damned for evermore to Hell
For sland'ring sic a people;
You're just as far beneath them—well
As Kirkyard is from steeple.

Go pluck the beam from out thine ee—
It's large enough, my Johnny ;
It makes it difficult to see
Your fauts sae grave, sae mony.
And sprawling o'er Repentance stool
Your mouth a' plugged wi' ashes—
I size you up more rogue than fule—
Endure ten thousand lashes !

A MAD DOG ELEGY.

Good people all of ev'ry sort
Give ear unto my song;
It deals with one who followed Shortt
Who worked the game with Long.

To Dublin Castle came a Dog
Of Highland Scottish breed,
An ugly-looking Golliwog
A little off its feed.

With Gaelic bark this Cur did hope
To humbug friends and foes;
But Irishmen declined the dope,
And laughed at Scottie's pose.

The Castle Dogs upon the ground
Barked loud and merrily—
The mongrel, puppy, whelp, or hound,
Or Cur of low degree.

The Scottish tike at once made friends *tike,*
With ev'ry Castle cad;
And then to gain his private ends
Went ramping, tearing mad.

He yelped at ev'ry Celtic heel
And bit the Celtic shin:
When kicked the Cur commenced to squeal
And raised a horrid din.

His bitings seemed both sore and strange
To ev'ry Christian eye.
He soon developed loathsome mange
And swore the Celt should die.

And then a wonder came to light
Which showed the Rogue had lied;
The Celt recovered from the bite
The Dog it was that died.