

Then she stood on her feet. As she could not speak,
A large tear of thanks rolled down her long cheek,
And she bowed her head again and again
To the wonderful man who read away pain.

And her milk after this such a yellow hue bore,
And she never had given such pailfuls before.
'Twould last through his life like a wonderful dream
How it tasted and looked like the richest cream.

If blessings so great were theirs to bestow,
Pat said he would like me also to know
Their curses could heretics wither and blast,
Pursue them to death and death e'en outlast.

And could I but hear the good fathers tell
Of men and women on whom it had fell,
Youths, maidens, and babies in their first year,
I would not smile, but would tremble with fear.

The sons of the Church would have my best bow.
I never would dare to slight them as now,
Could he but talk like them for half an hour;
I would shake like a reed and bend like a flower.

But how could he talk like sermons he heard?
He never dare try to utter a word
Like the fathers used; but oft he had thought
If heretic priests but preached as they ought,

There might be some hope of Protestants then,
But never while they believed in such men.
His priests told their people things that were true.
One case he would give—it some good might do: