

"Upon my life, I do declare,"
 Quoth Cock-a-doodle-doo,
 "'T would almost make a saint to swear;
 And if I were not better ware
 Than saints in common, then I dare
 To say, that I should too.
 Here have I labored night and day,
 To show these stupid people
 That Church reform is needed much,
 From basement to the steeple;
 That Clergymen are fools and knaves,
 If they do n't think with me;
 That Laymen will be turned to slaves,
 By priestly treachery;—
 And yet the fools wo n't see it,
 Although 't is clear as mud;
 And I am almost left alone,
 To chew the bitter end
 Of disappointment and of strife,
 And righteous indignation,
 That they own me not to be the light
 Of another Reformation.
 Alas! the world 's ungrateful,—
 Unworthy such as *I*."
 And he hid his head beneath his wing,
 And I think he piped his eye.

The old hen sighed, and sorrowfully said,
 "Our case indeed is worthy of compassion;
 Here have we called, and called in vain, for aid
 To mould our faith according to the fashion
 Of the dissenting hen-roost, and have made
 Our very combs grow pale with holy passion;
 And yet these hood-winked people shut their eyes,
 And close their ears against our earnest cries!
 Still, 't is some comfort midst our woes, to know
 How nicely we the Bishop overreached,—
 Frightening him with the thought that *we* should go,
 Unless the doctrine that we liked was preached.
 Thus having made his lordship put his foot in it,
 We're safe in Curates now to have a change.