

Better the aid of these Jesuit Fathers  
 Than "Mary, hail!" or a host of Paters!  
     They were sharp lads all,  
     Both great and small,  
 And little they cared about earthly means:  
 The end excused them—the Church's gains,—  
 And, far and wide, they would wish to see  
 The spread of their arch-apostacie.  
     Two and two,  
     With jowls so blue,  
 And mighty long "Traceys" down to the shoe,  
     Here and there,  
     A Jesuit pair  
 Would poke in their noses for something to do!

### III.

Now, the Pope of that day was a liberal man,  
 And at first he spoke light of the Jesuit plan:  
     Their dream of "Theocracy,"  
     He called hypocrisy!  
     But vipers will bite,  
     And turn in spite;  
 And so they did now on this poor old man,—  
     Who, dressed in plush breeches,  
     That needed some stitches  
     (The seat of the beast  
     Was naked, at least),  
 An old drab coat and a powdered wig,  
 He took to his heels in this saintly rig.  
 But a Pope out of Rome was like fish out of water,