

And at his antic gestures gaz'd,
 But at his language most amaz'd,
 And grieved to the very soul,
 To change their priest for such an owl.
 At last being all brimfull of tears,
 And he at this part of his prayers,
We ha' done what w: ought not to have done;
 Out breaks O hone! O hone! O hone!
 From all parts of the congregation,
 Which struck him into admiration,
 And made him, thro' excess of fear,
 Break off in middle of his pray'r,
 With trembling lips, and face as pale
 As death, though lately flushed with ale:
 But having ceased their O hone!
 And nought of harm to parson done,
 Ho, like a man, o'ercame his fear,
 And reasumes his book of pray'r;
 With which, and in his former tone,
 He very leisurely went on;
Till being come to, open thou
Our lips; another hub-bub-boo
 Sounded from all sides of the kirk,
 And scar'd him from his godly work,
 From desk and all, and made him fly,
 As fast as ever he could hie,
 'Till stopped by sexton as he ran;
 (The sexton was his countryman,
 And of his cloth too; but, for want
 Of benefice was then content
 To say Amen, and set out psalm,
 Make graves and into kirk to call 'em
 By sound of bell, whenever the time
 Pointed to him the hour of chime)
 But stopp'd, I say, and seeing no ill
 Meant by the noise, for all sat still,
 He came at last out of his fits,
 And gathered up his scattered wits:
 Assum'd new courage, and grew briak,
 And took his journey to his desk;
 Where being seated in his chair
Gives laud and praise, and falls to pray'r,
 When lo, another hil-lil-im
 (Which he mistook for kill, kill, kill him)
 So stunn'd him that he could not pray
 One word, but strove to get away:
 But, apprehending that his case
 Was worse a thousand times than 'twas
 A sudden trembling seiz'd each limb,
 His senses fail'd, his eyes grew dim,
 And in a cold sweat down he fell,
 Alive or dead he could not tell;
 Which they perceiving, came and made
 Their usual noise as for the dead;
 For so they thought he was, poor man,
 And thus the dirge all they began;
 Oh! hub-bub-boc! (for all did weep,
 To see the parson dead asleep.)
 What made thee die? Oh! dear Aroon,
 What made thee go away so soon,
 And leave thy tithes behind? Hub-boo!
 Hads't thou not tithe of calf and cow,
 Of lambs and ewes, and new shorn fleeces,
 Of honey, wax, and bees, and geese?
 O hone! tithe duck, and sow, and pigs.
 Tithe chickens, hens, and Easter eggs,
 Hay, corn, and what in gardens grow:
 Then tithe'd our wives and daughters too.
 And was not all enough, dear jay,
 But thou must needs take pot and die?
 O hone! O hone! alas, poor man!
 He'll ne'er read Common Prayer again.
 O hone! O hone! hub-bub-bub-boo,
 ill-lil-im-ill-lil-ill-lil-lil loo!

This note awakes him from his dream.
 And up he sets a horrid scream,
 With open mouth and staring look,
I'm took! (yells he) I'm took! I'm took!
 For he, deceived in his dream,
 Thought as he fled they follow'd him;
 And they no wiser tho' awake,
 Thought it the parson's spirit that spake,
 Crying, O hone! he walks again,
 Hark how his spirit does complain:
 Lo, how't appears with ghastly look,
Yelling with horrid shrieks—I'm took;
 As if those ugly fiends that dwell
 Below, were dragging him to hell.

At which, struck with a panic fear,
 They left the kirk and parson there,
 And scamper'd e'en as they were mad,
 Each one to that poor home he had;
 When by and by th' amazed parson
 Being set, by sexton's help, his legs on,
 Finding some signs of life appear,
 Groans out, *alas, my Common Prayer!*
 His book, good man, ran in his head,
 Now that he was no longer dead.

By this time Madge, his wife, was come,
 Who had a while before stepp'd home,
 As soon as she perceived him rattle,
 To fetch her *aqua vitae* bottle;
 With which she rubb'd for she was wise,
 His temples, nostrils and his eyes;
 As well conceiving that the steam,
 Piercing his pores, would comfort him;
 And so it did; for at the length
 He found an increase of his strength:
 Then to his lips Madge held the bottle,
 On which he suck'd, as child at duddle,
 Which cheer'd far more his fainting heart,
 Than if she'd chaf'd without a quart.
 By such endeavours 'twas not long
 Ere he got perfect use of tongue,
 Relating what his soul had seen,
 The while it in a trance had been;
 Did many wond'rous stories tell
 Of passages observ'd in hell,
 How goblins came, threefold and thick,
 With open mouths to eat him quick,
 Yet, when at point, they started back,
 Because he was so ragg'd and black,
 And smelt so rank of natural balsam,
 That they believ'd he was not wholesome.
 Thus on he talked, yet small could he do,
 In imitating Don Quevedo,
 Because his memory was bad,
 And no familiar fiend he had,
 That was so kind as t' explicate
 The customs of th' infernal state,
 Or insight give him into things
 Touching its government and kings;
 The reason given him for this
 Was, lest discovering things to Bees,
 Relating to the government,
 She might perceive some weakness in't;
 And thence presume to go about
 The turning of Belzebub out,
 And set herself up head supreme
 O'er all dominions under him.
 Madge, finding him talk thus at random,
 Dreaded some one else might understand 'em,
 As if, relating what he'd seen,
 He did reflect upon the queen:
 Speaks therefore thus to sexton trusty:
 Friend, you are strong, and I am lusty,
 Lets try, I pray, if we can get him
 Home to his bed; for, if we let him