

WO! WO!

Wo, wo! unto him who would check or disturb it,
 The beautiful light which is now on its way;
 Which beaming at first on the head of McW-lt-r,
 Now brightens St. Paul's with its beautiful ray.

McW-lt-r, McW-lt-r! how much do we owe thee!
 How formed to all tastes are thy various employs;
 Lord Raglan himself ought sooner have known thee,
 The knowledge of thee would have heightened his joys.

Wo, wo, to the man who such doings would smother!
 Oh, thou *father* of Y—ville, without a *degree*;
 With sword in one hand, and the Bible in t' ot' -r,
 Like Mungo's tormenter, both *preachee* and *floggee*.

Come saints from all quarters and marshal his way,
 Come P-t-r, who, scorning profane erudition,
 Popp'd Innes's Catechism in a river one day,
 Tho' it was only an *ould Baltimore* edition.

Come W-ity who doubted, so mild are thy ways,
 Whether bullets or Bibles are best for the nation;
 Who leavest poor P-t-r no medicine to choose,
 'Twixt the wooden St. Pauls, and a *new reformation*.

What more from her saints can the Church now require?
 St. Bridget of yore, like a dutiful daughter,
 Supplied her, (the Church) 't is said, with perpetual fire,—
 And saints keep her now in eternal hot water.

Wo, wo, to the man who would check the career,
 Or stop the good work that from P-t-r awaits us!
 When blest with an orthodox crop every year,
 We learn to raise *protestants* fast as potatoes.

Wo, wo, to the wag who would laugh at such cookery!
 Thus from his *perch* I hear! a *long* crow
 Caw angrily out, while the rest of the rookery
 Open their bills, and re-*echo* wo! wo!