

The whole put down, in the simplest way.
 By the souls resolving *not* to pay!
 And even the Papists, thankless race,
 Who have had so much the easiest case—
 'To *pay* for our ferocious doom'd, 'tis true.
 But not condemned to *hear them*, too—
 (Our holy business being, 'tis known,
 With the ears of their barley, not their own)
 Even *they* object to let us pillage
 By right divine, their tenth of tillage,
 And horror of horrors, even decline,
 'To find us in sacramental wine! (4)

It is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er,
 Ah never shall rosy rectors more,
 Like the shepherds of Israel, idly eat,
 And make of his flock "a prey and meat," (5)
 No more shall be his the pastoral sport
 Of suing his flock in the Bishop's Court,
 Through various steps, Citation, Libel,—
 Scriptures all, but *not* the Bible.—
 Working the law's whole apparatus
 'To get at a few pre-doom'd potatoes,
 And summoning all the powers of wig,
 'To settle the fraction of a pig!—
 'Till, parson and all committed deep
 In the case of "Shepherd *versus* Sheep,"
 'The Law usurps the Gospel's place,
 And on Sundays, meeting face to face,
 While plaintiff fills the preacher's station,
 Defendants form the congregation.

So lives he, Mammon's priest, not Heaven's,
 For *Tenths* thus all at *sixes* and *sevens*,
 Seeking what parsons love no less
 'Than tragic poets, a good *distress*.
 Instead of studying St. Augustin,
 Gregory Nyss, or old St. Justin,
 (Books fit only to board dust in,)
 His reverence stints, his evening readings
 'To learned Reports of Tithe Proceedings,
 Sipping, the while, that port so ruddy,
 Which forms his only *ancient* study;—
 Port so old, you'd swear its tartar
 Was of the age of Justin Martyr,
 And, had the Saint sipp'd such, no doubt
 His martyrdom would have been—to gout.

And is all then lost?—alas, too true,—
 Yet *Tenths* beloved, adieu! adieu!
 My reign is o'er, my reign is o'er,—
 Like old Thumb's ghost, "I can no more."