

But as for clothes, they had no more  
Than only what they daily wore,  
Which one might guess was o'en but bad,  
When one o' th' sprucest thus was clad

A long crown'd hat on head he wore,  
Hung down behind and cock'd before :  
A beneficial hat ; for when  
A saucy wind, or shower of rain,  
Assaulted him on either ear,  
He turn'd the hanging side on't there ;  
And when the rain beat in his face,  
He turn'd it still to th' grieved place :  
Yet, though it hung before his sight,  
Holes it had in't to give him light  
So that he never mist his way,  
If so he wore it all the day.  
He'd under it a satten cap,  
Made of his grandsire's doublet lap,  
And edg'd within with shred of white  
Turn'd outwards, obvious to sight,  
Much like a sergeant's coif 'twas made,  
In which he preach'd, and slept, and pray'd.  
A shirt he had made of coarse harden,  
A collar band not worth a farthing,  
And little cuffs round either wrist,  
And woollen mittens on each fist,  
Which luckily supplied the place  
Of handkerchief to wipe his face ;  
For things superfluous he had none,  
More than Diogenes had on.

As for the cassock on his back,  
'Twas party colour'd, the ground black :  
For, when in any part worn out,  
On went of any colour, a clout.  
To cover all, he wore a black  
Canonic garment on his back ;  
By father wove, and mother spun,  
Call'd in the days of yore a gown ;  
But now so rent, like Swisses' breeches,  
That how to nam't no author teaches  
Yet long enough it was they say,  
Sometimes to sweep the dirty way.  
As to his ornament of foot,  
On one of them he wore a boot ;  
But on the other had a shoe,  
Hid by his coat that none might know :  
And 'twas not unadvis'dly neither  
That boot and shoe were worn together ;  
For, as sometimes it happened, when he  
Fell into genteel company,  
The cleanly shoe would soon appear,  
Which careful boot had saved from mire :  
For ditch he always plaid with boot,  
Thereby to keep the other out.  
As for his stockings, authors do  
Give small account, if one or two ;  
Some think but one ; which was helped out,  
By supplemental leg of boot.  
About his waist he wore a zone,  
Kept all things fast that he had on :  
A useful surcingle it was,  
Fasten'd with buckle made of brass,  
Which, as his paunch was full or swamp,  
He'd widermake, or straiter cramp ;  
By letting out a hole or so,  
Just as he found his belly grow.  
Before him at his girth did hang  
Inkhorn, and pen case in a string :  
Ruler and pencil too, that made  
Of broken arrow, this of lead :  
Tools that he could not be without,  
So wisely carried them about.  
What else he had, I think I may  
Cut off with an *et cetera* ;

As being things of little worth,  
That likewise hung at belly girth.

Provided thus for a long voyage,  
Having no other equipage,  
Savo stick of hazel for his horse,  
And little knapsack at his back,  
With fare-ye-wells, and shaking hands,  
He takes his leave of all his friends,  
And, as 'tis usual, having cried  
A while, he makes for water side.

Had you at Le'erpool been, or West  
Chester, O heavens ! you would ha' blest  
Yourself, and cross'd and sign'd your cen,  
Such shoals of parsons to have seen,  
As thither from all parts came skipping  
For Dublin, and staid there for shipping

Being come at last ashore in Dublin,  
They all the country fell a rousing,  
For as a leprosy does spread  
To sole of foot from crown of head ;  
Or like a pestilential air,  
Those parsons and their Common Prayer,  
Spread Ireland over in a trice,  
As thick as Egypt was with lice,  
And more molesting were by far  
Than frogs or lice, or locusts there.

The public Mass was put to flight,  
As day is banished by the night :  
A work performed, not by the dint  
Of parson's prayer, or argument,  
But by a strongly armed power,  
Provided by the queen before.  
An easy way to make folk come  
To kirk, when summon'd by a drum ;  
Yet all they heard when they came there  
Was, in strange tongue a Common Prayer.

As polish'd parsons, without hushing,  
Will cant, and bawl, and cuff their cushion,  
Correcting others for the sin  
Themselves are deepest plunged in,  
So, here in England, none more keen  
Than Parsons, Bishops, and the Queen.  
To cry the Mass down, 'cause (they said)  
The priest in unknown language pray'd :  
And yet themselves their prayer Book sent,  
To such as knew not what it meant.  
And it was read and psalms were sung ;  
And sermons preached in unknown tongue  
Among wild Irish : where not one  
Knew what they said, but cried, O hone !  
O hone ! they cried, and shak'd their heads  
With grief, to change their Mass and beads,  
For what they knew to be a prayer  
No more, poor souls, than Banks his mare.

It would have pleased ye to have seen  
Some of those English parsons, when  
They took possession of the steeple,  
And fell a praying 'mongst the people.  
Behold one in a country kirk  
Performing thus, his Sunday's work  
Making his entry into desk,  
He turn'd his book to Sunday's task,  
Strok'd down his beard, compos'd his face,  
And gets him set in proper place ;  
Lays fall the casement of his eyes,  
Thereby to make 'em leave the skies :  
Till, being turned to downward look,  
He sets 'em open on his book :  
All which performed, in graceful tone,  
Thus he his liturgy begun :

At what time sinners do repent,  
*Et cetera*, (for on he went,  
As if his reverence were inspired)  
The people mightily admired,