

Oh, what a dreadful state of things
 Is this we've reached at last;
 We're drifting all away to *Rome*,
 Both fearfully and fast.
 I'm sure 'twas very kind of you
 To draw attention to it,
 I wish I knew what I could do,
 And then I'd go—and do it."

The old hen's calmness was quite upset,
 And now she was all in a fume and a fret;
 And so she began, "Tuck, tuck-a-too,
 I wonder what in the world we'll do?"

Says cock-a-doodle-doo. "I think
 Our duty's plain: we must not shrink—
 For since our holy indignation
 Is thus aroused, we both must fight
The battle of the reformation,
 Against each horrid *Puseyite*.
 And in this case we first must fish up,
 From the foul pool of public lies,
 Some charge to lay before the Bishop,
 With what we've seen with both our eyes.
 Thus on the Curate we shall fasten
 A name of evil odor; and,
 According to the ancient proverb.
 He then might just as well be hanged:
 While we shall have the sweet reflection
 Of having, by fair means and foul,
 Preserved our *Protestant* perfection,—
 A deed most worthy of such *fowl*."

"I'm sure," the dear old hen replied,
 "The blessing none can say,"
 "Of having one so wise to guide"
 "Our footsteps in the way."
 Here cock-a-doodle-doo gave a strut,
 Although he meant to try
 To look as humble as he could,
 But that was all my eye.