

A certain poor priest owed money for rent,
And the Protestant landlord angry went
And took the goods of the dear man away;
Because he had asked for a longer delay.

But sickness, want, and a thousand ills came
To the Englishman's home, then entered the same
Death himself and hurried the soul away,
Yet the curse still clung to the cold, dead clay.

And when the day of the burial came,
The hearse came up with two horses—both tame,
And they put the corpse of the dead man in,
And the funeral train was about to begin,

When 'twas found that neither horse could move;
All means were tried and all vain did prove,
And for hours they stood before the door,
Till someone spoke of the good priest poor.

Whose goods the dead man had taken for rent,
And one ran to obtain his kind consent
That the horses might move and bear away
The Protestant's corpse to its grave that day.

The kind father came and drew closely near,
And whispered some words in each horse's ear,
Who looked their thanks and then moved away
As the generous father offered to pay—
Without being paid—for the soul of the dead,
And the crowd heaped blessing upon his head.

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