

"On self Righteousness".

*Wi' me its never been a feature
Tae vilify a livin' creature.
But noo tae paper I've put pen,
The subject's yin that maist folk ken.
The devil thrives on human strife
An' has done, a' his earthly life.
When he's no spreadin hate aboot,
He gies the Gospel Horn a toot,
A Protestant he deems himsel',
Mair like a stray, escaped frae Hell,
He claims allegiance wi' the Kirk
An bawls an' routs like ony stirk.*

*His name will never Love engender,
Chief advocate of No "Surrender"
Tho he's been kind of quiet of late
Be sure he hasna "cleaned his slate",
Resolved to walk in kindlier ways,
(he's been a bully a' his days.)*

*Christ's love of man he never mentions,
"That" is the last of his intentions,
His greatest pleasure, if you please,
Tae plague the lives o' a' R.Cs.
Especially ower every mile.
Of that "land known" as Erin's Isle.*

*The Book instructs us, so tae speak,
That as we sow, so shall we reap,
But this scamp clad, in Kirk claes black,
Wad strip the skin frae aff yer back.
"Discriminate" twad make ye sick,
Dependin wi' which fit ye kick.*

*The papers tell; it maks me mad,
There's thoosan's mair an' jist as bad.
I've travelled Ireland, fawr an' wide,
An blessin's got; Frae ilka side,
[The best way to divide a nation]
[Is to exalt Denomination !]*

*Im shair aroon the “Throne o’ Grace,”
There nae “Reserved” at ony place,
An’ no roon ony neck a label
At the High Communion table,
An R.C. ye’d be as like tae meet
As ony o’ the Protestant elite.*

*We a’ aspire a place tae win,
Gin we are purged frae earthly sin,
In Heavens neuk there’s aye a place
For a’ tribes o’ the human race,
Thats no’ wi’ “Righteous Dogma” choki’t,
“Sae ; pit that in yer pipe, an’ smoke it.*

(Wm. S McCoubrey).