

**BIGOTRY: A SATIRE
IN HUDIBRASTIC
VERSE**

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Bigotry: A Satire in Hudibrastic Verse by Thomas Pyne

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THOMAS PYNE

**BIGOTRY: A SATIRE
IN HUDIBRASTIC
VERSE**

BIGOTRY: A SATIRE

IN HUDIBRASTIC VERSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
RUDIMENTS OF CURVILINEAR DESIGN,
AND OF
SCRIPTURAL REASONINGS IN SUPPORT OF THE JEWISH CLAIMS
TO SIT IN THE COMMONS HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT,
AND OTHER WORKS.

SPEAK OF ME AS I AM; NOUGHT EXTENUATE, NOR SET DOWN AUGHT IN MALICE.

Let all bitterness, and wrath and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you.

LONDON:
CHARLES HASELDEN, WIGMORE STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1856.

ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL.

280. p. 7.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE DAVID SALOMONS,
LORD MAYOR OF THE CITY OF LONDON,
ARE DEDICATED BY PERMISSION
THESE ESSAYS:
INTENDED TO PROMOTE
THE EXERCISE OF
PHILANTHROPY AND BENEVOLENCE,
AND TO INCULCATE
CHARITY AND FORBEARANCE
AMONG ALL CLASSES OF THE
HUMAN FAMILY,
IN THE PROFESSION AND PRACTICE OF
FAITH AND OPINION.

May 1st 1856.

Rigotry: a Satire.

IN HUDIBRASTIC VERSE.

WANDERING erewhile with slow-drawn feet,
To seek a shelter from the heat,
And turmoil of this world's affairs,
Its pleasures, vanities and cares ;
Directed by celestial ray,
Through paths obscure and rugged way,
My weary steps were led to stray,
Where brother pilgrims held abode,
All travelling the self-same road ;
The narrow way that leads to God :
I found a welcome and a home ;
And now well pleased, no more to roam,
In hope rejoicing, and in peace,
I wait my gracious Lord's release ;
His will, the fiat to my heart,
Whether to stay or to depart.

How sweet the hour of early prime,
When nature freshens ; how sublime
The chaste clear blue of Eastern skies,
As the young rays of morn arise ;
And grateful thoughts, beam on the soul
Emerging from a night of dole :

So raptured glows the mental sight,
 When gladdening beams of sacred light
 Illuminate the darkened breast,
 In those first hours of heavenly rest,
 When drawn away from earth and sense,
 The soul subdued, no longer thence
 Seeks satisfaction, but would soar
 To Heaven's illimitable shore ;
 There, eagle-winged, rise into day,
 And fired with seraph-zeal hold way,
 Aspiring to the sacred zone,
 To seek communion at the throne,
 With Him, the Man who sits thereon,
 The Lamb of God, the Holy One.

But lessons, difficult and stern,
 A wayward heart is called to learn ;
 Probation is our task below ;
 To lead the heart herself to know,
 If faith give fruit from hallowed seed,
 Glory, the practice and the meed :

The armour polished, clean and bright,
 Braced blithely on, before the night,
 May in the battle-field be soiled,
 The combatant struck down and foiled,
 Though gallant in the fight he toiled ;
 Self-confidence may ride along,
 And enter conflict with a song,
 Discretion best becomes the brave,
 True courage is not gay, but grave ;
 He who with sin maintains a strife
 And combats passions ever rife,
 Need be bound up with Christ in life ;

In Christ, the glory of his choice,
 Trembling, he bids his heart rejoice. 1
 And lifts to God a tuneful voice.

The roof-tree sanctified by grace,
 Love constitutes a sacred place ;
 Devotion animates the flame,
 And one in sentiment and name,
 Their faith and friendship, hand in hand,
 The gentle inmates truthful stand
 In fellowship, a holy band :
 At distance stands another fane
 In the broad square ; this in the lane ;
 There, graceful, like a lambent fire,
 Aloft appears the tapered spire,
 Or swells majestic the proud dome ;
 Humble this place, a modest home ;
 There, mitres, scarfs, and croziers shine,
 And pompous ritual, called divine ;
 Pontiffs or priests lead worship there ;
 That, saint's or angel's name must bear ; 2
 This Scripture-named " The House of Prayer :

One Shepherd governs either flock,
 Both know His voice, and though the rock
 They pasture round, shows varied face,
 'Tis the same rock ; although their place
 Be far apart, 'tis the same mead,
 Though seeking far apart their feed ;
 They drink not in the self-same brook,
 Yet to the Shepherd's eye they look ;
 They flee the stranger, but His name
 They know, to save his sheep he came ;
 To seek the wanderers, bear their shame.

Alas ! that difference of rite
 Should christian brethren disunite ;
 Leading to enmities and strife
 To break the bonds of christian life ;
 Antagonistic creeds and notions
 Prove germs of envious emotions ;
 And—what is done—and—what is thought—
 When to a diverse judgment brought
 Goad on the mind, with malice fraught,
 To zealot venom and contention,
 And bigot-hatred and dissension.

What changes pass beneath the sun !
 " See how these christians love," said one ; 3
 Now what confusion and debate ;
 " See how these zealot-christians hate ;"
 Alas ! the tongue no man can tame,
 A deadly evil full of shame.
 Oh ! simple truths that Jesus spake,
 Were but the mind to truth awake ;
 Did the Good Spirit but impart
 An honest credence to the heart,
 And grace to act the christian part.
 Hear what the " Faithful Witness" saith
 To church of old ; " I know thy faith
 " Hath borne and laboured ; yet saith he
 " Though with thy faith thy works agree,
 " Yet have I somewhat against thee,
 " Because thy first love thou hast left ;
 " Repent ; for if I come, bereft
 " Of name and place thou shalt be found
 " Like tinkling brass, an empty sound."

Say ! how shall love to God be shown ?
 How shall a christian love be known ?

In neighbour's good sought as thine own ;
 In meek forbearance with a brother ;
 And in kind deference for another,
 Whose pliant judgment though not strong,
 May to a true-born faith belong :
 Lest ye be judged, do not judge,
 Said gentle Jesus ; bear no grudge
 Nor envy, nor dislike maintain
 May give a fellow-christian pain ;
 Hast thou a light of brighter ray
 Vouchsafed to thee ? scorn not his day
 In mist obscured ; though dull the beam,
 And faint the influence may seem ;
 Yet doth the self-same power impart
 The glimpse of credence to his heart
 That in full brightness lights thy soul ;
 Christ not divided, but Christ whole.

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But who my neighbour ? Everyone,
 Breathing with thee beneath the sun ;
 What saith the scripture ? There's the sway
 Should govern all in gospel-day.
 Now wait awhile ! Do you pretend
 We should not earnestly contend,
 And zealously the faith defend,
 As once delivered to the saints ?
 Surely, defend ! but not with taints
 Of rivalry or fierce evasion,
 But emulate with grave elation ;
 Not to usurp austere dominion
 Of thought, and other men's opinion ;
 Defend the faith ! Yes ! which the prime
 Of precepts, both in point of time
 And quality of God-like worth
 Bequeathed by God in Christ on earth ?