

*Full transcript*

The Sussex Amphion and his  
Millennial Congregation.  
“Movit Amphion Capides canendo.”

Amphion sings: - It is no “hum”,  
The blessed Thousand Years are come,  
And *we* within these walls, today;  
*We* are the witnesses they slay.

Like Unresisting lambs, we’re mute  
While *us* they hate and persecute.  
Our Sons lie slain through Church and State,  
For murder is the child of hate !

Amphion to the wondering crowd  
Sings his Millennial joy too loud  
His lays convulse the shuddering air:-  
They move no rocks – his harpings rare.

The SCALES OF JUSTICE – all a dream –  
Cry; ‘Hold Sir!’ while they kick the beam.  
A BIBLE, in the downmost pan,  
Weighs quickly up the State-Church Man !

Huge LOAVES of SUGAR, stol’n away,  
From where they once so moveless lay,  
Greet the *sour* Bard with *sweetest* smile,  
And State-Church Polkas dance the while.

See sack on sack of MALT and FLOUR  
Now join this strange Millennial hour,  
And rare new BOOTS – a score and six. –  
Amphions *pinch* he’s in a “fix” !

New since his own shoes press so hard,  
Soft pathway likes the CARPET-bard/  
“Some COPPERS give” \* Short while prolong  
Amphion’s Belesarian song.

A TABLE not an *altar*, bring !  
Christ’s good old Church has no such thing.  
She taught; nor cared for Scrip nor SHOON,  
While his was born with SILVER SPOON.

His *namesake* raised the Theban walls,  
Unheeded, now, Amphion bawls,  
Our GOODS in vain the Bard may lurch  
To BOLSTER up his BED-rid Church.

Around him only mischief springs,  
Where, luckless all, Amphion sings.  
See CHAIR and TABLE, FEATHER BED  
And BOLSTER whirling round his head!

See all those HOUSEHOLD FURIES now  
Encircle old Amphion’s brow !  
CHAIR vaults on CHAIR with crash and din; -  
They’ll shake to death the “*mud*” within!

Ah, pity him! His fate is hard.  
*He* kills *himself* – that State-Church Bard.  
*Ye* think not *thus*! So let it be.  
TRUTH’s verdict runs: - ‘FELO DE SE !’

Chorus of the whole Congregation

Then up ye sage Wardens! Exert all your cunning:-  
In our pockets his VACUOUS CuyLINDER \* thrust,  
And let poor Mother Churchrate, assisted by GUNNING  
Hold the nethermost end! – Is it PRESENT –  
Our “dust”

\*See “Fishers Revision of the Liturgy

How the Landlord of John’s Store pays the Church Rate of the House John lives in:-

“Thou shalt not *steal*,” O Gin –shop man!  
Says John to Tom. Tom says I *can*;  
I’ll have more *Rent*, *this tent* to heal –  
I’ll pay the *Rate*. *Thou* shalt not Steele”

Date obatum Bolisario