

Great Dunstan our founder & saint  
Was a bold and true man every such  
An artisan, skilful and quaint  
and at last made every one think  
He lived in a hole in the wall  
Not 6 feet by 5 says the story  
In a different style from the hall  
Which we dedicate now to his glory,

Come pledge me to Dunstan's renown.

Content with a cell and a crust  
So long as he called them his own  
He toiled in the smoke and the dust  
Till he found the philosopher's stone  
But he cared not a stiver for self.

While he slaved like a bee making honey  
Like Camden ever thought of himself  
But gave to the nation his money

Come . . . etc . . .

Spottiswood grew jealous in hell  
When he heard of the good he was doing  
So he called like Paul Poy at his cell  
To inveigh the saint to his ruin,  
Thought he, if my arguments fail  
His <sup>ambition</sup> & pride I must feed

He make the old parson turn tail  
And rat from his church and his creed

For he snarled etc.

His tongue with a "pratie" he rubbed  
To give the true blarneying brogue  
His tail was most artfully chibbed  
Each joint held the soul of a rogue  
A counsellors gown he put on  
With an air at once swaggering and shy  
Like one who could bully and fawn  
Or call God to witness a lie.

For he snarled etc.

But Dunstan soon argued him down  
Till dumb-founded and left in the lurch  
Quoth he "I'll ensure you the crown  
Of youth and me to plunder the church  
But the parson was honest as Besh.  
And chopped at sound logic and law  
So the devil waxed warm in his zeal  
And threatened the saint with his claw.

Come pledge etc.

The saint's Saxon blood it flew hot  
And "aroynt thee" he cried to Apollyon  
Be off or I'll send thee to pot  
As Wellington did by Napoleon

Then dubbinest my work and repose  
By thy jargon and puerile growace  
So he clapt the hot tongs to his nose  
And banged the cell door in his face  
Come pledge etc.

With his nosele snip'd down to a stump  
The devil fled snivelling and moaning  
He found the old goldsmith a trump  
And never henceforward came loining  
And when hairs and traitors conspired  
To preach their fanatical zeal  
May their noses like that of their scie  
Be wrung with hot tongs till they squeal.

Come pledge etc.

His knowledge and spirit and worth  
Confer the true fame that will last,  
To Dunstan's fame live upon earth  
Through the thousand long years that are past,  
Then hies to our saint and ~~his rest~~<sup>his rest</sup>  
Where he made the oath-traitor look blue  
And a bumper to each noble juet

As wise and as bold and as true

Who pledge us to Dunstan's name