

Ballad: The Rival Curates

Be sure of provocation: Wait till he calls you 'snob,' Or something else as naughty -
Then you can do the job, And welcome back to Spiffton!"

Thus on his foes he set His minions most observant, 'Twas a most curious bet, Yet,
made in all good fervent. But when they reached the spot, They found, instead of
strife, A scene that spoke of what's More beautiful in life.

HOPLEY, with flute in hand, Played melodies enticing; Around him, o'er the land,
Creatures their joy voicing. His curate's garb aside, He wore a smile so thrilling That
they, o'ercome by pride, Found their own wrath unwilling.

They joined his gentle throng, And soon, forgetful of mission, With flute and dove and
song, Lost in a sweet submission. They returned to HOOPER's land, Their tale of peace
declaring, And HOOPER, staff in hand, Wondered at their sharing.

"Let HOPLEY live in peace, His flute and doves around him. Our rivalry shall cease, In
harmony, we've found him." Thus, Spiffton-extra-Soooper And Assesmilk-cum-Worter,
United by a fluter, Ended their silly quarter.

HOOPER and HOPLEY then, Decided competition Brought woes to gentle men, And
forged a new tradition. No more through sexton or beadle, Would conflict's dark cloud
hover; They'd spread, instead, good weevil And lead as brothers cover.

In unity, they stood, In clerical attire, Spreading their vision good, With hope to inspire.
The Rival Curates tale Ends not with strife or sorrow, But with a peaceful gale, And
hope for a bright tomorrow.