

August 2019

Parson Brown's Sheep

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Parson Brown's Sheep" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 932.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/932

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PARSON BROWN'S SHEEP.

Paul Printer, 21, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

NOT long ago in our town
a little place of great renown,
There lived a man named Mr. Brown,
and he was our parson,
Father he was very poor,
Christmas it was very near,
We had neither mutton beef nor beer,
For our christmas dinner.

Spoken—It was very hard times with poor folks,
father had lost his work 'cause he was getting
old and could'nt do much, so I went to parson
Brown's and asked him for a bit of broken
vittals, but he would'nt give me any, but set the
dog at me, and sent me back broken hearted,—
when I came back, who should be there but father
with one of parson Brown's fat weather
sheep,—there said the old man, that's the first
time I ever robb'd in my life, but as they won't
let me work I can't starve—Egad! I was nation
pleased to see the old sheep—I ran and kiss'd
mother, father and the old sheep and all, and run
up and down singing—

CHORUS.

Father stole the parson's sheep,
And we shall have both pudding and meat,
And a merry Christmas we shall keep.
But I ma'nt say no'at about it.

I sung up and down the street all day,
Parson heard what I did say,
And ask'd me in a civil way

If I'd sing it o'er again sir.
Says he I'll give thee half-a-crown,
A suit of clothes and money down,
If to church that you will gang,
And sing it to the people.

Spoken—Egad then, I said I will. He gave
me a bran new suit of clothes and half-a-crown.
I run home and told mother what parson had
give me to go to church and sing—

Father stole the parson's sheep, &c.

My mother thought as I was mad,
Says she what ever ails the lad,
You know they'll surely hang your dad,
If you say aught about it,

Says I then mother, I'll tell thee
What I will do as sure can be,
I'll tell the folks what I did see,
The parson doing to molly.

Spoken—I said I'm dang'd if I dont mother—
well she said do lad, but don't you say a word
about the old sheep, if you do they'll hang thee
and your father too—no I said I won't then—
so off I went all in my bran new clothes, I'm
sure I never look'd so fine in all my life a-fore,
I was as pleased as a cat with a pepper-box.
I goes clink o-me-clank—clink o-me-clank right
up to the parson—he began to tell folks what I
had come for, now he says I hope you'll harken
attentively to what this lad be about to sing for
its of a most notorious and outrageous crime as
ever was committed, and ought to be severely
punished, and every word that he says is as true
as the gospel I am now preaching,—then he
swell'd himself up like a turkey-cock,—blow'd
his nose and told me to begin,—then I began
singing—

As I was in the field one day,
I see our parson very gay,
Romping Molly on the hay,
An turn her upside down sir,
And for fear it should'nt be known,
A suit of clothes and half-a-crown,
Was all give me by Mr. Brown,
For me to come and tell you.

Spoken—He, he, he, I thought parson would
have gone ramping mad,—he stamp'd and swore
it was the biggest lie that ever was told, but folks
would'nt believe him.—They all run out of
church and cry'd shame of parson,—he sent a
big book at me but it hit an old lady on the
head,—down she went and parson plump on top
of her,—I run off singing.

CHORUS.

I have done old parson brown,
Of a suit of clothes an half-a-crown,
For telling all the folks around,
What he had done to Molly.