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# Parson Brown's Sheep

Author Unknown

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# Second Edition of PARSON BROWN'S Sheep.

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My thanks except of me kind friends,  
And if you will attention lend,  
I'll tell you how my joke did end

About the parson's sheep sir,  
With lightsome heart my way I went,  
On merry making fully bent,  
When parson Brown his servant sent,  
To say with me he'd speak sir.

Spoken.—poor mother! I think I see her now,  
La' bless ye, she turned as pale as a turnip;  
Father, he shook like an aspere leaf and said—  
ah Lad I am afeard thee's done a bad job for all  
of us, I laugh'd though my heart was in my  
stockings never fear says I, so I shook hands we'  
Father and Mother, who said be careful Lad and  
keep out of the way of the Wolf in sheeps cloth-  
ing yee's mother, so I went off singing—

I need not care what parson say,  
For well he knows the other day,  
I found him romping on the hay,  
With pretty milk-maid molly.

To Parson Brown I went straight way,  
To ask him what he'd got to say,  
Though I wished myself ten miles away,  
From Parson Brown and Molly,  
Oh! crikey! how he smil'd at me,  
And said a geneman I should be,  
If to his plans I would agree,  
To refuse would be a folly.

Spoken.—Egad I looked at him we' ail the eyes  
I'd got I took off my hat and twiddled it betwixt  
my thumbs—I scached my head knocked my  
knees—partly in fear partly in joy, Parson bid  
me sit down and list to what he was about to  
say—

Young man said he to end all strife,  
Thee'd better take thyself a wife,  
To be the comfort of thy life,  
And a pretty lass I'll give thee,  
Wuat you have said about the maid,  
A secret great you have betray'd,  
Ahandsome sum I'll give the maid,  
And your wedding teast beleive me.

Spoken.—Well Egad I looked at Parson not  
knowing what he ment he smiled and said it  
war as true as the gospel he preaches he would  
marry I for nothing and would give molly three  
hundred golden sovereigns and a bran new suit  
of wedding clothes if I would only make an  
honest women of her, and as how he would put  
I into a great Farm, and stand Godfather to our  
first Boy—Gadzooks, I thought I was going to  
be a king, and as I always liked molly I began  
singing—

Oh, was it not a luckey day,  
When I saw Parson Brown so gay,  
Romping Molly on the hay,  
To turn her upside down sir,

With lightsome heart I went to find,  
The girl best suited to my mind,  
That Parson Brown our hands might join,  
In wedlocks silken Fetters.  
Content surrounds our woodbine cot,  
The parson's jokes are quite forgot,  
And how much happier is our lot,  
Than many of our betters:

Spoken.—Blest with a lovely sweet temper'd  
wife two smiling babes and in the possession of  
every blessing, there's nothing wanting to complete  
my happiness but the applause of my kind friends  
and patron's, whose generous support it will ever  
be my highest ambition to merit and obtain,

So was it not a lucky day,  
Where I saw Parson Brown so gay,  
A romping Molly on the hay,  
And turned her up side down sir.

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