



THE METHODIST  
**PARSON,**  
 OR, PREACHING FOR  
**Bacon.**

SEC. 1.

A Methodist Parson whose name it was George,  
 A jolly dun tinker who knew how to forge;  
 A good honest woman who was George's friend,  
 He often went to her, her soul for to mend.  
 Derry down, down, I derry down.

This good woman's husband no Methodist he,  
 He was a true Churchman so jovial and free,  
 He lov'd his brown jug with his glass in his hand,  
 And his house was hung round with bacon and ham  
 Derry down, &c.

George lov'd this man's wife, and often went to her,  
 And out of a great slice of bacon would do her,  
 Which made her old husband to vow and protest,  
 For he plainly perceived that his bacon grew less.  
 Derry down, &c.

He went out one morning pretending to work,  
 But the cunning sly boots went for nought but to lurk  
 He came into the house and he found them at prayer,  
 They seem'd very serious, devout, and sincere.  
 Derry down, &c.

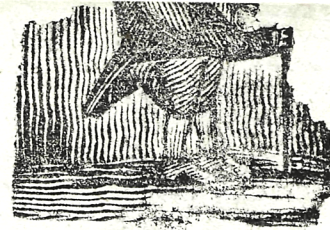
He came into the house and he look'd very sly,  
 And into George's pocket he cast a quick eye,  
 He saw something in it tied up in a rag,  
 Quo' he 'honest friend what hast thou in thy bag?'  
 Derry down, &c.

"Oh! then replied George! 'tis God's Holy Word,  
 The Sacred Scriptures I've had from the Lord,  
 And when I'm alone I cannot be idle,  
 For I take great delight in reading the Bible."  
 Derry down, &c.

"Then pull out thy Bible!" this good man replied,  
 "Or else by the devil I'll Bible thy hide,  
 I'd Bible thy hide as it ne'er was in thy life,  
 For this Bible is Bacon thou'st got from my wife!"  
 Derry down, &c.

Then shivering and shaking George quick pull'd it out  
 'Twas a great lump of bacon tied up in a clout!  
 Away then he ran for he durst not be idle,  
 And ever since then he has preached without Bible.  
 Derry down, &c.

Come all you young fellows who lead jovial lives,  
 I'd have you take care of your bacon and wives,  
 These Methodist Parsons I believe they're all shaken,  
 For they'll preach like the devil where there's plenty  
 of Bacon!  
 Derry down, &c.



**WHEN MY  
 OLD HAT  
 WAS NEW.**

I am a poor old man in years, come listen to my song,  
 Provisions now are twice as dear as when I was young,  
 It was when my old hat was new and stood upon my brow  
 O what a happy youth was I when my old hat was new.

It's almost fourscore years ago, the truth I do declare,  
 When men could take each others words, and thought it  
 very fair. [so true.

No note or bond they did require, men's words they were  
 It was in my youthful days when my old hat was new.

Brotherly love it did abound, oppression ne'er was heard,  
 But now the people are so poor they scarcely can get bread  
 Which makes them wander up and down not knowing  
 what to do,  
 Such times did not abound when my old hat was new

Upon the time of harvest when we went out to shear,  
 How often have we merry made with brandy, ale and beer  
 And when the corn was got, and thrown into the mow,  
 The shearers punch'd it well when my old hat was new.

The master at the board head sat, the table for to grace,  
 The servants as they all came in, each took his proper place  
 And the dame with cheerful heart gave to each man his due,  
 Such plenty, ah! did then abound when my old hat was  
 new.

But now the times are alter'd, and pinching to the poor,  
 They now receive their wages quite coldly at the door,  
 Into their house we do not come, tho' we be e're so few,  
 It was not so when Bess did reign or my old hat was new.

The commons they are taken in, and cottages pull'd down,  
 And Moggy as no wool to spin a linsey woolsey gown,  
 The winter's cold, the clothing thin, and blankets very few,  
 We were well clothed both bed and skin when my old hat  
 was new.

