

*Northamptonshire m. com*

*The naughty P—, damages 3,000!*

There did reside in London,  
Not far from Eaton Square,  
And at a place called Byfield,  
That is in Northamptonshire;  
A reverend very naughty man,  
Who does the world surprise,  
And many say that he must be  
A Satan in disguise.

This naughty Mister Parson,  
Alas! does now confess,  
That through this Crim Con action,  
He is in a woeful mess;  
He lately was at Croydon tried,  
Which caused a deal of strife,  
He kissed his lovely daughter and  
She was another man's wife.

About this Crim Con action  
And the three thousand pounds,  
There is such a talk and piece of work  
In country and town;  
This wicked naughty parson,  
Now like a donkey looks,  
He sold his surplice and his gown,  
And throwed away his books.

At Byfield in Northamptonshire.  
There has been a jolly spree,  
And there the people burnt the  
Naughty P— effigy;  
The women they did vow and swear,  
If they could have their will,  
They would put the P— in a butt,  
And roll him down the hill.

Oh! such a dreadful tale as this  
Was never told before,  
And Mister P—,  
In sorrow must deplore;  
He says his hopes are blighted now,  
This is an awful job,  
For he must pay three thousand pounds  
Besides being sent to quod.

The P— was at Croydon tried,  
The plaintiff's name was C—,  
His daughter was a lovely girl  
And read her fathers books;  
The judge did blush, the lawyers laughed  
The jury then looked round,  
And found the parson guilty,  
Damages three thousand pounds.

*You Hemel Hempstead Ladies  
beware!*

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As through Hertfordshire I bent my way,  
In search of a wife the other day,  
I was told by a lady of high renown,  
To travel to Hemel Hempstead town.

CHORUS.

So you Hemel Hempstead ladies beware,  
Or you may be drawn into a snare.

A man to Hemel Hempstead came,  
And C— was the rascal's name,  
Where he courted a woman of some re-  
nown,  
Then married a widow in Birmingham  
town.

A Navigator he was by trade,  
And a pretty row and a rumpus he made,  
He swore by this, and swore by that,  
And he married a woman who dealt in  
plat.

When her property he had dwindled away  
He packed up his awls and cut one day,  
He left one widow in grief come down,  
And married another in Birmingham town.

The Hemel Hempstead wife did go,  
To London town, gee up, gee wo,  
And to her surprise you understand,  
She saw this rogue of a naughty man.

She gave him in charge so help my bob,  
And Mister C— went to quod,  
And the policeman to look, by the train  
went down,

For his other wife in Birmingham town.

You ladies who in Hemel Hempstead dwell  
Two Waters, and the Langley's, just as well  
Pray let no villain your heart trepan,  
And marry no strange sad naughty man.

You pretty girls of Hertfordshire,  
Of flattering tales and rogues beware,  
And a warning take for miles around,  
The sweet little Hemel Hempstead town

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