

PARSON GIBSON.

AIR—The Low-backed Car.

When first I saw old Gibson,
'Twas on a Sunday night,
A loose black gown he wore, and stood
Beside a blaze of light.
He preach'd of peace, of joy and love
A Saviour came to bring,
He spake of life—of saving grace—
Of Satan's deadly sting.
While he stood at the pulpit bar,
The people came near and far,
To hear this *godly* man,
One of the devil's clan,
As he preach'd from the pulpit bar.

When next I saw old Gibson,
'Twas in a public house,
He sat beside a wench so gay,
Having a good carouse.
But when that house was shutting up,
He call'd for *one glass* more,
Then off he went,—that night he spent
Within a brothel's door.
But when within this hellish den,
Where times before he'd often been,
He ne'er thought of sin,
But pass'd round the gin,
To the girls in this hellish den.

But not content with girls so gay,
Or those that walk at night,
He stole another's wife away,
Her happiness to blight;
But when her husband found it out,
Old Gibson's head he broke,
He knock'd him down, and crack'd his crown
Right by a single stroke,
Then off to court* old Gibson went—
He'd get the man to prison sent,
He bound up his head,
And swore that it bled,
Th' Magistrate saw the evil he meant.

Old Gibson now, his head doth bow,
Beneath so foul a stain,
Forgotten of friends, despis'd by foes,
He hides in Gravel Lane,
If you should ever pass that way,
Look in a chandler's shop,
With apron and sleeves, serving sloe leaves,
Some of Norwood's last crop.
Remember old Gibson the parson,
The lying, sneaking, dirty parson,
Grinding the coffee,
Selling the toffee,
Is Gibson the vagabond parson.

* See Police Report in "The Times" and other Papers,
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THE PARSON GROGER.

AIR—Rosa May.

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife."

Come friends, and listen unto me,
A story I'll relate
Of a wicked minister
And his unhappy fate;
Down in Bethnal Green he preach'd
Among the rich and poor,
And oft did speak of sinners,
And wicked deeds deplore.
O wicked man,
The truth we must relate,
Your deeds so dark, we bid you mark,
The terrors of your fate.

This man among his people,
Was so very *modest*
You'd scarcely think that he did
Anything not honest,
And yet, behind their faces,
A devil in human form,
And often spent his evenings,
Amid a brothel's storm.

Among the things that this man did,—
He took a neighbour's wife,
From her family and home,
To live with him in strife.
Friends with indignation fill'd,
Soon found the monster out,
Th' people heard the sad disgrace,
And sent him right-about.

From Ebenezer Chapel,
And Hampden Chapel kick'd.
To Old Kent Road and Walworth.
And Kennington he sneak'd,
In these and other places,
He nightly play'd his tricks.
But from each, in turn, afraid,
He soon pack'd up his sticks.

Now to seek a close retreat,
To Gravel Lane he's fled,
Instead of preaching Sermons,
Sells grocery instead.
He who acts the traitor's part—
Who steals another's wife,
Must be a wretch—a villain,
For any mischief rife.

