

PARSONS AND PIES!

A Satiric Melody.

AIR,—“DERRY DOWN.”

GOOD honest John Bull, let it not you surprise
If you're told so alike are your Parsons and Pies;
For “as clear as mud” 'tis, when compared together,
No two can seem more to be “birds of a feather.”

First,—poor farmer Clodpole, he would, with a sigh,
Declare that he dreaded both Parson and Pie;
For no *shock* (save of nerves!) can at harvest remain:
They both then so seize on his corn and his grain!

Though poor Mag—like the Parson—he can't claim the
merit
Of having been “call'd” by a certain good Spirit,*
Yet, both are so greedy that speedily they
On the eggs and young animals ever will prey!

And though the Pie gains no fine “larnen” at College,
They both of the “*fleeceing*” art show such a knowledge:
Yes, those who the *Lamb* to exalt never lack—
Like Pies—the poor “*sheep*” they will ever attack!

Oh! all those who observe them with freedom declare
That they seem altogether a sad *preying* pair;
And though one, in his goodness, so much cries up giving,
They both make the *dead* so conduce to their *Living*!

Again: though contentment's a virtue so great,
Mr. Pious, he seldom seems blest with his fate:
Like a Pie, he'd still “hop”—he's so little at rest—
And a better berth find in another's snug nest!

Old Levi's sons, too, though but little's the matter,
Like Pies, when alarm'd—oh, ye gods, how they'll chatter!
And alike as to *colour* each seems, by his back,
For neither displays but the white and the black!

But our Parsons and Pies so resemble each other,
'Twould be quite a bore, so I'll give but another:—
They both, in the world, long have gained some note
For words men have taught them *repeating by rote*!

* See the FORM(!) of Ordination.

C. C.

GREAT TOTHAM, ESSEX.