

The Parson of Chale

**A parson of Chale, so I've heard say,
A bachelor man with a lonesome lot
Keeps up his reckoning, day by day,
By doing a bit on a lobster pot.
Monday he put the wands aside,
Tuesday he'd start the bottom of the pot,
Wednesday to Friday he plaited and plied,
Come Saturday he'd finished the lot
*Chorus. Come ring diddle diddle diddle, ding ding dang dong***

**Sunday 'twas just service time
Bells had stopped ringing and started chime,
The chap at the organ began to blow
But there ent no parson to start the show.
The boys in the choir scuffen their feet
And the sexton fidgeted in his seat
Last wardens they up to him did go
With a whisper of "Where be the parson do?" Ch.**

**Says sexton, "I know no more than you,
I'd best run down to the Rectory
And see what be up." So away went he
And this was the sight that he there did see.
In his shirt sleeves under a sycamore tree
June it was and terrible hot
Sat parson quite unconcernedly
Working away on a lobster pot. Ch.**

**Says sexton, "The folk be waiting in church,
Be sent to see if you'm comen or not,
If you don' want to leave them all in the lurch
You'd better give over that lobster pt.
"Waiting in Church! You'm zote, I say,
I can't be out - no, surely not
I tell 'ee, my man, 'tis Saturday
I've still to finish this lobster pot." Ch.**

**Begging your pardon 'tis you instead
Of that be zote the bells be stopped.
And the organ's begun, if you've sense in your head
You'll give up plien that lobster pot.
'Tis Sunday for sure, as I've tell'd it 'ee,
Tho it looks like as you've forgot,
So put on thee coat and come along with me,
And just let 'n baide, that lobster pot. Ch.**

**Parson was in such a miserable hurry
His hat and his specks has clean forgot
And as he started away in his flurry
Ketched hold he did by the lobster pot
As luck would have it, being blind almost
He'd scarcely as far as the litten got
When he ran full but against a recten' post
And finished his life and the the lobster pot. Ch.**