

Roger and Dolly

Once down in our village lived a parson and his wife
Who led a very decent kind of comfortable life.
They kept a serving man and maid, as neat as neat could be
The maid was fond of Roger and Roger fond of she
The maid was fond of Roger and Roger fond of she.

The parson's wife kept Dolly so very close to work
She might as well been servant to a Dutchman or a Turk.
But though she was employed all day as busy as a bee
She only thought of Roger and Roger thought of she
She only thought of Roger and Roger thought of she.

The parson was an old man, but would have done amiss,
For he got her in a corner and asked her for a kiss;
But Dolly quickly let him know, as plain as plain could be,
She only wanted Roger and Roger wanted she
She only wanted Roger and Roger wanted she.

By love and work together, this maid fell very ill,
The doctor soon was sent for and tried his utmost skill;
She wouldn't take his physic, though bad as bad could be -
She only wanted Roger and Roger wanted she
She only wanted Roger and Roger wanted she.

But when the parson found 'twas love only made her bad,
He very kindly said, She had better have the lad;
The sight of Roger made her well, as well as she could be;
They married - she had Roger and Roger he had she
They married - she had Roger and Roger he had she.