

THE PARSONS WIFE

The parson walked on home from church,
‘twas dark and getting late.
He hadn’t been for bible class,
he’d been for sister Kate.
His head was down and feeling shame
when all at once a light,
appeared before him in the dark,
and God, it was so bright.

A sense of panic grabbed his breast,
he fell down on his knees,
“Oh Lord, I swear I’ll sin no more,
just spare me if you please”.
He heard an angry voice call out.
It came from all aroun’.
“Get off the road you clumsy fool,
I almost ran you down”.

He picked himself up off the dirt,
he hurried on his way.
He swore to God, and then himself,
he never more would stray.
“How were the lessons”, asked his wife?
When he walked in the door.
“My word, just look at all the mud,
I think your pants are tore”.

“I had a lapse I must confess,
I fear I may be sick”.
“Now don’t you go and worry dear,
I’ll sew them up right quick”.
“I must confess that I have sinned,
I just can’t bear this shame”.
“I tasted of forbidden fruit,
I’ll never feel the same”.

“There there my dear, you seem upset,
they’ll turn out nice and fine”.

“You carry on like you had supped
on sacramental wine”.

“I must confess that I did taste
a nectar oh so sweet,
and when I think back to the joy,
I’m dizzy on my feet”.

“Now there, that tells the story then”.

“No wonder that you fell”.

“The road was slick and wet with rain,
you’re woozy, I can tell”.

“It wasn’t sacramental wine
that I indulged tonight,
but milk and honey laid so pure,
you knew God made it right”.

“Just listen to you carry on”.

“Now there, I’m almost done”.

“Just one more stitch to sew them up,
then to the church you’ll run”.

“You’ll fetch back home that jug of wine,
we’ll both share in this bliss”.

“Your vestment seems to stand so proud,
each time you reminisce”.