

## THE BISHOP AND THE 'BUSMAN

It was a Bishop bold,  
And London was his see,  
He was short and stout and round about  
And zealous as could be.

It also was a Jew,  
Who drove a Putney 'bus—  
For flesh of swine however fine  
He did not care a cuss.

His name was **HASH BAZ BEN**,  
And **JEDEDIAH** too,  
And **SOLOMON** and **ZABULON**—  
This 'bus-directing Jew.

The Bishop said, said he,  
"I'll see what I can do  
To Christianize and make you wise,  
You poor benighted Jew."



So every blessed day  
That 'bus he rode outside,  
From Fulham town, both up and down  
And loudly thus he cried:

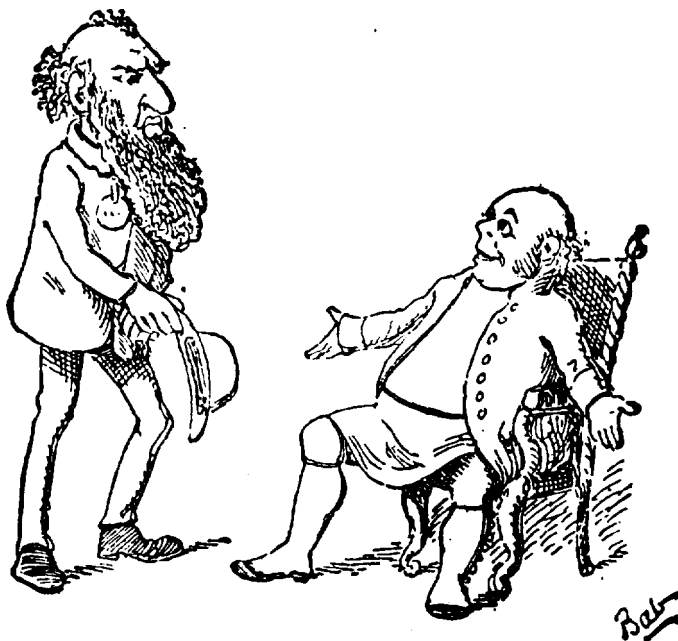
“His name is HASH BAZ BEN,  
And JEDEDIAH too,  
And SOLOMON and ZABULON—  
This ‘bus-directing Jew.’”

At first the ‘busman smiled,  
And rather liked the fun—  
He merely smiled, that Hebrew child,  
And said “Eccentric one!”

And gay young dogs would wait  
To see the ‘bus go by  
(These gay young dogs, in striking togs),  
To hear the Bishop cry:

“Observe his grisly beard,  
His race it clearly shows,  
He sticks no fork in ham or pork—  
Observe, my friends, his nose.

“His name is HASH BAZ BEN,  
And JEDEDIAH too,  
And SOLOMON and ZABULON—  
This ‘bus-directing Jew.’”



But though at first amused,  
Yet after seven years,  
This Hebrew child got rather riled,  
And melted into tears.

He really almost feared  
To leave his poor abode,  
His nose, and name, and beard became  
A byword on that road.

At length he swore an oath,  
The reason he would know—  
“I’ll call and see why ever he  
Does persecute me so !“



The good old Bishop sat  
On his ancestral chair,  
The 'busman came, sent up his name,  
And laid his grievance bare.

“Benighted Jew,” he said  
    (The good old Bishop did),  
“Be Christian, you, instead of Jew—  
    Become a Christian kid!

“I’ll ne’er annoy you more.”  
    “Indeed ?” replied the Jew;  
“Shall I be freed? “ “You will, indeed!”  
    Then “Done!” said he, “with you!”

The organ which, in man,  
    Between the eyebrows grows,  
Fell from his face, and in its place  
    He found a Christian nose.

His tangled Hebrew beard,  
    Which to his waist came down,  
Was now a pair of whiskers fair—  
    His name **ADOLPHUS BROWN!**

He wedded in a year  
    That prelate’s daughter **JANE**,  
He’s grown quite fair—has auburn hair—  
    His wife is far from plain.