

A Horrible Tale Of The Suicidal Family - song lyrics

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A Horrible Tale of the Suicidal Family

Oh! a horrible tale I have to tell,
Of sad disasters that befell
A family, that once resided
Just in the very same thoroughfare its I did.
The parent was so grim a guffin.
He never liked no fun nor nuffin;
And he never made the least endeavor
To make a joke not what-sum-de-ver.

Chorus.

For. oh! it is such a horrible tale,
'Twill make your faces all turn pale;
Your eyes with grief will be overcome,
Tweedfe, twaddle, twiddle, twiddle tum.

They never saw no compa-nee,
Tho they was a most respectable fa-mi-lee;
And ev'ry boy and ev'ry gal
Grew hy-go-con-der-i-cal;
They thought they had all sorts of sorrows,
And conjured up all kinds of horrors;
Each had a face as long as a ladder,
And was frightened in-to tits if they see their own shadder.-Chorus

They sat with their cur-tains drawn down tight,
On purpose to keep out the light;
Father, mother, sister and bro-ther,
Never spoke a word to one another;
Well, at last, this doleful, dismal lot,
So very me-lan-cho-ly got.
That to end their-selves they did agree,
When they had settled which end it was to be.-Chorus.

First the father into the garden did walk,
And cut his throat with a lump of chalk;
Then the mother an end to herself she put,
By hanging of herself in the water-butt;
Then the sister went down on her bended knees,
And smothered herself with toasted cheese;
But the brother who was a determined young fellar,
Went and poisoned himself with his umbrella.-Chorus.

Then the little baby in the cradle,
Shot itself dead with the silver-ladle;
While the servant-girl, seeing what they did,
Strangled herself with the saucepan-lid;
The miserable cat by the kitchen-fire,
Swallowed a portion of the fender and did expire;
And a fly on the ceiling-this was the just 'un-
Went and blowed itself up with spontaneous combustion.-Chorus

Then in there walked the auctioneer,
Who did with the furniture disappear;
And the broker's man, this ain't no fable.
Made himself away with a three-legged table;
When the walls saw this, their sides they split,

The windows cracked themselves to bits;
And so universal was the slaughter-rate,
There was nothing left at all but an unpaid water-rate.-Chorus.

Moral.
So here's a moral, if you choose,
Don't never give way