

That's What Puzzles The Quaker - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

That's What Puzzles the Quaker.

Oh, what a naughty old world this is,
Everybody will make a
Fuss and a figure, but how it is done,
That's what puzzles the Quaker.
How they are born, and how they are bred,
How they all court, and how they get wed,
How each will try to keep up his head,
That's what puzzles the Quaker.

Chorus.

Verily ah! verily hum!
Bibity bob, like a shaker;
Oh, this life is awfully rum.
It terribly puzzles the Quaker.

Old Cetewayo, they've copped him at last,
Of Zululand he was the fakir;
What they will do with that warm member now,
That's what puzzles the Quaker.
Why they don't sell him to Madame Tussand,
Or at the Aquarium make him a show,
Under Farini, a tanner, a go,
That's what puzzles the Quaker.-Chorus.

A vile piece of treachery out in Cabul,
A massacre foul, that would make a
Saint cry for vengeance, happened they say,
And terribly troubles the Quaker.
Why thus our bravest should helplessly fall
Victims to blunder and foresight so small,
Why they were sent to Cabul at all,
That's what puzzles the Quaker.-Chorus.

Why Turnerelli should get up a wreath,
And endeavor to make a
Fool of Lord Beaconsfield, I cannot tell,
That's what puzzles the Quaker.
Now Lord Dizzy refuses to be
A mark for the wreath of Mr. Tracy;
Why they don't send on the metal to me,
That's what puzzles the Quaker.-Chorus.

Chelmsford at last has, out in Zulu,
Given the niggers a shaker;
What the old Kaffir king thinks of it now,
That's what puzzles the Quaker.
Chelmsford could do it, I always was sure.
But why, if he wanted to finish the war.
He didn't push forward and whack 'em before,
That's what puzzles the Quaker.-Chorus.

Why do the governments stick to the cat?
Why don't they give in, and take a
Wrinkle from out of humanity's book?
That's what puzzles the Quaker.
Why should they wish the brave soldier to flog?
Cutting and hacking his back like a log,
Treating a man much worse than a dog,
That's what puzzles the Quaker.-Chorus.

Encore Verse.

Why you should ask me to sing once again,
And with a row that would wake a
Rip Van Winkle, I'm sure I don't know,
That's what puzzles the Quaker.

From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

How can I respond now to your encore,
And like a lion keep up a roar,
When really you know, I don't know any more?
That's what puzzles the Quaker.-Chorus.