

We Ought To Be Thankful For That - song lyrics

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

We Ought to be Thankful for That.

An old colored preacher, while warning his flock,
Cried, meekness is satan's best hope,
If you want to be saved your purse must unlock,
And then a collection he took,
A deacon passed faithfully through the dark crowd,
But all he brought back was the hat;
The minister took it and said, half allowed,
Well, we ought to be thankful for that.

I went to the races one day,
With a party that was boisterous and loud,
They commenced to play poker, seven-up and faro.
And of course I joined in with the crowd;
They won all my clothing, my watch and my chain,
My umbrella, my coat and my hat-
I walked home in a barrel, in the pouring rain,
And of course was thankful for that.

The ladies are possessed of a very strong freak,
That threatens to peril our sex,
To dress like us men they continually seek,
And all of our garments annex;
They have taken our waistcoats,
Our shirts And cravats,
But up to this moment they left us our pants,
And we ought to be thankful for that.