

His Funeral's To-morrow - song lyrics

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HIS FUNERAL'S TO-MORROW.
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Little Johnny in the street
Found a little toy,
'Twas a lump of dynamite,
Johnny jumped with joy;
Johnny played with it awhile,
Then began to tire,
And to see how it would burn
He put it on the fire.

Chorus.
And his funeral's to-morrow.
My poor heart aches with sorrow;
Little Johnny had to git,
But we've found a little bit,
And we're going to plant him to-morrow.

Mary had a little lamb,
Mary's folks were poor,
Hard they worked most every day
To keep the wolf from door;
Once a tramp came to the house
With worn and weary feet.
Found the lamb was just his size,
And he the lamb did eat.

Chorus.
And his funeral's to-morrow,
My poor heart aches with sorrow;
Now that tramp for tender lamb
Doesn't care a single-bit,
And we're going to plant him to-morrow.

Bridget built a little fire
In the kitchen range,
And she poured in kerosene,
Which was nothing strange;
Presently like dynamite
Bomb-shells filled the room,
Bridget, with a peaceful smile,
Sailed the golden flume.

Chorus.
And her funeral's to-morrow,
My poor heart aches with sorrow,
On her tombstone, luckless one,
They'll have the words "Well done,"
And we're going to plant her to-morrow.

Mary never had baked before,
But when she got wed
She said to her husband dear,
"I will bake some bread;"
Mary baked a little cake,
He to tea did sit,
Took that small cake in his hand
And ate every bit.

Chorus.
And his funeral's to-morrow,
My poor heart aches with sorrow;
Doctor said he had to kick,
For he couldn't digest a brick.

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And we're going to plant him to-morrow.

Little Billy had a mule,
And it would not go,
Billy whacked it with a stick,
Cried "gee up," "gee whoa,"
To drive that kicking mule along
Billy he would tussle.
He tried to stick a great big pin
In that poor mule's bustle.

Chorus.
And his funeral's to-morrow,
My poor heart aches with sorrow;
The mule with his hind paw
Paralyzed poor Billy's jaw,
And we're going to plant him to-morrow.

Once my sweetheart said to me,
"Let me hear your voice,
Sing to me a little song,
Make my heart rejoice;"
There we sat beside the fire,
I gently cleared my throat,
Then I let my sweet voice swell
Upon a big top note.

Chorus.
And her funeral's to-morrow,
My poor heart aches with sorrow;
Now she is gone on high
Painting rainbows in the sky,
For we're going to plant her to-morrow.