

The Prodigal Son - song lyrics

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THE PRODIGAL SON.

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Written by Bill Nye. Sung in "The Cadi"

There was an old man and he had two sons, he had, he had.
He lived on a ranch, so the story runs, he did, he did;
'Twas built on the good old Queen Anne plan,
Right next to the new Jerusalem.
The vicinity, it does not matter a----
Sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la, sing tra la, la, la, la, la.

The elder son was a goodly man, he was, he was.
And built on the Moody and Sanky plan, he was, he was;
With calm and sanctimonious face,
He talked about love And undying grace,
And hoped for a seat in the heavenly place,
Sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la, sing tra. la, la, la, la, la, la.

The younger one was a son-of-a-gun, he was, he was.
He shuffled the cards and he played for mon', he did, he did:
He wore a red tie And a high standing collar,
Would go with the boys and get full and then holler,
Oh, he was a regular Jim Dandy loller.
Sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la, sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la.

The old fellow's purse was large and fat, it was. it was.
The Prodigal he was quite on to that, he was, he was;
And he of the sanctimonious smile.
Just kept his weather-eye on the pile.
And hoped he would get there after awhile.
Sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la, sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la.

To divide on the square he did his best, he did, he did.
The Prod took his share and went out West, he did, he did;
Fell in with some cowboys And had a great time.
Woke up in the morning with nary a dime,
Stranded 'way out in a foreign clime.
Sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la, sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la.

A telegraph man In his office sat, out West, out West,
When in rushed a tramp without a hat or coat or vest;
Come send this message right over the track,
The Prod is a wreck and is coming back,
Have plenty of veal for one on the rack.
Sing tra In, la, la, la, la, la, la, sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la.

The answer he got was both short and direct, it was, it was.
It read: Yours received-Go to blazes! collect! it did, it did;
The Prod he was used to this knock-down of fate,
So pawned his suspenders and put on a skate,
And started for home on a limited freight.
Sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la, sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la.

To a lawyer's office he went next day, he did, he did,
And sued the old folks for pay while away, he did, he did;
Got out an injunction and put them out.
Oh, be was a la la, you hear me shout.
That's the sort of a Prod I am singing about,
Sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la, sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la.

That's all of the yarn yours truly knows, it is, it is,
I've gone as far as the parable goes, I have, I have;
I've never heard what became of pa.
The religious brother is tending bar.
And the Prod, I believe, is driving a car,
Sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la, sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la.