

Thankful Every Time - song lyrics

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THANKFUL EVERY TIME.

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By Sam Lucas.

Now an old colored preacher, while warning his flock,
Said meanness was Satan's best hook;
You can never be saved till your purse you unlock-
And then a collection he took.
The deacon passed faithfully through the dark crowd,
But all he brought back was the hat;
The preacher he took it and said quite aloud,
"Now we ought to be thankful for that."

Chorus.

Thankful for that, yes, thankful for that;
Now we ought to be thankful for that.
If we get nothing else we can still keep the hat,
So we ought to be thankful for that.

Did you ever come home from a jolly good spree?
Go tumbling up to your door.
When your wife pulls you in by the hair of your head,
That night makes you sleep on the floor.
If she goes through your pockets, don't find any cash,
Your head she will beat with a bat;
And if your mother-in-law, too, doesn't get in a crack,
Why, you ought to be thankful for that. - Chorus.

The ladies' last move is a very strange freak
Which threatens to peril our sex:
Why, to dress like us men they certainly seek,
And all of our garments annex.
In our collars and vest they giddily prance,
They've siezed our shirt front and cravat:
But up to this moment they've left us our pants,
And we ought to be thankful for that. - Chorus.

There's the cashier of our bank, of whom you know well,
He's a person that looks like a saint;
If he should by chance overhear a bad word
He'd certainly drop down in a faint.
This cashier so pious, of whom you know well,
On Canada's side groweth fat;
He skipped with the boodle, but left us the bank,
And we ought to be thankful for that. - Chorus.