

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Sunday School

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cho: Young folks, old folks, everybody come,
Come along to Sunday Scool and make yourself at home;
Please check your chewing gum and razors at the door,
And you'll hear some Bible stories that you've never heard before:)

The earth was made in ten days and finished on the eleventh;
According to the contract it should have been the seventh.
But the carpenter got lazy, and the plumber wouldn't work,
So the only thing that they could do was fill it full of dirt.

Now, when the earth was finished in this awful dirty way,
It took the Lord a long time for to find Himself some clay;
He fashioned Mr. Adam out of a big mud pie,
And set him up along the fence to let the feller dry.

Adam was the first man, Miss Eve was his spouse;
They lived in the garden in a pretty little house.
Everything was cozy 'till the first son came;
They moved into the suburbs and they started raising Cain.

Noah was a carpenter, went walking in the dark,
Tumbled on a lumber pile and built himself an ark,
Called in the animals, two by two,
The hip-hip-o-potamus and Kick-kangaroo.

In came the elephant and in came the bear,
In came the baboon without any hair;
Forty days and forty nights they sailed upon the pond,
And he kicked out the lioness because she was a blonde.

David was a fighter, and a plucky little cuss;
Along came Goliath a-looking for a muss.
David knew he'd have to fight or he'd bite the dust,
So he up with a pebble and hit him in the crust.

Joseph had a coat of many colors which he wore;
His brothers hadn't any and it made them awful sore,
So they took him out walking and they threw him in the sewer,
Then they sent him down to Egypt to take a little tour.

Daniel was a hypocrite, he up and sassed the king;

The king said he wouldn't stand for any such a thing.
He chucked him down a man-hole with lions down beneath,
But Daniel was a dentist and extracted all their teeth.

Jonah was an immigrant, so goes the Bible tale;
He took a steerage passage on a trans-Atlantic whale.
But Jonah didn't like it, though the service was the best.
So he pressed a little button and the whale did the rest

final cho:

Now, good folks, we've told you all the dope;
We're sure we've done you lots of good, at least, that's what we hope.
Methuselah wrote these very words when he was but a youth,
And we have it from the old boy that every word's the truth!

note: Long, long ago, before the days of Political Correctness, this was
called "The Colored Sunday School" or "The Darkies' Sunday School". RG

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