

Brig-ham Young - song lyrics

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BRIG-HAM YOUNG.

Now Brigham Young was a Mormon bold,
And leader of the roaring rams;
And shepherd of a lot of fine tub sheep,
And a nice lot of pretty little lambs.
Oh, he lives with his five and forty wives
In the city of the great Salt Lake.
Where they breed and they swarm like hens on a farm,
And cackle like a duck to a drake.

Chorus.

Oh, Brigham. Brigham Young,
It's a miracle how you survive,
With your roaring rams and pretty little lambs,
And your five and forty wives.

Number forty-five is about sixteen,
Number one is sixty and three;
And they make such a riot -how he keeps them quiet,
It's a downright mystery to me.
For they clatter and they chow, and jaw, jaw, jaw,
And each has a different desire;
It would aid the renown of the best shop in town
To supply them with half they require.-Chorus.

Now Brigham Young was a stout man once,
But now he's thin and old;
And I'm sorry to state he's bald on the pate,
Which once had a covering of gold.
For his oldest wives won't have white wool.
And his young ones- won't hav red;
So with tearing it out, taking turn and turn about,
They've torn all the hair off his head.-Chorus.

Now the oldest wives sing psalms all day,
And the young ones all sing songs;
And amongst such a crowd he has it pretty loud.
They're as noisy as China gongs.
And when they advance for a Mormon dance.
He's filled with the direst alarms;
For they're sure to end the night in a tabernacle fight,
To see who shall be rolled in his arms.-Chorus.

Now there never was such a man as Brigham Young,
So curious and queer if his joys are double;
he has a terrible lot of trouble,
And it gains on him year by year.
Yes, he sits in State And bears his fate,
In a sort of semi-saintly way;
If he's one wife to bury, he's another one to marry,
And a new child born every day.-Chords.

Now if any gentleman here envys Brigham Young,
Let him go to the great Salt Lake;
And if he has the leisure to enjoy his pleasure,
He'll find it a grand mistake.
One wife at a time, so says my rhyme,
Is enough-there's no denial-
So before you'd strive to be lord of forty-five,
Take two for a month on trial.-Chorus,