

# The Undertaker Has Him Now - song lyrics

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The Undertaker Has Him Now.

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Words by Julian Holmes. Music by Chas. A. Prince.

McGuffin was a builder and a man of great renown,  
And very highly spoken of by people in the town.  
One day while on the scaffold of a house he had to build.  
He lost his hold and, sad to say, he fell down and was killed.

Chorus.

The undertaker has him now, and our heads in sorrow still we bow.

It is painful to relate that he met an awful fate;

The undertaker has him now.

Old Uncle Si, from Wayback, came to town the other day,  
He loaded up with whiskey and was feeling rather gay.  
At last he went to his hotel, a quiet night to pass,  
He didn't see the sign that read, "Please don't blow out the gas!"

Chorus.

The undertaker has him now, never more we'll gaze upon his brow.

We were grieved to hear the news, for it gave us all the blues;

The undertaker has him now.

An organ grinder played in front of Bnmmlsteiner's store,  
He ground out "Annie Laurie" till he made the people sore;  
The neighbors told him take a run, and take it mighty quick.  
He wouldn't move, so some one went and floored him with a brick.

Chorus.

The undertaker has him now, we'll not miss him much we all allow;

It was such an ancient tune, that he didn't go too soon;

The undertaker has him now.

Bidelia McGilligan came here from Erin's Isle,  
She got a situation in a very little while.  
She liked the nation very well, but, one unlucky night,  
She dropped a lighted match inside a can of dynamite.

The undertaker has her now, and her people raised an awful row;

"Well, she's better off," they say, "and we're planting her to-day;"

The undertaker has her now.

Small Johnnie Joskins was a boy of most ingenious mind,  
He always asked the use of anything he chanced to find.  
One day he spied a weapon he had never seen before,  
He didn't know 'twas loaded, so poor Johnnie is no more.

Chorus.

The undertaker has him now, the shooter went off, but none knew how;

Little Johnnie had no fun when he monkeyed with a gun;

The undertaker has him now.

'Tis always sad to hear that some good man has come to grief,  
The troubles of a chap named Orgne I'll tell to you in brief:  
He started out to paint the town, and blew in all his "rocks;"  
He ended up his jamboree by jumping off the docks.

Chorus.

The undertaker has him now, he was picked up by a passing scow;

And the wagon took old Orgue, and it chased him to the morgue;

The undertaker has him now.