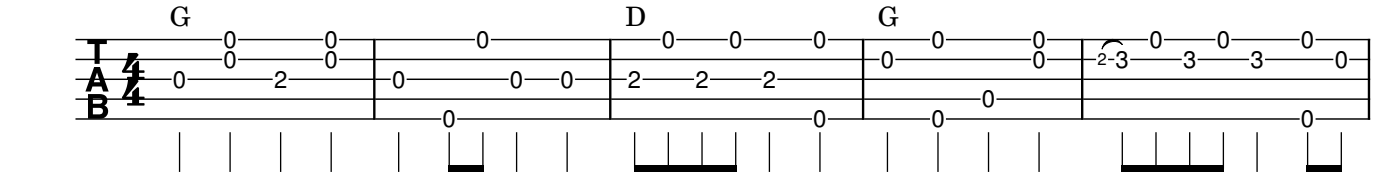
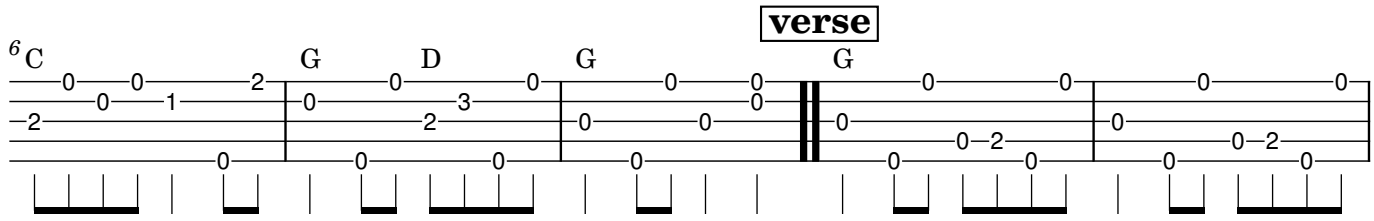
Brigham Young

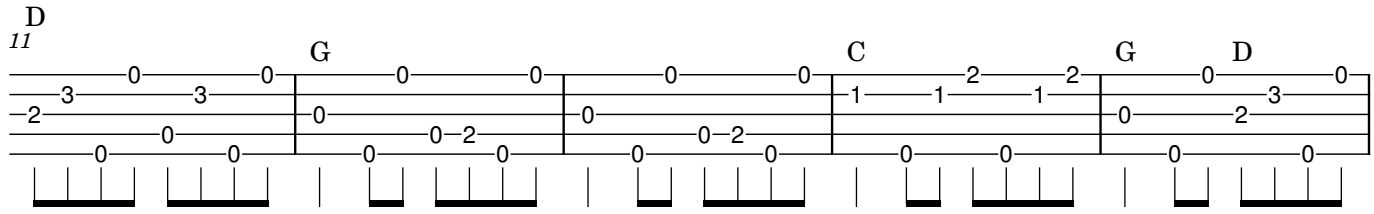
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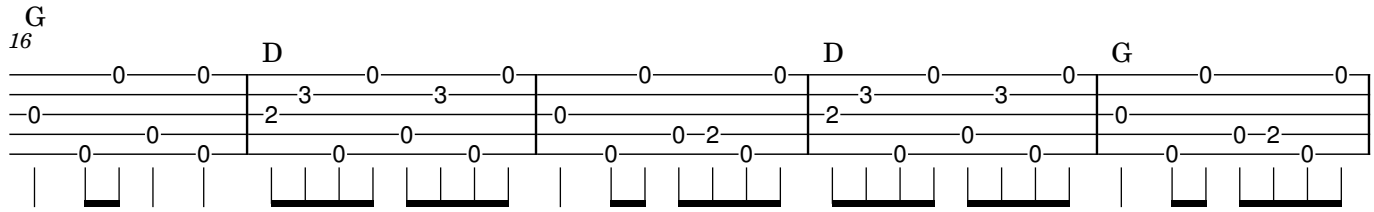
intro/solo



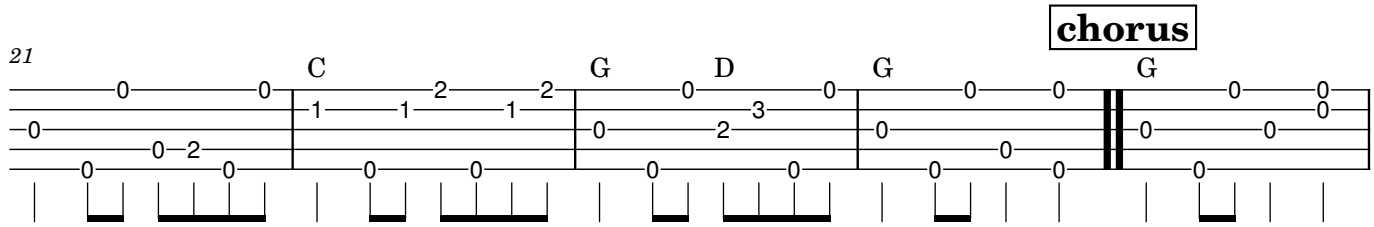
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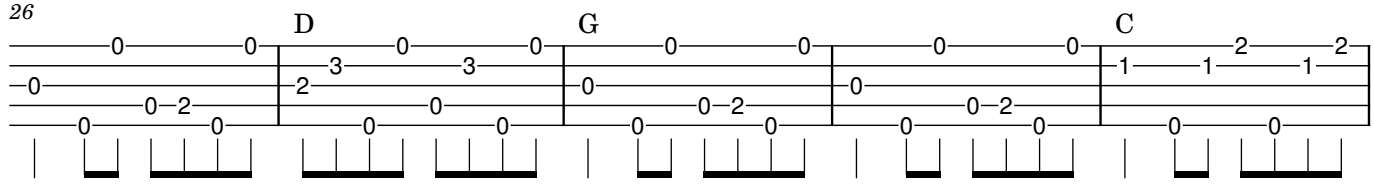


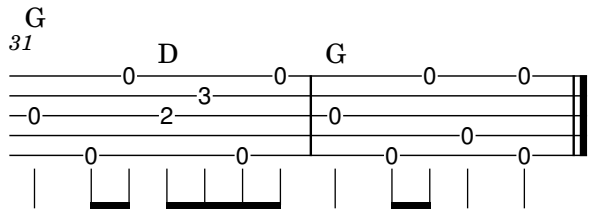




chorus







(VERSE 1)
Brigham Young was a Mormon bold
And the leader of the roaring ram
And the shephard of a flock of a fine tub of sheep
And a passel of pretty little lambs

And he lived with his five and fifty wives
In the City of the Great Salt Lake
Where they breed and swarm like hens on a farm
And cackle like ducks to a drake

(CHORUS)
Brigham, Brigham Young
It's a miracle that he survives
With his roaring rams and his pretty little lambs
And his five and fifty wives

(VERSE 2)
Number fifty-five's about fifteen
Number one is sixty and three
And they make such a riot how he ever keeps 'em quiet
Is a downright mystery to me

For they cackle and claw and they jaw, jaw jaw
And each one has a different desire
It would aid the renown of the best shop in town
To supply them with half they require

(CHORUS)

(VERSE 3)
Brigham Young was a stout man once
But now he is thin and old
And i'm sorry to relate there's no hair upon his pate
Where he once wore a covering of gold

For his oldest wife won't wear white wool
The young ones won't wear red
And in tearing it out and taking turn about
They have torn all the wool from his head

(CHORUS)

(VERSE 4)
Now his youngest wives sing psalms all day
And the old ones all sing songs
And among such a crowd he has it pretty loud
They're as noisy as Chinese gongs

When they advance for a Mormon dance
He is filled with the direst alarms
For they're sure to spend the night in a tabernacle-fight
To see who has the fairest of charms

(CHORUS)

(VERSE 5)
Well there never was a house like Brigham Young's
So curious and so queer
For his wives were double and he had a lot of trouble
And it gained on him year by year

Now he sits in his state and bears his fate
In a sanctified sort of way
He has one wife to bury and one wife to marry
And a new kid born every day

(CHORUS)