

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Tobacco Union

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Come old and young and hear me tell
How strong tobacco smokes and smells,
 Who love to smoke their pipes so well
 That for tobacco they would sell
Their rights of social union.

They always scent the atmosphere
And you may know when they are near,
 But not a word you will hear,
 Their breath grows stronger every year.
In this tobacco union.

Ofttimes the fume and smoke will rise
Like morning mist toward the skies,
 And woe to them that has weak eyes
 Unless he takes to his heels and flies
From this tobacco union.

Sometimes in church, in church you'll view
Some persons there who sit and chew,
 And spits on carpets a few
 Until it spreads a foot or two,
And sing of heavenly union.

Sometimes the cood's so large within
The juice runs out and stains the chin,
 And then I always have to grin
 To think there is no little sin
In this tobacco union.

The ladies they are sweet, 'tis true,
But they have learned to use it, too;
 It would almost make a monkey laugh
 To see them sit upon the grass
And talk of marriage union.

Sometimes you'll see some five or six
Out in the woods a-gathering sticks;
 The sticks are cut, the swabs are made,
 And in a group they now parade,
And now for a slobbering union.

And then the snuffbox is pulled out,
And with their sticks they dip it out
And rub their teeth inside and out
And smear their faces all about,
And talk of matrimony.

From Ozark Folksongs, Randolph
Collected from Maggie Moran, Ark. 1942
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