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Tobaccos But an Indian Weed

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Tobacco's but an Indian weed,
Grows green in the morn, cut down at eve,
It shows our decay, we're all made of clay
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

The pipe that is lily-white,
Wherein so many take delight;
Is broke with a touch, man's life is but such,
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

The pipe that is so foul within,
Shews how man's soul is stain'd with sin,
It does require, to be purged by the fire,
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

The smoke that does so high ascend,
Shews that man's life must have an end,
The vapour is gone, man's life it is done
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

The ashes that are left behind,
Do serve to put us all in mind;
That into dust, return we must,
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

Note: other (earlier?) versions advise one to "think on this
when you drink tobacco". RG
From Contentment, Douglas
Recorded by Larry Hanks, also Ives