

Brigham Young

G
Brigham Young was a Mormon bold,
D **G**
And a leader of the roaring ram,
C
And the shepherd of a flock of fine tub sheep
G **D** **G**
And a passel of pretty little lambs;
D **G**
And he lived with his five and forty wives
D **G**
In the city of the Great Salt Lake,
C
Where they breed and swarm like hens on a farm
G **D** **G**
And cackle like ducks to a drake.

Chorus:

G
Brigham Young, Brigham Young,
D **G**
It's a miracle he survived,
C
With his roaring rams, and his pretty little lambs,
G **D** **G**
And his five and forty wives.

Number forty-five's about sixteen,
Number one is sixty and three,
And among 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,
Each one has a different desire,
It would aid the renown of the best shop in town
To supply them with half they require.

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 take red,
And in tearing it out and taking turn about,
They have torn all the wool from his head.