

Preacher And The Bear

Guardian

Well the Preacher went a-huntin'
On a Sunday morn
Though it was against his religion
He took his gun along

Shot himself some very fine quail
One big weaselly hare
And on the way returnin' home
He met a grizzly bear

Well the bear marched out in the middle of the road
Up to the Preacher, you see
Preacher got so excited
Climbed up a cinnamon tree

Well the bear sat down on the ground
Preacher out on a limb
He turned his eyes to the Lord in the skies
These words he said unto Him

He said, "Oh Lord!
Didn't you deliver Daniel from the Lions' Den?
A-men!
Jonah from the belly of a whale and then
Three hebrew children from the fiery furnace
The good book do declare
Oh, Lord
If you can't help me, please don't help that bear."

The Preacher stayed up in that tree
I think it was all night
He said, "Oh Lord, don't help that bear
Or you'll see an awful fight!"

Just about then the limb let go
Preacher came a-tumblin' down
You shoulda seen him get his razor out
Before he hit the ground

He hit that ground cuttin' right to left
Put up a very good fight
Just then the bear hugs this man
Squeezed him a little too tight

Well the Preacher lost his razor
But the bear hung on to him
He turned his eyes to the Lord in the skies
These words he said unto Him

He said, "Oh Lord!
Didn't you deliver Daniel from the Lions' Den?
A-men!
Jonah from the belly of a whale and then
Three hebrew children from the fiery furnace
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Oh, Lord
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