

IT
NEVER LEAVE TO JOHN
A

Music by
CARL SIEFERT

Words and Melody
by WM. KLAUCK

1st. Ver. In sixteen hundred and twenty, They say in history
The Pilgrims came from England, To seek their liberty
To land the old Mayflower, They could'nt find a dock
So the prettiest little maiden, Got off at Plymouth Rock
Miles Standish loved this girlie, Priscilla was her name
Then he asked John Alden, 'cause Miles was never game
To go and see Priscilla, and tell her of his love
But John was wise, he made eyes, and copped the turtle dove, Oh

Chorus Never leave it to John, Never leave it to John
I know that you'll be sorry if you do
John Brown's body lies a moulding in the grave
John Brown tried to free the slave
Anyone else would have known thats just what Lincoln figured on
But never, never, hardly ever, Never leave it to John

2nd. Ver. I know most of you are married, by the sadness in your face
Can't you see the smile on me, I always hide disgrace
When I was newly wedded. My wife I knew Had wealth
So I tried most everything to undermine her health
The only thing I dreamed of was spending all her cash
Then I got up one morning and put poison in her hash
Just when I thought she's finished, Oh as ye reap ye sow
That very day she ran away with a man named Johnny Doe, Oh

Chorus Never leave it to John, Never leave it to John
I know that you'll be sorry if you do
John Smith's life was saved by Pocahontas brave
But his heart he never gave
Anyone else to square himself would marry Pocahon
But never never, hardly ever never leave it to John

3rd. Ver. While the bomb and shell are bursting in the war across the sea
The world has been a watching for signs of victory
We loaned them all some money to buy their food and wool
And then we sat and waited for the fighting Johnny Bull
He had lots of ammunition, for tanks and men and guns
But John somehow or other he could' not whip the Huns
And while the war's been raging The finish could'nt be seen
Till Uncle Sam, The handy man Stepped in in seventeen, Oh

Chorus Never leave it to John, Never leave it to John
I know that you'll be sorry if you do
Good old Uncle Sam will swing the magic wand
He'll give the world its liberty bond
Johnny we know is good enough but he's always bull and con
So never, never hardly ever never leave it to John

Ind. Ver. In sixteen hundred and twenty, they say in history
The Pilgrims came from England to seek their liberty
To land the old Mayflower, they could not find a dock
So the prettiest little maiden, not all of Plymouth Rock
Miss Standish loved this girl, Priscilla was her name
Then he asked John Alden, 'cause Miss was never game
To go and see Priscilla, and tell her of his love
But John was wise, he made sweet and capped it a turtle dove, Oh

Chorus Never leave it to John, never leave it to John
I know that you'll be sorry if you do
John Brown's body lies a rotting in the grave
John Brown tried to free the slave
Anyone else would have known that's what Lincoln figured on
But never, never, hardly ever, never leave it to John

Ind. Ver. I know most of you are married, by the measure in your face
Can't you see the smile on me, I always like to dance
When I was newly wedded, my wife I know had wedded
So I tried most everything to understand her health
The only thing I dreamed of was spending all her cash
Then I got up one morning and put on her hair
Just when I thought she'd finished, Oh as he sang he saw
That very day she ran away with a man named Johnny Doe, Oh

Chorus Never leave it to John, never leave it to John
I know that you'll be sorry if you do
John Smith's life was saved by Pocahontas' love
But his heart he never gave
Anyone else to spare himself would marry Pocahontas
But never, never, hardly ever, never leave it to John

Ind. Ver. While the good and shall are dancing in the sun across the sea
The world has been a wedding for signs of victory
We found them all some money to buy their food and wine
And then we sat and waited for the lightning Johnny Doe
He had lots of ammunition, for truth and sea and sun
But when someone or other got with the drum
And while the war's been raging the Irish could not be seen
Till Uncle Sam, the handy man stepped in in seventeen, Oh

Chorus Never leave it to John, never leave it to John
I know that you'll be sorry if you do
Good old Uncle Sam will swing the magic wand
He'll give the world the liberty bond
I think we know is good enough but he's always full and bon
So never, never, hardly ever, never leave it to John