

Preacher And The Bear

Golden Gate Quartet

The preacher went out a huntin', it was on one Sunday morn'
It was against his religion, but he took a shotgun along
He got himself a mess o' mighty fine quail and one old scraggly hare
And on the way home he crossed the path of a great big grizzly bear
Well the bear got down lookin' ready to charge
The preacher never seen nothin' quite that large
They looked each other right smack in the eye
Didn't take that preacher long to say bye
The preacher, he run till he spotted a tree
He said, "Up in that tree's where I oughta be"
By the time that bear made a grab for him
The preacher was a sittin' on top a that limb
Scared to death, he turned about
He looked to the sky and began to shout "Hey lord, you delivered Daniel from the bottom of the lion's den
You delivered Jonah from the belly of the whale and then
The Hebrew children from the fiery furnace
So the good books do declare
Hey lord, if you can't help me,
For goodness sake don't help that bear" Yea, look out preacher! Well, about that time the limb broke off
And the preacher came tumblin' down
Had a straight razor out of his pocket
By the time he lit on the ground
He landed on his feet right in front a that bear
And Lord, what an awful fight
The preacher and the bear and the razor and the hair
Flyin' from left to right Well first they was up and then they was down
The preacher and the bear runnin' round an' round
The bear he roared, and the the preacher he groaned
He was havin' a tough time holdin' his own!
He said, "Lord if I get out a here alive
To the good book I'll abide
No more huntin' on the Sabbath day
Come Sunday I'm headin' to the church to pray" Up to the heavens the preacher glanced
He said, "Lord won't you give me just one more chance"
So the preacher got away, he looked around
Seen a tree where he'd be safe and sound
Jumped on a limb, turned about
Looked to the sky and began to shout "Hey lord, you delivered Daniel from the bottom of the lion's den
You delivered Jonah from the belly of the whale and then
The Hebrew children from the fiery furnace

So the good books do declare
Hey lord, if you can't help me,
For goodness sake don't help that bear"

Songwriters

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