Crad. arr. by David Holt

## Preacher And The Bear

Oh, the preacher went out hunting. 'twas on one Sunday morn He knew it was against his religion but he took his gun along He shot himself two mighty fine quail and one little measly hare and on his way returning home he saw a great bis grizzly bear

Now the bear marched out in the middle of the road

Just to watch the preacher, you see

The preacher got so excited, he climbed up a simmon tree

The bear sat down upon the ground, the preacher climbed out on a limb

well, he cast his eyes to the bord in the skies

And these words he said to Him

Ch./lordy didn't you deliver/Daniel from the lion's/den/
Also delivered/Jonah from the/belly of the whale and/then
Three/Hebrew children from the/firey furnace
Oh the/good book do declare/
Now, oh Lord, if you/can't help me,
For goodness/sake don't you help that/bear/

Now the preacher was way up in that tree, I think it was all night He said. Mr. Bear, if you bother me I'll give you an awful right Just about that time the limb let go and the preacher came tumblin' down you could see him gettin' his razer out before he hit the ground