

Now the telephone rang and it jumped
off the wall
That was the preacher, he was a-
making his call.
He said, "Kind friends this may be
the end
You've got your last chance at salva-
tion of sin." (No chorus here)

Well the churches were jammed, the
churches were packed
That dusty old dust-storm it blew so
black
The preacher could not read a word of
his text
He folded his specs — took up
collection, said (Cho.)

Kisses Sweeter Than Wine



(A classic example of how American songs have been put together; the original tune was Irish — a free, wandering melody in a minor mode. Leadbelly liked it, but wanted to play it in his own way — he added rhythm. Later, I thought of a new set of words for the chorus. Lee Hays wrote a dozen verses and the rest of The Weavers helped pare them down to a usable five.)

(See page 4 for acknowledgement of printed source.)

When I was a young man and ne-ver been kissed, I got to

think- in' o- ver what I had missed; I got me a girl, I

kissed her and then, Oh, Lord, I kissed her a-gain.

Refrain

 Oh Oh, kis ses sweet- er than wine.

He asked me to marry and be his sweet
wife,
And we would be so happy the rest of
our life.
He begged and he pleaded like a natural
man,
And then, oh, Lord, I gave him my
hand. (Refrain)

I worked mighty hard and so did my
wife,
A-workin' hand in hand to make a good
life.
With corn in the fields and wheat in the
bins,
And then, oh, Lord, I was the father
of twins. (Refrain)

Our children numbered just about four,
And they all had sweethearts knocking
at the door.
They all got married and they didn't
hesitate,
I was, oh, Lord, the grandfather
(mother) of eight. (Refrain)

Now we are old and ready to go,
We get to thinkin' what happened a
long time ago,
We had a lot of kids, trouble and pain,
But, oh, Lord, we'd do it again.
(Refrain)