This Is No Place For A Minister's Son.

Words by
EARL C. JONES.

Moderato.

Music by
HERBERT INGRAHAM.

Bill Green was a preacher, and
Bill preached of salvation all
One night after beating it

Sunday school teacher, His Dad was a Minister
over creation, Then went to the land of the
home from a meeting, Bill found he was in the wrong

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The girls were entranced, with eyes shyly glancing,
A lady was sleeping, who heard him a creeping, And

Preach to the natives of Timbuctoo.
Some said,
Bill found their dancing was done in jerks.
Said,
Thought Bill her husband there in the gloom.
Said,

Cannibals took him, and started to cook him,
But
He "Little sisters, you're very fine twisters, But
She "Dear I worried, and you should have hurried, For

William escaped from the bunch,
And
I'll wash your sins all away, "All You

This is no place &c. - 4
CHORUS.

This is no place— for a Minister's son,
Minister's son, for a
Minister's son,—I want to stay— but my feet want to run,— so
(Spoken.)

I will say: "Good-Bye" Good-Bye. Father awaits for his

wandering one— wandering one, for his wandering one,

May be you think—I am out for some fun, But I'm

not, I'm a Minister's son.

This is no place &c. - 4