



The Mormon Widows lament for the loss of their husbands

Brigham Young.

You mormon knights both one and all wirrastrue,
In doleful strains on you I call to lament for Brigham
Young,

Wht now alas ! from us has fled, after all the wives that
he did wed,
Their hearts are broke they're nearly dead, since they lost
Brigham Young.

Now really it is a sorrowful sight wirrastrue,
To see his poor wives day and night lamenting Brigham
Young,

Some tearing the hair out of their head while more from
c-ying has their eyes blood-shed,
And saltlake Aaylum is choke full its said with the wives
of Brigham Young.

Now one hundred and seventy kids and more wirrastrue
The loss of their father they do deplore, the affectionate
Brigham Young,

Where a wife would sing a good old song, and the kids
tongues they would go ding dang,
Sure the d—l a such a lot ever chorused in a song as the
faction of Brigham Young.

We wonder much where did he go wirrastrue,
Did the mormon bishop Lee or his friends below invite
poor Brigham Young,
Before he took his hook his hook he to us did say, that
he'd go t' heaven without delay,
But willy the wisp has flew straight with the remains of
Brigham Young.

Now not one will pity our complaints wirrastrue,
Since we lost our Prophet and mormon saint, devout
Brigham Young.

There's no mistake our case is bad, nothing on earth can
be more sad.
I fear with grief that we'll all run mad, after Brigham
Young.

With grief our hearts will surely break wirrastrue,
All for our darling husbaed's sake, fond hearted Brigham
Young.

For many night he strained his throat, and bleathed like
a puckawan goat,
To amuse the kids all by his note, did their father Brig-
ham Young.

Now to conclude my sorrowful song wirrastrue,
Let us live either short or long, we'll remember Brigham
Young,

No it's no wonder that we fret, when we see our bed-steds
to be let,

We may go to b—s now and get another Brigham Young.

