

It Ain't Gonna Rain No More

Wendell Hall, 1923
D7



We had a cat down on our farm
It had a ball of yarn
When those little cats were born
They all had sweaters on
It ain't gonna' rain . . .

Some people say that fleas are black
But I know that ain't so
'Cause Marry had a little lamb
Whose fleece was white as snow
It ain't gonna' rain . . .

She's the only girl I love
With a face like a
horse and buggy
Leaning up against the lake
Oh, fireman save my child
It ain't gonna' rain . . .

She lay down by the sewer
And by the sewer she died
And at the coroner's inquest
They called it sewer side
It ain't gonna' rain . . .

The chamber maid came to my bed
Get up you lazy sinner
We need the sheets for table cloths
And it's almost time for dinner
It ain't gonna' rain . . .

We had a goat down on our farm
It ate up old tin cans
When those little goats were born
They came in Ford sedans
It ain't gonna' rain . . .

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To try out Jack's new flivver
The car broke down a mile from town
And dumped them in the river
It ain't gonna' rain . . .

Other refrain:

Oh it ain't gonna rain no mo'

It ain't gonna rain no mo'

**How in the hell can
the old folks tell**

it ain't gonna rain no mo'

Butterfly has wings of gold
Junebug wings of flame
Bedbug has no wings at all
but it gets there just the same
Oh it ain't gonna . . .

Well I have a pretty little wife
and her name is Jenni
When she took her marriage vows
she didn't say yes to many
Oh it ain't gonna . . .

Bullfrog sittin' on a lily pad
lookin' up at the sky
Lily pad broke and the frog fell in
Water all in his eye
Oh it ain't gonna . . .

Well I drink six pints a day
and I'm getting (D7) fatter
Elephant drinks twice as much
but for him it doesn't matter
Oh it ain't gonna . . .

The mosquito he fly high
Mosquito he fly low
If ol' mister squiter land of on me
He ain't gonna fly no mo'

Our preacher's name is Billy Sunday
His church is always full
People come from miles around
Just to hear him shoot the bull
Oh it ain't gonna . . .

Oh there ain't no bugs on me
Ain't no bugs on me
There may be bugs on some
of you mugs
but there ain't no bugs on me

A man lay down by the sewer
and by the sewer he died
At the corner's inquest
They called it sewer cide
Oh it ain't gonna . . .