

# Unknown Artist, At The Boarding House

## AT THE BOARDING HOUSE

At the boarding house where I lived,  
Things were getting green with mold  
The landlord's hair was in the butter,  
Silver threads among the gold.

When the dog died, we had hotdogs

When the cat died, catnip tea,

When the landlord died, I left there,

Spare ribs were too much for me.

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As sung by Judy Cook, who learned it from her father.

tune: Silver Threads Among The Gold

Also:

While the organ peeled potatoes, lard was rendered by the choir

And the sexton wrang the dishrag, someone set the church on fire.

&quot;Holy smoke!&quot; the preacher shouted, as he wildly tore his hair;

Now his head resembles Heaven, 'cause there is no parting there.

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