O Death Where Is Thy Sting

Words & Music by CLARENCE A. STOUT.

Now, Par-son Brown one Sunday morn, was giv-ing good ad-vice. He
The Par-son said, "Now lis-ten man, how come you talk that way. A-

warned his con-gre-ga-tion to re-frain from sin and vice, He drew a fire-y
bou't, O Death where is thy sting, now lis-ten what I say. I've tried to keep you

picture 'bout the de-vil down be-low, And said, "Folks, quit your sin-min', or to
in the path, that has no crooks or turns, And told you nev-er play with fire, be-

him you're bound to go. Why Hell is full of vampire wo-men, whis-ky, gin and
cause fire al-ways burns. You care not now for pear-ly gates or hear those an-gels

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dice. Make Sa-tan get be-hind you now, pre-pare för Par-a-dise? Mose Johnson jump'd up
sing. Re-mem-ber you can't fly with us, 'cause you won't have no wings. Mose Johnson then said,

from his chair; said 'Parson is that true? That Hell is full of what you said, then let me say to you
Parson, what you have said might be so, But where there's booze and chickens, I pre-fer to go be-low.

CHORUS

If what you say is the positive truth, O Death where is thy sting? I don't care now'bout the

pearl-y gates, or hear those angels sing With booze and women down below, mister de-vil and I will

put on a show, If what you say is the positive truth O Death where is thy sting. If sting,