

Dad "Black Crickets"

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The winter of forty-nine had passed
A winter of haunt n fear
Hunger had knocked at the city-gates
And threatened the pioneers
Then low in the east strange clouds appeared
And dark became the sun
And the courage to fight and win a war
Was all of a sudden gone

Black crickets
By 10s millions or more
Black crickets
By 10s millions or more
Until the fields that waved were few
Black crickets

Crickets by tens of millions came
Like fog on a british coast
They swept down from the mountainsides
Settled by the mormon post
Then the oldest old man got this bright idea
And he called for all the men
We'll build a giant nest & the crickets will fear
That the big bird is here again!!

Black crickets...

They constructed the nest and two days went by
They all prayed by the end of their work
The unexpected guests would fly

They saw the nest the vision occurred
And the dogs would wag their tails
Crickets all shouted: "Bird is the word"
The insects hit the trail
All heads were bowed as they thanked the lord
And they reaped while the devil raved
'Coz their harvest was saved to tons of praise
And the pioneers were saved

Black crickets...

Thousands of millions
Millions of billions
Billions of trillions
Trillions of zillions
D.A.Dillions of fantazillions
Of black crickets

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