

The Baptism Of Stumpy Brown

The day we baptized old Stumpy Brown
That river was so full and fast that poor man nearly drowned
There never was a baptismal service of that kind
That day old Stumpy left all of his sinful man behind

Well Stumpy was a veteran of many a foreign wars
Lived a rowdy life never gave his life to God before
But as he reached his 90s, that old heart grew tender
On a stormy Sunday morning he came forward and surrendered

Now the preacher said, "We'll baptize you next Sunday in the river"
But Stumpy said, "Old as I am, it better be now or never"
Well the river was a torrent
The preacher said, "Let's think about this again"
But stumpy grabbed him by the hand and said "Come on, we're goin' in"

(Chorus)

Well Stump's old man went under
And the new man arose
But he left much more of his old man
In that river, Heaven knows

He left his uppers and his lowers, car keys and credit cards
A wad of bills, arthritis pills and the keys to both his cars
Left his glasses and his toupee, but the thing I most recall
Is him waving to his artificial arm as it went over the falls

(Chorus)

Well he paddled from the river and he knelt there near the bank
We thought it was to praise the Lord, to stop and offer thanks
Then he yelled, "Somebody help me, are you gonna make me beg?
Can't you see I can't get up, I've lost my wooden leg!"

(Chorus)