The Three Of Us - song lyrics

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THE THREE OF US.
By Charles H. Truax.

The Pope of Rome's a man of sense, his living comes from Peter's pence.
He drinks the very best of wine -would that his happy lot were mine.

But no, he's not a happy wight, he cannot kiss a girl at night.
He sleeps in his cold bed alone-glad am I that his lot's his own.

How happy is the Turk's Sultan, as happy he as any man;
A thousand girls around him shine-would that his happy lot were mine.

I'.at no, He's not a happy man, he's bound by rules of the Koran;
He cannot drink a drop of wine-glad am I that his lot's not mine.

I'll never be the Romish Pope, I'll never be the Turk, I hope;
But better far does it suit me that Pope and Sultan I can be.

Come, maiden, give me but a kiss, and mine is more than Sultan's bliss;
Come, brother, share with me my wine, and more than Pope's delight is mine.