

# The Saga Of Jenny

Dee Dee Bridgewater

Jenny made her mind up when she was three  
She herself was going to trim the Christmas tree  
Christmas Eve she lit the candles, tossed the tapers  
away  
Little Jenny was an orphan on Christmas day

Poor Jenny, bright as a penny  
Her equal would be hard to find  
She lost one dad and mother, a sister and a brother  
But she would make up her mind

Jenny made her mind up when she was twelve  
That into foreign languages she would delve  
But at seventeen to Vassar, it was quite a blow  
That in twenty-seven languages she couldn't say no  
Poor Jenny, bright as a penny  
Her equal would be hard to find  
To Jenny I'm beholden, her heart was big and golden  
But she would make up her mind

Jenny made her mind up at twenty-two  
To get herself a husband was the thing to do  
She got herself all dolled up in her satins and furs  
And she got herself a husband--but he wasn't hers

Poor Jenny, bright as a penny  
Her equal would be hard to find  
Deserved a bed of roses, but history discloses  
That she would make up her mind

Jenny made her mind up at fifty-one  
She would write her memoirs before she was done  
The very day her book was published, history relates  
There were wives who shot their husbands in some  
thirty-three states

Jenny made her mind up at seventy-five  
She would live to be the oldest woman alive  
But gin and rum and destiny play funny tricks  
And poor Jenny kicked the bucket at seventy-six  
Jenny points a moral with which you cannot quarrel  
Makes a lot of common sense  
Jenny and her saga prove that you're gaga  
If you don't keep sitting on the fence

Jenny and her story point the way to glory  
To all man and womankind  
Anyone with vision comes to this decision  
Don't make up your mind