

# Patter Of Der Shingles - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

PATTER OF DER SHINGLES

A Comic Recitation-Recited by Gus Williams.

When der angry passion gaddering in my mudders face I see,  
I'nd she leadc me in der pedroom, shendly lays me on her knee.  
Den I know dot I vill catch it, und my flesh in fancy itches  
As I lisen for der patter of der shingle on my breeches.

Efery tingle of der shingle has an echo and a sliding,  
I'nd a dousand burning fancies indo active being spring,  
I'nd a dousand bees und horneds 'nead my coad-dill seem to scwarm,  
As I feel der patter of der shingle, oh, zo varm.

In a shplutter comes mine fadder-vhom I subbosed had gone-  
Do survey de skiduvation, und dell her to lay it on,  
Sk> see her bending o'er me as I lisen do der strain  
IHayed by her and by der shingle in a vild und veird refrain.

In a sudden intdermission, vich appears my only schance,  
I say, "Shtrike shendly, mudder, or you'll shplitt mine Sunday bants:"  
She shtops a moment, draws her breath, der shingle holds aloft,  
U'nd says, " I had nod dought of dot-mine son, shust dake dem off."

Oh, lofing, tender mercy, cast dhy pitying glances down,  
I'nd dhou, oh, vamily docdor, pud a good, soft bouldice on :  
I'nd may I mit vools und dunces afderward gommingle  
If I effer say anudder vord ven my madder vields der shingle.