

Jakey Woolfenstein - song lyrics

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JAKEY WOOLFENSTEIN.

Written and sung by Gus Williams.

His name vas Jakey Woolfenstein,
Some folks dey call him Yorrick,
In his button-hole he vears his nose,
He can Fransay parra gorric;
His hair's in Albany ringiets,
His eyes are as you please;
De girls dey call him Ostrich,
Vich alvuys makes him sneeze.

Chorus.

Horse-Car, Horse-Car, my leetle pet,
I'll meet you in de park of de wedder It Is vet;
I'll sdrike you mit a tooth-pick, I'll treat you to Rhine Vine,
Do pet of all de ladies vas Jakey Woolfenstein,

His neck-tie vas his farder's socks,
Dis mosd exquisite fellar;
He reads do signs along do sdreed,
Drough his ten-cent umbrella;
His boots are tissue-paper,
His board he vill not pay;
He drinks plantation bitters,
Und dis is vot he'll say-

Chorus.

Olive oil! olive oil I you should hear him say,
I must go und buy some meat for a cat across de way;
Do ladies all together are standing in a line.
To see de German masher, dot's Jakey Woolfenstein.

He parts hfs hair beneath his chin.
He vears his modder's collars;
His farder has got lots of tin,
He's vorth about dwo dollars;
In big bananas he's got stock.
In business he is sharp;
You should hear him blay "Die Wackt am Rhine *"
Upon do Hebrew burp.

Chorus.

Very tart, very tart, dot's vot dey say,
I musd carry Knox's banner for fifdeen cends a day;
De ladies altogether are drinking foot Rhine Vine,
To see de German darling, dot's jakey Woolfenstein.